

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 3:

Winona's Point of View:

Before I left, I paused to look at myself in the mirror. Satisfied with my appearance, I grabbed my keys and headed to my car, ready to meet Davidson.

I wore my favorite red top with jeans and a pair of high heels. My hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail. I didn't want to dress up too much and give the wrong impression, but I also didn't want to look too casual.

It didn't take long to reach the restaurant. Although Davidson offered to pick me up, I told him we should meet there. Anything else would have felt too much like a real date, and that wasn't the impression I wanted to give.

"Hello, miss, do you need a table?" the hostess asked with a warm smile as soon as I walked in.

"Someone is already waiting for me. Mr. Briggs," I said, smiling.

“Of course. He told us you’d be joining him. Right this way.” She smiled.

“Thank you,” I replied, returning it.

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She led me through the main dining room to the back, where the booths were tucked away in a quieter, more private space. It had a VIP feel—exactly the kind of place Davidson would choose.

He was already there, leaning back with a glass of whiskey, staring at his phone, probably handling work as usual.

“Good evening,” I said, catching his attention with a smile.

When he looked up, he took a long moment to study me from head to toe. He ran his tongue over his lower lip—a habit he didn’t seem to notice. When he finally met my eyes, a slow smile spread across his face.

“Good evening, Winona. You look beautiful tonight,” he said, warm and kind.

My cheeks warmed at the compliment, and I gave a small nod of thanks. He was as handsome as ever. I'd only ever seen him in sharp suits, so it felt strange to find him in jeans and a simple shirt. After thanking the hostess, I slipped into the booth and sat across from him.

"Would you like something to drink?" he asked.

"Just water. I'm driving tonight, so I can't drink," I said with a smile.

"You're very careful," he said, letting out a soft laugh.

A waiter approached, took our drink order, and returned a few minutes later before leaving us alone. I couldn't ignore the awkward feeling that settled over me. The truth was, I'd spent countless moments alone with him, but this time felt completely different. We weren't at the office, and this had nothing to do with work.

Davidson took a slow sip of his whiskey, then looked at me.

"Do you have a dress for the gala?" he asked.

"I have a few dresses, but nothing that works for an event like that. I'll find something," I replied with a small smile.

“You don’t need to. I’ll choose one and send it to you,” he said, smiling.

“You have no idea what size I wear or what style I like,” I laughed.

“Size thirty-eight,” he replied, winking with confidence.

How did he know?

“Did I ever tell you my size?” I asked, arching a brow.

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