

A Favor 83

Chapter 83

“Here, take my number in case you change your mind, handsome,” she murmured, handing him a card and winking before walking away. Davidson slipped it into his back pocket without hesitation.

Was that really a smart decision? What if someone had seen—Carsten or Aubriella? How would he explain it, especially with me standing right there while he took another woman’s number? Then again, maybe he wanted people to see it, to keep up the idea that what we had was casual.

He could do whatever he wanted. It had nothing to do with me.

He turned to grab the drinks that were finally ready, and that was when he saw me. His expression changed instantly.

“Uh... how long have you been standing there?” he asked, looking nervous.

“I saw everything. I saw her give you her number,” I replied.

“I’m sorry,” he blurted, rubbing the back of his neck.

“You don’t have to apologize. You can take anyone’s number if that’s what you want. Who you flirt with or who you decide to go after isn’t my business. Whatever is between us isn’t real. Did you forget that?” I shrugged, refusing to look at him.

“Winona, please don’t be like that. I shouldn’t have done it,” he said.

“Like I said, you can do whatever you want, Davidson. You’re single.” I took a couple of glasses, stepped away from him, and went back to the table, setting the drinks down.

I sat and took a sip from my glass. Davidson came back a moment later and sat beside me. I could tell he was uncomfortable. I stayed silent, refusing to look at him. I had no claim on him, but what he’d done still irritated me.

“I’m going home,” I said. The party was winding down, and everyone was busy congratulating Carsten and Aubriella.

They invited me to join them after the party, but I wasn’t in the mood. The night had been going well, and everyone seemed genuinely happy celebrating the engagement.

“Winona, you’re not coming home with us?” Aubriella pouted at me.

“I’m exhausted. Next time, I promise,” I said with a faint smile. “But we’ll have dinner soon.”

“Okay, that sounds good,” she said, smiling.

I said goodbye to everyone, including Davidson, before heading for the exit. Just as I was about to leave the building, someone caught me by the hips and gently pulled me aside.

It was Davidson.

"Winona, why are you leaving already?" he asked.

"I'm tired," I replied with a shrug.

"That's not true, and you know it. You've been distant since what happened at the bar tonight. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it. It was rude of me, especially because I came here with you," he said.

Was he really bringing it up again? I'd been hoping he'd just forget it.

"Davidson, it has nothing to do with that, okay? I'm just tired. That's all," I let out a long sigh.

"Are you sure?" he asked, searching my face.

"Yes. I'll see you soon. Goodnight." I managed a small smile, stepped around him, and headed for the taxi waiting outside.

