

A Favor 55

Chapter 55

I tried to keep a straight face, but it didn't last. Davidson leaned in and brushed my lips with his—quick and light—making my smile spread wide. When he pulled back, he winked, and I couldn't help noticing that the more he drank, the bolder his playful side became.

"I still don't forgive you," I laughed, sticking my tongue out.

He leaned close enough that only I could hear him.

"Keep that up, and I'll have to bite your lips," he murmured.

"Promise?" A spark of challenge lit my eyes.

"Winona, don't tempt me," he replied, wearing a wicked grin.

I pulled away with a laugh, but his hand slid up my thigh, lingering a little longer this time. The sensation made it hard to breathe, and I had to bite my lip to keep a sound from escaping. Gin always hit me fast—one drink could loosen my control—and with Davidson's fingers toying with my skin, I knew things could spiral quickly.

"Davidson, I can't believe you're still prowling around this city," a cheerful voice called from behind us.

“Carsten! Man, it’s been way too long. I’ve been swamped lately.” Davidson stood and hugged Carsten quickly.

Clearly, the two of them had known each other forever.

“Always buried in work, huh? I guess you finally found a free night. And who’s this charming woman you’re hiding over here?” Carsten clapped Davidson on the back and sent me a playful look.

I lifted my chin and offered him a warm smile. “Hi. I’m Winona.”

“Winona, huh? Looks like I just found my new favorite person tonight.” His eyes lit up.

“They’re still nothing serious,” Davidson’s mother cut in before I could say anything.

“Is that the official story? How adorable.” Carsten laughed.

Davidson rolled his eyes and gave his friend a gentle elbow to shut him up while I laughed and let the two old friends catch up.

Watching them banter, it was obvious they shared a long history. I'd never seen Davidson outside the shadow of his relationship with Leona, and seeing him relaxed with friends brought out a different side of him—one I genuinely liked.

"Winona, you're not getting off that easily. After the gala, both of you are coming to my place for my after-party. And don't you dare miss my engagement party next week. Davidson, you'd better bring her. I refuse to have you show up alone—or worse, with one of those wild girls you usually pick." His laughter was contagious.

We chatted with Carsten for a while before he left to rejoin his fiancée and family. Once he was gone, Davidson leaned closer to me.

"Hey, you're under no obligation to go to any of those parties, Winona. Seriously. Don't feel pressured," he said.

"Are you kidding? It's been forever since I've been to a good party. Honestly, I'd love to." I smiled and shook my head.

"That's what I wanted to hear. I think we could both use a little more fun. Let's enjoy ourselves." He gave me a playful wink.

As the night wore on, I excused myself to use the restroom before heading to Carsten's party. After washing my hands, I checked my reflection in the mirror to make sure my makeup and hair still looked good.