

A Favor 84

Chapter 84

This was affecting me more than I wanted to admit. Was I really jealous? Honestly, I didn't know. I just wanted to get home and sleep. Tomorrow was Sunday, and I was grateful to have a day off to do absolutely nothing. I needed time for myself.

It felt like it had been forever since I'd had that.

My phone vibrated inside my purse, so I pulled it out. It was a text from Davidson.

He wrote: "Are you mad at me, Winona? It seems like you are. I'm so sorry. Just let me know when you get home."

I didn't reply right away. I figured I'd wait until I got home. When I finally walked through the door, a wave of relief washed over me. I went straight to my apartment, took my clothes off, changed into pajamas, and climbed into bed. Only then did I grab my phone and text him back.

"Don't worry. Everything's fine. I'm home."

Davidson texted again: "I don't believe you, but okay. Goodnight, Winona. See you soon."

I hoped he'd drop it. I put my phone on silent and decided I'd deal with everything in the morning.

Davidson's POV:

I sat alone in the kitchen, a mug of coffee in my hand, while a pounding headache reminded me exactly how much I'd drunk the night before. I'd definitely gone too far after Winona left.

Even though she tried to hide it, I knew seeing me take that woman's number had affected her. I understood why. Sure, we were only pretending, but she was still my partner—and lately, whatever was between us had become more intimate.

It wasn't right to treat her like that, not after everything she'd done for me. I realized I needed to see her and make things right. And what did I do with the number the woman gave me? I threw it in the trash. I realized I didn't even want it.

A few weeks ago, I would've called that woman without a second thought. But things had changed. I wasn't completely sure why. I only knew it had something to do with Winona.

Now I was starting to wonder about us—about what people were saying, about whether we were something more than a casual arrangement. I knew it wasn't the best time to overthink it, but I couldn't help myself.

Eventually, I dragged myself through a quick shower and got dressed to go see Winona. Before I left, I took one last look around. Sadness washed over me as I remembered all the suffering I'd been through here, but then I surprised myself by smiling, thinking about the good moments—especially the ones I'd shared with Winona over the last few days.

Still, I'd only be here one more month before moving into a new home. A new house meant a real chance to start over. I finally headed out and decided to walk to Winona's place to clear my head along the way.