

A Favor 97

Chapter 97

He wanted me to travel with him. I hadn't expected that. Wasn't it moving too fast? Maybe. But the idea of getting away with him—even for a few days—sounded like exactly what we needed. I wanted more time alone with Davidson. This was a chance to figure out what we meant to each other without work and everything else getting in the way.

"Yes, I'll go with you. Maybe those days will help us understand what's really happening between us," I said shyly.

"You will?" His face lit up, and genuine excitement made his eyes shine.

"Yes," I replied, smiling as I nodded.

Relief washed over him instantly. He kissed me quickly, then hugged me tight, happy.

"Thank you. Now, back to work. I can't have my favorite assistant sitting here doing nothing, can I? We'll talk later," he teased, a mischievous smile on his face.

I shook my head, smiling as I leaned in to steal one last kiss before climbing off his lap. He gave my ass a playful smack as I stood, and I shot him a sultry smile over my shoulder, winking just to tease him.

These next few days together were going to be anything but ordinary. I could already tell I'd have to buy new clothes—and maybe some lingerie—just for the occasion.

Davidson's POV:

I felt nervous as I pulled up in front of Winona's place. Today we were leaving for Colorado. I hoped these days away would help us understand what had been happening between us. I had to admit things had gotten deeper. We both knew it.

I took a couple of deep breaths before climbing the stairs. We needed to get to the airport soon to catch our flight. I tried to get a grip on myself. We were only going for a few days. It wasn't like we were getting married or anything. I went up and knocked on her apartment door.

"If it's you, Davidson, come in. If you're crazy, you've got the wrong place."

I laughed and walked in, only to find her rushing back and forth. I leaned against the wall, watching her with a smile. She paused and looked at me.

"I'm glad my stress is entertaining you," she said, pouting.

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry." I mirrored her pout, then wrapped my arms around her. "Why are you stressed? Is there anything I can do to help?" I added with a smile.

"I overslept. I still have to pack a few things, and I need to make sure I have my passport," she said.

"Go get your passport. I'll finish packing. Did you already pick out your clothes?" I asked.

She nodded and leaned in to kiss me.

"Thank you," she murmured.

I went to her room and packed the rest of her things into her suitcase. She hadn't brought much luggage, which caught me off guard. I'd always assumed women packed a lot for trips. I locked up her room and found her waiting by the door.

"Thanks," she said, smiling as she gave me a gentle kiss.

"You're welcome. Come on, sweetheart. We should go. We'll grab coffee on the way—I know you always want coffee at this hour," I said with a laugh.