

A Favor 53

Chapter 53

Davidson lifted his hand and tucked a loose strand of hair away from my face. The touch sent a subtle shiver through me. Instead of withdrawing, he let his hand rest gently against my cheek, his eyes fixed on mine as he leaned closer. My breathing quickened with every inch between us.

His fingers threaded into my hair, stopping just before our lips met. His eyes searched mine, waiting.

“Winona, it’s your choice,” he whispered.

Without hesitating, I cupped his face and closed the distance, pressing my lips softly to his. The kiss started gentle; the room was packed, and I wasn’t about to put on a show.

Davidson’s hand tightened on the arm of my chair as he drew me closer, until our bodies nearly touched. His lips pressed harder against mine, deepening the kiss. A quiet sound slipped from me, and he answered with a low groan. My arms found their way around his neck, my fingers tangling in his hair as we melted into each other.

With every second our mouths stayed together, the heat between us threatened to spill out of control. My heart hammered in my chest, and every part of me wanted to stay wrapped up in him. Still, I knew I had to be the one to pull away, even as my body protested.

I broke the kiss, leaving only a breath between us.

“We have to stop,” I said, my voice trembling.

“Yeah. You’re right,” he replied, disappointment flashing across his face.

For a moment, neither of us moved. The world felt frozen, holding us in that strange, electric stillness. Finally, I cleared my throat and leaned back, putting a sensible distance between us. Davidson exhaled hard, dragging a hand through his hair, then lifted his drink and finished it in one swallow.

These stolen moments had to end. This was supposed to be an act—nothing more—and scenes like that couldn’t be faked for long.

“I’m going to get another drink. Do you want anything?” Davidson’s voice was cool, controlled.

“No, I’m fine. Thanks,” I shook my head.

He nodded and headed toward the bar, leaving me at the table with strangers. I toyed with my glass, suddenly uncomfortable and completely out of place. My eyes drifted, searching for him, and I spotted him taking a couple of quick sips.

I didn’t stay alone for long. Leona appeared, cutting through the crowd with an exaggerated sway. She moved in on Davidson, stepping far too close for comfort. Her supposed boyfriend was nowhere in sight—he must’ve found something else to keep himself busy.

From my place at the table, I watched as she pressed her hand to Davidson's chest and leaned in to whisper something. He looked tense, visibly flinching beneath her touch. When his eyes met mine, there was a silent plea there—a request for an escape.

I wasn't going to let Leona get away with it. I rose and crossed the room, determined to intervene.

"Davidson, you know she'll never satisfy you the way I do," Leona purred, letting her fingers glide over his shirt.

"It's funny, Leona, but I'm pretty sure I know exactly what he needs," I cut in, my voice slicing through her boldness.