

A Favor 61

Chapter 61

I leaned in, letting my hand settle lightly on her hip as I brushed my lips near her ear.

“Not even close. It was a disaster, and you know it,” I murmured, teasing.

She shivered at my touch, and when I looked at her, something shifted. Her gaze met mine with a mix of defiance and uncertainty, flicking from my mouth to my eyes.

Neither of us moved as the tension thickened between us. Winona bit her lip, and for a moment, it felt like the world held its breath.

I couldn't shake the feeling that she wanted me to kiss her, but doubt made me second-guess every look. What if I was imagining it? The fear of rejection froze me in place.

If she really wanted this, I needed her to show me first. It was the only way to know this moment was real—and not just in my head.

Her breathing quickened, her eyes locked on mine, and everything else seemed to fade away.

“Winona,” I whispered, letting her name hang between us.

She barely managed a response.

“Should I step back?” I asked.

She gave a small shake of her head, then hooked her fingers into my belt loop and pulled me in until there was no space between us. The closeness tore a low, involuntary sound from my chest.

My hands found her hips, steadying us as our faces drew closer. Winona was the one who finally closed the distance, her lips meeting mine in a kiss that sent heat surging through my body.

A soft sound slipped from her as the kiss deepened, and I slid a hand up to cradle the back of her neck, holding her close.

Her arms circled my shoulders, drawing me in even more. I could feel my suit tightening as her body pressed against mine, and I lost myself in the feel of her mouth, letting my tongue slip past her lips, hungry for more. She met me the same way, holding nothing back.

Step by step, we moved until her back hit the kitchen wall. I pressed into her, feeling her shudder as she felt the proof of my desire against her. Every second made it harder to remember anything but her—her taste, her warmth.

We finally broke apart, both of us breathless. Winona’s pulse raced beneath my hands as she looked up at me, cheeks flushed, eyes dark with want.

“Was it a mistake?” she whispered, her voice trembling with nerves.

“What? Why would you think that?” My voice came out rough, caught off guard by the question.

“You pulled away so suddenly. I thought maybe you regretted it.” She met my eyes, her cheeks still pink.

“I just needed a second to breathe. That’s all,” I said, trying to keep it light.

“Oh... okay. For a second I thought you were about to stop this.” Relief flickered across her face, and she let out a nervous laugh.