

A Favor 131

Chapter 131

Davidson and I headed to my parents' house, grateful that I finally felt well enough to go. The surprise made it even more exciting, since my family had no idea we were coming this weekend. I pictured their faces and could barely sit still in my seat. I knew they'd welcome us with open arms—especially Davidson, who had won everyone over the first time we visited.

"Come on, my love," he said gently as he opened the car door, then offered me his hand to help me out onto the driveway once we parked in front of my parents' house.

Once I steadied myself, he laced his fingers through mine, and together we walked the familiar path up to the porch.

"Do you think I should knock, or just walk in?" I asked, smiling at him.

"You already know the answer, sweetheart," he said with a mischievous grin, then opened the door without waiting for another word.

It felt like stepping back into my childhood. My parents never locked the door. They wanted everyone to feel welcome, even when they weren't expecting company.

"Mom! Dad!" My voice echoed through the house, and almost instantly, a joyful squeal followed. I knew it was my mother—she always recognized me.

In the blink of an eye, she came rushing down the hallway with her arms open. She wrapped me in a tight hug, my belly pressed gently against her stomach. I hugged her back, returning her love with my own.

“My sweet girl, I’ve missed you so much,” she whispered warmly.

“I missed you too, Mom.” My eyes filled with tears as I held her, wishing moments like this could last forever.

Ah, these out-of-control pregnancy hormones. The second my mother and I pulled apart, she reached up to wipe away my tears.

“Those hormones are getting to you, aren’t they? I was the same when I was pregnant with you and your sister. I cried over everything,” she said, her eyes full of compassion and understanding.

I nodded, but before I could speak, she hugged me again, as if she could take all my worry away. When she finally let me go, she turned to Davidson and hugged him too. He laughed and hugged her back, visibly happy to see her.

“It’s always a pleasure to see you, Davidson. I hope you’ve been taking good care of my daughter and your little one,” she said, beaming.

“It’s great to see you too. I promise I’m doing everything I can for both of them,” he said with a smile.

Together, we went inside. My mother called for my father, who was still in his study and hadn't heard us come in. A moment later, he stepped out and crossed the room with his arms open. He hugged me just as tightly as my mother had, his hand resting protectively on my belly.

"What a wonderful surprise," he said, then gave Davidson a warm handshake and a pat on the back.

My dad and Davidson had always gotten along—two businessmen who spoke the same language and always found plenty to talk about whenever they were together.

After the hugs and greetings, my mother led us into the living room, making sure we were settled before hurrying off to the kitchen. No visit ever happened without snacks and drinks. It was her way of showing love.

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There was something about the way she treated people that made everyone feel special. My mother was the kindest person I knew, welcoming anyone with a smile and genuine warmth.

"You know, you should've told us you were coming. We would've done something special to welcome you," my father said.

"That was the point. We wanted to surprise you," I replied, a little giddy at how perfectly the plan had worked.

"What a wonderful surprise! How have things been? Have you had any luck finding a place you can call your own?" my father asked, curiosity bright in his eyes.

“Actually, we have. We found a place that feels perfect. We did a final walk-through, and I decided to make an offer. Now we just have to wait and see if they accept it,” Davidson said, hope on his face.

“That’s fantastic. I’ll keep my fingers crossed for the two of you,” my father said, his encouragement sincere.

The three of us kept talking, catching up on everything we’d missed. The baby was the main topic, since my parents couldn’t hide their excitement. This little one would be their first grandchild. Davidson’s mother was just as thrilled—this baby would be her first grandchild, too.

Not long after, my mother reappeared with trays of snacks and drinks, eager to join the conversation and laughter. I couldn’t help feeling at home, surrounded by the people I loved most.

We spent the rest of the day enjoying each other’s company, relaxing and talking about everything. My mother was in her element, making a delicious meal, and Davidson jumped in to help, showing off his cooking skills and earning even more points with my parents.

Later that night, the four of us gathered in the living room with soft music playing in the background, the atmosphere calm and warm.

“Davidson, have you gotten everything with your divorce sorted out?” my mother asked suddenly.

"I've put it all behind me. We finalized everything, and she finally signed the divorce papers. I won't have to deal with her anymore. From now on, my only concern will be Winona and our baby."

Davidson pulled me close, wrapping an arm around my shoulders before kissing the top of my head.

My parents knew the whole story. Davidson had insisted on being completely transparent with them from the beginning. They respected his honesty—and so did I. The truth was, Leona had finally agreed to sign, though Davidson had given up far more than she deserved just to close that chapter. But he didn't care, as long as she was gone for good.

"I'm so glad to hear that, Davidson," my mother said, her smile full of warmth.

"Now you can focus on your real family," she added, her eyes shining.

"It's all I want," Davidson replied, his face lit up.

His words echoed in my mind: family. Our family. Davidson, our baby, and me. It almost felt like a dream—one I never thought would come true.

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After everything we'd been through, the idea of a real home, filled with our children and laughter in every corner, was more than I ever could've imagined. Davidson had once believed it was out of reach, especially after what he'd endured with Leona. But now, against all odds, we were here.

“Hey, sweetheart, are you okay?” Davidson asked softly when he caught my sigh.

I turned to meet his eyes, letting a warm smile spread across my face.

“I feel great,” I said, and his smile widened. He leaned in and kissed my forehead, sending warmth straight through me.

Somehow, small gestures like that always made my heart race. A kiss on the forehead meant more than anything else he could do.

“Let me refill everyone’s drinks,” he offered, already heading toward the kitchen.

“I’ll help,” my father insisted—maybe a little too quickly.

The three of us exchanged looks, trying to understand why he suddenly seemed in such a hurry.

“Davidson, are you sure everything’s okay? You’re a little nervous,” I teased, watching him with a playful smile.

“Mmm... yeah. I just need some advice from your dad about business stuff. No need to bore you ladies with it,” he said, letting out a laugh that sounded more nervous than he probably meant it to.

With that, he and my father disappeared into the kitchen, leaving my mom and me alone in the living room. She laughed and rolled her eyes.

“Men and their business talk,” she said with a chuckle.

I laughed with her, grateful for how easy everything felt tonight. Mom scooted closer and settled beside me, taking the spot Davidson had left.

Just then, the baby gave another strong kick. I grabbed her hand and pressed it gently against my belly.

“Did you feel that?” I asked, excitement bubbling up.

“Is that my grandbaby kicking in there?” she asked, keeping her hand in place. “Well, hello there, little one.”

“Yes, the kicks started last weekend,” I said, unable to stop smiling.

“It’s a feeling you never forget. It’s strange, but absolutely incredible,” she murmured, her eyes shining.

I nodded and slid my hand alongside hers, and we both fell quiet as we waited for another kick. There was a soft, electric kind of excitement in the air—the kind that only comes with new beginnings.

We started talking about plans for tomorrow and agreed it would be fun to shop for a few things for the baby together. For now, we wanted to keep it simple: soft blankets, a few toys. I wanted to wait to buy too much until after the twenty-week ultrasound. We joked about our baby being shy and keeping us in suspense about whether it was a boy or a girl.

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“You have no idea how happy it makes me to finally see you happy, sweetheart. For a long time, I could tell something was missing in your life. But when I saw you with Davidson—even before you told me about the baby—I knew. I could see it in the way he looked at you. You found what you were missing, what you’d been searching for,” she said softly. “And Davidson... he’s a wonderful man. I know he’ll be a fantastic father. He’ll always take care of you, and that’s why I love him, too.”

She wrapped an arm around me, pulling me close and kissing the top of my head.

“He really is incredible. I can’t imagine my life with anyone but him,” I whispered.

I couldn’t deny it—Davidson was everything I’d ever dreamed of, everything I needed. With him and our baby, my life finally felt complete.

Not long after, Davidson and Dad came back in, deep in conversation, whispering like they were sharing a secret.

“Well, what’s with all the whispering? What are you two up to?” I asked, raising an eyebrow at them.

“Nothing, my love. Absolutely nothing,” Davidson replied, finishing with a wicked little wink.

“You’re a terrible liar, Davidson, but I’ll let it slide for now,” I teased.

He couldn’t hide his excitement. Davidson crossed the room and dropped onto the couch beside me, then gently pulled me onto his lap. His arms wrapped around me, warm and strong, and he kissed me softly.

All my questions faded as he held me, but I knew he was up to something. Sooner or later, I’d find out what he was hiding.

Winona’s POV:

“Winona, my love?” Davidson’s soft murmur brushed my ear as his hand caressed my belly.

I’d spent the whole morning with my mother. She and I needed time alone together, so we wandered through a few shops, picking out things for the baby. Since her birthday was tomorrow, I made sure to spoil her a little. We had a wonderful time, but by the time we got home, I was exhausted. I lay down the moment I walked in, and I completely lost track of how long I slept.

“Mmm? Are you okay? How long did I sleep?” I rubbed my eyes, groggy.

“You were out for at least a couple of hours,” Davidson said.

He’d spent the morning with my father. The two of them played golf and talked about whatever it is men always talk about. When I finally stretched and looked at him, his smile was already there. Somehow, it always made my heart skip.

I let out a sleepy laugh. “So, did you and my dad have a good time?”

“Yes, we played a great round and caught up. What about you and your mom? I see you didn’t come back empty-handed,” he teased, nodding toward the pile of shopping bags on the floor.

“Yeah, I got a few things for the baby, and a couple little things for me,” I couldn’t help smiling at the memory.

“Then you’ll have to show me later.” He smiled and slipped under the covers beside me, pulling me closer. “For now, let’s relax together. After that, we could take a walk. Maybe you can finally take me to that waterfall in the woods you’re always talking about.” He looked at me with so much affection.

“Really? We can go? I haven’t visited that place in ages,” I said, bright with excitement.

“Of course. But right now, I just want to hold you for a while. I missed you—and our little one,” he murmured, brushing my stomach with a gentle hand.

I curled into him, letting the quiet settle over us.

We stayed like that, tangled in blankets, not saying much. It must have been half an hour before either of us moved, knowing we’d spend the entire afternoon in bed if we weren’t careful.

After resting, I felt like a new person. Davidson and I got ourselves together and went downstairs to let my parents know we were heading out for a bit. I promised we’d come back and take them out to dinner, like we’d planned.

“Have fun,” my father said, winking at me dramatically.

“Since when do you wink at people, Dad?” I laughed. “Lately you’ve started doing that.”

“We’re just trying to stay current,” my mother chimed in with a smile.

I looked at my parents, confused. When I turned to Davidson, he only shrugged and winked at me. I stared for a moment, wondering what was going on and whether I’d missed some private joke.

I decided not to overthink it. Maybe I was imagining things.

He took my hand, lacing his fingers through mine. Since the weather was beautiful, we agreed to walk. The waterfall wasn't far from where my parents lived.

It was the waterfall in the woods. That place had always meant so much to me. As a kid, I loved going there with my dad. Later, it became the place I went when I needed to be alone—especially as a teenager. That was where I felt safe. It was like stepping into another world where nothing could touch me. I'd been dying to share it with him. And in the end, I wanted to bring our baby, too.

Davidson barely said a word as we walked. Something felt off. He seemed nervous, lost in his thoughts.

"Davidson, sweetheart, are you okay? You seem a little distant," I asked gently.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just like being outside. It feels good to leave the city behind for a while and be here with you," he said with a smile, shaking his head.

"Is that all? If something was bothering you, you'd tell me, right?" I watched him closely.

"I promise, I'm really fine. You know I'd talk to you if something was wrong." He wrapped an arm around my shoulders, pulled me in, and kissed the top of my head.

A quiet sigh escaped me—the kind that comes when you feel happy.

He really was everything I could ever want. I leaned into him, resting my head on his shoulder as we walked. Not long after, we reached the edge of the woods. My heart pounded with excitement. For a moment, I felt like a teenager again.

“Come on,” I said, taking his hand and leading him straight into the forest.

Davidson laughed as he followed me.

“You’re too cute when you get like this,” he said, smiling.

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“I can’t help it. Some of my favorite memories are here. When I was little, I came here all the time with my dad. My friends and I used to sneak off together. This place always felt like its own world. I hope you love it as much as I do. And someday, when the baby is big enough, I want to bring them here too,” I said, my smile widening.

“I already love it. Show me everything,” he said, smiling back.

We walked deeper beneath the trees, their canopy shielding us from the sun. I guided him along the old path, toward the hidden corner where the waterfall waited. There was no one else around, and I felt that familiar thrill of having the place to ourselves.

I broke into a run and reached the water’s edge. The waterfall was just as stunning as I remembered.

Davidson caught up in a few strides, wrapping his arms around me from behind. He placed his hands over my belly and rested his chin on my shoulder.

“This is incredible,” he breathed, awe filling his voice.

“I told you. I’m so glad you like it. Come on, we have to take a selfie,” I said, pulling my phone from my pocket.

I turned toward him and leaned in, lifting the phone so we could take a photo together. I made sure the waterfall was behind us. We ended up taking a bunch of pictures, acting silly and laughing like teenagers. He kissed my cheek, and I captured it. I loved collecting these little moments with Davidson—memories I wanted to share with our children someday.

When we finished, we wandered along the forest trails, stopping to take even more photos as we explored.

“I love you, sweetheart. I love you so much,” he said suddenly.

It was the kind of thing he said all the time, and he never cared where we were when he said it. I closed the distance between us, grabbed the front of his shirt, and pulled him in to kiss him. It was soft and lingering, full of everything I felt for him.

“I love you too,” I whispered when we finally pulled apart.

After a while, we walked back toward the waterfall. My back started to ache, so I sat down and rested my head against his chest. Davidson held me and kissed my cheek. We fell into a comforting silence, listening to the water spill over the rocks and letting the wind in the trees wrap around us.

“Winona, turn around and face the waterfall. Let me take a picture of you,” he suggested with a smile.

I nodded and stood, turning so the waterfall was behind me, just like he wanted. I took in the view, letting the sound of the water soothe me while Davidson snapped a few photos.

Then, suddenly, the forest went quiet.

I waited for him to come stand beside me, but he didn’t. Confused, I glanced over my shoulder. He wasn’t there.

What was he doing?

I turned around fully and looked down.

That was when I saw him—down on one knee, holding a small velvet box. The kind everyone recognizes.

“Oh my God!” I gasped.

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“Winona, I’ve never wanted anyone the way I want you. I’ve never wanted forever with anyone the way I want it with you. You are my whole world. Knowing you’re carrying our child has made my love for you even deeper. You were there for me when I was falling apart. Even when I messed up, you didn’t reject me or judge me. I’ll always be grateful for that,” he said, his voice shaking.

“You helped put me back together. I never imagined we’d fall in love like this—not the way we started. But honestly, it didn’t take me long to fall for you. You’re the only one who’s ever made me feel whole. Even when life wasn’t easy, you never walked away from me. Nothing would make me happier, nothing would make me feel more complete than having you as my wife. Winona, will you marry me? Let’s build this life together—me, you, our son or daughter, and whoever comes someday. I love you, Winona, with everything I am,” he continued, his voice thick with emotion.

I froze, tears streaming down my face as I started laughing and sobbing at the same time.

“Yes! Yes! A thousand times, yes!” I cried, practically throwing myself into his arms. I covered his face with kisses, not caring how ridiculous I looked.

“I love you so much, Davidson. It would be an honor to be Mrs. Winona Briggs,” I managed, my voice trembling with happiness.

He pulled me close and kissed me hard, his own tears falling onto my cheeks.

“You have no idea how happy you just made me, Winona. I can’t wait for the day I get to call you my wife,” he whispered, his warm hands framing my face as he kissed me again and again.

For a while, I just held on to him. I’d never felt so loved, so safe, so completely happy. The idea of building our life together—getting married and raising our little family—filled me with a joy I’d never known before.

Davidson’s POV:

Hearing her say yes—hearing her agree to marry me—filled me with a happiness I could barely put into words. For weeks, I’d been a bundle of nerves. The moment I decided to propose, I couldn’t think about anything else.

I refused to ask her until I’d spoken to her father. That was one of the main reasons I wanted us to visit this weekend. Last night, after dinner, I found a quiet moment to talk to him. I asked for permission to marry Winona, and he agreed immediately. He told me he could see how happy she was and that my love for her was obvious. He said he wouldn’t want anyone else for his daughter.

This morning, while Winona thought we were playing golf, her father and I went to buy the perfect engagement ring. Her mother knew what I was planning, too. We told her after Winona took a nap, and she was just as excited as her husband. As thrilled as I was, I would never have done any of it without their approval. Maybe it made me seem old-fashioned, but I didn’t care. They saw how much their daughter meant to me, and they gave me their support.

“It’s beautiful, Davidson,” Winona said, turning her hand so the stone caught the light.

"I'm so glad we got the chance to buy it," I laughed.

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"We?" she asked, tilting her head, clearly confused.

"Your dad helped me pick it out. That's what we were doing this morning. That's what we were talking about last night in the kitchen." I wrapped my arms around her and held her close.

"Oh... that's what it was!" she said, laughing. "So he already knew," she added, shaking her head in disbelief.

"Yeah, he knew. And your mom did too," I said, chuckling.

Winona looked at me playfully, giving me a light tap on the chest before resting her head on my shoulder.

"I honestly never thought you'd do it," she murmured, her smile soft and a little shy.

"I thought I'd mess up and ruin the surprise. You know I can't hide anything from you. I've been planning it for weeks, but I wanted to talk to your dad first. That's why I pushed for this trip," I admitted.

Winona stopped suddenly, and my heart lurched—worried something was wrong. I turned quickly, searching her face for any clue. But when I saw her expression, there was only pure happiness. Tears glimmered in her eyes as she smiled at me—those tears that could only come from joy.

She was completely overwhelmed, and I knew her pregnancy only made her more emotional. Sometimes she felt embarrassed by how easily she cried lately, but I didn't care. To me, she looked even more beautiful with tears in her eyes.

"You're incredible," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I love you more than anything." She grabbed my belt and pulled me closer.

She wrapped her arms around my neck, brought her face to mine, and kissed me softly. Every kiss from her still felt like magic, like the first one. No matter how much time passed, each one only made me love her more. I slid my fingers into her hair and pulled her in, deepening the kiss. We'd been together for months, and she still left me breathless.

"I love you. I can't wait until we're married and I can call you Mrs. Winona Briggs," I whispered, barely separating my lips from hers.

Winona let out a quiet moan and nodded, pressing even closer.

When I finally pulled back, it was only because I needed to breathe. My heart was pounding, but I couldn't let her go. She clutched my shirt, looking at me with a look I'd come to cherish—especially lately.

"So, are we going to celebrate our engagement?" she asked, giving me a mischievous smile.

“And where exactly did you plan to do that?” I asked, smiling back.

We had a rule. If we stayed with her parents—or with my mother—there would be no sex. Neither of us felt comfortable doing that in her parents’ home, or in mine. That was just how we were.

“There’s no one else here,” she murmured.

“Maybe not right now, but you never know who might show up,” I said quietly, shaking my head.

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“Come on, please? Your future wife needs a little attention,” she said, batting her lashes. She pouted, trailing her fingers over my chest.

Honestly, ever since she’d gotten pregnant, her appetite surprised me. Half the time, I could barely keep up. She always knew how to get her way; she kept me on edge, and she knew it.

“They could catch us, Winona,” I laughed, glancing nervously toward the path.

“It’s part of the excitement,” she whispered.

"I still can't believe you talked me into it." I couldn't help shaking my head and laughing as I pulled up my boxers and jeans.

"Oh, please. Don't pretend you didn't have fun. You liked it just as much as I did," she teased, winking at me.

Luckily, no one saw us. I had to admit, the risk only made it more exciting. Once I was dressed, I did everything I could to avoid looking like someone who'd just had sex in the middle of the woods. I helped her up, and she got dressed again, laughing under her breath. She reached for me, stealing a kiss—then another, and another.

"That was incredible," she said, smiling at me.

I couldn't help laughing, shaking my head. She always wore that triumphant smile when she got her way. The truth was, she had me completely in her hands, and I didn't mind for a second.

"Anything for you, sweetheart," I said with a wink.

"We should go back and get ready for dinner," I added, smiling.

"Yes, we really should. Tonight we're celebrating twice—my mom's birthday and our engagement!" she nodded, practically bouncing with excitement.

“That’s right,” I replied, lacing my fingers through hers.

We headed back through the woods, both of us grinning like idiots. She wouldn’t stop talking about the proposal, still shocked she hadn’t caught on. Watching her light up like that made me feel like the luckiest man alive.

All I wanted was to make her happy for the rest of our lives. I wanted to take care of her and our family, to give her everything she deserved. As we walked hand in hand, it hit me that I was living the dream I’d always wanted: a beautiful fiancée, a baby on the way, and a love that kept growing. I couldn’t ask for anything more.

“When do you want to get married? Before or after the baby is born?” she asked, looking at me intently.

“I want whatever you want, sweetheart. Do you think we should get married before the baby is born, or wait until after?” I replied.

“Even though I’d marry you right now, I think waiting until after the baby is born makes sense. We’ll have time to adjust as first-time parents, settle into our routines, and enjoy planning everything. Maybe we could do it in the summer? The baby will be a few months old by then,” she suggested.

“That sounds perfect, sweetheart. I’d like our little one to be there too. Do you want a small wedding, or would you prefer something big?” I asked.

“Family and a few close friends would be good. Nothing extravagant,” she replied with a warm, sincere smile.

“That’s exactly what I want. Honestly, those big, extravagant weddings end up focusing more on the party than the couple. I’d rather our day be special for us,” I murmured, thinking for a moment.

It was true. When I married Leona, she wanted a massive, lavish ceremony. The day had become a spectacle, and I hated that so many people showed up just to eat and drink, without caring about my marriage to her at all.

But that was behind me. She didn’t matter to me anymore.

Now I wanted something simple and real—a celebration of our love, surrounded by people who truly cared about us. No distractions. Just us, and the people we loved most.

“That’s all I need. Just you and our family. It’s perfect,” Winona said softly, her eyes shining.

I couldn’t wait to make her my wife. She was already everything to me—the center of my world. My heart belonged to her completely, and I wouldn’t change a single moment we’d shared.

Sometimes I caught myself wishing I’d met her sooner—long before I ever crossed paths with anyone else. I knew that if our story had started earlier, we would’ve already built a life full of laughter, love, and the happiness I’d always imagined, with a home bursting with children and warmth.

But meeting her now changed everything for me. She showed me what real love was and taught me what it truly meant to give my heart to someone.

Winona's POV:

I stood in the kitchen of our new house, barely able to believe we had finally made it. We'd moved in just a few weeks ago, and I was already in love with the place. It was three in the morning, but sleepless nights had become my routine. That's what happens when you're more than nine months pregnant: rest comes in fragments, and comfort feels like a thing of the past.

Yes, I was very overdue. It had been almost two weeks past my due date, and I felt every extra day in my bones. Still, I needed to hold out a little longer before the doctors had no choice but to induce labor. Our little girl clearly had her own schedule.

We'd known she was a girl since the twenty-week ultrasound, and ever since then, we'd been counting down the days, desperate to finally hold her in our arms. We tried every trick we could think of—spicy food, long walks, even some fairly creative ideas—but nothing convinced her to hurry.

"Winona, sweetheart, come back to bed. I'll make you some tea. Are you hungry?" Davidson asked quietly.

He appeared behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist and resting his chin on my shoulder.

"Okay. And yes... a little cheese, please," I replied, forcing a smile through my exhaustion.

