

A Favor 90

Chapter 90

"Come in, Davidson!" I called, assuming it was him. I hadn't invited anyone else, so I wasn't expecting anything strange.

"Where are you hiding? Don't tell me you're in your bedroom. If I go in there, we're never leaving," his voice called playfully from the hall.

"I'm here! Just give me two minutes!" I shouted back, smiling.

After one last look in the mirror, I hurried into the living room, where he was waiting.

The second I walked in, Davidson's gaze swept over me, his eyes wide with admiration. He let out a low groan and stared.

"Are you always this weird?" I teased, laughing at his expression.

"Of course. Can you blame me? You look incredible, sweetheart." He smiled without hesitation.

"Sweetheart? So that's your latest nickname for me?" I joked, unable to hide my own smile.

"I can't help it. I like affectionate nicknames. What can I say? I'm a hopeless romantic, and I still have hope." He shrugged proudly.

I already knew what Davidson was like when he loved someone. I'd seen it with her—always putting her first, treating her like she was the only one who mattered. And she'd thrown all of that away without a second thought.

The memory tried to hook into me, but I forced myself to stay present. I didn't need to think about her—not when tonight was my first real date with him.

"Ready to go, sweetheart?" Davidson flashed a wicked grin, clearly enjoying his growing collection of pet names.

"Ready, sweetheart," I shot back, laughing.

"Hey, don't be mean. You know I'm sensitive." He gave me his best pout, which only made me laugh harder. I closed the distance between us, looped my arms around his neck, and kissed him softly.

I lingered for a beat before pulling back.

"Do you forgive me for that?" I asked, blinking innocently.

"Just this once." He chuckled softly and brushed his lips against mine before taking a step back.

Davidson's fingers found mine as we left together. He walked me to his car, opened the door like a gentleman, and waited until I was settled before circling around to the driver's seat. A moment later, we were pulling away from downtown.

The farther we got from the city lights, the more I wondered where we were headed. I stared out the window, taking in unfamiliar streets and storefronts going dark.

"Davidson, where are we going exactly?" I asked, curiosity rising.

"It's a surprise. Relax—you're going to love it." He smiled, mischief in his eyes.

"Okay. I'm trusting you," I said with a grin.

We drove for another forty minutes, winding through quieter streets. Then, all at once, we turned a corner and a massive screen appeared in front of us, stretched across the wall of an old building. That was when I understood.

He'd taken me to a drive-in.

"Wait—are we really watching a movie?" Excitement rushed through me.

“And dinner, too. I booked the entire place tonight—just for us. It’s only the kitchen staff and a few servers,” Davidson said, nodding proudly.

“That’s incredible!” I said, thrilled.