

A Favor 65

Chapter 65

I stood and took her hand, guiding her to the towel rack. As she leaned forward to dry off, I caught myself staring, unable to help it. Her body was impossible to ignore.

Before I could talk myself out of it, I stepped in behind her and found her hips with my hands. She straightened, pressing back into me with a soft, breathy sound.

“Davidson, what are you doing?” Her voice was low, almost trembling.

“Winona, I can’t hold back anymore. I want you. Right here, right now.” I leaned in, brushing my lips against her ear.

Her quiet moan told me she wanted it too, even as hesitation flickered in her eyes.

“What if this ruins everything? We’re only supposed to be pretending,” she whispered.

“I don’t care. Let’s forget everything else—just for tonight, Winona. Let’s stop pretending this once. Tomorrow we can go back to how things were, if that’s what you want,” I said, kissing her neck and savoring her skin.

She turned to face me, cheeks flushed, desire clouding her eyes. “One night?” she breathed.

“One night. And after that, I’ll go back to being your boss and your friend. No strings. No expectations,” I promised.

Part of me ached for her to say yes. If we kept letting this tension build, sooner or later it would spill over in the worst way. She’d been my anchor for months, the only constant in the storm. The last thing I wanted was to let that fade.

“It’s okay,” she whispered.

“Then let’s get out of here,” I said, hope slipping into my voice.

She let out a soft giggle and nodded as she got dressed. Together, we went back inside, said a quick goodbye to everyone, and slipped out. Judging by their grins and knowing looks, they all understood exactly why we were leaving so early.

As we walked out, excitement and nerves hit me all at once. I was about to spend the night with her—just one. That single promise felt thrilling, and somehow impossible to keep.

I knew letting this happen would only complicate everything, but none of that mattered while his lips traced the curve of my neck and his hands explored me like he couldn’t get enough. My back pressed against the front door—we hadn’t made it any farther since he tugged me inside and pinned me there.

Every inch of me ached for him. I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling him closer until our mouths met in a hungry kiss. My hands slid beneath his jacket, shrugging it off his shoulders until it hit the floor behind him. He pressed harder against me, his tongue finding mine, while his hand drifted down, gliding over my thigh and slipping beneath my dress. He didn't have to search long to find how desperately I wanted him, and a sound broke from me when his touch found its way between my legs.

"Christ," he growled against my mouth. "You want this."