

A Favor 89

Chapter 89

“We’re actually here to shower, not have shower sex,” I said, shaking my head even as I smiled.

“Why not?” he asked, giving me his best puppy-dog eyes.

“Because if we do, I know we’ll end up back in bed and spend the whole afternoon there, and I need to eat. Now behave,” I said, trying to keep my voice serious, but I couldn’t stop laughing.

“Fine. You’re cruel,” he muttered with a sigh.

I tapped his ear.

“Oh, I knew it—just like you knew how terrible I could be,” I said, smiling at him.

“How am I supposed to behave when you say things like that? That’s not fair.”

“That’s called self-control. Maybe you should learn some,” I replied smugly.

He pointed at me and gave me a quick kiss before turning back to the shower, and I did the same. The sexual tension in there was ridiculous, but it would have to wait. He didn't always get what he wanted so easily.

Well, most of the time he did—but not that day.

I finished and stepped out of the shower, and Davidson followed.

“As soon as we get back from lunch, you'll be all mine until we have to get ready for our date,” Davidson said, giving my ass a quick smack that made me yelp before he laughed and walked out.

And, annoyingly enough, I liked the idea.

Winona's POV:

Davidson barely gave me time to get ready. I only had an hour to pull myself together for our date. We'd spent nearly the entire afternoon tangled in the sheets after lunch, and now I was rummaging through my closet, frantically searching for something to wear.

I was nervous, but I forced myself to focus. I had an hour and a half to shower, pick an outfit, do my hair, and put on makeup. It wasn't much time, but I knew I could pull it off if I moved fast.

The shower came first. I figured I could worry about everything else after the afternoon of pleasure we'd just shared. I kept it quick—just enough to feel fresh—then wrapped myself in a towel and got to work on my hair and makeup.

One problem still circled in my head: I didn't even know where Davidson planned to take me. How was I supposed to choose an outfit if I had no idea what the night held? I grabbed my phone and texted him, hoping he'd give me a hint.

I wrote: "Hey, handsome, where are we going tonight? I need a clue for my outfit!"

Davidson replied: "It's a secret. I just want you to know it's for dinner. You'll find out the rest when I pick you up. Can't wait to see you, beautiful!"

I answered: "Fine. See you soon, handsome."

A laugh slipped out as I set my phone aside. With nothing else to go on, I slipped into my favorite little black dress. If all else fails, a classic never lets you down.

I put on my shoes, and I'd barely finished when there was a knock at the door.