

A Favor 88

Chapter 88

“Tell me, Winona, when am I getting my first official date with you?” he asked before taking a sip.

I didn’t answer right away. I was too busy watching the way his muscles moved with each small motion. I licked my lips without thinking, enjoying the sight of him, nearly naked in my kitchen.

After I’d had my fill of admiring him, I finally lifted my gaze to meet his. He was standing there with his arms crossed over his chest, staring at me.

“Now that you’re done being weird, can you answer my question?” he asked, laughing.

“I was just enjoying the view. You can have your first date with me whenever you want,” I said, smiling at him.

“Tonight, then,” he replied, his voice full of excitement.

“Sounds good,” I said, and he smiled.

I was nervous about our first date, even though we’d technically gone out a couple of times already. Back then, it had all been pretend. Now that it was real, my stomach fluttered in a different way.

Davidson pulled me into a hug, drawing me closer as he kissed me softly and briefly. When we parted, he lifted a hand and brushed his fingertips along my cheek.

“Winona, I don’t think I’ve ever told you how beautiful you are,” he said with a smile.

I blushed and stepped back slightly. Being called beautiful always meant more to me than being called sexy or attractive. I didn’t know why, but it lingered with me.

He pulled me against his chest and held me. At first, he didn’t say anything. I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him back. A quiet silence settled over us as we stood there. He lowered his head and kissed the crown of my head.

“I appreciate everything you did for me, Winona. I hope you know that,” he whispered.

I looked up at him and shook my head with a small smile. “I know,” I said, then leaned in and gave him a quick kiss.

“Good. Do you want to go get lunch? A real date with me?” he murmured, smiling.

“Yes. I’m starving, and you wore me out. Come on—let’s shower and get ready first. I don’t want to show up to lunch smelling like sex and shame,” I laughed.

“Hey, I’m not ashamed of what just happened,” he insisted, laughing with me.

“You know what I meant, smartass. Are you coming, or am I showering alone?” I asked, stepping away from him.

Davidson caught up to me immediately, wrapping his arms around my waist from behind. I led him into the bathroom, feeling his arms tighten around me. I slipped out of my robe and let it fall to the floor, turned the water on, and stepped into the shower. Davidson followed right away, joining me under the hot stream.

He started kissing my neck, his hands roaming over my body. I let myself enjoy it for a second before I pushed his hands away with a laugh.