

A Favor 64

Chapter 64

Winona pulled back, still smiling, but I wasn't about to let her slip away that easily. I caught her by the waist and pulled her close.

"Where do you think you're sneaking off to?" I asked.

"To the pool. You should get in too," she teased, dragging out the invitation.

"Or you could dry off, get dressed, and come home with me." I leaned closer, lowering my voice for her alone.

"As tempting as that sounds... not yet. Maybe later, if I feel like it." She flashed me a flirtatious smile and slipped out of my arms.

"All right, you little troublemaker," I murmured, smiling as Winona stole a quick kiss from my lips before breaking free and diving back into the water.

Tomás appeared beside me, amusement all over his face. "'Casual,' huh?" he said with a laugh.

"That's the story." I shrugged, trying to sound convincing.

“Come on, man. Don’t kid yourself. You can’t hide what you feel for her—not from me.” He rolled his eyes, chuckling.

His words made me laugh, but I didn’t bother arguing. The truth was, pretending I felt nothing was starting to sound like the real lie. Deep down, I wanted to believe that if we kept faking it long enough, maybe it would turn into something real.

But reality kept pressing in. The divorce still hung over me, and I couldn’t shake the worry that Winona’s feelings weren’t as deep as mine. Sure, there was chemistry between us—but was it enough for her to take a risk on us? Maybe it was better not to think too far ahead. Not until I was free to offer her something real.

I grabbed a beer from the fridge and sat near the pool, watching the chaos unfold. Winona glanced at me with a wicked smile, then splashed around with the others again. I let myself enjoy it—until my phone buzzed in my pocket. When I pulled it out, Leona’s name lit up the screen.

With an exasperated sigh, I rolled my eyes and opened the message.

“Hi, sweetheart. I’m lonely. Why don’t you come over? I could use some company.”

Was she serious? How many ways did I have to make it clear I was done with her? That chapter of my life was closed, and I wasn’t looking back.

I typed back: “No, Leona. We’re over. I’m with Winona now. Please stop trying to contact me.”

Her reply came fast: “You’ll come back, Davidson. You always do. She’ll never be like me. You know where I am if you change your mind.”

Disgusted, I silenced my phone and shoved it back into my pocket. I’d had enough of her manipulation to last a lifetime. I just wanted to be free of her—tonight and forever.

“Davidson, are you okay?” Winona asked, her eyes full of concern.

I looked up and forced a smile.

“It’s Leona. She can’t seem to let go. Don’t worry about it. Come here—you’re freezing,” I said.

“Seriously, can’t she take a hint? And yes, a towel would be perfect right now.” Winona laughed.