Intern 102

Chapter 102

“Because it’s easier to miss you than to look you in the eye.”

The moment those words left her lips, something shattered inside him.

That simple confession tore through the walls Damien had spent years building-walls of control, distance, denial. All crumbling in the space between her breath and his heartbeat.

But he didn’t move.

Didn’t pounce.

Because restraint was all he had left.

His body thrummed with tension, with need, but his control? Immaculate. Torturous.

“Because looking at me makes you feel everything you’re not ready to say out loud.” His voice was low, steady. Then he took a step closer, lifting his fingers-just barely-and brushed her cheek. A single stroke.

Slow. Reverent. Dangerous.

From the outside, it looked soft. Almost tender.

But inside? He was burning.

Because if she knew-if she had the faintest idea what it took for him to stop there, to keep his mouth from crashing down on hers, to keep from laying her across that bed and worshiping every inch of her skin-he wasn't sure she'd ever look at him the same way again.

And Maya?

She closed her eyes.

Felt everything in that one touch.

Her body leaned into his fingers before she could stop it-drawn, pulled, answering

something wordless between them.

Damien's jaw clenched. His thumb lingered at the corner of her mouth.

She was unraveling him. Slowly. Completely.

“Maya…” he said-her name breaking from his throat in a voice low and rough, almost a growl. “You have no idea… what you’re doing to me.”

“I wanted to call you,” he rasped, voice soaked in hunger-barely restrained, like it hurt to speak. “Every damn night.”

Maya blinked, barely able to find her voice. “Then… why didn’t you?”

He inhaled-sharp, unsteady-like her question struck a nerve he hadn’t armored.

“Because if I had… I wouldn’t have stopped. I would’ve booked the next flight and gone straight to you. And I wouldn’t have let you go.”

The air between them pulsed.

Thick. Breathless. Alive.

Their unspoken desires coiled tighter, louder, more dangerous. But neither of them moved.

Because even as their bodies ached, what passed between them now was deeper than heat.

It was surrender-just waiting for permission.

“Damien…” she started, barely above a whisper.

But to him, it landed like a moan. Soft. Sexy. Breathless.

Her lashes lowered, fingers fidgeting at the hem of her dress. Her voice trembled on his name-like saying it made the feeling more real. Made him more real.

A pause stretched between them-not awkward, but intimate. Loaded with tension. Thick with unspoken things that buzzed in the air like electricity waiting to spark.

Damien slipped a hand around her waist and pulled her closer.

She didn’t resist.

Instead, her palms came to rest flat against his chest, as if her body already knew where it belonged. As if his heartbeat steadied hers.

Then he lowered his head-slow, deliberate-until she felt the heat of his breath ghost along her skin.

And when he spoke, it came out low and rough, barely more than a growl against her ear.

“You’re like a drug, Maya. I’m trying to stay away… but I can’t.”

The rawness in his voice-unapologetic, aching-cracked something wide open inside her.

She didn’t know how to respond.

Didn’t know how to breathe when he looked at her like that-not like she was a girl he desired

but like she was the one thing in the world that silenced the chaos inside him.

“… Why me?” she asked, voice barely steady.

Damien drew back slightly, brows knitting in confusion. “What?”

She hesitated-then gently pulled away, just enough to put a few inches between them. Enou gh to find her voice.

“I mean…” She took a breath. “You belong in glass towers. Helicopters. Private yachts and jets. Champagne, designer suits, red carpet events. Magazine covers. You’re surrounded by people who don’t worry about bills or broken shoes.”