

A Favor 52

Chapter 52

"Yes. Neither of us is looking for anything more right now. Honestly, it just feels easier that way," I murmured. The answer sounded more truthful than I wanted to admit, even if it was only half the truth.

"Just be patient with him. Leona was never right for Davidson. I never could stand that woman." Pain flickered across her face, as if old wounds reopened at the memory of what Leona had done to her son.

"Believe me, you're not the only one. Leona has always been trouble, and I never liked her either," I said quietly.

"Are you two plotting over there?" Davidson's voice made us both straighten.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" I winked at him playfully.

A slow smile spread across his face as he leaned in and rested his hand lightly on my bare thigh. A shiver ran through me at his touch.

"Honestly? Yes," he teased, his eyes bright.

"I'm afraid that's between Winona and me, dear," Mrs. Briggs said with a laughing apology.

"I don't know whether to worry or feel jealous that you're whispering behind my back," Davidson pouted dramatically, pretending to be wounded.

"Sorry," I mumbled, pushing out my lower lip and giving him my best pout.

Then Davidson surprised me—he leaned in and brushed his lips against mine. The kiss was quick and unexpected, but it left a smile on my face as he pulled back and returned to his earlier conversation.

His hand stayed on my thigh. If anything, his fingers began tracing lazy lines over my skin, almost absentmindedly. I doubted he even realized what he was doing. I closed my eyes for a moment and forced myself to breathe steadily. That simple touch sparked something in me, sharp and alive. No matter how much I tried to deny it, I couldn't hide how badly I wanted him. Maybe my body had already decided.

"Winona, you should come for dinner one night." Mrs. Briggs's voice pulled me back.

Startled, I hesitated, unsure whether this was part of our little act or something more genuine. Turning her down would feel wrong.

"I'd love to. Thank you. I'll talk to Davidson and see what works for us," I said, offering her a grateful smile.

"Who says he's invited? I invited you, not him!" she said with a mischievous laugh.

“Wow, Mom. Harsh! You know you’re supposed to love me,” Davidson turned toward her, feigning offense. “But yes—Winona and I will definitely have dinner with you.”

That made Mrs. Briggs beam. The happiness in her eyes was contagious, and I found myself smiling too.

“Good! Let’s make plans soon!” she said, practically glowing. “I’ll be back in a bit. I just spotted some old friends I want to catch up with. Behave while I’m gone!” She winked as she walked away.

A laugh slipped out of me as I turned back to Davidson and caught his gaze. His smile was soft—almost tender.

“You know, my mother seems very taken with you,” he said.

“I feel the same about her,” I replied, smiling.