

A Favor 71

Chapter 71

I turned and stuck my tongue out at him, unable to miss the way that wicked smile curved his lips—his look making it painfully clear he remembered exactly what I'd done with that tongue just hours ago.

"Oh, please. I can see exactly what's going through your head right now," I said, laughing.

"Can you blame me?" he murmured. "With skills like yours, those memories are going to stay with me forever."

"Then hold on to them," I said, smirking as I nudged him again. "Because it's never happening again."

"Do you really think you can resist?" Davidson smiled, confidence fully on display. "Winona, you have no idea how persuasive I can be when I want something."

The way he said it almost made me believe him. Maybe it wouldn't be the last time after all. I tried not to let my thoughts drift too far, but something inside me whispered that if it happened again, maybe it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

Maybe it would be the best.

Several days had passed since the night I'd shared Davidson's bed. I remembered him promising that nothing would change between us.

It turned out to be a lie.

Things hadn't become awkward, but he'd started flirting with me even more, finding any excuse to brush my hand or stand a little too close. Maybe he didn't even realize what he was doing, but every lingering touch made it harder for me to keep my distance.

That afternoon, we sat together in a meeting. I took notes while Davidson sat beside me, barely masking his impatience as everyone else talked and talked. Even I was starting to get a headache from the endless chatter.

"We've already gone over all of this before. I emailed everyone the full proposal last week. What else do you need from me?" Davidson said flatly, trying to keep his tone polite.

He was forcing himself to stay calm. I knew he couldn't afford to lose his temper—not when this deal meant so much to him and the company. Hoping to help, I slid my hand beneath the table and rested it lightly on his thigh.

A shiver went through him. He turned sharply, locking onto me.

"Breathe," I whispered.

He listened. He closed his eyes for a moment and nodded. I watched the tension ease from his shoulders as he tried to relax. I pulled my hand away, not wanting to distract him any more than I already had.

He refocused on the conversation at the table, though I could tell he wanted the meeting to end as soon as possible.

I leaned back in my chair and did my best to look composed, even as I counted the minutes until we could leave.

Without warning, I felt his hand settle on my thigh. This time, it was his fingers—tracing slow, provocative patterns over my skin. My breath caught as a wave of heat rolled through me. I bit down hard on my lip to keep from making a sound. From the corner of my eye, I saw him glance at me, a wicked smile tugging at his mouth.

He knew exactly what he was doing.