

A Favor 93

Chapter 93

“Of course. Actually, I can be even cheesier if you want,” he said with that ridiculous, proud smile.

I rolled my eyes, laughing—until Davidson caught me mid-laugh and kissed me hard, cutting it off. He moved closer, and a rough, unfiltered sound slipped from me, making him smile against my mouth. Sometimes he was way too smug.

His kisses moved from my lips to my neck, kissing and biting my skin.

I moaned loudly and tangled my fingers in his hair.

My hands roamed over his body, soaking in the heat of his skin. I grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head, tossing it to the ground before pushing him onto his back and climbing on top of him. I kissed his chest and stomach, then sat up and pulled my dress over my head, letting it fall beside his shirt.

“You’re so fucking hot,” he growled as he sat up and kissed my stomach.

A deep moan left me as I felt his warm, soft lips against my skin. His hands slid along my back, unclasping my bra.

He shifted, bracing himself, and reached for me. His mouth closed over my left nipple, sucking and teasing before he did the same to the right.

I moaned again, feeling them harden under his mouth. His hands and lips wandered everywhere, exploring every inch of me he could reach. I writhed in his arms, lost in the sensation of his touch.

I reached between us and unbuttoned his jeans. He lifted his hips, letting me slide his jeans and boxers down his legs. He kicked them off and helped me tug my panties down until we were both completely naked.

He pulled me into his lap, holding me tight as I straddled him. His fingers threaded into my hair, drawing me closer as our mouths met in a deep, hungry kiss. Our hands and mouths moved everywhere, desperate to explore and memorize every part of each other.

Something about this time felt different, even though I couldn't put it into words. I only knew it wasn't like before.

He reached for his wallet, took out a condom, tore the wrapper, and rolled it on. His hands slid down my back and settled on my hips. I wrapped my arms around his neck, lined myself up, and slowly sank down onto him. We both moaned, the sound echoing in the open space.

Our bodies moved together in a slow, passionate rhythm—smooth and deep. It felt like we were slipping into a different world, just the two of us, moving in perfect harmony. The passion between us was undeniable. Everything about it—our kisses, our touches, every moment—felt new and different.

The intensity built in tandem until it finally broke, and we clung to each other as the euphoria faded. I sank against his chest as we both tried to steady our breathing. He stroked my hair while my body slowly relaxed, and he held me close.