

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 6:

“Sit down before you fall, Davidson. Please.” I glanced at him.

“Fine,” he murmured, sliding onto the edge of the kitchen counter.

I searched through cabinets and drawers until I found the coffee maker, then set about brewing a strong pot. I poured two cups—one for him and one for me—and sat across from him at the counter. He stared at his hands, his face clouded by something heavy and sad.

“Davidson, are you okay?” I asked, softening my voice.

“No, I’m really not. I hate this house. It’s too big, and it feels so empty. I need to leave. I just... I can’t stay here anymore.” His voice was thick with sadness and defeat.

“Why couldn’t I get over it like she did, Winona? She moved on even before we ended, so why am I still stuck? It’s been six damn months, and I still feel like a shadow of the man I used to be.” His voice shook, anger and disappointment sharpening every word.

My chest tightened for him. The pain in his eyes was raw, and I wouldn't wish that kind of suffering on anyone.

I reached across the counter and rested my hand gently over his.

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"You loved her, Davidson. You still love her, and that's why it hurts so much. That doesn't make you weak—not even a little. You just need more time. You'll get through this. Maybe not today, but you will, in time. That's normal, and it's okay to feel this way. I promise it won't last forever." I tried to smile, hoping it might help.

He let out a shaky sigh and ran his fingers through his hair.

"I really hope you're right, Winona," he said quietly, lifting his cup and taking a long sip of coffee.

A silence settled between us—heavy, but gentle. He drifted into his thoughts, probably replaying everything he'd lost and all the pieces he still had to gather back up. I didn't say another word. I let him sit with his memories until he finished his coffee.

"I should probably go to bed," he said, rising from the counter, but he nearly lost his balance the moment he stood.

“Come on, let me help you. Just tell me where your bedroom is,” I said, a little breathless.

“Thank you for taking care of me, Winona. Would you mind picking me up tomorrow before work? I really don’t want to call my driver. He’ll give me another lecture about drinking too much, and I don’t have the strength for that right now.” He managed a tired smile.

“Of course,” I replied.

We walked to his bedroom together. As soon as we stepped inside, he stripped down to his underwear and dropped onto the edge of the bed without a second thought. I did my best not to look, but I caught myself glancing before I snapped my gaze away, a rush of embarrassment heating my body.

“Winona... what if no one ever loves me again? What if I never fall in love with anyone else?” He looked at me, his eyes full of uncertainty.

I moved closer and sat beside him, turning so I could look at him properly.

“That won’t happen, Davidson. You’ll find love again when you’re ready, and I truly believe there’s someone out there waiting for you.” I smiled, hoping to reassure him.

“I hope you’re right. Sometimes it feels impossible. I’m thirty-two and already going through a divorce. It’s not what I pictured when we got married seven years ago. By now, I thought we’d have kids—a real family. Instead, I’m here, alone. All I have left is work, Winona.” The sadness in his voice made him seem smaller than he had before.

I leaned a little closer and rested my hand on his knee.

“You’ll have that family someday, Davidson. When you meet the right woman, everything will fall into place. Leona wasn’t that person, because if she had been, the two of you would still be together.”

“Maybe,” he murmured, shrugging with fatigue before stretching out on the bed.

“Do you need anything?” I asked softly.

“Will you stay here?” he asked.

His question caught me off guard.

It was the last thing I expected him to say. He looked at me with pleading eyes, and I could see how badly he needed someone there. I should have told him no, but I couldn’t bring myself to.

“Please? I don’t want to be alone tonight.” His voice was quiet. “There are a couple of things in that drawer if you need something to sleep in,” he added, glancing toward the nightstand.

“Okay,” I said, giving him a gentle smile. “But where am I supposed to sleep?”

A small, hopeful smile tugged at his lips as he shifted to one side of the bed, patting the empty space beside him.

“I’ll sleep on the couch,” I said, almost laughing as I pointed to the huge sofa by the window.

“Fine, but I’m going to remember that forever.” He made an exaggerated pout.

I left him pouting, but within minutes he was fast asleep. I slipped out of the room quietly, pulled the comforter over him, and brushed my hand gently over his cheek.

“You’re going to be okay, Davidson,” I whispered, hoping my words were true.

I went back to the kitchen and poured him a glass of water. He would definitely need it in the morning. Then I found a blanket and a couple of pillows to make the couch up for myself. In one of the drawers, I found a simple T-shirt that would work as pajamas.

I knew I probably wouldn't sleep much—staying in someone else's house always made me uneasy. More than anything, I hoped he wouldn't be upset to find me there in the morning. With how much he drank tonight, he might not even remember asking me to stay.

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