

A Favor 87

Chapter 87

I stepped in and kissed her just as softly as she'd kissed me. Then I pulled back and laughed. "It's been a long time since I've dated anyone."

"Same. We can figure it out together," she said, letting out a laugh.

"Deal," I said. "Honestly, when I came over, I never thought things would turn out like this. But I'm glad they did."

Winona's POV:

I was lying in bed, curled up in Davidson's arms again. After we talked about giving real dating a chance, we started kissing, and it led to making love. It was passionate, wild, and filled with something new that hadn't been there before.

Now we were tangled together, covered by nothing but the sheets. I leaned in and pressed soft kisses to his bare chest. A low moan slipped from him, his body tensing beneath my touch, and I laughed at his reaction.

"Come on. That's not funny," he said.

I met his eyes and gave him my sweetest smile. “I have no idea what you’re talking about,” I replied, smiling back.

“Don’t pretend to be sweet and innocent, Miss Winona. Trust me, I know better than anyone you’re the complete opposite,” he teased, his grin widening.

“If you have any complaints about how not sweet and innocent I am, I haven’t heard them yet,” I laughed.

“I have no complaints,” he murmured, lifting his hands in surrender.

I laughed again, shaking my head as I slid out of bed. Davidson didn’t take his eyes off me, tracking every movement as I crossed the room—still naked, just like I’d been beneath him moments before.

“Where are you going? I’m not done with you,” he said, pouting.

“I need water. Are you coming?” I asked.

I regretted saying it when he gave me a slow, wicked smile.

“I thought I just came. Three times, to be exact,” he said proudly.

“And if you keep talking like that, you won’t be coming again,” I shot back, laughing.

I felt more at ease with him than I had the night before. It was like agreeing to a real date had loosened something in me. Still, I couldn’t shake a small pinch of worry. I kept thinking about what people would say about a girl dating her boss. I knew I’d once promised myself I’d never do something like that.

Now, after spending time with him, sleeping with him, and knowing we’d soon be dating, it didn’t bother me the way I thought it would. He was a good man, and it wasn’t often someone like that came along.

“That was mean, Winona. There was no need to say something so harsh,” he said, looking wounded, though a smile was already starting to form on his lips.

I rolled my eyes playfully, shook my head, and grabbed my robe. I put it on and tied it tightly, to Davidson’s clear disappointment.

He pulled on his boxers and followed me into the kitchen. I took a bottle of water from the fridge, opened another, and handed it to him.