

A Favor 95

Chapter 95

Davidson replied: “No one can talk if they don’t know anything, sweetheart. And is that a challenge? You already learned how persuasive I can be. You swore over and over you’d never end up with me, and yet here we are—and yes, I’m smiling while I type this. Come on, sweetheart, come by for a minute. I’m losing my mind. I just want one kiss, I swear. You want it too. Last night proved you can’t resist me.”

A silent groan slipped out of me, grateful my office was empty as memories of last night came rushing back—especially the feeling of being with him under the stars. The thought alone left me breathless.

I answered: “Look at you, so full of yourself. With that attitude, I’m definitely not coming to your office.”

Davidson replied: “Don’t push it, Miss Winona. I’ll come over there and drag you into my office if I have to.”

A quiet laugh escaped me because I knew he would, too. I shook my head and decided it was better to go to his office myself. A small break wouldn’t hurt. As I walked down the hall toward his door, I could feel people’s eyes on me, probably wondering whether this visit was work-related—or something else.

I didn’t care about their looks. I kept walking until I reached his office. When I stepped inside, he was already there, leaning back in his chair with his feet up on the desk and his arms crossed. A wicked smile curled his lips.

“I knew you wouldn’t be able to resist,” he said, winking.

"Do you want me to turn around and leave, Mr. Arrogant?" I asked.

"No, that would be cruel," he replied, pouting. "Come here, please." He stayed in his chair and looked at me with puppy eyes.

I walked up to his desk and stopped on the other side, keeping some distance.

"What exactly do you want from me?" I asked with a sweet smile.

"I want you to come much closer," he said with a laugh, gesturing to the space right in front of his chair.

I rolled my eyes, laughing as I walked around the desk to stand beside him. He reached out and pulled me in, guiding me between his knees, his hands settling on my hips. He looked up at me with a ridiculously happy smile.

"Can I do something for you?" I asked, arching a brow.

"Yes. I want a kiss," he said, grinning.

"No. I'm not giving you one," I replied, trying to sound smug.

Clearly, he didn't accept that. He tugged me onto his lap, and I ended up straddling his hips with a small yelp because I hadn't expected it.

Davidson laughed at my reaction. He slid his hands up my back and hugged me tight.

"Can I have that kiss now, please?" he asked, winking.

I shook my head, but I leaned in anyway and pressed my lips to his in a soft kiss. He kissed me back just as gently, and I felt his smile against my mouth. We pulled apart after a few seconds, though he kept me sitting on his lap. Then he opened his eyes and gave me a wide grin.

"Thank you," he said.

"You're welcome. Is this how things are going to be now? Am I ever going to finish my work if you keep distracting me, boss?" I asked, smiling.