

A Favor 70

Chapter 70

We made our way to the couch, and I handed him the peace offering, hoping he'd accept it—and maybe, just maybe, accept me too.

"Thank you," he said with a smile.

I took a sip of coffee, letting out a nervous laugh, still unsure how to act or what to say now that we were face-to-face.

"Winona, you don't have to feel weird just because of what happened last night. I know this isn't normal for you, and I get it. We're both adults. We made that decision together. I don't regret it for a second," he said.

His sincerity made me pause. I pressed my lips together and looked at him, only to realize I was biting my bottom lip again. He tried—and failed—to hide a grin.

"I know. I don't regret it either," I said quietly. "But it's hard for me to act like I did something normal. Maybe you're used to this. But for me, this is new. I panicked, and I shouldn't have left like that."

"I understand. I really do," he said. "Still, we both know this wasn't unexpected. We've been circling around this for days. It was only a matter of time."

“That doesn’t make it any less confusing,” I murmured. “I just don’t want things to get weird between us. I don’t want anything to change.”

“Nothing is going to change,” he said, his smile relaxed and reassuring. “I promise.”

A genuine smile finally spread across my face as I nodded, feeling calmer now that we’d said it out loud. Davidson had been right from the beginning. We were adults, and the chemistry between us had always been impossible to ignore.

“So we’re calling it a one-time thing, right?” I asked.

“Of course,” he said with a slow nod—though there was mischief in his voice. “Unless you count one time as five rounds. Or was it more?” He added that smug grin that made it impossible not to laugh.

“You’re ridiculous.” I rolled my eyes and gave him a light shove in the arm.

His laughter filled the room, and he winked before stretching out on the couch, looking far too comfortable.

“Honestly,” he asked, “did you have fun?”

If he only knew what was running through my head—every breathless second, every sound, every moment—

"Tell me," I shot back, laughing.

"I guess I already know, judging by how loud you were screaming my name." He leaned back, that satisfied smile stamped on his face.

Heat climbed up my neck and bloomed across my cheeks. I turned away, shaking my head, but I couldn't hide my smile. His laughter echoed beside me, and I tried to glare at him, but it only made us both laugh harder.

"Are you blushing again?" he asked.

"Stop. Seriously, stop." I hid my face in my hands.

Davidson wrapped his arms around me, pulling me close, and pressed a soft kiss to the top of my head.

"You know I'm just teasing you, right?" he said with a chuckle.