

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 5:

Winona's Point of View:

"I think I need to go home. I definitely drank too much tonight." Davidson tried to laugh, but the words tangled in his mouth.

Dinner was over, and we were wandering through a dimly lit bar just a few doors down. He'd ordered glass after glass of whiskey and beer. I'd stuck to water and a couple of fruity mocktails.

"You know what? You might actually be right." I laughed. "Come on. I'll take you home."

"Oh, this is going to be something to remember," he said with a wide smile, his eyes shining.

"That's not what I meant," I replied, laughing as I stood.

He rolled his eyes and tried to get up, but he swayed and nearly lost his balance. I caught his arm before he could stumble and kept him upright. It took all my patience—and more strength than I expected—to get him to the car, but I managed without either of us falling. I helped him into the passenger seat, then slid behind the wheel.

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“All right. Where do you live?” I asked, glancing at him.

I’d never been to his house, so I had no idea where we were going. Davidson fell silent and tapped his chin with a finger.

I couldn’t help laughing as he seemed to be trying to remember the address to his own home. There was something strangely funny about watching him struggle so hard. After a few minutes, he finally gave it to me. I knew he’d regret this night in the morning. I entered the address into my GPS and started driving, following the route.

The drive felt twice as long as usual, made worse by the silence between us. When we finally arrived, I stared at the house, stunned. The place looked incredible.

It stretched behind tall hedges and a wide driveway; in my opinion, it was far too big for one person. I pulled up in front of the garage and parked. Then I got out and walked around to help him.

“Winona, what do you think you’re doing?” he laughed, reaching out and tapping the tip of my nose with his finger.

“Making sure you get home,” I muttered, laughing with him.

“Oh. All right, then. You need to take my keys. They’re right there.” He pointed to the pocket of his jeans.

I hesitated, not exactly thrilled by the idea of digging around in his pocket, but there wasn’t another option. He was too drunk to do it himself. I sighed and slipped my hand into his pocket, feeling around until my fingers brushed the cold metal of his keys.

I curled my fingers around them, the chill pressing into my palm.

“A little more to the left,” he slurred, flashing a sly, mischievous smile that left no doubt what he really meant.

I shot him a glare, knowing exactly what he was doing, and yanked my hand out with his keys as fast as I could. He turned toward me and pouted like a sulking child.

“You’re no fun tonight,” he complained, folding his arms over his chest in mock outrage.

“Davidson, get inside already, you drunk,” I said with a little laugh. “Stop acting like a complete pervert.”

“I’m your boss, remember, Miss Winona?” He tried to sound stern, but that crooked grin ruined any chance of being taken seriously.

“Keep moving,” I told him, pointing toward the front door and laughing under my breath.

Davidson stuck his tongue out at me and stumbled away from the car, wobbling like a child learning to walk, nearly tripping over his own shoes.

I never would’ve imagined he’d be this kind of drunk, but I had to admit he was making the whole night more entertaining. I walked behind him, then hurried ahead to open the door before he could try to do it himself.

“Nice view,” he mumbled, loud enough for me to hear.

I pretended not to notice and chalked it up to drunk talk. I pulled the door open and helped him inside, running my hand along the wall until I found a light switch. When I finally flicked it on and the room filled with light, my eyes widened at what I saw.

“Wow...” I breathed.

He really knew how to decorate. The place looked amazing, and I'd only seen the foyer and part of the living room. I looked around and noticed framed photos on a nearby table. He still had pictures of himself and Leona, including some from their wedding day. They both looked incredible in those photos. They looked happy, and for a second, something tight clenched in my chest for him.

It was clear he wasn't ready to leave that part of his life behind, and honestly, I couldn't blame him. He probably thought she would be his wife forever, that he'd spend the rest of his life with her.

"I need a drink," he said, pulling away from me and stumbling down the hallway. I stayed close, worried he'd trip over his own feet.

He wandered into a room that had been turned into a bar. He headed straight for the shelves, but before he could grab anything, I caught his arm and stopped him.

"What you really need is coffee and water. You have to work tomorrow, remember?" I said.

He turned slowly, giving me a look that made it clear he didn't appreciate the advice. "Yes, Mom," he replied, dripping with sarcasm.

"Where's the kitchen?" I asked, determined to save him from himself.

“Over there,” he answered, gesturing vaguely toward the entryway we’d come through only minutes earlier.

That didn’t help at all. I realized I’d have to find it myself. I hooked my arm through his and kept him close, steering him away from the bottles on the shelves. After about ten minutes of wandering through that enormous house, I finally found the kitchen.

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