

A Favor 151

Chapter 151

The moment we took our first steps as husband and wife, cheers erupted around us. Laughter rippled through the crowd—of course my friends would be that loud.

“Come on. Let’s get our little girl and start these photos,” I said, squeezing Winona’s hand as we walked together.

We made our way through a sea of hugs, back pats, and warm congratulations. When we reached my mother, Winona lifted Sofia into her arms.

“My sweet Sofia... your daddy and I just got married,” she whispered, kissing Sofia’s cheek. “Someday you’ll see all the photos from today, and I hope you know how much it means to have you here. Mommy loves you so much.”

I couldn’t stop smiling as I watched Winona cradle Sofia. She moved with such gentle confidence. She fit motherhood perfectly. I ached for more moments like this—with her, with our children. The sight of it had me tearing up again. Winona looked up at me, love filling her eyes.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” she asked softly.

“I’m more than okay,” I said, taking her hand and kissing it. “It still doesn’t feel real. You’re mine, and we have our little girl. Life can’t get better than this.”

With everyone gathered, we got ready for wedding photos before heading to dinner and the reception. This day was more than I ever dreamed of, and I couldn't wait to see what came next. Everything I needed was right beside me—Winona and Sofia.

Everything that came before—the heartbreak, the hard days, every regret—none of it seemed to matter anymore. It had all led me here: to loving Winona, to marrying the woman who changed my world, to holding my little girl. I'd never felt so full in my life.

Winona's POV:

Sunlight and laughter filled the day. We took countless photos, capturing moments we'd treasure for the rest of our lives. I felt a happiness that seemed almost impossible. Part of me was still getting used to the idea that Davidson and I were husband and wife—especially because, not long ago, he'd been my boss.

How quickly everything could change.

Later, Davidson and I sat together at the head table, his arm resting comfortably around my shoulders. Music and laughter filled the room, and our friends and family swayed across the dance floor. Sofia slept peacefully nearby, tucked beneath a soft blanket.

Beneath the tablecloth, I slid my hand onto his thigh.

Surprise flashed across his face, and he glanced at me from the corner of his eye.

“You look stunning,” he murmured, covering my hand with his.

“I couldn’t be happier,” I winked, then leaned in to press a light kiss to his lips.

“That’s all I wanted. Was today everything you hoped for?” he asked, searching my eyes.

“It was more than I ever imagined, my love. You made it unforgettable,” I replied with a wide smile.

“I’m so glad, sweetheart. This day has been everything,” he said.

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He turned toward the crowd, watching everyone celebrate. In that moment, something mischievous sparked inside me. I wanted to tease him a little. The doctor had told us we still needed to wait a bit before we could make love again, and honestly, it was starting to drive me crazy. I missed him—every way it was possible to miss someone. I missed his touch, the way his mouth found mine, the closeness we used to share. Waiting for my body to heal didn’t change how much I wanted him, and tonight, I meant to remind him.

These last few weeks, he’d been so gentle, content with nothing more than an embrace or a soft kiss, putting my wellbeing above everything. My hand drifted lower along his thigh, my fingertips tracing a slow path over his trousers. A low sound slipped from him, and his eyes met mine. I gave him a seductive smile and winked.

I didn't stop. Davidson closed his eyes, exhaling softly, and after a moment I felt him tense beneath my palm.

"Sweetheart... what's gotten into you?" His breathing grew heavier. "I'm not complaining, but you know we have to wait a little longer."

Leaning in, I kept my hand exactly where he wanted it.

"Who says we can't have a little fun while we wait?" I whispered, nibbling playfully at his earlobe. "There's nothing wrong with a wife wanting to please her husband, is there?"

"You drive me crazy," he murmured back. "I don't want you doing anything just for me. I can wait until you're ready, love. I want us both to enjoy it."

"Oh, but I want this," I breathed. "I miss giving you pleasure, and now that we're married, it's even harder to ignore. You'll get your turn to make it up to me when I'm ready."

A deep, hungry sound rumbled in his chest. Davidson gripped the side of my chair, pulled me closer, and captured my mouth with his. The force of his kiss stole my breath, and I melted into him.

Desire burned in me, every inch of my skin aching for his touch, but for now I had to settle for the wanting. When our lips finally parted, I tried to catch my breath.

“Oh, believe me, I will,” he whispered, sliding his hand along my thigh. “Every chance I get, I’m going to make up for lost time. There’s nothing better than knowing I can make you feel good and keep you close.”

Having a husband this handsome and irresistible—and not being able to truly satisfy each other—felt a little cruel. My patience was wearing thin. I longed for the day I could touch him however I wanted.

“Let me see if Elsa can watch Sofia for a little while,” I murmured. “We deserve a moment alone.”

His eyes darkened with anticipation, and his grip tightened on the chair as he fought to keep his composure. I pressed a playful kiss to his lips before going to find Elsa. Pulling her aside, I whispered, “Would you mind watching Sofia for a bit?”

“It looks like you two have something planned,” she teased, her smile wicked.

I couldn’t help laughing. “My husband needs a little attention, and if the doctor says I have to wait, I’ll have to get creative,” I added with a wink.

Elsa chuckled and nodded. “Go. I’ve got her.”

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I returned to Davidson, and without another word, he guided me away from the noise and warmth of the celebration, as if he couldn’t bear the distance between us for another second.

The moment the door closed behind us, his hands were on me—careful, reverent, but trembling with need.

“I’ve missed you,” he murmured, his lips brushing my jaw. “I’ve missed holding you like this. And right now, I need to touch you.”

We both knew we couldn’t go all the way yet, but there were no rules against kisses and hungry hands. For now, it would have to be enough.

I turned, letting him unfasten my dress and ease it down until I stood in only lingerie. Instinctively, I tried to cover myself. It was the first time since Sofia was born that I’d been so exposed in front of him, and the changes in my body made me feel vulnerable.

Davidson took my hands in his and gently lowered them.

“Don’t do that, love,” he said softly, his voice steady. “Never think you have to hide from me.”

“But—” My voice trembled.

“No ‘but.’” His gaze held mine. “You’re even more breathtaking than you were before Sofia was born. So please—don’t ever think you need to cover yourself, okay? Never doubt how perfect you are to me.”

I nodded, a smile forming as something inside me settled. I slid his jacket from his shoulders and let it fall beside my dress. Piece by piece, I helped him undo his tie, then his shirt, then his trousers.

He stood there in nothing but his briefs, leaving nothing to hide. A warm sound slipped from me as my eyes traced every inch of him, hunger and desire rising.

"It feels like forever since I've seen you like this," I whispered, curling my fingers at his waist to pull him closer.

Our bodies met—barely clothed, desperate for more—and we both let out helpless, needy sounds.

His hands slid down my back, slow and deliberate, before gripping my hips and lifting me with effortless strength. His mouth found mine, stealing my breath. He carried me across the room and set me carefully on the bed.

Hovering over me, he held my gaze, a storm of emotion on his face.

"God... you have no idea how much I've missed this," he murmured. "Missing you under me. Missing every part of you. I want to enjoy you—every inch, every little reaction. Right now, I just want to touch you and kiss you. Is that okay, love? I don't want to make it harder on you just because we can't go all the way."

"Please, Davidson," I breathed. "I need you to touch me. Kiss me. I need you—any way I can have you right now."

He kissed me softly, then lowered his mouth to my neck. A loud, hungry sound escaped me as heat coiled tighter with every second. His lips wandered—my throat, my jaw, the curve of my ear—kissing, teasing, lingering until my whole body trembled. I could feel the ache building between my thighs, the need sharpening.

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“Love,” Davidson murmured, his voice rough as he lifted his head to meet my eyes. “Do you mind if I try something new?”

“What are you thinking?” I asked, curiosity slipping into my voice.

His smile widened. “A little... fun without crossing the line.”

A soft sound escaped me, and I shook my head, almost laughing at myself. Why hadn’t I thought of that?

“I don’t usually do it like this,” he added gently, warmth threading his voice, “but if it’s what you want, I’m happy to try.”

“It turns both of us on,” I murmured, blinking slowly.

Our mouths met again, a kiss full of promises. His hands began to roam, exploring every inch of exposed skin. Then his touch slipped lower, his fingers moving with patient precision, even through the barrier of lace.

“Oh... don’t stop, Davidson,” I gasped, pressing into him. “That’s exactly what I want.”

His mouth traced a heated path down my stomach, leaving kisses that made me shiver. His hand stayed steady, each movement drawing more pleasure from me, building it higher and higher. Then he returned to my ear, his breath hot and quick.

“Close your eyes for me,” he whispered, his words dark and intimate. “Pretend there’s nothing between us. Just my hands on your skin... just me. I want you to let go.”

It was the first time he’d ever spoken to me like that, and it lit something wild inside me. His touch grew firmer, more certain, while his other hand kept roaming, leaving me breathless.

Before I fully realized it, my body started to shake beneath him, the edge rushing up too fast to stop.

“You like that, don’t you?” he growled softly. “Let go for me, Winona. Come on—fall apart for me.”

And I did.

I rode the crest of it, trembling as his hand stayed steady, pulling every last wave of pleasure from me until I could only lie there, gasping.

Every nerve buzzed. I couldn't believe how intense it had been—different, sharper, and somehow deeper than I expected. Slowly, I opened my eyes and caught Davidson's satisfied smile as he watched me.

"How was that?" he asked, his voice soft, pride gleaming in it.

"Incredible," I breathed, laughing shakily. "How did that never occur to me? I didn't realize how much I needed it. Thank you for giving me exactly what I needed."

"I'm glad I could finally give you a little satisfaction," he murmured, winking playfully before leaning down to kiss me. "Trust me—I can't wait to make up for all the lost time once we can."

"Now it's your turn," I whispered, pushing him back onto the bed, eager to return the favor.

Winona's POV:

I climbed onto him, straddling his hips and letting my body settle against his. The moment I pressed down over him, a low groan slipped from his throat, sending a shiver through me from head to toe. My lips found his, and my fingers wandered over the hard lines of his torso. Every muscle tensed beneath my touch until I reached exactly where I wanted.

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I stroked him through the thin fabric of his boxers. His need was unmistakable, and the feeling drew a deep sound from my throat. How had I gone so long without this? My hand slid beneath the waistband, brushing his rigid length before wrapping around him.

I moved my hand slowly along him, then traced deliberate circles at the tip with my thumb.

“Fuck, love... I’d forgotten how good this feels. Your hands are incredible,” he murmured, lifting his hips into my touch.

Pulling away from his mouth, I let my lips trail along his jaw and up to his ear.

“I’ve missed this so much too, sweetheart,” I whispered, feeling him shudder beneath me.

A smile curved my lips as I drew back, leaving kisses along his neck, savoring his skin and enjoying every inch. My mouth and tongue explored the smooth stretch of his chest, then lower—following the subtle lines of his ribs and his abdomen.

He was already squirming under me, soft moans spilling from him. I slipped my hand free and tugged his boxers down. They fell to the floor without a sound.

Settling between his thighs, I paused to drink him in—my beautiful, irresistible husband laid out before me. His body was perfect. I ran my tongue over my lips as my gaze roamed him. I loved every part of him naked—every inch, even the faint freckles and the scars. Even after everything we’d been through, it still amazed me that this breathtaking man was mine.

“Winona, you’re staring,” he said with a quiet laugh.

I lifted my eyes from his hips to his face and found him already watching me. His eyes held that playful spark, and that crooked smile of his always drove me crazy.

“Of course I’m staring. I have the privilege of admiring the sexiest, most incredible husband in the world,” I replied, my smile widening.

“I wouldn’t say I’m perfect, love, but I’ll take the compliment. I like it when you look at me like that,” he said—and the faint blush on his cheeks nearly made me laugh out loud.

“You’re mine. I love you, Davidson,” I whispered with a smile.

“And you’re mine too, Mrs. Briggs. I love you too, sweetheart,” he said, smiling back.

For a moment, we held each other’s gaze in silence—until my eyes drifted to his obvious need. The sight pulled a soft sigh from me as I licked my lips again. I gave him a playful wink, then leaned down and let my tongue touch him at the tip.

“Fuck,” he rasped, gripping the sheets beneath him.

A small smile tugged at my mouth, knowing how much he reacted to even the lightest flick of my tongue. I let my tongue travel along him, tracing him down to the base.

His breathing turned ragged. Each exhale grew heavier, more urgent. When I looked up, he'd already surrendered to the sensation—eyes closed, lips parted, cheeks flushed in that warm shade I loved. He must have felt my gaze, because he opened his eyes and pinned me with it, a wicked little smile on his mouth.

"Please, love," he whispered, blinking at me.

I let out a soft laugh and shook my head. He didn't get to steal my tricks.

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"You're too eager, my love," I teased, smiling.

He lifted a brow as if challenging me, which only made me laugh harder. I'd made him wait long enough. After all, he'd truly been patient with me. I leaned in slowly, taking him into my mouth little by little.

"Yes, love," he groaned, rough and breathless as he pressed up into me.

Steadying myself, I lowered over him as far as I could, then set a slow, gentle rhythm, my tongue swirling to spark pleasure through him.

Before long, his fingers slid into my hair, guiding me with a quiet insistence. My hands explored the rest of him as I kept moving.

“Winona... faster, please, love,” he pleaded.

I quickened the pace the way he wanted, letting my movements turn more urgent while my hands held him steady. My fingers traced him with slow care, touching the places my mouth had already warmed, and the faster I went, the tighter his grip became in my hair.

“Fuck, yes, Winona. That feels incredible. Mm, love... I missed this so much,” he said, his voice low and rough, pushing me to keep going.

Giving him everything, I felt his body tense and shudder beneath my mouth. He was close. His whole body tightened, and he throbbed as his groans and growing sounds filled the air. He was right there. I let out a soft, muffled sound, letting the vibration deepen it for him—and then it happened.

“Oh, my God—yes, love,” he cried as release swept through him.

I watched every second. I’d always loved seeing him come—there was something unbelievably sexy about it, something thrilling. I kept moving, in and out, until he fully rode it out. I made sure nothing was left before I finally pulled back, a soft sound still lingering on my lips.

I couldn’t deny it—I truly loved his taste.

I pressed gentle kisses up his body until I hovered over him again, savoring my own lips as a low moan slipped from me.

“Mmm. You always taste so good,” I murmured, letting out a satisfied sigh.

“God, Winona... what are you doing to me?” he said, voice broken. “That was incredible. It feels even more intense now that you’re my wife. It makes everything even sexier.”

“I just want to make you happy, love,” I teased, giving him a playful wink.

“Oh, you do that and more, sweetheart. You always have,” he said, winking back.

I leaned in to steal a quick kiss, then turned onto my side. Immediately, he wrapped his arms around me and pressed a soft kiss to the crown of my head. I rested my cheek against his chest, our fingers threading together.

“I’m already counting the moments until we can be close again, Davidson. I missed you in every way,” I murmured, brushing my lips over his chest.

“You and I will make up for lost time. I promise.” His voice softened. “I missed it too—the closeness. I missed the way we connected.”

The room fell quiet as we simply held each other, wrapped in warmth and satisfaction. Loving him came so naturally, stronger than anything I'd ever known, and I wouldn't change a single second of it.

Half an hour passed before we finally decided to go downstairs and rejoin everyone. I slipped into a clean dress while Davidson put his suit back on. Once we were ready, he took my hand, lacing his fingers with mine as we stepped out.

"I love you, Mrs. Briggs... more than you'll ever know," he said, brushing a tender kiss to my lips.

"I love you too, Mr. Briggs. With all that I am. I'm ready for every day that comes, as long as I'm with you," I whispered, leaning into him. "Nothing could be more perfect."

Davidson's POV:

I let out a breath of relief when I finally made it home. The day had been a disaster. Everything that could go wrong had gone wrong, and by the end of it, I was exhausted. I'd only been back at work for a week after taking time off to be with my little girl and my wonderful wife. I wished I could have stayed with them longer.

Part of me wanted to let someone else handle all the stress. I took a few deep breaths, reminding myself I didn't want to bring that mood inside. I wanted to leave it at the office. I knew it would fade the moment I saw Winona and Sofia.

I stepped in and looked around, but the house was quiet and still. I didn't call out—Sofia might have been napping. Instead, I walked from room to room until I found them in the last place I checked: our bedroom.

Winona and Sofia were both fast asleep. Just seeing my girls made me smile without thinking. It amazed me that Sofia was already a month and a half old. She was growing so fast.

She'd started making those little sounds, the sweetest thing I'd ever heard. And if you offered her a finger, she'd wrap her tiny hand around it.

I paused in the doorway, my heart pounding with how much I loved them. Winona had become an incredible mother, and the bond between them was already so strong.

I slipped off my shoes and jacket, then crept to the bed. Kneeling behind Winona, I pressed soft kisses to her shoulder and gently ran my fingers through her hair. She let out a quiet sigh.

"Hi, love," she murmured, turning toward me without waking Sofia.

"Hi, beautiful. How was your day?" I asked, smoothing her hair.

"We missed you," Winona said, pouting.

"How was your day? You look tense and stressed. Is everything okay?" she whispered, cupping my cheek. No matter how hard I tried to leave my worries at the door, she always knew.

"It was just one of those rough days. Stressful, but nothing you need to worry about. I missed you both too," I said.

"What happened?" she asked, her eyes searching mine.

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"Honestly, love, I'd rather not talk about it right now. It'll pass. I just want to be here with you two and forget everything else," I murmured, leaning in to kiss her.

"Okay. If you feel like talking later, we can. Just tell me," she replied, smiling softly as I nodded.

I kissed her again, letting it linger this time. She moaned quietly against my mouth. That simple contact made me feel better. I pulled back slowly, knowing I had to stop with Sofia sleeping beside us.

We still hadn't made love again. The longer we waited, the harder it was for both of us to back off when things started getting intense, so we knew we needed a little more self-control. Winona let out a small laugh when we finally separated.

"I hope it won't be much longer before we do, love," she said, sliding her fingers through my hair.

"I hope not either," I replied, laughing as I pulled her into my chest and held her tight. "I love you," I whispered, kissing the top of her head.

"I love you too," she whispered back, curling even closer in my arms.

We stayed like that for a while, wrapped up in the quiet, until Sofia started to stir.

"Finally," I murmured. "I've been wanting a cuddle with my girl since I walked in, but I didn't want to wake her."

"I think Sofia knows Daddy's home," Winona said, smiling at me.

"Yeah, I think she does," I said, giving Winona another quick kiss before shifting to the other side of the bed.

I lay down next to Sofia so she was nestled right between us. When I looked down, her eyes were just starting to open.

"Hi, my beautiful girl," I whispered, leaning in with a gentle smile, knowing she was still half-asleep. I'd done my research. She blinked up at me, and I turned onto my side, tracing my fingers softly over her cheek.

"Daddy missed you... he really did," I murmured.

Sofia stayed there, making those quiet little coos. I'd never seen anything so sweet, so adorable. Every tiny thing she did had a way of captivating me, and my heart felt full just watching her. Winona lay on her side, propped on one elbow, looking at me with that beautiful smile she always wore.

She always told me how good I was with Sofia, that seeing me with our daughter made her love me even more. I felt the exact same way every time I watched her with our little girl. I lifted Sofia carefully, raised my knees, and settled her on my thighs, keeping my hands steady so she wouldn't roll. She kept making those soft sounds.

"Well, are you full of stories tonight?" I chuckled. "You definitely got that from your mother. She always has something to say," I teased, looking at Winona.

"Hey, that's not fair," Winona said, laughing as she pouted and scooted closer.

I wrapped one arm around Winona while holding Sofia with the other.

"I'm just kidding, my love," I said, leaning in to kiss Winona's cheek.

"I know," she giggled, nodding, still smiling at me.

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The three of us lay there together, and the only sounds in the room were Sofia's soft little noises. I looked at my daughter and smiled, still trying to process that she was made from both Winona and me. It felt surreal, but also beautiful. The stress from my day faded until I could barely remember why I'd been upset in the first place.

Holding Winona and Sofia, there was no way to stay stressed or angry. Winona snuggled even closer, brushed her nose against my neck, then pressed a soft kiss there that sent a shiver down my spine.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too," I said.

We probably said it twenty times a day, but I'd never get tired of it. I always wanted Winona to know how special she was to me, how much I loved her.

"I'm going to start dinner. I'll let you have some time with your daughter," Winona said, leaning in to kiss my cheek.

"Can I help you, love?" I asked as she got up.

"No, I'm fine. You stay with Sofia, and I'll handle dinner. I'll call you when it's ready," she insisted, then slipped quietly out of the room.

I turned my attention back to Sofia, who seemed perfectly content in my lap. In so many ways, she reminded me of Winona. She was just as beautiful as her mother.

"I still don't understand how I got so lucky. I really don't," I murmured. "You and your mom became the center of my world, and that will never change. I promised myself—and I promised you—that I'd always be here, no matter what. You know I love you with everything I have. Someday, I'd love for you to have a little brother or sister to grow up with, okay? That'll be our little secret for now," I added with a soft laugh that barely filled the quiet room.

Sofia rested peacefully, her big eyes fixed on me as she filled the space with those sweet little sounds. For a moment, it almost felt like she truly understood every word, even though I knew she was still so small. A tiny hint of a smile tugged at her mouth, and my heart overflowed.

Nothing in my life had ever felt more perfect than this. I took her little hand in mine and simply held it, not wanting to let go. "Have I ever told you how lucky I am to be your dad? Even if I've said it a thousand times, I don't think I'll ever get tired of repeating it, because it's the purest truth."

Winona's POV:

I spent the afternoon getting everything ready for later. Tonight would finally be the night Davidson and I could be together again, and he had no idea what I was planning. Our little girl, barely two months old, had been growing so fast. She got more beautiful every day. But tonight, she'd be with her aunt Jessie—Davidson's sister.

It was the first time Sofia would be away from me, and even though I knew she was in good hands, I couldn't help worrying. Jessie had insisted, telling me Davidson and I deserved a night to ourselves since we never got a real honeymoon. I still called every half hour just to check in, even though I knew Jessie had everything under control.

With Sofia staying at her aunt's, Davidson and I could finally have a night for ourselves—a real date. It was our chance to make up for the honeymoon we missed when our wedding plans changed and Sofia came into our lives. Just thinking about tonight made me nervous. I hadn't been with him since I gave birth, and I hoped things wouldn't feel too different. I wanted everything to be perfect for my handsome husband. He'd been such a support these past few months, and he deserved something special. I'd even gone out and bought lingerie—partly for him, and partly to remind myself I could still feel confident.

Back at home, I made his favorite meal. The champagne was chilling in the fridge, and I did my best to set the mood for a romantic night. I wanted our first night together as a couple—just the two of us—to be unforgettable.

I decided to start early, just to give Davidson a little hint of what he could expect when he got home. I wanted to tease him while he was still at work, so I slipped into our bedroom and took my time finding the right angle for a very sexy photo. After several tries, I finally got one that made me feel bold and beautiful.

I grabbed my phone and typed a message.

"Hi, love, do you have a second? I really need your opinion on something."

I couldn't help smiling to myself. I knew he wouldn't expect what I was about to send.

"For you? Always, sweetheart. What do you want my opinion on?" Davidson replied.

I swallowed a laugh and attached the photo to a new message.

“So... what do you think?” I typed.

I hit send and stretched out on the bed, waiting for his response. I knew he’d be thrown off—there was no way he’d expect to get a picture like that at work. Sure enough, my phone vibrated a minute later.

“God, babe, you look so sexy. Are you trying to kill me here at the office? I’m sitting at my desk with a huge erection now. Thanks for that. Wait... does this mean what I think it means?” Davidson replied.

I laughed out loud when I read it. That was exactly what I wanted.

“Oh, so I turned you on? Yes, it means exactly what you think. Tonight, I’m going to be all yours, and you’ll be all mine. Just thinking about it makes me so excited I can barely hold it back,” I replied.

“Oh, so you want to rip it out of me? Or should I take it out for you? Maybe I’ll have to rip your clothes off too. The idea of having you on top of me... inside me... is driving me crazy. You’d better hurry home, because I don’t know how long I can keep these thoughts to myself. If you take too long, I might have to take a cold shower just to cool down. But I promise if I do, I’ll be thinking about my very sexy husband the whole time,” I sent.

I knew exactly what my words would do to him. The mere suggestion that I might satisfy myself without him always set him off. He hated the idea of missing out, and that was part of what made him rush home every time I teased him.