

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 7:

Davidson's Point of View:

I woke to the alarm blaring, my head pounding so hard it felt like someone had hit me with a hammer. I sighed, barely able to open my eyes as pain throbbed at my temples. I didn't even remember how much I'd drunk the night before—much less how I'd gotten home.

Dinner with Winona flickered through my memory, but everything after that was a haze. And her? I truly hoped she'd made it home safely. I sat up slowly, not wanting to push my luck and make the headache worse.

As I looked around the room, I saw a figure stretched out on the couch. My heart clenched. Who the hell was that? I couldn't believe I'd brought a woman home and then left her on the sofa. That wasn't something I did. I wasn't that reckless.

I carefully got out of bed and tiptoed closer, holding my breath as I tried to make out who it was. For a moment, I couldn't even guess. Then, as my eyes adjusted to the light, I realized it was Winona.

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I hoped to God I hadn't slept with her. She was the only person who kept me grounded, the only constant that never faded into the background. Damn it. What the hell had I done?

I started pacing, forcing myself to remember anything from last night. My memories tangled together, leaving me with nothing but confusion.

"Davidson? Are you okay? Why are you pacing like that?" she asked, her voice still sleepy.

"Did we sleep together last night?" I blurted, the words tumbling out. I sounded desperate—panicked. She just looked at me and laughed, her tired smile widening as I stared at her in confusion.

"No, we didn't have sex last night. Don't worry. You just asked me to stay, so I did," she said, still laughing.

I let out a long breath, feeling a weight lift off my chest.

"Well, that's a relief. One less thing to stress about." I rubbed my face. "Why did you sleep on the couch?"

“Because you told me to. You invited me to sleep in your bed, but I turned you down.” She laughed again, shaking her head.

“Seriously? I’m sorry. Did I do anything else I shouldn’t have?” I asked, worried I’d crossed a line.

“Nothing at all. You’re actually pretty funny when you’re drunk. I have to admit it,” she said, giving me a warm smile.

Relief washed through me. Thank God I hadn’t done anything humiliating.

“Thank God nothing happened. I’m going to take a quick shower. If you want to freshen up, there’s another bathroom at the end of the hall,” I murmured.

“Thanks. I need to stop by my place before work, just to grab some clothes,” Winona said, stretching a little.

“All right. Sounds good. Do you need a bag for your things? I know you girls actually change clothes, unlike most men,” I joked, smiling at her.

“I don’t do that. It’s disgusting. But I know plenty of men who do,” she said, laughing and shaking her head.

I pulled a couple of towels from my dresser and handed them to her. Since the bathroom was down the hall, she threw off the blankets and stood to take the towels. She was wearing one of my old T-shirts, and I had to admit she looked good in it.

I kept telling myself to stop thinking about her like that. It was wrong, and I knew it.

“Thank you,” she said, flashing a quick, genuine smile.

I showed her the way to the other bathroom before stepping into mine. We needed to move fast—we still had to stop by her place so she could change for work.

We made it to the office five minutes before our shift started. On the way, we stopped for breakfast; there was no way my body was functioning without coffee.

Winona and I walked into the building side by side, and almost immediately I felt the stares and heard the whispers. Everyone seemed to notice us. Some of the people watching were Leona’s friends, and I had no doubt she’d hear about this before the day was over. In a way, it might work in our favor. If I showed up at the gala with Winona, it would look even more believable that something was going on between us.

“Would you like me to bring you something, Mr. Briggs?” Winona asked, slipping back into her firm, professional tone. I appreciated it—especially after last night.

“Painkillers and a bottle of water, if you don’t mind,” I replied, managing a small smile.

She nodded and went to get what I'd asked for.

The moment I walked into my office, I saw Leona sitting in my chair. My nerves tightened at the sight. I was pretty sure I'd told everyone she was no longer allowed in my office.

"What are you doing here?" I snapped, my voice harsher than I meant it to be.

"Don't pretend you haven't missed me, Davidson." She flashed a smile that used to disarm me.

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