

A Favor 73

Chapter 73

I stood and moved to his side, looking over his shoulder as he clicked through the images on his screen. The apartment looked clean and inviting, definitely smaller than his old home. It had a comfortable, modern feel—perfect for someone looking for a fresh start on his own.

“What do you think? Do you like this one?” He turned to me, hope in his expression.

“Yes. I really do. It looks perfect for you.” I smiled back—then realized he wasn’t moving away.

We were so close I could feel the warmth of his breath against my skin. His face hovered inches from mine, and I caught the flick of his tongue over his lips. His gaze dropped from my eyes to my mouth.

The look he gave me left nothing to the imagination.

He wanted to kiss me, and honestly, I wanted the same. He lifted his hand, gently tucking my hair back, then rested his palm against my cheek.

“Davidson, what are you doing?” I asked, my voice soft and trembling.

“You already know. If you want me to stop, just say so,” he murmured, barely above a whisper.

My pulse raced as I struggled to find the words. Every second we stayed like this, I wanted him more. His mouth was so close my lips tingled with anticipation, but I didn't dare pull away.

"That's what I thought," he said with a small smile.

"No... I'm not sure," I whispered, my voice barely steady.

Before I could process what was happening, he pulled me onto his lap, gripping my hips firmly. A startled gasp escaped me as I settled against him, surprise mixing with excitement.

"Davidson—what if someone comes in?" I asked, worried.

"Let them. Everyone already assumes we're together anyway," he replied.

I started to argue, but his lips crashed into mine, cutting off every protest. Instinct took over and I kissed him back, threading my fingers behind his neck as I leaned into him. His hands slid from my waist to the small of my back, pulling me closer, his mouth moving hungrily against mine.

A low moan slipped from me when our tongues met, the kiss turning deeper and more desperate by the second. The outside world faded away, replaced by the surge of desire pulsing between us. I could feel the ache building inside me—and his growing need pressing firmly against me. All my doubts dissolved.

I wanted him. Right here. Right now.

And from the look in his eyes, he wanted the same.

“Winona, lock the door,” he murmured, pulling back just long enough to speak.

“Seriously? You want to do this here?” I blinked, surprised—and thrilled.

“Of course,” he said, grinning. “Come on. Live a little.”

Excitement rushed through me. Shaking my head, I stood and quietly closed the door. I knew I shouldn’t—but I also knew I couldn’t hold back anymore.

The desire was irresistible.

I watched her return, locking the door behind her. I’d promised myself I would keep my distance, but the moment I saw her cross the room, it became impossible. Something about her pulled at me—had pulled at me since that night, maybe even before.