

A Favor 92

Chapter 92

He stood and motioned for me to follow. I did, and he led me to a spot directly in front of the massive screen. A soft blanket was already spread out, surrounded by plush pillows, a giant bowl of popcorn, and a pile of my favorite candy.

Seriously—could he be any sweeter? I smiled widely, shaking my head.

“Did you set all this up for me too?” My voice was warm.

“Only the best for you. Go on, get comfortable. I’ll have them start the movie, and I’ll send the rest of the staff home.” He gave me another soft smile.

I couldn’t help it. I grabbed his shirt, pulled him closer, and kissed him—long and sincere—before letting go and smiling up at him.

“You’re incredible,” I whispered as I settled onto the blanket.

Davidson disappeared for a moment, leaving me surrounded by all the little details he’d planned. I couldn’t wipe the smile from my face. A minute later, he returned and joined me on the blanket. The opening credits of *50 First Dates* began to roll across the big screen.

That movie had always been one of my favorites—one I could watch again and again. Davidson stretched out and patted his chest for me to come closer. Laughing, I lay down with my head on his chest. He wrapped an arm around me.

The movie played on, filling the air with soft laughter and dialogue, but neither of us said a word. I used to think perfect dates were just stories people told, but tonight Davidson was proving otherwise.

By the time the second movie started, neither of us was paying much attention to what was happening on the screen. Davidson's body was pressed to mine, his kisses growing deeper, and the movie faded into the background. Honestly, I didn't even remember how we'd gotten here—one minute we were laughing at a joke, and the next he was hovering over me, and I wasn't going to complain.

My hands slid along his back, my fingertips brushing his warm skin. Every time I touched him, Davidson's muscles tightened, that familiar shiver running through him.

His hand traveled up my thigh as we kissed, and suddenly we were acting like a pair of teenagers sneaking around.

"We should behave," I said between kisses. "I'm pretty sure Barry doesn't want to walk in on this." I couldn't help laughing, thinking of the poor guy running the projector.

"Barry, you can go home! Just shut everything down!" Davidson yelled.

"As you wish, Mr. Briggs!" Barry's voice called back, cheerful and amused.

I bit my lip, smiling in disbelief. Davidson had no shame, and now Barry knew exactly what we were up to. The screens went dark, leaving us with only moonlight and the soft glow of distant lamps. After a quick farewell, Barry left, and we were completely alone.

“Did you seriously just do that?” I laughed.

“It’s fine. Honestly, it’s the perfect excuse for him to leave early.” He grinned, then his voice dropped. “And if I’m being honest, I’ve always wanted to try this—making love outside, just you and me, under the stars.”

Davidson only smiled, utterly pleased with himself.

“Are you always this cheesy?” I scoffed.