

A Favor 79

Chapter 79

In the end, we stayed a few more hours, talking and making plans. Before we left, we agreed Davidson's mom would come to dinner at his place next week.

"Thank you for tonight," I said, hugging her before we left.

"You're always welcome, sweetheart. And next time, lunch is just us girls—no Davidson," she said with a smile.

"That sounds perfect," I replied, smiling.

We said our goodbyes and headed back to the car.

"Do you want to come to my place tonight?" Davidson asked, his voice low and inviting.

I nodded, and his smile only grew. "So, are we going to keep pretending we can stop this?"

Davidson's POV:

A groan slipped from me as I woke, realizing Winona was still there, curled up beside me, wearing nothing but one of my T-shirts. For the first time, she'd stayed past sunrise, and the sight of her next to me stirred an unfamiliar ache in my chest.

She looked absolutely irresistible, every inch of her making me want her again and again. The madness of last night kept replaying in my mind. My back still ached from the marks she'd left, a reminder of how good we'd been together. Whatever this was between us, it was fierce and chaotic, and I wouldn't change a thing.

Biting my lip, I let my eyes roam over her body, lingering on how my shirt had ridden up, leaving her thighs—and that perfect ass—on display. I leaned in and traced my fingers along her skin, teasing her with a touch as light as a feather. She let out a soft moan, then brushed my hand away with a lazy laugh.

"I want to sleep a little longer. Don't start something you can't finish," she laughed.

I smiled and moved closer, determined not to give her any space.

There was no way she could expect me to lie beside her and not want to touch her. I rolled over and pressed against her, my hand sliding along her bare thigh, my hips urging against her ass.

"Davidson, seriously. Behave," she said, shaking her head as she laughed.

"And why would I do that when you make it impossible to resist you?" I murmured, kissing the back of her neck, my voice low and full of mischief.

She let out a sleepy moan, then turned to look at me, her hair mussed and a teasing smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

“Are you ever going to let me rest? I barely slept four hours last night, and it’s your fault,” she said, her voice breaking with laughter.

“I can’t help it if I love hearing you scream my name,” I said with a grin.

She looked at me, still laughing, and slipped out from under the sheets.

“Hey, where are you going?” I flopped back against the pillows, pouting a little.

“To the bathroom, obviously. Try not to miss me too much,” she replied with a mocking smile.

“Only if you promise you’ll come back,” I demanded.

She pointed at me over her shoulder, her laughter echoing as she disappeared down the hallway.