

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 8:

I closed my eyes for a moment and forced myself to breathe. Even after six months apart and weeks without contact, I hated admitting she was right. I did miss her.

She stood and walked over, stopping right in front of me. She wore a short black dress that hugged her in all the ways I remembered. Her curves, her long legs, those heels—it all grabbed my attention, and I went tense as I tried not to stare. I forced myself to meet her eyes.

“What do you want?” My voice sounded unsteady, nowhere near as confident as I wanted.

“I was hoping we could have a little fun... for old times’ sake,” she murmured, letting her finger slide slowly down my chest.

I swallowed, heat rising through my body. I knew I should stop her, but she always managed to crack my defenses—and she knew it. This wasn’t the first time since the breakup that she’d tried to pull me back in. If she were truly happy with the guy she left me for, she wouldn’t keep coming back.

“Leona,” I warned, already feeling my self-control slipping.

“Come on, sweetheart. You know you still want me,” she whispered, her hand moving lower, leaving no doubt what she wanted.

A low groan slipped out of me.

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Leona pressed her lips to mine, and for a second I kissed her back, lost in old memories and feelings.

Then reality hit hard and fast.

I refused to fall back into her arms. Not this time.

I pulled away and stepped back, my voice sharp. “No, Leona. This isn’t happening again. I’m not going to let you use me whenever you feel like it. You’re the one who left me, remember?”

“You love it when I tease you. Admit it. The sex got even better after we split up, and what he doesn’t know won’t hurt him.” She reached for me again, but I moved away.

“No. We’ve been over for a long time. And besides, I’m seeing someone else now. Leave, Leona. Don’t come back. I mean it. Unless you’re here to sign the divorce papers, I don’t want anything else from you,” I said flatly.

For the first time, I made it clear it was over.

“What? Who? Who the hell is it? Is it your assistant? Were you sleeping with her even before I left you? I bet you were,” she spat, her words bitter and cutting.

Was she actually jealous? Maybe she’d finally gone crazy with it. She had no right to act like this—not after she was the one who walked away. Still, I couldn’t deny how almost amusing it was to see her this angry. Part of me wanted to say yes, that I was with Winona, but I decided she could figure it out on her own at the gala.

“None of your business, Leona. That’s all you need to hear. Now get out of my office. Leave. Now,” I said, my tone leaving no room for argument.

“Fine. You’ll come back to me because you still want me, Davidson,” she snapped, storming out.

As she headed for the door, Winona walked in. My stomach twisted; I could already imagine how ugly this would get.

“I knew it. I knew you were sleeping with my husband, you bitch,” Leona hissed at Winona.

“Excuse me? Who do you think you’re talking to? Don’t you dare insult me, Leona. Whatever I do or don’t do with Davidson is none of your business. You left him, remember?” Winona shot back, her voice firm and cold.

I couldn’t help being a little surprised. For the first time, Winona stood her ground with Leona, and I had to admit it made me smile.

When Leona and I were still together, Winona never defended herself when Leona attacked her. Now that we were separated, Winona was finally pushing back. Leona flipped her hair back, let out a sharp, furious sound, and stormed out of the office.

Winona turned to me with an expectant look.

“What was that?”

“She came here trying to sleep with me, but I told her no. I told her it wasn’t happening this time. I mentioned I’m seeing someone, but I never gave a name. She just assumed it was you,” I explained.

“Oh... okay. God, I can’t stand that woman. I know she’s technically still your wife, but she’s something else, sir,” Winona said, irritation thick in her voice.

I laughed and nodded, and it made her smile too. She set the painkillers and water on my desk.

“Let’s get to work. We have a lot on our plate. I’ve got several trips coming up, so we’ll need to organize everything,” I said, changing the subject.

“Of course, sir. I’m all yours,” she replied with a playful smile.

I couldn’t help smiling at that, even though she hadn’t meant it the way it sounded. She realized it, shook her head, and laughed, then went to her desk to start working.

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