

A Favor 72

Chapter 72

When I turned to glare at him, he only shrugged, completely unbothered. His hand slid higher, his fingertips drifting toward my inner thigh. I gripped the chair tighter, because he'd already learned how sensitive I was there the other night—when his mouth had explored every inch of me.

And that was exactly why I needed distance now. The more I let him touch me, the more control I lost.

"I'm sorry, I need to use the restroom," I said, rushing out before anyone could react.

I reached the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face, hoping it would soothe the heat in my cheeks. When I looked up, my reflection gave away just how rattled I was. I muttered to myself, promising that next time we were alone, I'd make him pay for that.

After a few minutes, I steadied myself and went back out.

I walked toward the conference room only to find the meeting had already ended. People filed out, and Davidson stood by the door, watching me.

He smiled at everyone as they left, charming as always. When he looked at me, that smug grin returned, and I couldn't help rolling my eyes—only making him laugh harder.

He headed for his office, then paused in the doorway and turned, catching my gaze. With a mischievous smile, he curled his finger at me, beckoning me inside. I shook my head, not trusting myself to be alone with him right then.

“Winona, can I see you in my office for a minute?” he asked loudly—loudly enough for everyone to hear.

He knew that if he said it like that, I wouldn’t have a choice.

I couldn’t help laughing at how relentless he could be.

“All right, boss,” I replied, playing along.

He looked far too pleased with himself as he disappeared into his office. With a sigh, I followed.

Davidson was already leaning against his desk, smiling like he’d been waiting for me the entire time.

“Are you okay, Winona? You left in quite a hurry,” he asked, not bothering to hide the smugness in his eyes.

“Shut up,” I shot back, trying not to smile. “You’re lucky I didn’t kill you for what you did in there.”

“Why would you? You can’t pretend you didn’t enjoy it.” He chuckled, mischief lighting his gaze.

“That’s not the point, Davidson. So what do you actually want?” I shook my head, unable to keep a straight face.

He moved behind his desk, settled into his chair, and motioned for me to come closer.

I crossed the room and sat in the chair across from him, adjusting myself as I waited to hear what he wanted.

“I could use a favor. I’m going to see a new place during lunch, and I’d really like you to come with me. Give me your honest opinion. What do you think?” he said.

He’d spent the past week looking for somewhere new, ready to finally leave the house he’d shared with her.

“Sure,” I said, smiling.

“Great. Thank you. Come look at these photos. I think this could be the one for me.” He smiled and gestured for me to get closer.