

A Favor 99

Chapter 99

"Incredible, right? Come on, let's take a look," I said, smiling as I took her hand and led her inside.

We wandered through the place, taking in every detail. The cabin felt perfect—like the kind of place where you could spend years building a life. For a moment, I let myself imagine it: a future here, maybe even a family, laughter echoing down the halls.

The thought made me smile, but it vanished just as quickly when I remembered everything that had gone wrong with Leona—how easily dreams could turn into regrets.

"Davidson, are you okay?" Winona took my hand.

"Sorry. I was just thinking," I said, my voice turning a little heavy.

"About what? Tell me, sweetheart. What's on your mind?" She gave me a gentle smile.

"It's nothing important. I guess I pictured myself living here someday, with my own family. Then I remembered why everything fell apart before. But we're here now, and I just want us to enjoy this. I want to leave all that mess behind." As I spoke, I wrapped my arms around her waist.

Winona slid her arms around my neck, pulling me closer. "You could still have that someday, Davidson. You're young. There's still time," she said softly, but with certainty.

“Maybe. Who knows? Time has a funny way of working things out,” I replied, then leaned in and kissed her, holding onto that sweetness for a second before letting her go.

We spent the next while exploring the rest of the cabin together. It seemed endless, like a place built for new beginnings.

“We should have sex in the hot tub,” I suggested, grinning at her.

“And right there, in front of that fireplace,” she said, her eyes lighting up as she grinned back.

“Oh, I planned to make love to you in every room in this cabin, sweetheart,” I said, lowering my voice.

A soft moan slipped from her as she pulled me in and kissed me with a hunger that left no room for doubt.

“I can’t wait, but first we have to pick up a few things in town. After that, you can do whatever you want to me,” she teased, laughing as she leaned into me.

“Fine, party pooper,” I said with a laugh.

Our mouths found each other again, the kiss turning deeper and more urgent until the errands became a distant thought. With her in my arms, everything else simply disappeared. She made me forget everything but her—the feel of her skin, the way she fit against me. She started stripping me, tossing my clothes aside until they were a heap on the floor.

“Maybe we should have a quick one first,” she whispered, low and inviting.

“I like the way you think,” I murmured, smiling as I eased her back onto the couch and climbed over her.