

A Favor 91

Chapter 91

Nothing in my dating history compared to this. It felt unbelievably sweet—almost unreal. As soon as Davidson stopped the car, a server dressed in black and white appeared, opening my door and offering a hand.

“Good evening. How are you?” he greeted me with a warm smile.

“Very well, thank you. And you?” I replied, matching his polite tone.

“Well, thank you. This way, please,” he said.

Davidson caught up to me in a few strides, wrapping an arm around my waist and drawing me closer as we followed the server. We soon reached a table set for just the two of us beside a small pond that shimmered in candlelight. I took it all in: two wine glasses, a chilled bottle, and candles flickering over the water. I looked at Davidson, wide-eyed.

“Did you set all this up? Just for our date?” I asked, stunned.

“I did, Winona. I told you—I’m a hopeless romantic. And you’ve supported me through things I wouldn’t wish on anyone. I wanted to show you not all men are the same. You deserve something special.” He smiled, that boyish charm lighting his eyes.

"This is incredible, Davidson." A smile spread across my face as I leaned in and kissed him quickly before we sat down. The server poured us each a glass of wine with practiced ease.

"Enjoy. Dinner will be ready in a few minutes," he said, then walked away.

I still couldn't believe it. No one had ever put this much effort into me—especially not on a first date. I reached for Davidson's hand and squeezed gently until he looked at me.

"Thank you. Really. This is the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me," I said softly, meaning every word.

"You're worth it," he replied, squeezing back.

I sank into my chair, soaking in the soft glow of the candles and the calm of the setting, smiling to myself at how perfect it all felt.

"I picked two movies for us tonight. We'll start with 50 First Dates. I remember you said it's one of your favorites. Then I thought we could follow it with Guardians of the Galaxy. What do you think?" he asked.

"Perfect! I can't believe you remembered that," I laughed, a little lightheaded.

"You'd be surprised how much you learn about someone when you pay attention, sweetheart." He winked, as playful as ever.

“I haven’t decided if that’s romantic or just a little creepy,” I teased, laughing again as I shook my head.

“It’s definitely sweet,” he murmured, wearing that goofy smile that always made me smile, too.

Leaning across the table, I kissed him softly, then settled back in my seat.

“Okay. You win. This is really sweet,” I said, smiling at him.

With my heart racing and lighter than it had been in a long time, I couldn’t wait to see where the night would take us.

Winona’s POV:

Dinner had been perfect, and I was still stunned by how wonderful Davidson could be. I’d seen glimpses of this side of him before, but tonight I finally got to experience it for myself.

“Ready for the movie?” Davidson asked with a smile.