

A Favor 78

Chapter 78

A strange feeling settled in my chest as I realized how much Leona had taken from him—his joy, the things he loved most. Maybe now, with her finally out of his life, he could start getting those parts of himself back.

“And you, Winona? Do you like skiing too?” his mother asked.

“Not at all. I’ve never tried. Honestly, I’d probably break something if I did.” I shook my head, laughing.

“Then you should come with us!” She looked delighted.

My stomach tightened. Great.

If she was already inviting me, she clearly assumed Davidson and I would still be together in three months.

I looked at Davidson, panic rising. That trip lasted an entire week. Could I handle being alone with him for that long? I wasn’t so sure anymore.

“You should come, Winona. I can teach you,” Davidson said with a smile.

Did he actually want me there? Did he really want to spend all that time together? I didn't know what to say.

"It's a family tradition. I wouldn't want to intrude," I hesitated.

"Don't be silly. We'd love to have you, Winona. You have to come with us." His mother shook her head, her smile widening.

I looked at Davidson, studying his face.

"Are you really sure about this?" I asked quietly.

"Completely. Besides, I'm looking forward to watching you fall on the beginner slopes about a hundred times before you finally get the hang of it," he said with a grin.

"You're awful." I pressed my lips together and pouted.

His laughter filled the room as he slid an arm around my shoulders, pulling me closer. He kissed the top of my head—one of those gentle gestures that always felt too real for something that was supposed to be pretend.

“Relax. I’m only kidding,” he said with a smile.

“I honestly don’t understand why you two aren’t together already. You seem made for each other. Anyone can see you care about each other.” His mother sighed, her tone hopeful again.

I tried to brush it off, but the conversation drifted right back to the same point.

“Mom, please, can you stop talking about that?” Davidson let out a long sigh. “I’m not ready for anything serious. Not until the divorce is official.”

His mother opened her mouth to argue, but he gave her a look that stopped her cold. Instead, she refocused on me, hope still bright in her eyes.

“So, Winona, are you planning to come on the ski trip?” she asked, cheerful and enthusiastic.

I gave her a warm smile and nodded. Honestly, the idea of escaping to a cabin in the mountains—surrounded by snowy peaks and cozy fireplaces—sounded like absolute heaven. If things stayed good between us until then, it might be exactly what I needed.

Davidson and his mother started sharing stories about the ski resort, flipping through photos from past trips and laughing at old memories. Their happiness was contagious, but deep down I could feel how much Davidson missed having his father around. Still, the bond between them was obvious, and I felt lucky to be welcomed into their small circle.