

## **A Favor 82**

### Chapter 82

Davidson took my hand. It surprised me at first, but I didn't pull away. He laced his fingers through mine, holding on firmly as we followed Aubriella and Carsten to the table. Everyone who'd been brought together after the gala was already there. They welcomed us with hugs and wide smiles.

As we started to sit down, Davidson let go of my hand right away. He looked at me and murmured an apology.

"It's fine." I didn't mind at all. I gave him a shy smile.

I wasn't sure why it made me feel so embarrassed. I shouldn't be getting shy just because he'd held my hand—not after everything that had happened between us. He smiled back, and I could tell he found my timidity amusing.

I leaned over and gave him a playful tap on the arm, laughing. Davidson pulled my chair out and waited until I sat before taking his seat as well. I smiled again, thinking it was sweet of him.

Once he sat down, he scooted his chair closer to mine and rested his hand on my thigh. I swallowed hard, fighting the urge to sigh.

"How are things going with you two?" Aubriella asked, rolling her eyes.

“You’re as nosy as my mother, you know that?” Davidson said, laughing. “Why does nobody believe we’re still nothing serious?” He kept laughing, not seeming bothered.

“Do you want a list? I could give you one,” Aubriella said with a smile.

“What kind of list are we talking about? Are there really that many signs that make people think this is something more? If so, I’d love someone to clue me in, because I honestly don’t see it.”

“No, seriously, it’s fine. Aubriella, we’ve talked about this. I’m not looking for anything right now.” Davidson ran a hand through his hair and let out a tired sigh.

Aubriella gave him a look that said she didn’t believe him, but she chose not to push. Davidson stood up quickly, muttering something about needing a drink, and headed for the bar.

Sure, we could use more drinks, but it was pretty obvious he just wanted a break from all the questions about us. I couldn’t blame him. After all, this was supposed to be just an arrangement.

“Well, considering you’re sleeping together now, I don’t think anyone’s going to see it as fake.”

“Winona, is he okay?” Aubriella asked.

“He’s fine. He just hates talking about what’s going on between us. He wants to keep it secret until his divorce is finalized. That’s all,” I said.

“But what about you? How do you really feel about all of this? You and Davidson, I mean,” she asked.

I didn’t know exactly what to say, but I realized I had to answer something. “We’re just having fun and spending time together. Everything’s fine between us,” I said.

“Okay, if you say so. I don’t believe you, but I’ll let it go,” she said with a laugh.

“Thanks. I’ll see if he needs help,” I replied.

I stood and headed toward the bar. When I got there, Davidson was deep in conversation with another woman, and it definitely looked like they were flirting. I heard her laugh at something he said.