

A Favor 86

Chapter 86

“Don’t worry about it, Winona. Forget I said anything. Like you said, it’s not like we have anything,” I replied with a shrug.

My voice sounded disappointed, and I only hoped she hadn’t noticed. She stood up without another word, sighed, and went into the bedroom.

I stayed sitting there, not understanding why she’d walked away like that. After a moment, I decided to follow her. The bedroom door was open. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, and she looked up as soon as she heard me come in.

“Winona, why did you leave? Did I say something wrong?” I asked.

“Davidson, what do you really want from me? I mean—actually. Because I feel like you’re not telling me the whole truth. I just heard the disappointment in your voice,” she blurted out.

Damn it.

She’d caught it. I let out a deep sigh, dragging a hand through my hair before I walked over and sat beside her on the bed.

“Winona, the truth is, I don’t know what I want from you anymore. That’s why I can’t give you an answer,” I admitted.

“Can you stop? Stop trying to fix things, stop pretending, stop having sex—stop all of it?” she asked, her tone a little sharp.

“Wait, wait. No, I didn’t mean it like that, Winona. I just... maybe I shouldn’t have started that sentence,” I said, letting the rest trail off.

“Davidson, tell me what you were going to say,” she pleaded, her voice softer now.

“I was going to say I don’t know if I want something more than what we already have, Winona. Not yet, at least. I can’t start anything serious right now. Not until my divorce is final,” I said.

And maybe I did know what I wanted. The truth was, I wanted her—not just physically. Sitting there, finally saying it out loud, made me realize how much she meant to me. If it weren’t for the divorce hanging over my head, I’d probably be all in. But I couldn’t drag her into my mess.

“You mean dating someone?” she murmured.

“Yeah. Maybe,” I replied.

“Oh... okay,” she said.

Her reaction felt disappointing. I wasn't going to lie—it stung a little. I shook my head, wishing I'd kept it to myself. I stood up, ready to leave.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything," I murmured, taking a step away from her.

"Davidson, wait," she called out suddenly.

I took a deep breath and turned back to look at her, bracing myself for her to shut it down for good.

"Yeah?" I asked quietly.

She stood and walked toward me, and instead of pulling away, she leaned in and kissed me softly on the lips. She pulled back and looked up at me.

"I know you're going through a divorce, and yes, I hate that you have to suffer like this, but if you want to try dating someone—if you want to get to know each other better—I'm willing to try, too," she muttered, biting her lip nervously.

"Really?" I asked, stunned.

She laughed and shook her head, and I couldn't help smiling.