

A Favor 67

Chapter 67

I took my time, drawing him closer to the edge and then backing off, again and again, until his hands fisted in the sheets and his breathing turned ragged.

“Winona, I need you,” he begged, voice shattered. “Please. Let me be with you.”

I lifted my head, meeting his eyes, and pressed slow kisses to his torso before whispering, breathless, “Do you have a condom?”

He didn’t hesitate. He reached to the nightstand, grabbed one, and within seconds it was there—simple, practical, the last thin line between us and consequences neither of us wanted to face.

Before I could catch my breath, Davidson eased me down onto the mattress, his warm, solid weight covering me.

“I warned you,” he murmured against my ear, voice rough. “I like being in control.”

Then he moved with me—sure and steady—and I gasped, the sensation stealing the air from my lungs. My legs locked around his waist, anchoring him as he set a rhythm that didn’t let up, each motion deeper, stronger, building the pleasure until it turned dizzying.

He kissed me hard, swallowing my breaths, my sounds, my broken little pleas. He pulled back only to drive us higher, again and again, keeping the pace until sparks raced through me and my vision blurred.

“God, Winona,” he groaned, voice raw. “You’re incredible. Don’t stop.”

I didn’t. I met him, clung to him, moved with him, giving him exactly what he wanted. His sounds filled the room, steady and hungry, pulling us both toward the edge.

My body tightened, the pleasure rising too fast to control, the pressure turning unbearable.

“Davidson—don’t stop,” I cried, gripping him like I might fall apart if I let go. “I’m so close—right there, yes, right there.”

He brought his mouth to my ear, his breath scorching against my skin.

“Let go, Winona,” he growled, and his hands found me again, grounding me, holding me, pushing me over the edge.

“Yes—Davidson!” My voice broke as I came, trembling, breathless, stunned by how intense it was.

He buried his face against my neck, his hands finding mine, holding on tight. He drove a few more times—deep, relentless—until his whole body shuddered.

“Winona!” he gasped, my name torn from him as he reached his peak, leaving us both caught together in the aftermath.

He collapsed against me, and for a long moment we were nothing but tangled limbs and ragged breathing, the room quiet except for the soft sounds we couldn’t quite control. He pressed gentle kisses to my neck, and I shivered, still sensitive, still pulsing with lingering heat.

Eventually, our breathing steadied. He rolled to my side and pulled me close, the air between us warm and strangely comforting.

“God,” he exhaled, dazed. “I don’t think I’ve had sex that good in years.”

“Honestly,” I laughed softly, “I’ve never—” I let out a breath, still stunned, the words slipping away with the warmth in my chest.

Even without looking, I could feel the smug smile spreading across his face.