

A Favor 94

Chapter 94

I listened to his heartbeat, pounding hard beneath my ear. He reached up and lifted my chin until I looked into his eyes, then brushed my cheek with his fingertips.

“That was incredible,” he whispered.

“It was—and it felt different,” I murmured.

“I know. I felt it too,” he said softly, and kissed me gently. He rested his forehead against mine.

“Winona, I think I’m more in love with you than I realized,” he said, his voice trembling.

“I know. I feel it too,” I replied.

I couldn’t fully understand everything that was happening between us. What had started as an arrangement and a little casual sex had turned into something deeper in just a few days. I felt confused—but I wanted to keep going.

Winona’s POV:

It was Monday, which meant I had to go to work. Davidson and I had to act as professionally as possible. That was going to be difficult after last night. I couldn't explain what was happening to me.

I realized I was falling for him. The thought had never crossed my mind during all the time I'd worked for him. And yet now, after only a few weeks, we felt like a couple. It wasn't pretend anymore. It was real.

It felt like too much to process, so I tried not to think about it. I had work that needed my attention.

When I lowered my gaze again, my phone buzzed on my desk with a new message. I grabbed it and smiled before I even opened it when I saw his name.

Davidson had sent me a shirtless photo of himself. I stared at it for a second, wondering where it had come from. He'd never done something like that. Not that I was complaining. It was a very sexy picture, and he'd obviously taken it himself.

He wrote: "Hey, beautiful, I'm bored. Come see me. Did you like the photo? LOL."

I laughed and rolled my eyes as I read it. It sounded exactly like him.

I replied: "Hey, handsome, I can't. People like me have to work for a living. Money doesn't fall from the sky. And yes, I really liked the photo."

Davidson responded: "Hey! That was just cruel. Come on, sweetheart, stop by for a minute, please." He sent a sad emoji. "I'll even add a bonus to your next paycheck. And since you liked my photo so much, I think it's only fair you send me one with half as much clothing."

I texted back: "So now you're bribing me with a bonus? That definitely won't start any gossip. I might send you a photo later... or I might not... you're going to have to try a lot harder to convince me."