

A Favor 591

Chapter 591

“Thank you very much, sir,” I muttered, bending down to retrieve the folder I’d dropped. It clearly wasn’t my day, because the moment I leaned forward, my forehead collided with someone else’s—specifically, the forehead of the man who’d just defended my honor.

“Damn!”

“Ouch!” we both said at once, rubbing our foreheads.

“What an unbearable day,” I mumbled to myself before finally managing to grab the folder.

“Sorry, sir,” I said, gathering the rest of the folders scattered across the table.

He didn’t say anything. He just walked past me toward the door.

What had I expected? I finished collecting my things and followed him out of the room.

Madi’s point of view

It's been two weeks since the incident in the conference room. I mentioned it to Sandy, and she can't stop laughing every time it comes up.

"I wish I'd been there to see it."

That's what she always says. I laugh along with her too, though thank goodness the whole thing has finally died down.

And here we are again in the cafeteria, having lunch with Troy—right beside me, as usual.

"Ahm... Madi?" Troy caught my attention, still chewing on my gingerbread.

"Huh?"

"I have a question."

"What is it?" I looked at him. He wore an embarrassed little smile.

"D-do you have a boyfriend?"

Sandy and I both snapped to attention, and I nearly choked swallowing my food too fast.

“No... why?”

“C-could I ask you o-out to dinner sometime?” he stammered, scratching the back of his neck. He looked adorable when he blushed like that.

“Are you asking her out on a date?” My eyes shot toward Sandy, since she’d voiced the exact question I was thinking.

Troy scratched his neck again.

“I... think?”

“You think? So you don’t even know if this is a date or not?”

“Hmm...”

“Sandy, let him talk.” I cut her off and gave her a look. She just rolled her eyes.

"If that's what you want to call it... then yes. I'm asking you out on a date," Troy said, looking at me. "I just figured, since I'm single, and you don't have a boyfriend, why not ask you out? Don't worry, it's not tonight, but some other night, if you're okay with it."

I was about to answer when Sandy's mouth beat me to it.

"Wow, I'm starting to like your nerve, Troy. Asking a girl out right in front of her friend? That takes guts," she said, nodding and smiling.

"Ahh, thank you," Troy said proudly. "So, may I have the honor of taking you out, Miss Madielyn Davis?"

He looked like a prince inviting his princess to dance.

"Alright, just let me know ahead of time where you're taking me, so I can prepare."

"Yes!" Sandy shouted before Troy even had the chance.

"Your voice!" Troy and I both hissed at her at the same time. Neither of us noticed that a certain pair of eyes had been watching our whole conversation, right up until we finished lunch.

As part of my usual routine, at 4:00 p.m. I brought Mr. Wilsons his coffee—his third cup of the day. I still couldn't figure out how the man drank so much caffeine every single day and stayed this alert. Wasn't he worried about a caffeine crash?

Well, not from drugs, obviously—just coffee. But wouldn't it at least make him irritable, or give him an ulcer eventually?

My thoughts scattered the moment I reached his door. I knocked three times before he answered, "Come in."

I found him standing at the large window behind his desk, hands tucked into his pockets, gazing down at the busy street below.

"Mr. Wilsons, your coffee." I set it on the table.

He watched my every movement before crossing to his desk to pick up the cup. I looked away as he brought it to his lips.

Once he'd set it back down, I asked the usual question.

"Anything else, sir?" Even though I already knew what he'd say—nothing else.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Miss Davis?"

My eyes went wide, and I swallowed hard. Of all the questions in the world he could possibly ask me, that was the one?

“Excuse me, sir?” I asked again, thinking maybe I’d misheard him.

“I said, do you have a boyfriend?”

So he really was asking me that.

Honestly, I had no idea why he’d suddenly ask something so personal, so completely unrelated to my job. But since I didn’t see any harm in it, I answered politely.

“No, sir. I don’t have a boyfriend,” I said, though my voice betrayed my confusion.

“Are you seeing anyone at the moment?”

“Sorry, sir, again?” Where on earth was this going?

He let out a heavy sigh. I could tell he was tense, irritated. Well, that wasn’t my fault—I was just genuinely thrown off.

“Do I really need to repeat myself every time I ask you something, Miss Davis?” Now he sounded outright annoyed.

“I’m sorry, sir, your questions caught me off guard. I wasn’t expecting you to ask me any of this,” I explained, completely honestly.

“Is it really that hard to answer? Just say yes or no.” He pressed on, ignoring what I’d said entirely. “Are you seeing anyone right now, Miss Davis?” He watched me closely.

“No, sir. Although I’m about to—”

“Good,” he cut me off, and I couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow.

“Good?”

“What?” I said, confused.

“Because I have a proposal for you, Miss Davis. My driver will pick you up at seven. Be ready.”

“Sir?”

“You’re dismissed, Miss Davis.” He said it flatly, already dialing something on his phone.

But, naturally, as a boss myself, I couldn’t just leave it there.

“Excuse me, sir, but may I ask what this proposal is about?”

His eyes locked onto mine immediately. “Miss Davis, it’s not work-related, so I won’t be discussing it here in the office.” His cold stare sent a shiver down my spine.

“Exactly, Mr. Wilsons—if it’s not work-related, why would you need to offer me any kind of proposal at all? And why ask whether I have a boyfriend, or if I’m seeing anyone? Is this proposal connected to that?”

“Miss Davis, don’t push me to explain this now, because I won’t. You’re dismissed.”

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“That’s it, then?”

He completely ignored me, spinning his chair around, phone still in hand. Now all I had in front of me was the back of his chair.

Wow. How rude. And what if I said I wasn't going to listen to whatever he had to say?

I didn't bother asking again, or even saying goodbye. I just turned and walked out, heading back to my desk.

He really doesn't know how to speak to people properly. Oh, God, I'm going to end up with wrinkles because of you, Gabriel Wilsons, I groaned the moment I sank into my chair.

At 5:00, I peeked into his office again. Even though I already knew what to expect, professionalism dictated I knock. After his usual "come in," I simply stood in the doorway to say goodbye for the day.

"Alright, be ready at seven," he said, without even looking at me.

I just nodded, not particularly caring whether he noticed or not.

By 6:30, I'd already showered and blow-dried my hair.

What was I supposed to wear? He hadn't even told me where he was taking me, or bothered to say more than a few words. My God. I tugged at my hair and sighed, annoyed.

I picked up a mascara wand and swept it over my lashes. Since this wasn't a date, I kept it simple—just eyeliner and a nude lipstick.

And done. That should do it. There was no need for more than that. He was my boss, and this wasn't a date. I said it out loud to myself in the mirror, like it needed confirming.

For my outfit, I chose a sleeveless navy-blue floral dress that fell to mid-thigh. I curled my hair a little for some extra flair, and that was it. Black sandals with a modest five-centimeter heel finished the look. I didn't want him thinking I'd actually tried—even if, admittedly, I had. Just a little.

At exactly seven, I heard the front door close. I went downstairs to answer it, only to find Jaime, my roommate, already chatting with someone at the door.

"Here she is," she said, looking at me with a smile. I walked over to join them.

"Good evening, Miss Davis. I'm John, Mr. Wilsons' driver. I've come to pick you up."

"Ah, alright." I smiled at him and glanced at Jaime, who had one eyebrow raised.

I winked at her and stepped out the door, following John to the car. He opened the passenger door for me.

"Thank you, John," I said before he closed it.

“You’re welcome, Miss Davis.” He shut the door before I could say anything else.

Once he was seated behind the wheel, I spoke up again.

“John?”

“Yes, madam?” He glanced at me, waiting.

“Just call me Madi, please. ‘Miss Davis’ makes me feel old. I’m only twenty-six.” I smiled, hoping to ease the formality.

“It’s fine, Madi, if that’s what you’d prefer.”

“Thank you.” I smiled again, and he started the engine.

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I didn’t bother asking where we were headed. I just waited quietly until we arrived.

After winding through the streets for about twenty or twenty-five minutes, the road started to look painfully familiar. I squeezed my eyes shut as he pulled into the lot in front of a very, very familiar upscale restaurant.

“Miss Davis—Madi, I mean—we’ve arrived. Mr. Wilsons is waiting for you inside,” John said.

“Where exactly are we?” I asked, eyes still closed.

“At the restaurant where Mr. Wilsons asked me to bring you.”

I took a deep breath. “What’s it called?” I asked again, eyes still shut, silently praying it wasn’t the one I was thinking of.

“Maiden Restaurant.”

Oh, damn it, I murmured under my breath.

Maiden was short for Madielyn—the nickname my father had given me as a child. It was the first of the three restaurants I’d built.

“Is something wrong, Madi?” he asked, sounding concerned.

I opened my eyes, took a breath, and smiled at him.

“No, John. I’m fine. Thank you for bringing me.”

“The pleasure’s mine.” He started to undo his seatbelt, but I stopped him.

“It’s alright, John. I’ve got it.” I smiled once more before opening the door and stepping out.

His eyes carried a silent protest, but I just nodded at him and walked toward the entrance—though not before texting Noelle. I shook my head at the scene already playing out in my imagination.

I told her to warn the whole team not to greet me by name when they saw me inside, which I knew was next to impossible. I had no idea how she’d manage that, but I sent one more message promising I’d explain everything later.

“Good evening, madam—Miss Madi?” The guard at the entrance greeted me, eyes going wide.

I pressed my index finger to my lips, signaling him to stay quiet. He seemed to understand, smiling and nodding.

The moment I stepped through the entrance, Susan, one of the waitresses, wore that same wide-eyed expression as the guard.

“You look so beautiful tonight, Miss Madi,” she said brightly, the reservation book clutched in her hands.

“Good evening, Susan,” I said. “Is there a reservation tonight under the name Gabriel Wilsons?” I asked, smiling, and her eyes lit up even more.

“Let me check, madam.” She scanned the list. “Oh, yes, madam. Would you like me to show you to the table?”

“Just tell me which side he’s on.”

“Third table before the corner.”

My eyes went wide. “Oh, no, that’s alright.”

“Of course, madam. He’s seated in the left wing.”

“Alright, thank you.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to walk you over, madam?”

“No, it’s fine. No need for that.”

“As you like, Miss Madi.”

“Thank you, Susan.”

She smiled back at me.

“By the way, Susan—after this, could you go find Miss Noelle?”

“Yes, madam.” She nodded without asking why.

After that, I made my way to Mr. Wilsons’ table. I found him on the phone, his expression grim, deep in conversation with whoever was on the other end.

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I wondered if it was the same person he’d been speaking to a few days ago—the detective, if I remembered right.

Ahh, tsk, tsk, tsk. Poor soul, whoever you are, being hired by that man. And to this day, he still couldn't get over his ex, so he'd hired a detective to keep tabs on her?

And there it was again—that strange, sudden ache in my chest.

I smiled and said quietly, “She has some instructions for you. You can leave now—just drop the reservation book with the guard for the time being.”

Madi's perspective

“Mr. Wilsons. Good evening, sir,” I greeted him with a smile as I stopped in front of his table.

He looked up at me, a little surprised, his eyes sweeping over me from head to toe. My heart pounded hard against my ribs.

“Madi,” he said, almost a whisper. I swallowed hard, my eyes widening slightly in surprise.

Had he just called me “Madi”? Since I'd started at the company, this was the first time he'd used my first name instead of my last.

“Sir,” I said, once my brain caught up with what had just happened.

“Gabriel.” My eyes went wide again—not just at the request itself, but at the low, masculine way he said his own name.

Jesus. His voice. So cold, and yet so... sexy. Wait. Sexy?

“Sit down.”

I heard him and swallowed.

“Mr. Wilsons—”

“Gabriel. Just call me Gabriel, Madi. And sit down first—I don’t want you standing while I’m talking to you.”

“Alright,” I murmured. Not even a gesture of courtesy—wasn’t he going to pull out the chair, at least? Great. “Why do you want me to call you by your first name, Mr. Wilsons?” I asked, taking my seat.

“We’re not in the office, Madi. Feel free to call me Gabriel.”

“Ahh... no professionalism, no formalities. Understood.”

“You’re right, sir—I mean, Gabriel.”

Wow, I loved the way that name rolled off my tongue. I looked at him, and he was already staring back at me. I didn’t look away.

“Let’s order first.” He was the one to break eye contact. He didn’t even need to signal a waiter—the moment we picked up the menus, one appeared at our table. I silently prayed it would be someone Noelle had already briefed.

“Good evening, sir. Good evening... madam? I’m Tony, your waiter tonight.”

I smiled at him, catching the flicker of recognition in his eyes, the words clearly on the tip of his tongue. I gave him a subtle look, silently begging him not to say my name, and I breathed a small sigh of relief as he pressed on with his script.

“My name is Tony, and I’ll be taking care of you this evening...” He rattled through the usual introduction, and I turned my attention back to the menu. He took our order and jotted it down on his pad.

“One more thing, sir... madam?”

Mr. Wilsons looked at me, waiting for my answer. I just shook my head.

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What was I even supposed to order here that my palate hadn't already tasted a hundred times, when every dish on the menu had come, in one way or another, from my own recipes?

"And for dessert, sir... madam?"

Tony asked again, amusement dancing in his eyes as he looked at me. I smiled, about to answer, when the man across from me cut in with an arrogant edge.

"No, we won't be ordering dessert. Just bring our food, and stop flirting with my girlfriend, unless you'd like to lose your eyes."

I was left speechless. Wait—girlfriend? Since when did I have that title?

"Excuse me, sir," Tony said, his frightened expression only adding to my own shock. He vanished from sight almost instantly, while Mr. Wilsons acted as if nothing had happened at all.

"Mr. Wilsons—" I started, and he glanced up at the slip, but the look faded quickly as I corrected myself. "Gabriel, what was that?"

I didn't know which part to react to first—being introduced as his girlfriend, or the arrogant way he'd spoken to my employee. That was the very first rule I'd set when I opened my restaurant: treat every employee fairly.

"He was flirting with you, and you seemed completely oblivious to it."

"Ahh... what am I supposed to say to that? He wasn't really flirting with me. This is just the first time they've seen me here with someone." I paused. "That's not the point! What I want to know is why you introduced me as your girlfriend. And why does it even matter to you if someone flirts with me? You're not my boyfriend!" I huffed and crossed my arms.

He said nothing, just studied me, as if he were dissecting every word.

"This is part of the deal I'm about to offer you."

My eyes snapped to his.

"What?" My voice came out louder than I meant it to, so I repeated it, softer this time. "What? What are you talking about? Can we talk about this deal now?" My curiosity was practically bursting out of me.

"No. Not until we've finished eating."

Before I could argue, Noelle appeared, beaming, pushing the food cart herself. Was she really delivering our food personally?

Oh my God. Really, Noelle?

I bit my tongue as I watched her size up Mr. Wilsons from head to toe.

She set the plates down in front of us, smiling far too brightly at the Greek god seated across from me.

“Do you need anything else, sir? I’m Noelle—just call if you need me,” she said, fluttering her lashes.

To my surprise, Mr. Wilsons reached over and took my hand resting on the table. Noelle’s eyes followed the movement.

“Don’t worry, Miss Noelle. I won’t hesitate to call you. We don’t need anything else—that’s all we need. And don’t you see I’m here with my fiancée? Stop flirting with me.”

Noelle and I both stared at him, wide-eyed. My hand tightened around his without meaning to, though it wasn’t the flirting comment that had done it—it was the word fiancée.

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What was wrong with this man? A minute ago I was his girlfriend, and suddenly I was his fiancée? What was next—his wife?

“Fiancée?” Noelle echoed, clearly stunned.

“Yes, fiancée,” Mr. Wilsons confirmed, though his eyes were on me, not her.

“Got it,” Noelle said, nodding slowly. When I glanced at her, her expression practically screamed, You owe me an explanation. “I’m sorry, sir, I didn’t know she was your fiancée.”

I swallowed hard as she looked my way. I already knew exactly what was coming.

“Argh, Mr. Wilsons!”

The moment Noelle was out of sight, I didn’t waste a second.

“Gabriel! A minute ago I was your girlfriend, and now suddenly I’m your fiancée? What’s next—am I going to be your wife?” I asked, incredulous.

“Let’s not talk about this until we’re done eating. Eat,” he said, entirely unbothered, as if I hadn’t just threatened him with a knife in my mind.

“But this is—”

“Madi,” he cut in, his voice firm. “Eat first. We’ll talk about it later.”

“Fine.”

I didn’t open my mouth again, focusing instead on the food in front of me. And, oh my God, I hadn’t realized how hungry I was until that moment. My stomach growled at the sight of it—I probably could’ve eaten an entire cow.

I didn’t even look at him, just savored every heavenly bite. I could feel him watching me the whole time, but I didn’t care—I was starving, and besides, I was just following his order: eat first. Having an audience while I ate wasn’t ideal, but so be it.

Once I’d finished my meal, my bladder made its own request known—time to visit an old friend, the restroom.

“Can I use the restroom before we get into your contract?” I glanced at him again.

He simply nodded and took a sip of his wine without a word.

Madi, just wait for the obvious, I told myself.

Walking down the hallway, I headed toward the customer restroom.

Out of nowhere, Noelle grabbed my arm and pulled me straight into the restaurant's back office.

"Hey, why'd you do that? I'm going to the bathroom." I looked at her, but she just crossed her arms and turned away from me.

"Ugh!" she huffed. "Since when do you use the customers' restroom?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Since now, because I'm just a regular customer tonight, not the owner," I explained, rolling my eyes.

"Oh, for God's sake, Madi, what happened out there? Tony told me—he's practically shaking because of that man at your table. He got accused of flirting with you, when all he was doing was recognizing you! Poor Tony. And you know what, I offered to bring your food out myself, just to see what all the fuss was about. And for what? To get accused by your so-called fiancé? My God, Madi! First that man tells Tony he's your boyfriend, and by the time I get there to serve you, you're suddenly his fiancée? What was that, Madi? I need an explanation!"

I lost count of how many times I sighed while she went on.

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“Noelle, listen. I’ll explain everything, just not right now. Honestly, I was just as thrown off by how he introduced me. He asked me here because he has some kind of deal to offer me. I had no idea he’d booked this restaurant, though.”

“Wait, a deal? First he calls you his girlfriend, then his fiancée? Oh my God!” Her eyes went wide. “I think I know what he’s going to offer you.”

“What?”

“For you to be his wife!”

I laughed nervously at that.

“That’s not happening. Why would he offer me marriage? We’re barely even friends.”

“So who exactly is he to you, then?”

“He’s my boss.”

“What? Your boss?” She practically choked. “As in, the CEO of Wilsons?”

“The one and only.”

“Oh my God! You had a hot, sexy boss this whole time, Madi!”

Within seconds, she’d dropped to the floor, searching for something.

“What are you doing?”

“Wait, I’m looking!”

“Looking for what?”

“My panties.”

I froze.

“What?” I asked again, unsure I’d heard her right.

“Yes, you heard me. My panties. I think I lost them somewhere the second I laid eyes on your hot, delicious boss!”

I punched her arm and burst out laughing. She laughed right along with me.

“You’re ridiculous!” I said, still laughing.

“What? It’s true! Come on, help me find them.”

“Panties, my butt!” We laughed for a good minute before I finally headed to the restroom—this time, the one in the private office.

“You still owe me the full story on this. Including whatever this boss of yours offered you,” she warned, only half-joking.

“Fine,” I said, before slipping out of the office and heading back to the table.

“I’m sorry, did I take too long?” I asked as I sat back down.

“No,” he said, taking a sip of water. Could this man ever manage more than one word at a time?

“So, what’s this deal you want to offer me?” Honestly, my nerves were a mess. I wanted to blame Noelle for planting all these thoughts in my head.

“Madi, I need you to listen carefully. And until I’m finished talking, I don’t want you to interrupt. Understood?”

“Wow, seriously? We drop the formalities, but you still get to give the orders?”

I rolled my eyes mentally and straightened in my seat.

“Fine.”

“I want you to be my wife,” he said, so directly it nearly made me choke.

What—was I still hearing Noelle’s voice in my head?

“W-what are you... what did you just say?” I brought the glass of water to my lips again, my mouth suddenly bone dry. I swallowed three times.

“Be my wife.”

Thank God I’d already swallowed the water. Otherwise, I’m certain I would’ve spat it straight in his face. I needed a full breath just to recover from that sentence.

“What are you talking about?” I asked once my breathing steadied. “Are you proposing to me right now? Wow, where’s the ring? And why aren’t you on one knee?” I tried to crack a joke to calm my nerves, but I was the only one laughing at it.

His face stayed locked in cold, unreadable seriousness. I swallowed hard.

Chapter 599

“Listen. I’m not offering you marriage forever. What I’m offering is for you to pretend to be my beloved wife, for a certain person, for a certain amount of time.”

I raised an eyebrow, watching his hand as it reached for his phone. I wasn’t sure if this “certain person” was the same one Sandy had mentioned—the same one I’d seen on his phone screen that day.

“Alright...?” I pushed him to keep going.

“I want that person to feel jealous. And to regret what they did.”

I watched his jaw tighten around the word regret.

“But in the end, you also want her back in your life.” It wasn’t a question. I looked straight into his eyes and saw a frown crease his brow.

“How did you know I meant ‘her,’ and not ‘him’?”

I don’t know why, but the question made me laugh. Was he actually being serious right now?

“I didn’t realize you had a sense of humor, Gabriel,” I said, still laughing. “So if it’s not her, does that mean you’re trying to make some man jealous?”

He stayed silent, though I heard him sigh.

“I want to punish her. I want her to pay for every betrayal she put me through. I want her to suffer until she begs me to stop.”

His words sent a chill down my spine. It was the first time I’d seen something close to death in his expression. And yet, strangely, I couldn’t find any hatred in his eyes.

“You want to punish her. I understand,” I said, nodding. “So who exactly is this woman, and what did she do to make you want her jealous, and punished? Was she your ex? Because if she is, that means you’re still not over her. And this is really about revenge.”

The look he gave me after that nearly made me shrink into my chair.

“Madi,” he said my name low and cold, like a warning to stop asking questions. But his little half-story didn’t convince me. “I want more.”

“I don’t think that’s any of your business.”

“Ah, none of my business, sure. I’m sorry for being curious. But you’re the one offering me a deal—a deal I barely understand. If you want me to accept it, you at least owe me half the story, so I have some idea what I’m agreeing to.”

I said it while looking him dead in the eye. And it was true—I genuinely had no idea what kind of deal this was. Because if it turned out to be real, it would change my entire life.

And this deal he was offering wasn’t a small one. Be his wife?

“How do I know you’ll actually agree, once I tell you? How can I be sure I can trust you? That you won’t betray me too?”

Chapter 600

“Wow. Betray. Just try me, then. You’re the one offering a life-changing deal, so why not extend a little trust while you’re at it? Even if one person betrayed you, that doesn’t mean the next person will do the same. Losing faith in someone shouldn’t mean losing faith in everyone who walks into your life afterward. Besides, how am I supposed to trust you, if you don’t even trust the person you’re offering this deal to?”

He studied me carefully, and I studied him right back. We'd landed in a full-blown staring match.

"And by the way—what exactly do I get out of this, if I agree to pretend to be your fake wife?"

"You sound like a businesswoman, Madi."

The comment caught me off guard, but I recovered quickly. "That's exactly what I am, Gabriel." His eyes darkened slightly. "I run a business. So yes, I consider myself one."

He gave a small smile.

Damn. Even his mischievous little smile was ridiculously charming. I couldn't blame Noelle for losing her panties over a look like that.

"Here," he said, sliding a check across the table.

I frowned. "What's this?" I asked, picking it up.

"You asked what you'd gain from accepting my deal."

I read the number, and my eyes went wide. One hundred million dollars. A staggering amount. What shocked me wasn't the number of zeros—it was realizing just how desperate this man really was to see his plan through.

"One hundred million dollars?" I asked, shaking my head in disbelief. He clearly misread it.

"What—not enough? I'll add more—"

"That's not what I meant, Gabriel!" I cut him off sharply, biting back a laugh. He looked slightly startled, but I pressed on. "What I mean is, a hundred million dollars is an enormous amount of money. And you're willing to spend that just because of her?"

"Listen, Miss Davis." I flinched slightly as his palms hit the table. "I'm not asking for your opinion. I don't need her. And this isn't about her—it's about you. I'll pay you this money if you simply agree to the deal." His voice was sharp with anger. Back to formalities, apparently.

I held my ground. "That's exactly my point! You're offering me all this money to pretend to be your wife—for what? So you can get your revenge, so you can win her back? But the entire plan still revolves around her. You're doing all of this for her."

Honestly, the money didn't interest me. I could earn that kind of money myself, one day, through my own business—just not this fast.

"So why do this at all? What do you actually gain from punishing her? What exactly is this 'punishment' you're planning—make her jealous, and then what? Take her back?"

“I don’t think those questions are any of your concern! You’re overstepping, Miss Davis!”

He stared at me, his face flushed red—not from embarrassment, but from anger. If looks could kill, I’d already be six feet under.