

A Favor 66

Chapter 66

I did. I wanted him so much it felt like my whole body was humming—every nerve alive, every breath turning shallow. Davidson teased me, unhurried, deliberate, drawing out the tension until I couldn't take it. I clung to him, unable to stop myself.

"Oh," I gasped, my voice breaking.

"Do you like that, Winona?" His breath was hot against my skin.

"Yes. I need you," I managed, breathless.

He kept a slow, relentless pace, patient in a way that made me dizzy with need. Then, just as I started to come apart, he pulled back, leaving me aching.

I opened my eyes, searching his face.

"Winona," he said, his voice rough, thick with hunger, "I'd rather be with you. Really with you."

I lost what little control I had left. Desire burned through me—sharp, relentless. My hands went to his shirt, yanking it open, the buttons scattering to the floor without either of us caring.

With strong hands, Davidson turned me and guided me toward his bedroom, kicking our shoes off as we went. He found the zipper of my dress, his fingers brushing my skin, and the moment we crossed the threshold, I twisted in his arms and dragged him with me.

We barely made it to the bed.

I shoved him back onto the mattress and followed, climbing into his lap without a word. The room filled with the sound of our quick breaths and the frantic, wet press of our mouths. Straddling him, I met his eyes and gave him a wicked smile.

In one smooth motion, I pulled my dress over my head and tossed it aside, leaving nothing between us.

A low, guttural sound tore from him as his gaze swept over me, hungry and unashamed.

His hands found my chest, gripping me with urgent need, and I cried out, my head tipping back as pleasure washed through me. I leaned down and captured his mouth again.

My fingers moved between us, making quick work of his clothes until there was nothing left to hide. A deep groan vibrated through him when I touched him, and I felt, unmistakably, how badly he wanted me.

There was no doubt—he was as desperate for me as I was for him.

I brushed my lips over his once more and pulled back just enough to leave him wanting.

“Winona,” he pleaded, his voice hoarse with need. “Come here. Please.”

“Relax,” I teased, licking my lips as I held his gaze.

I kissed my way down his chest, my mouth tracing the lines of him slowly, savoring every reaction I drew from him. When I finally pushed him out of the last of his clothes, he kicked them away, and we were left tangled together, bare skin against bare skin.

He looked incredible beneath me—too tempting, too much.

Davidson propped himself up on one elbow, eyes locked on mine. His gaze was dark, his cheeks flushed, and that slow, provoking smile curved at his mouth.

I smiled back, just as bold, and leaned down, letting my mouth tease him until a rough, helpless sound escaped him.

“Winona—” he groaned, head falling back against the pillow.