

A Favor 96

Chapter 96

His hands slid slowly along my body until they rested on my ass. Then he leaned in and kissed my neck softly for a brief moment before looking back at my face.

“I told you—I’m a very affectionate man, and I like stealing little moments with you whenever I can. There’s nothing wrong with that, is there?” he asked quietly.

A small nod was all I could manage. No one had ever treated me like this, and it would take time to learn how to handle it. The idea of one of my coworkers walking in still made my stomach twist. If anyone saw us, I’d die of embarrassment and probably never be able to look them in the eye again. As for my personal life, I liked keeping things private.

“There’s nothing wrong with it. I’m just not used to it yet,” I said, biting my lip.

“If you’re going to stay with me, sweetheart, you’ll have to get used to it,” he said casually, cupping my face and kissing me softly.

“I’ll work on it. Tell me—what are you actually doing? How are you bored with all that work waiting for you?” I laughed.

“I know I should be working, but I got nervous. Then I thought of something that might help.” He smiled. “I thought I’d flirt with my sexy assistant. It’s way more exciting than anything on my desk.”

“Has it occurred to you that your assistant is very busy?” I asked, laughing.

“Look, I’m the one who signs her paycheck, so I have the authority to steal a few minutes whenever I want,” he said with far too much confidence.

I gave his chest a light tap and started laughing, which made him laugh too. Then he framed my face with both hands and pulled me in. His mouth found mine in a deep, lingering kiss, and I couldn’t stop the soft sound that slipped from my throat against his warm lips.

When we finally pulled apart, his expression shifted. He still held me, but his gaze looked a little more serious, like something heavy had settled at the edge of his thoughts.

“Actually, I called you over for a reason. It wasn’t just to steal a few kisses,” he said, with a small smile that helped me breathe again.

“Is something wrong?” I asked.

“I don’t think so. I just don’t know if it’s too soon to bring it up,” he admitted, biting his lower lip in a way that showed his nerves.

I watched him, feeling curious and tense at the same time. I had no idea what he was about to ask. His uncertainty spread through me and settled in my chest, and from the look on his face, I knew my confusion was obvious.

“I’m going to Colorado from Thursday to Monday. I booked the room a while ago. It’s a suite for two, and... I was hoping you’d want to come with me. You can say no. We haven’t really talked about what’s going on between us, but I wanted to ask.” There was a spark of hope in his eyes as he looked at me.