Intern 103

Chapter 103

Her voice trembled.

“I don’t fit in that world. Your world.”

Damien’s expression changed-sharp and still, like a storm gathering.

“I ride buses,” she said quietly. “I use coupons. I’ve spent half my life learning how to stretch

my rent.” a dollar. And you? Your suits probably cost more than

She dropped her gaze.

“I’m just… temporary. A charity case the universe threw a little luck at. I got lucky-just lucky- to land that internship. Six months. That’s all it is.”

Her breath shook.

“Our paths weren’t supposed to cross. I’m supposed to be making coffee. Sending emails. Organizing reports and printing documents. And you-you’re supposed to be upstairs in your office, signing contracts, making power moves, deciding the future.”

Her voice cracked, barely holding on.

“I’m just ordinary. The kind of girl people forget when the next shiny thing walks in.”

A long silence fell between them.

And then his voice came-low, dangerous, laced with fire.

“Don’t you dare ever say that again.”

Her eyes snapped up to his, startled by the heat there.

“You think I care about the world I was born into?” His voice was hard, tight with emotion.” You think I’d risk everything-my company, my control-for someone temporary?”

She froze.

“You’re right. I don’t care about most of my employees. Especially not interns. As long as they do their job, meet deadlines, produce outcomes-I don’t look twice.”

He took a step toward her.

“And to be honest, I never even gave that internship program a second thought. It was PR strategy. A social responsibility checkbox. A polished image.”

He paused.

“But you-” his voice cracked just slightly, like he couldn’t believe it either, “-the moment I saw you, you did something to me.”

His hand lifted again, cupping her chin with a care that almost hurt. His thumb brushed her cheek-soft but sure, like he needed to touch her. Needed her to hear what came next.

“Something I never thought I’d feel again.”

He held her there, gaze locked on hers, nothing in his voice but truth.

“I don’t care if you don’t fit into my world, Maya.”

His tone dropped to a whisper.

“I care that I don’t fit anywhere without you.”

Her heart slammed so hard against her ribs, she was sure he could feel it.

Maya swallowed. Then dared to whisper, “Don’t… don’t say that.”

Her voice faltered, barely holding together. “You’re just saying that… but you don’t mean it. When the interest passes, you’ll… you’ll leave. Just like everyone else.”

Damien’s jaw clenched-tight, sharp-already knowing where she was going.

“You’re wrong,” he said, his voice low but unwavering. “You’re so damn wrong if you think you’re just some passing interest. Some… infatuation.”

He took a step back-ran a hand down his face, tension rippling through every line of his

body.

“If you only knew,” he muttered, almost to himself. “What I’ve had to do. What I have to give up. The decisions I’ve made-”

He stopped.

Swallowed hard.

Too much. Too soon.

His jaw tensed again-not from doubt, but from restraint. From how much truth he was holding in. And how badly he wanted to tell her everything.

A breath escaped him. Frustrated. Raw.

Then his eyes locked on hers, voice low and aching.

“Maya… this is real. I’m real. What I feel for you? It’s real. I’m not perfect, and my world is far from it– but I’m trying. And I need time. I need you to trust me.”

He stepped closer, leaned in-so close she could feel his breath against her skin.

Then, softer than a kiss, he whispered against her ear:

“Just know that… I meant every damn word.”

Maya’s breath caught.

And just like that, the ground beneath her shifted.

The second those words wrapped around her, something inside her unraveled-quiet and irreversible.

It wasn’t just a confession.

It was a vow.

She blinked up at him, her heart thundering so loud she was sure he could hear it.

“I’m scared,” she whispered, voice barely audible. “Not because I don’t believe you… but because… because I think I do.”

She looked away for a second-then back again, eyes glistening, but steady.

“And if I believe you… it means I have something to lose.”

Damien’s eyes darkened-not with lust, but with something deeper. Fiercer.

He stepped in, so close she could feel the warmth of his breath against her skin. One hand slid to the side of her neck, his thumb brushing lightly under her jaw.

“Then I’ll make damn sure you don’t lose me,” he said, voice low, rough, almost reverent.

He didn’t kiss her.

But he hovered-close enough that the promise of it pulsed in the air between them.

“I’m not going anywhere, Maya.”