

A Favor 63

Chapter 63

Once I'd collected myself, I stepped out of the bathroom, hoping no one would notice anything off. The house felt strangely silent as I walked down the hall, following faint laughter to the back door, where it looked like everyone had gone.

All the women were already in the water, and Carsten was leading the charge, splashing and stirring up a ridiculous commotion. The rest of the guys lounged along the edge of the pool with beers in hand, their legs dangling in the water.

I leaned against the doorframe, grinning at the scene. The group had turned completely feral—chasing each other through the water, shrieking, and dragging in anyone within reach. Their laughter was infectious.

Winona spotted me watching and drifted away from the group, gliding over to where I stood. She rested her elbows on the pool's edge and looked up at me with a radiant, slightly tipsy smile.

"Everything okay?" she asked with a giggle.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I laughed, feeling lighter than I had in a long time.

She smiled, then ran her tongue over her lips in a way that was anything but innocent. I had no idea what tomorrow would feel like once the alcohol wore off, but I wasn't going to ruin this moment by worrying about it. Tonight was about having fun—and with her, that came easily.

“Come on, boss. Take your clothes off and get in with us,” she teased in a wicked voice.

“I think I’ll sit this round out, thanks.” I shook my head, laughing.

She pouted playfully, then climbed out of the pool with effortless confidence, water glimmering over her skin as she stopped in front of me, wearing only her bra and panties.

My breath caught.

The light traced every line and curve of her body, and desire hit me like a wave. She was stunning—impossible to ignore. I clenched my fists at my sides to keep from reaching for her and pulling her close, forgetting for a moment that other people were around.

“Don’t be a killjoy,” she teased, blinking as she stepped closer, droplets sliding down her skin.

A low groan slipped out of me before I could stop it. My hands found her hips, dragging her wet body against mine, not caring that my shirt soaked through instantly. Her soft gasp startled me.

“Trust me, Winona, swimming is the last thing on my mind right now,” I murmured, letting my need for her speak for itself.

“Oh? And what exactly do you have in mind, Davidson?” she whispered, her gaze locked on mine.

I closed my eyes and forced myself to breathe. When I opened them again, I looked at her.

“Winona, do you really expect me to explain?” I said.

With a soft laugh, she leaned in and pressed her lips to mine. I melted into her, sliding a hand down her spine and pulling her closer as the kiss deepened.

She looped her arms around my shoulders, drawing me in until the kiss grew slow and steady, building with every second.

“You two, get a room!” Aubriella’s voice rang out, followed by the group’s laughter.