Intern 100

Chapter 100

As the group settled into enjoying their drinks and the assortment of food, a steward approached Maya with a polite nod.

“Miss Thompson, if you would follow me, please.”

Maya glanced at Harper, who was lounging comfortably nearby, sunglasses perched on her

nose.

“I’ll come with you,” Maya began, but Harper shook her head, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

“Thanks, but I’m going to soak up some Vitamin D while I can,” she said, stretching out luxuriously. “Trying to get that perfect sun-kissed glow before the island.”

With a playful wink, Harper added, “Go on! Just don’t have all the fun without me!”

Maya let out a soft laugh, but the flutter in her chest refused to settle as she followed the steward below deck-uncertain why she was being summoned, or why her pulse had suddenly quickened.

Maya followed the steward as he gestured politely down the corridor.

“Miss Thompson, this will be your room during the sail,” he said, stopping in front of a wide, double-door suite near the center of the vessel.

She blinked. Surely not.

But when he opened the doors, her breath hitched.

The room was massive. Cream and gold accents. A plush king-sized bed. Floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the water. A private lounge and desk. Even a walk-in closet. It wasn’t just a room-it was the Master Suite.

She hesitated at the threshold. “There must be a mistake-this is-”

“No mistake,” the steward replied with a courteous nod. “It’s only an hour and a half to the island, but should you wish to rest or freshen up, the space is yours for the journey.”

Before she could question further, he bowed slightly and left her alone.

Maya stepped inside slowly, her eyes wide as they traced the polished gold fixtures, the soft cream linens, the subtle floral arrangement near the writing desk. It was too much. Too luxurious. Too… his.

Her heart skipped as the soft click of the door made her spin around.

Damien stood there.

Framed in the doorway like a storm waiting to break-arms crossed, shoulders broad, jaw shadowed with days of travel. His eyes were unreadable, but the tension in them? Undeniable

“Mr. Bla- I mean… Damien… I…”

She faltered, breath catching as he stepped inside without a word, closing the door behind him with slow, deliberate finality.

It wasn’t just a door closing. It was the air shifting. The tension snapping tight.

He moved toward her-unhurried, lethal in his calm-until she could feel the heat rolling off him in waves. Her lungs refused to expand.

Then he spoke-low, rough, laced with something that made her stomach twist.

“Did you think I wouldn’t come?”

Maya’s lips parted, but the words stuck.

Her voice finally found her, faint and unsure. “I… no, I didn’t think you would. I thought you were still on a business trip.”

He tilted his head, that infamous smirk curling slowly at the corner of his mouth. “I was. But I have to head back right away.”

A pause. A heartbeat.

“Because I heard something… interesting.”

He took another step, closer now.

Then-his voice dropped, low and velvety, almost a whisper.

Teasing. Dangerous.

“Something about red bikinis. Man hunting. Meeting the man of your life… and hmm-what was it again? A tall, dark, delicious stranger your friend is apparently manifesting just for you?”

Maya groaned, her entire face turning crimson. She slapped her hands over her face like she could disappear. “Oh my God. No. I will actually kill Harper.”

That earned a rare sound from Damien-a low, amused chuckle. Genuine. Disarming.

“So I had to come,” he said, voice softening. “To make sure it won’t happen.”

Her arms crossed before she could think, her voice rising in flustered panic. “What?! No! It won’t! Never!”

His brows lifted, the smirk returning, more dangerous this time.

“Oh? Never? Why?”