

A Favor 77

Chapter 77

“Relax, I’m here. Try not to take your panties off until we’re back,” he teased, appearing in the hallway with that arrogant grin of his.

“Who said I’m wearing any?” A wicked smile curved my lips as I brushed past him and headed for the door.

He laughed, followed me, and quickly wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me in.

“I’ll have to check later,” he murmured against my ear.

“Keep dreaming,” I shot back with a wink.

So that was how the night would go: flirting, provoking, and tempting each other at every opportunity. If we kept this up, I knew exactly how it would end. But right now, I was trying to focus on anything other than ending up tangled in his sheets again.

He opened the car door for me and waited until I was inside before sliding in on his side. The drive to his mother’s house was short and quiet, the soft melody of music filling the space between us.

“Thanks for doing this, Winona. I know how much you hate having to lie to her,” he said, glancing at me.

“Yeah, but as long as we keep the story simple, I’ll be fine,” I replied.

He nodded, focusing on the road. Before long, we pulled up in front of his childhood home. Davidson tapped the horn to announce our arrival.

His mother came out to greet us, her face lighting up the moment she saw her son. She hugged him tightly. He hugged her back, laughing softly. The second she let him go, she turned to me and embraced me warmly, making me feel at home instantly.

“It’s wonderful to see you again, sweetheart,” she said, her voice full of affection.

“Thank you. I’m happy to see you too,” I replied, smiling back.

We went inside, grabbed something to drink, and settled into the living room, trading stories and laughing while we waited for dinner.

“So, how are things going between you two? Still not official yet?” She rolled her eyes dramatically for emphasis, clearly not buying our act.

“No, Mom, Winona and I are still just dating,” Davidson said with a laugh.

“What a shame. I was hoping you’d be something more serious by now,” she murmured, half teasing, half wistful.

Davidson laughed again, shaking his head at her persistence. She only shrugged, completely unbothered by his answer. Honestly, I was relieved she didn’t push it further.

Soon she shifted the conversation to work, chatting with Davidson about business while I listened quietly. I followed most of what they discussed, but I let them have their moment. Eventually, we gathered around the dining table to enjoy an incredible meal the chefs had prepared. Every bite tasted amazing.

“Did you two eat enough?” his mother leaned back, laughing with a satisfied smile.

Davidson and I nodded, smiling at her.

“So, do you think you’ll join the ski trip this year? I’d love for you to come. It’s been ages since you have—probably because she always refused to go.” I didn’t have to ask who she meant.

“I think I will this time. I miss skiing,” he said.