

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 9:

Winona's Point of View:

Leaving work that afternoon filled me with a quiet sense of relief. The whispers and sideways looks followed us, all because Davidson and I had shown up together. Some people simply couldn't mind their own business instead of prying into everyone else's.

Davidson did what he could to distract me, always ready to cut off a rumor before it could spread. Anyone who tried to start something found him right there—calm, but firm. I longed for the comfort of my apartment, a glass of wine in hand, and a night where no one bothered me. I just wanted them to stop gossiping about us tomorrow.

The moment I got home, I peeled off my clothes and headed straight for the bathroom. The warm water soothed me. I changed into my pajamas and decided to order takeout; I didn't like cooking for one. Sometimes I hated being single, but work often left me little time for anything else. I grabbed a glass and a bottle of wine from the fridge, settled onto the couch, and started thinking about what to order for dinner.

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I was about to call the restaurant when my phone rang, and Davidson's name lit up the screen.

"Please tell me I don't have to go back to the office," I muttered before answering. "Hello, sir—everything okay?"

I heard his laugh through the phone.

"Winona, we're not on the clock. Call me Davidson," he said, still amused.

So he wasn't calling about work. Then what was he calling for?

"Hi, Davidson. Everything okay?" I asked with a soft laugh.

"Yeah. What are you doing right now?" he asked.

I was about to make something up, but there was no point. Honesty felt easier.

"Honestly? Not much. I'm planning to order takeout and pour myself a glass of wine. That's my big plan for tonight." I let out a long sigh.

“That doesn’t sound fun. Come to my place instead. I’ll cook something, and we can be bored together if that’s what you want. And before you get worked up, no, it’s not a date.” His laugh was warm. “Last night was pretty fun—at least until you left me drunk and abandoned,” he added.

“Do you realize I’m already in pajamas?” I laughed.

“You have twenty minutes to get ready. I’ll have a driver pick you up.” Without another word, he ended the call.

For a long moment, I just stared at my phone in disbelief. Did my opinion not count? Apparently not. I sighed in exasperation, barely resisting the urge to plant myself on the couch and refuse to move, but in the end I forced myself up.

Somehow, I made it to my bedroom, changed into fresh clothes, and tossed into my bag everything I thought I might need.

Going back to his house again left me torn. There was no doubt last night had been surprisingly fun. His company had made everything feel easy, even when he’d lost control after a few drinks.

After a quick sweep of the apartment, I made sure everything was turned off. Just as I reached for my bag, my phone buzzed with a new message. Instinct kicked in, and I checked the screen. It was from Davidson.

The message read: “I’m parked outside.”

Wait—was he actually here?

Hadn’t he said a driver would come for me? I guess he changed his mind. Honestly, I felt relieved I wouldn’t have to ride with a stranger. I locked the door behind me and finally stepped outside.

Davidson was leaning against his car when I appeared.

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