

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 4:

“I can tell just by looking at you,” he murmured, giving me another playful wink. “Honestly, your curves make it pretty easy to guess.”

I laughed and shook my head, my cheeks heating with embarrassment.

He must have paid close attention to my figure if he knew my size so easily. The thought amused me—and unsettled me at the same time. Had he really been watching me that closely?

“Were you looking at me?” I asked, raising my eyebrows and trying not to smile.

“Yes, of course. Come on, Winona. I may be your boss, but I’m still a man. I notice beautiful women and their bodies, like any other male would. But honestly, it’s only been the last two months, after Leona left,” he added.

I shook my head and bit my lip nervously. His eyes were on me in a way they hadn’t been before. He ran his tongue over his lip again and looked away. I let out a silent breath, uneasy, because I wasn’t used to this side of him. He didn’t seem like he was joking. He was truly flirting with me, and I had no idea what to do about it.

“So tell me—do you like red or black? And what about the length? Do you prefer something mid-thigh, or do you want it to fall to your knees?” He leaned forward, returning to the subject of the dress.

“You really don’t have to do this. I’ll pick something myself. You don’t need to buy me a dress,” I said, trying to sound casual.

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“Winona, don’t make this difficult. You’re doing me a favor by coming with me. The least I can do is make sure you have something special to wear. Please, just answer the question.” His voice turned firmer.

I knew there was no point trying to convince him otherwise. I knew him well enough to understand that once he decided something, he didn’t back down. I rolled my eyes and pouted slightly, which only made him laugh.

“I’m still waiting for an answer, Winona,” he said with a grin.

“Fine. I like red, and I prefer mid-thigh length. Thank you,” I mumbled, looking at him.

“You don’t have to thank me. It’s just my way of showing how much I appreciate you helping me,” he said, still smiling. “Are you ready to order something to eat?”

I shook my head and picked up the menu, pretending to study it for a moment. After Davidson and I placed our orders with the waiter, we returned to the conversation.

“If Leona asks about us, just tell her we’ve been seeing each other casually for a few weeks,” he murmured, lowering his voice.

Seeing each other casually for a few weeks? I thought this was only supposed to annoy her for one night.

“Why would you want me to say that? And what exactly do you mean by ‘seeing each other casually’?” I asked, frowning.

“If we only say you’re my date for the night, she’ll realize the real reason I brought you. When I say we’re seeing each other casually, I mean going out, messing around... having casual sex,” he replied, far too naturally.

Was this really going to be just a fake act?

“Are you serious? I’m supposed to admit you and I sleep together sometimes if she asks me directly?” I blurted, instantly regretting it as my face went hot.

“Exactly,” he said, giving me a mischievous wink. “Who would’ve guessed you have such a dirty mouth, Winona?” His voice was teasing—almost wicked.

“Oh, just shut up. Fine, I’ll play along,” I said, shaking my head.

“Thank you,” he replied, flashing a broad smile.

Davidson went over every detail I needed for the gala that weekend, making sure I understood exactly what to expect. He made it sound like it would truly be a fun night, and for a moment, I forgot all about the lies. Still, I couldn’t help feeling nervous. I’d never attended an event like this as a guest. Whenever I went to anything similar, it was always because I worked for him, making sure everything ran smoothly. The idea of simply relaxing and being taken care of felt unfamiliar. I also knew there would be people watching and commenting, because everyone would recognize exactly who I was.

This was all too predictable.

We’d be playing into the typical cliché of the boss and his assistant. Maybe agreeing to this hadn’t been the best decision after all.

But it was too late, and backing out now would only make things worse.

