

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 21:

Part of me wondered if this was just another excuse to get me alone. The elevator doors slid shut, sealing us inside a bubble of silence. I leaned against the cold metal wall, tapping an anxious rhythm on the handrail. My anxiety tightened around me, making the air feel thicker. I glanced at Davidson, who seemed to be moving closer and closer. Part of me wanted to put more distance between us, sure things would only get even stranger.

Every second inside that elevator stretched out. It had never felt so slow.

“Winona, are you okay? You look like something’s bothering you.”

“I’m fine. It’s just... elevators aren’t really my thing,” I blurted, grabbing the first excuse that came to mind.

“Really? Or is it about what happened last night?”

Seriously? Why did he have to bring it up again? My nerves were already frayed at the thought of stepping into his house again. I didn’t need him reminding me of the night before.

“No, it’s not that. I thought we agreed to leave last night behind us,” I replied, fixing my eyes on him.

“Right. I’m sorry,” he said calmly. “Maybe I’m just not ready to let it go yet,” he added under his breath—loud enough for me to hear.

“Did you say something, sir?”

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“Nothing. Forget it,” he replied, concern flickering across his face.

I never expected to hear words like that from him.

Finally, the elevator chimed—an almost welcome sound that felt like an escape. The moment the doors opened, I practically bolted out.

Davidson, who probably thought I’d lost my mind, followed behind me, laughing under his breath.

“Could you run any faster, Winona?” he teased, his laughter light.

“I told you I hate elevators,” I muttered, shrugging as I glanced at him.

“Well, if that’s your excuse, I’ll accept it,” he said with a grin. “Come on.” He gestured forward, resting his hand casually on the small of my back.

The instant his touch grazed me, a current shot through me, sending a shiver up my spine. He guided me to his car, opened the door for me, and let me slide inside before closing it with a soft click. He hurried around to the driver’s seat.

“Buckle up, sweetheart,” he said, punctuating it with a playful wink.

I ignored the joke and fastened my seat belt in silence. The car pulled away, and we headed out.

The closer we got to his house, the tighter the knot in my stomach became. My knees started bouncing uncontrollably, and my palms were slick with sweat. When Davidson turned into the driveway and parked, I couldn’t move. I sat frozen, wondering why I suddenly felt so unsure of myself.

I’d spent plenty of time alone with him before, but tonight was different. The nervousness in my chest felt like a strange, unfamiliar weight.

And I realized—with a jolt—that the kiss we’d shared last night had awakened something in me. Something that made being near him feel more intense than I’d ever expected.

“Are you planning to stay in the car all night?” His voice cut through my thoughts, followed by a soft laugh.

Slowly, I turned and found him standing there, smiling at me. I didn’t even remember him opening the door. I wrinkled my nose in confusion as I nervously bit my lower lip, my anxiety rising.

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Chapter 22:

Davidson straightened, a faint look of confusion crossing his face. I must have looked ridiculous—sitting here, completely still.

“Winona, come on. Get out. I swear I’m not going to do anything. I promise.”

It was like he could read my mind. He must have guessed exactly why I was acting like this. Great. Now I felt even more stupid.

What was wrong with me? It was just a kiss—a stupid, drunken kiss. Why was I behaving like this?

But deep down, I knew why. It was because of that kiss.

It had done something to me. I could still feel the aftermath—the heat lingering on my skin, the tightness in my chest. His mouth on mine had lit something inside me, something I hadn’t wanted to feel.

The kiss had been so warm, so deep—so different from anything I’d ever experienced. No one had ever kissed me like that. That was why I couldn’t stop thinking about it, why my nerves were stretched so thin. If he kissed me again, I knew I wouldn’t be able to pull away.

I didn’t want to be that woman—the one who falls into something she isn’t ready for. I didn’t want to be like the others, the women who worked for him and got caught in his charm. That wasn’t who I was.

“Winona?” His voice sharpened, more insistent.

I took a deep breath, unfastened my seat belt, and finally opened the door, stepping out.

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Davidson gave me a playful look, rolling his eyes before heading toward the front door. I followed, nervously lacing my fingers together as I walked behind him. He opened the door and went in. I did the same, closing it softly behind me.

When I turned, I found myself face-to-face with him—barely an inch away.

He’d said he wasn’t going to do anything. So why was he so close?

My throat tightened as I avoided his eyes, my mind racing.

“Do I make you nervous, Winona?” His voice carried a teasing edge, and the faintest smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

I looked up, and my breath caught. I should have said something—something firm enough to make him step back—but instead, all I could manage was a small nod.

“Good to know,” he said with a wink, stepping back and breaking the tension.

“How about coffee? Or a glass of wine?” he added, heading toward the kitchen.

Wine? That was the last thing I needed right now. Wine was what had gotten us into this mess in the first place.

“Coffee,” I said quickly, following him into the kitchen.

“Okay. You can shower if you want. Or do you want coffee first?”

“Coffee, please. I’ll shower when I get home. It’s fine—thank you.” I gave him a faint smile.

I decided fast that showering here was a terrible idea—especially when I had no idea what was going through his head.

“You sure?” he asked, glancing at me.

His smile softened as he turned to make the coffee. Moments later, he returned and handed me a steaming cup.

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Chapter 23:

“We’ll drink our coffee first, then you can try the dresses on for me. After that, I’ll make something quick for dinner. Sound good?”

“Yeah, that sounds great,” I said, smiling.

The idea of modeling dresses for him didn't do much for my confidence, but I knew he'd want to see which one suited me best. Some of them clearly needed to be returned, and he needed to know that too.

Winona's Point of View:

"Are you ready yet, Winona? Don't tell me you're chickening out over a dress." Davidson laughed.

In his bedroom, I stood in front of the mirror, modeling one of the outfits he'd picked out. I had to admit—his taste was impressive. Each dress had its own charm, but this one, although stunning, clung far too tightly for a formal event. It looked more suited for a night out than a sophisticated gala.

"No. This isn't for a gala, Davidson. It's too tight and too short."

"If you don't come out right now, I'm coming in to get you."

I groaned and rolled my eyes as I got myself ready to step out. Taking a deep breath to calm down, I left the bedroom and walked into the living room, where he was sprawled on the couch, pretending he'd been patiently waiting.

He didn't bother hiding the way his gaze swept over me. The dress left my legs bare and hugged my hips, showing every curve. His stare made my nerves flare, but I couldn't deny the small thrill that came with it.

When our eyes finally met, I caught the excitement on his face—his tongue sliding slowly over his lip.

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I tugged at the hem of the dress, desperate to cover myself a little more, but the fabric clung stubbornly, refusing to cooperate.

“Dammit.” That settled it.

“No way I’m wearing this. I’m not doing it if it means you’ll look at me like that all night,” I said with a laugh.

“And what look would that be?” he asked, a wicked smile spreading across his face.

“You know exactly what I mean. That look that says you want to rip this dress off me. I’ve seen it in a man’s eyes before, Davidson,” I replied, taking a step away.

As I reached the doorway, his arms wrapped around my waist, spinning me back toward him. Suddenly our bodies pressed together, his warm breath brushing my skin, and that dangerous glint returned to his eyes.

I was definitely not going to the gala in this dress. No chance.

“You don’t understand. You look incredible, Winona. I couldn’t help it. Any man who doesn’t react the way I did is either blind or not interested in women, because that dress was made for you.”

“Forget it. You’re not convincing me, Davidson. Not tonight.” I shook my head, already laughing.

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Chapter 24:

“Wouldn’t it be better this way? At least it wouldn’t feel so forced. And you know Leona—she’d lose her mind seeing you in that dress. Imagine if she sees me unable to take my eyes off you. That would drive her insane.” Davidson’s gaze stayed locked on mine, mischief and yearning mixed in his eyes.

And he was right. Leona had gone out of her way to make my life miserable more times than I could count, so why not enjoy getting under her skin for once? Normally I wouldn’t stoop to her level, but after what she’d done to Davidson—and the way she treated everyone else—maybe she deserved a taste of her own medicine.

“Let me try on the other dresses, okay? If none of them look right, I’ll put this one back on. Deal? That’s all I’m asking.”

A bright smile spread across his face as he leaned in and pressed a quick kiss to my cheek.

Rolling my eyes at his theatrics, I gave him a gentle shove to the chest and went back to the bedroom to try on the rest. I walked out and modeled each one for him.

No matter what I wore, Davidson insisted he didn’t like it.

Every time, he shook his head, claiming none of them were right. But his eyes told the truth—he was blatantly lying just to get me back into that first dress.

“Come on. Be honest. You’re only criticizing the other dresses because you want me in the first one.” I burst out laughing when he shrugged, his crooked smile fooling absolutely no one.

I had to admit, wearing that first dress made me feel good. It wasn’t the ideal look for a formal event, but something about it fit me. Out of all the options, it was the one that felt the most like myself.

“So, which one are you choosing?” he asked, waiting.

“I’m keeping the first one.”

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His lips curved into a soft smile. I rolled my eyes, smiling as I changed back into my usual clothes. I handed him the rest of the dresses so he could return them to the store. Then I dropped onto the couch beside him.

“Ready?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Good. Time to eat. Do you want anything specific?”

“Honestly, I don’t care. Surprise me,” I said with a smile.

“How does ham and mushroom tagliatelle sound?” he suggested.

After I nodded, Davidson stood and offered me his hand to help me up, warmth and familiarity in the gesture.

We headed into the kitchen together. Davidson insisted I sit while he made dinner. Even when I offered to help, he waved me off—just like the night before. There was no point arguing; he clearly liked being in control.

Settling in with a cup of coffee, I watched him move around the kitchen. He caught me looking and returned a warm smile.

There was something I loved about seeing him like this. He seemed relaxed, almost lighter—so different from the serious, imposing presence he carried at work. It was nice to glimpse the side of him that wasn’t only business and sharp words.

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Chapter 25:

As he worked, my mind drifted to the upcoming gala. We still had a lot to figure out—especially when it came to boundaries. Pretending to be hopelessly in love was one thing, but I wasn't going to get swept up in the act, not after how complicated things had gotten the night before.

It felt like the right time to clarify things.

“Davidson, can we go over some details for the gala? I think we need to agree on how this is going to work.”

“I know. Once everything's ready, we'll sit down and go over the plan,” he said, still smiling. “And thank you for helping me with all of this, Winona.”

“I know,” I replied, smiling back at him softly.

I sat in silence and watched him move around the kitchen.

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He hummed to himself, whistling now and then, completely in his element. My thoughts wandered until his phone—left on the counter near me—started to vibrate.

“Winona, can you check who’s calling?” he asked.

Rolling my eyes, I glanced at the screen and sighed when I saw it was her.

“It’s Leona,” I murmured.

He arched a brow, smiling. “What do you think she wants now? Feel like turning it up a notch?” He gave me a wicked grin and added, “Go on. Answer it.”

Then he immediately said, “Wait—what should you answer and say exactly? That you’re too busy right now because I’ve got you working on my body?”

A laugh burst out of me, surprising even myself with how bold I sounded.

“That’s exactly what I want. Do it—please. I’ll give you a hundred pounds if you pull it off,” Davidson said, laughing.

A mischievous impulse took over. I grabbed the phone and answered with a sly smile.

“Where the hell are you? I showed up at the office and you weren’t there. Someone said you ran off with that whore!” Leona snapped the second she heard me.

I lowered my voice to a whisper.

“Guess I’m the whore you’re ranting about, huh?” I said, exchanging an amused look with Davidson.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart—Davidson isn’t available right now,” I said in my best customer-service voice.

“Winona? Seriously? What are you doing with my husband’s phone, you little whore? Tell me!” Her fury flared instantly.

“Oh, it’s me, all right. And no, you’re not talking to him. He’s a little busy,” I replied, completely unbothered.

“Busy with what?” she screamed. “I always knew you were after him, even before we ended!”

She sounded livid, and honestly, hearing her that furious was way too entertaining.

“Just so we’re clear, I wasn’t sleeping with him while you two were together. That came after—and let me tell you, it was worth the wait. Also, he’s your ex now, sweetheart. Maybe you forgot, with all your cheating. And right now he’s too busy making me happy to chat with you. Bye,” I said sweetly, then hung up with a smile.

When I looked up, Davidson was doubled over laughing, clutching his stomach—and the sight made me laugh even harder. We both ended up in hysterics.

His phone started ringing again, but I didn’t hesitate. I declined the call without a second thought.

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Chapter 26:

“Wow. I can’t believe you actually said all that. She must be completely unhinged. Do you realize she’s probably plotting revenge right now?” he exclaimed.

“She was furious. But honestly, I don’t care what she thinks,” I said with a shrug. “And you owe me a hundred pounds, just so you know.” My smile widened.

Davidson set a steaming plate in front of me. The food looked as incredible as last night’s dinner. He sat across from me, pulled out his wallet, and—with a grin—handed me a hundred-pound note.

“Davidson, I was kidding. There’s no way I’m taking your money.”

Messing with her and hearing her lose it was reward enough. I smiled.

“But seriously, thank you. I owe you one for dragging you into this,” he said, giving me a crooked smile. “Next time she calls, I might just hand you the phone and let you do your thing.”

We laughed again.

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“Once is more than enough, trust me. And wow—this smells amazing.”

“Fingers crossed it tastes as good as it looks. Let's eat, and after dinner we can go to the couch and sort out the gala details—or maybe relax and watch a movie,” he said.

“Sounds perfect. But right now you'll have to forgive me. I'm starving, and you kidnapped me before I could eat at home,” I said, pouting dramatically.

“It was an accident. Please don't hold it against me.” He lifted his hands in surrender, eyes wide as he put on an innocent expression.

“I'll let it slide this time, but if you get between me and dinner again, you'll have a problem with me,” I teased, laughing.

“I swear. You have my word,” he said, laughing with me.

A deep sense of relief settled over me when I realized how relaxed the mood had become. It was a welcome change from the tension between us earlier—or even the end of the night before.

Winona’s Point of View:

“Are you sure you don’t want a glass of wine?” Davidson asked.

“I’ll pass. After last night, I think I’d better stick to water.” I couldn’t help laughing as I remembered what happened.

“Come on—just one glass. I promise I’ll behave tonight. No wandering hands, no surprise kisses. You have my word. And for the record, I used to scout models.” He laughed.

Honestly, one glass of wine seemed harmless. And what happened last night... maybe it had been for the best.

“Fine. Half a glass. That’s my limit,” I said easily, laughing.

Davidson poured us a modest amount and led us into the living room, since we both knew we had a few things to settle before the gala. Making sure we were on the same page was the only way this would go smoothly.

“I thought writing it down would make it easier,” he explained, handing me a list of what we should and shouldn’t do that night.

Seeing his rules printed out made me laugh. It was obvious he’d push boundaries—Davidson never did anything halfway. I looked at him, lifting an eyebrow.

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A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 27:

“Just tell me if any of it works for you, or if there’s anything you don’t like,” he said, waiting.

I nodded and started unfolding the paper, scanning his meticulous list.

We have to look like a real couple, so some public affection is mandatory.

No flirting with anyone else.

If Leona gets curious, we'll say we've been seeing each other for a few weeks.

Stop me from hitting the guy who ruined my marriage.

Don't overdo the drinks. I don't want us saying something we'll regret.

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Turn up the flirting whenever Leona is nearby.

You have to dance with me if I ask, no matter what song is playing.

Don't give too many details about how we met, or anything anyone can verify.

If anyone asks, it's nothing serious—we're just seeing each other and hanging out.

If my mother asks, we'll tell her we're official. She never talks to Leona, so we won't get caught.

Kissing is non-negotiable. Sorry.

You have to stay by my side all night.

Half of his conditions made me want to laugh; the rest weren't terrible.

"Kissing? Isn't that too much? I don't mind holding your hand or flirting, but do we really have to kiss?" I asked, giving him a skeptical look.

"Yes, of course. That's how it works. Leona expects me to make it clear that the woman I'm with is mine. I've always liked public displays of affection. I can't let people think otherwise," he rambled.

“If we were actually together, I’d understand. But to everyone else, it’ll just look like you’re crazy about some girl you’re casually seeing.” I let out a laugh.

“That’s the point. I need Leona to believe you’re not like any other woman I’ve dated,” he admitted. “If she sees us acting a little more serious, she’ll assume things are getting intense—whether we admit it or not.” There was a mischievous edge to his tone.

“Fine. Just remember we don’t need to put on a full-blown soap opera. Keep it playful, not passionate,” I said.

“I’ll do my best,” he replied, finishing with a quick wink.

I looked over the list again and paused at the part about lying to his mother. That didn’t sit right with me. I’d always gotten along with her, and the idea of deceiving her made me uneasy. I wasn’t sure I could do it—or if I even wanted to.

An idea started forming. Maybe it would be better if we stuck to one story. Pretending we really were together, instead of juggling two different versions, could simplify everything.

I decided to bring it up. “Davidson, wouldn’t it be easier if we chose one story and stuck to it? Either we say we’re casually dating, or we say we’re official. If we tell your mother one thing and everyone else another, someone’s going to slip. And then what?” I asked.

He went quiet, thoughtful as he weighed my words.

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A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 28:

“You know, you’re right. Keeping it casual makes the most sense. My mother knows exactly how much Leona’s betrayal wrecked me. If I suddenly tell her I’m in a serious relationship, she’ll have wedding invitations printed before my divorce is even final.” He laughed. “Yeah—let’s stick to the casual story. The last thing I need is my mother talking about engagement rings or grandkids. I’d probably panic and blurt out the whole truth.”

“Casual, then,” I said with a laugh.

“So officially, you’re my lover, not my girlfriend.” His eyes gleamed with mischief.

“Lover? Seriously—who even uses that word anymore?”

“Fine. My fling,” he corrected, still grinning.

“Okay, Casanova,” I teased, unable to hold back my laughter.

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He looked amused that I was mocking him. I made an exaggerated pout and fluttered my lashes until he gave in and laughed with me.

After that, a comfortable silence settled between us as we sipped our wine. I drank slowly, determined not to get drunk.

“Do you have to leave soon?” he asked.

I checked the time. It was still early—just past six.

“There’s no rush. I’ve got plenty of time before I need to go home.” I offered him a reassuring smile.

“How about we put on a movie? I like having someone close. The house feels too quiet most nights.” His words were light, but there was a hint of sadness underneath.

I realized how lonely he must feel, especially after years of having someone beside him.

“That’s fine—on one condition,” I said, smiling.

“What is it?” he asked.

“I’m only staying if there’s popcorn.” I laughed, unable to keep a straight face.

“That I can definitely make happen!” he exclaimed, sticking his tongue out just to make me laugh.

I chose the movie while he made popcorn in the kitchen. Scrolling through the options, I couldn’t help it—I picked Thor. The lead actor... come on. He was irresistible. What woman wouldn’t melt a little?

“So, what did you pick?” Davidson asked when he came back.

“Thor,” I said, and my smile probably gave me away.

“Ah, I see how it is. You just want an excuse to drool over the guy with the hammer. Honestly, I don’t understand the hype. I’m way better-looking than he is.” He wore an offended expression.

“Keep dreaming, Davidson. You’re handsome, sure, but let’s not pretend you’re in the same league as that actor. Sorry—the facts are the facts.” I laughed before I could stop myself.

“Admit it. You’ve been sighing over me this whole time,” he teased, feigning smugness.

I turned away, hit play, and tried to focus on the screen. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him inch closer, that familiar mischievous smile tugging at his lips. He was definitely doing it just to get a reaction, so I finally turned to look at him directly.

“Wouldn’t you rather sit in my lap and get this over with?” I joked, laughing.

He lifted his brows and shook his head. “You couldn’t handle it. But the offer stands. There’s plenty of space right here.” He patted his knee, exaggerating the invitation.

“Keep dreaming, boss,” I shot back, sticking my tongue out.

For once, we didn't talk about work at all. We were just two friends, without professional ranks between us.

"If you knew what kind of dreams I have, Winona..." He winked at me.

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A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 29:

I gave him a playful smack on the arm.

"Spare me the details, please! There are some things I'd rather not imagine." My laughter echoed through the room.

“Hey, I didn’t say anything scandalous. You’re the one making it sound dirty.” He put on an innocent act, lips trembling with amusement.

I let his teasing roll right off me and focused on the movie. Davidson’s laughter rang warmly beside me—genuine, unrestrained. Hearing it brought back memories of how he used to be before everything with Leona turned his world upside down. Truthfully, I’d missed that version of him. Back then, he filled the office with easy jokes and lighter moments, lifting everyone’s mood without ever letting work suffer.

“It’s nice to hear you laugh like this again, Davidson,” I said, smiling.

“It feels good to finally laugh—and I owe it to you. Most women think the way to help me forget my problems is by offering themselves. Sure, I’ve played along, but it never really works. With you, it’s different. I can be myself—laugh, talk, joke—and not feel empty afterward.” He looked at me, his eyes softer now.

“Glad to help in a way that doesn’t involve throwing myself at you,” I said, a genuine laugh slipping out.

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I did my best to keep things easy and light between us.

“Well, the offer still stands. You just have to say the word if you ever reconsider,” he said with a sly wink.

I didn't respond. Refusing to indulge him only seemed to amuse him more; he let out a quiet chuckle to himself, clearly enjoying my resistance. That sound pulled a reluctant smile from me, too.

Little by little, I felt the old Davidson coming back, and I found hope in those small moments of laughter.

Davidson's Point of View:

"I'm telling you, I'm way hotter than that guy." I laughed as the movie ended.

"Not a chance. Not even close." Winona let out a soft giggle.

A dramatic pout spread across my face. I crossed my arms and huffed exaggeratedly. Winona couldn't stop laughing at my performance.

"Oh, look at you pouting now. Did I hurt your ego, boss?" she teased, smiling at me.

"Yes," I muttered, turning away as if I were offended.

My over-the-top reactions only made her laugh harder. She knew I was joking—that I didn’t take myself too seriously. There was something refreshing about sharing space with a woman without pressure or expectations, just enjoying quiet company for once. Being near her made it impossible not to smile.

That sense of ease vanished the moment my phone lit up, Leona’s name flashing across the screen. With an exasperated sigh, I rolled my eyes and declined the call. I had no desire to deal with her tonight.

“Why won’t she stop calling you?” Winona asked.

I shifted slightly, embarrassment showing on my face at how often Leona still called.

“Are you still sleeping with her?” Winona asked bluntly.

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A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 30:

“Yeah. Sometimes. I know it’s a bad idea, but she has this way of pulling me back in. Even now, I can’t seem to break free. She knows exactly which buttons to press to make me lose control, and I keep falling for it,” I admitted.

“Davidson, you can’t keep letting her walk all over you. She’s already put you through enough,” Winona said with a deep sigh.

“I know, but it’s like I have no control when it comes to her.” Finally, I looked her in the eyes, feeling exposed.

Her expression softened with understanding, and a gentle smile curved her lips. I returned a small smile, grateful for her quiet support. Winona leaned closer and gave my knee a light squeeze.

“You’ll get through this, Davidson. I know you will.” She smiled.

“I hope you’re right. Let’s change the subject. How about we pick another movie?” I suggested.

Her gaze flicked to the clock, and silently I wished she'd stay a little longer. Nights always felt heavier when I was alone.

"Sure. I'm in. You pick this time," she murmured, her smile bright.

Just as I started to stand, the sound of a key turning in the lock froze me in place.

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"Fuck," I snapped, irritation sharpening my voice.

"Were you expecting someone? Or is that my cue to leave?" Winona asked, looking toward the door.

"It's Leona." She still had a key to my house. At this point, I needed to change the locks—or find a new place entirely. What the hell was I supposed to do? Panic tightened in my chest as I stared at the door. Why did she think she could walk into my house whenever she felt like it?

This was my home. I paid for every inch of it. Leona hadn't contributed a penny. She'd always drifted through life—no job, always relying on me to handle everything. And now she acted like she still had the right to come through that door.

“I have a plan. Are you in—if it involves a little striptease and a kiss on the couch?” Winona said, her eyes glittering with mischief.

“What exactly are you plotting?” I asked.

Footsteps sounded in the hallway. Leona was getting closer. At least we had a few seconds to figure out what to do.

“This.” Winona smiled, swinging a leg over me and settling onto my lap. “Take your shirt off. Hurry.”

Understanding instantly, I yanked my shirt over my head and tossed it aside, not needing any more encouragement.

Winona let out a low, throaty moan; her cheeks flushed when she saw me, but she held her ground, leaning in to kiss me.

Caught off guard by her sudden boldness, I groaned into the kiss as heat exploded between us. Instinct took over. I buried my fingers in her hair and pulled her closer, my other hand sliding around her waist and anchoring her against me as the moment unraveled.

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