

A Favor 85

Chapter 85

I stopped at a shop and bought her flowers. It was my way of apologizing. I also picked up breakfast, wanting to do for her what she'd done for me—like that morning she showed up at my door with food after we'd spent the night together, then left before I woke up.

I skipped the roses, thinking they were too cheesy. Instead, I chose a colorful bouquet that felt more genuine. With breakfast and flowers in hand, I took my time getting to Winona's, breathing slowly and steadily before I knocked on her door.

It was almost eleven, so I figured she'd be up. I hoped she hadn't gone out. I knocked, and I heard footsteps inside. A moment later, Winona opened the door, wearing pajamas.

Her hair was pulled into a messy ponytail, and she wasn't wearing makeup. She looked like she'd just woken up, and somehow she still managed to look beautiful.

"Good morning. You could've warned me you were coming," she laughed. "At least I would've put on something decent."

She didn't seem angry, and that gave me a little hope.

"You look great. These are for you. I wanted to apologize for being such an idiot last night," I murmured, feeling a bit embarrassed.

She smiled as she took the flowers. Without saying anything else, she turned and motioned for me to follow her inside. I stepped in and watched as she set the bouquet in the sink and filled a glass with water for it before turning back to me.

“Thank you for the flowers. They’re beautiful,” she said with a shy smile.

“You’re welcome. I brought breakfast, too.” I smiled and handed her the food and coffee.

She laughed, smiling with gratitude, and carried everything into the living room. She settled onto the couch, and I hesitated in the doorway, not sure what to do. For some reason, being close to her made me nervous.

“Davidson, come on. Sit down. What’s wrong with you?” she asked, looking at me.

I walked over and sat beside her.

“I’m fine. I just wanted to stop by, talk to you, and apologize again for last night. I know you were upset with me, Winona, even if you didn’t say it out loud.” I held her gaze as I spoke.

Winona kept her eyes on her breakfast, taking a small bite and choosing silence. That silence told me everything. She was upset, but she didn’t want to admit it. I understood. From her perspective, she probably felt like she had no right to be upset since we weren’t really together.

Still, after a few moments of her ignoring me, irritation started to creep in.

“Winona, you can say something. Anything,” I said, my patience wearing thin.

“Davidson, I don’t know what you want me to say. I told you last night—what you do isn’t my business. This is just an agreement. It’s not like there’s anything real between us. We’re not actually anything. Why are you so determined to apologize to me?” She let out a sigh and ran her hands through her hair.

I could tell it was starting to irritate her, too. The truth was, I didn’t even know how to answer her question. I didn’t know why I needed so badly to fix things with her.