

## **A Favor 69**

### Chapter 69

As I tried to fall asleep, my phone buzzed with a new message. I didn't even have to look to know who it was. I paused, took a deep breath, and finally checked the screen.

Davidson: "Why did you leave?"

I stared at the message, wondering how I could answer without hurting him—or making it seem like I'd used him.

Me: "I'm sorry. I'm still trying to process what happened last night, Davidson."

Another message came right after.

Davidson: "Does that mean you regret it?"

Me: "No, I don't regret it. I don't regret sleeping with you because it was incredible. I'm just struggling because I always promised myself I wouldn't let something like that happen."

Davidson: "Okay. I understand."

That was it. Nothing else.

It felt like I'd pushed him away. Telling him I was having a hard time with all of this probably made him feel awful, and that was never what I wanted. I decided I'd sleep a little, shower, and then get ready to go back to his place. I didn't want him to think it had meant so little to me.

He'd already been through too much because of Leona, and I couldn't stand the idea of adding more pain.

After a few hours of restless sleep, I found myself on the way to Davidson's house. I didn't tell him I was coming, afraid he'd ask me not to. Instead, I decided I'd just show up and hope he'd let me in.

On the way, I made a quick stop at Starbucks and bought a coffee and a couple of muffins. Maybe it would smooth things over—or at least soften the blow if he decided to shut me out. I paused on his porch, trying to steady my breathing before I stepped forward and knocked.

As I waited, I noticed my fingers wouldn't stop trembling. The door opened almost instantly, and there he was.

"Winona? Is that really you?" Davidson asked, startled.

There was no anger or disappointment in his expression. That had to mean something good.

“Hi. I brought these as a peace offering,” I said, holding out the coffee and muffins with an awkward little smile.

“A peace offering? For what?” He laughed.

“For sneaking out this morning without saying anything. I shouldn’t have left like that. I’m sorry,” I said, my voice unsteady.

“You don’t have to apologize, Winona. Come in.” He stepped aside, motioning me in with a warm, easy smile.

My shoulders dropped with relief. Knowing he wasn’t furious or bitter made my chest loosen. I still felt unsettled—lost, in a way, after what had happened. Davidson, though, looked as calm as ever. Maybe for him, things like this weren’t new. Maybe he wasn’t shaken by blurred boundaries.

I had never been through anything like this before.

“Let’s sit in the living room,” Davidson said, guiding me inside. His hand rested lightly against my back.

The touch sent a fresh wave of nerves through me. He caught my reaction and chuckled under his breath, clearly aware of the effect he had on me.