

A Favor 58

Chapter 58

Before we could say anything else, a taxi pulled up to the curb. Carsten hopped in, leaving the three of us in the back seat. Aubriella and Davidson didn't waste any time slipping into their usual banter—playful, familiar arguments between friends. I couldn't help laughing as I listened.

"Oh, please. Everyone knows I'm right. I always have been," Aubriella declared, sticking her tongue out at Davidson.

"You're only right in your own head. That's not the same thing." He stuck his tongue out right back, and for a moment, the night felt lighter than it had in a long time.

I liked catching glimpses of this side of him—the one I rarely saw. I was glad he had people like Carsten and Aubriella in his life. Honestly, we could all use friends like them. I turned to the window, watching the city lights blur past.

A moment later, Davidson's hand found its way back to my bare thigh. I closed my eyes for a second, feeling the shiver his touch sent through me, trying not to react too visibly.

"So, how long has this supposed 'casual relationship' been going on?" Aubriella chimed in beside me, sarcasm lacing her voice as she emphasized the word casual.

Why did everyone doubt our story? Maybe his friends saw something I was still trying to ignore. If there truly was nothing between us, no one would keep asking. I wondered if Davidson would finally tell them the truth—after all, they were his closest friends.

“It’s only been a few weeks,” he answered, and I caught the strain in his voice, as if the lie weighed on him.

“Yeah, sure. Keep telling yourselves it’s casual,” Aubriella joked, and I could practically hear the smug smile in her tone.

Her words seemed to hit Davidson harder than he wanted to admit. His grip on my thigh tightened, sending another wave of heat through me. I pressed my lips together, fighting not to make a sound.

“We’ll see,” Davidson replied, his tone edged with something almost defiant.

A heavy silence settled over the taxi, making the ride feel longer. I found myself silently urging the car to go faster, desperate to get out and breathe—desperate for even a moment of distance from Davidson’s intoxicating touch. The pull between us was becoming harder and harder to ignore.

“We’re here!” Carsten called from the front as the taxi stopped in front of his house.

I reached for my wallet, ready to help pay, but Davidson’s hand closed gently over mine.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got it,” he said with an easy smile.

I stepped out of the taxi, grateful to finally catch my breath. The cool night air cleared my head—if only for a second. A moment later, the rest of the group crowded in behind me. Soon after, two more taxis pulled up, and another wave of people spilled out—five guys and three girls—laughter echoing down the block.

“Still alive, huh? I thought you might’ve passed out.” A blond guy strode up and wrapped Davidson in a tight hug.

For a fraction of a second, Davidson’s smile faltered, and I saw a flash of guilt cross his face. He looked genuinely sorry for disappearing on his friends for so long.