

The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 11: A Distraction from the Distraction-1

Damien's POV

The door clicked shut behind James, but the silence he left behind was anything but peaceful.

Damien stood unmoving at the window, hands tucked in the pockets of his tailored slacks, eyes locked on the city that sprawled beneath him like a kingdom he no longer recognized.

"She was crying."

The words rang in his head louder than they should have. Sharper. Unwelcome.

He hadn't asked for details. He didn't need to.

He could already picture it-Maya curled beside the window, small and vulnerable, trying to pretend she wasn't breaking. Trying to stay invisible.

A bitter breath hissed between his teeth.

This is exactly why personal entanglements didn't belong in business.

It was a distraction. A liability. A crack in the glass wall he had built around himself and this company. And still-

Still.

He could feel the memory of her the last time he passed the PR floor. The way she refused to meet his eyes. The barely contained storm behind her silence. The scent of those damn flowers.

Paul Sanders.

The name stuck in his mind like a splinter.

He'd seen the type before. Harmless, perhaps. Well-meaning. But blind to consequence. Sending anonymous flowers to an intern barely four days into the company? Stupid. Disruptive. Reckless.

And Maya had paid the price.

Damien walked back to his desk, jaw tight, and tapped a few keys on his sleek, minimalist

keyboard. Her employee profile came up on screen in seconds.

INTERNAL EMPLOYEE FILE – BLACKWOOD ENTERPRISES

Name: Maya Serene Thompson

Age: 25

Position: Internship – PR Division

Type: OJT/Temporary Assignment

Supervisor: Trina Brooks

Direct Executive Contact: Elle Rochefort

Internship Duration: 6 Months

Requirements: Completed

Performance Notes: On time. Compliant. Observant. Overqualified

Overqualified?

He frowned slightly at the last note, left by Elle.

+25 Pamits

His gaze drifted down to her submitted documents. Her transcript. Cover letter. Even her scanned

barista schedule. He hadn't noticed that before.

Intern Schedule:

- Week 1: Full-Time Orientation
- Starting Week 2: M/W/F (Office Hours – 9 AM to 5 PM)
- Evenings: M/W/F – Eastborough, 7:30-9:00 PM (Business Administration – Full academic

scholarship)

- T/Th/Sat/Sun: Barista (External Employer – registered)

Background:

- Primary guardian to one dependent (Jamie Thompson, age 15)
- Low-income housing district listed on file
- No emergency contact on record

Damien's throat constricted, just slightly.

She was barely keeping it together. The intern everyone whispered about was burning the candle

at both ends, and no one even realized it.

Except now... he knew.

And he hated that it made him feel something.

At the bottom of the screen, a system flag showed:

Unauthorized rooftop access –

He should've closed the window.

He didn't.

Instead, he stared at her photo.

Big, soft eyes. Not naive, but unguarded. Curious. Honest.

Innocent.

Too innocent.

Damien muttered a curse under his breath and reached for his phone.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, willing the headache away.

This was about control. About the environment he had built.

*25 Points

His rules had worked for years-no distractions, no attachments. Keep things clean. Efficient. Safe.

And yet, here she was.

Throwing him off balance with nothing but silence and soft-spoken defiance. No flirting. No games. She didn't want his attention.

She didn't even want Paul's.

Damien straightened and snapped his laptop shut. Something twisted in his chest-sharp,

unwelcome. It wasn't guilt. And it wasn't quite anger. It was something worse. Something he didn't

have a name for.

Something worse.

Possessiveness.

He hated it.

He was used to owning companies. Negotiating billion-dollar deals. Not... wondering if a woman had eaten lunch. Not hearing her name and feeling something.

He pressed a button on his phone.

James answered instantly. “Yes, sir?”

“The usual. Monarch Hotel. Penthouse. Tonight.”

“Confirmed. Preferences?”

“Something different. New. NDA signed.”

“Understood.”

He ended the call without another word.

Maya Thompson was a distraction.

And he was going to fuck her out of his system.

Hours Later – Monarch Hotel, Penthouse Suite

The woman waiting in his penthouse was stunning. Objectively, that is.

+25 Points

Tall. Curvy. Lethally sexy. She wore lingerie under an open silk robe and heels that belonged on a stripper pole. Her lips were blood red, her eyes dark with heavy makeup, and her perfume choked the air before she even moved.

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 11: A Distraction from the Distraction-2

“Mr. Blackwood,” she purred with a smirk, rising slowly as he entered. “I hope you’re ready to be...

handled.”

He didn't flinch. He stepped forward, dropped onto the nearest couch with deliberate calm, and

met her gaze with icy precision.

"Strip," he said. "Now."

She raised a brow, amused. "Straight to it, huh?"

"I didn't come here to talk," he said flatly, already rolling up his sleeves. "And I have no interest in

your voice."

Her smile widened. "Knew you'd be rough."

She dropped the robe without hesitation, striking a pose like a centerfold-legs slightly parted,

chest pushed forward, her expression dripping with confidence.

He didn't flinch.

Didn't even look her in the eye.

He wasn't here for that.

No kissing. Never.

Kissing was personal.

This was anything but.

With precise detachment, he unbuckled his belt, pulled out a condom from his wallet, and rolled it

1. No ceremony. No seduction.

Just control.

“Bend over,” he ordered, his voice low and razor-sharp.

She obeyed instantly, palms against the wall, arching for him.

He didn’t warn her.

He simply thrust in.

A broken moan tore from her throat. “Harder,” she gasped. “Fuck, yes-harder”

But he didn’t speak.

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Chapter 11 A Distraction from the Distraction?

Didn't whisper. Didn't groan.

425 Points

His hands gripped her hips with unrelenting force as he drove into her, hard and fast, every movement calculated-merciless. Her fingernails clawed at his shoulders, trying to hold on, trying

to draw him closer.

But he didn't want closeness.

He wanted silence.

Obedience.

An outlet.

He wasn't here for her.

And she wasn't who he wanted.

Because even now-even buried deep inside this woman-his mind was betraying him.

Not with her curves.

Not with her voice.

Not with her.

But with another woman entirely.

Maya Thompson.

That soft mouth she bit when nervous. The wide, innocent eyes that shimmered even when she tried to stay strong. The quiet defiance in her when she stood tall, even as the world chipped away

at her.

That woman haunted him.

Even now.

Even here.

Even while he was fucking someone else.

And when he came, it was mechanical.

Efficient.

Empty.

No pleasure.

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Chapter 11 A Distraction from the Distraction 2

Just release.

+75 Ронів

He pulled out without a word, discarding the used condom like an afterthought. The woman

leaned against the wall, breathless and wrecked-hair tangled, makeup smeared, a smug little

smile on her face like she thought she'd accomplished something.

"Well... that was intense," she panted.

Damien had already turned away, unbothered, walking toward the adjoining room.

"Dress," he said coldly, grabbing a fresh shirt from the closet. "James will see you out."

She blinked, still half-naked. "That's it?"

He didn't even glance at her.

"It was never more than that."

She scoffed softly behind him but didn't argue. She knew the rules. No sleepovers. No kissing. No

second time.

And definitely no staying past the hour.

As she dressed, Damien shut the bathroom door behind him and turned on the water.

Scalding hot.

He stripped quickly and stepped into the steam, tilting his head back as it poured over his skin like

punishment.

He should've felt better.

Lighter.

Loosened.

But all he felt was-

Frustrated.

Tense.

The sex had done nothing.

Nothing except make the ache worse.

Because even in that penthouse suite, even with a willing body at his mercy, his mind hadn't been

on her.

Not the one he just fucked. But the one who didn't even know the power she held over him.

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Chapter 11 A Distraction from the Distraction

The hot water scalded his skin, but it wasn't enough to burn her out of his mind.

+25 Parts

Damien braced his hands against the tile wall, breathing heavily as the water streamed down his

back.

He'd just fucked a woman whose name he didn't even bother to ask.

And yet-his body was betraying him.

Fuck.

He's hard.. again!

Harder than he'd been with the woman moments ago.

Because this time, it wasn't anonymous.

It wasn't faceless.

It was her. The image of her flooded him like a curse he couldn't shake.

His hand moved down. Slowly. Begrudgingly.

He shouldn't.

He didn't do this.

But now?

He fucking needed to.

He gritted his teeth, groaning low as his hand gripped around his shaft, stroking harder with each passing second.

He imagined her pressed against the glass of his office window-bare, breathless, trembling. That innocence in her eyes twisted with the way he'd bend her to his will. How she'd gasp when he took control-shocked at the side of herself she'd never known existed.

How she'd say his name.

No moaning, no screaming-just that one soft gasp:

Damien.

Wide-eyed. Breathless. His hand on her throat. Her legs trembling under his touch.

Mine.

He'd bend her over his desk, make her say his name. Cry out for him. Break for him.

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Chapter 11 A Distraction from the Distraction-2

Not gentle. Never that.

But never cruel, either.

Only his.

He gritted his teeth, strokes growing faster. Rougher.

Possessive.

She wouldn't need to beg.

He'd know what she wanted.

He'd give it to her.

But no one else could.

No one else would touch her.

Ever.

The pressure built like a damn breaking inside his chest.

And when he came this time, it wasn't empty.

It was violent.

Hot.

Raw.

He came hard, groaning her name against the tile.

His forehead hit the wall. He slammed his palm against the wall, cursing under his breath as

release overtook him.

Fuck.

He was losing control.

He hated it.

The water kept pouring.

But it couldn't wash her away.

No matter how hard he tried.

He had to end this... before it became something he couldn't bury.

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Chapter 11 A Distraction from the Distraction 2

+25 Points

Before Maya Thompson got under his skin more than she already had.

And as the water scalded him clean, Damien faced the truth he couldn't drown-Maya Thompson wasn't just under his skin. She was inside him. And that... was dangerous.

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 12: Just One Breath-1

Maya's POV

By the time Maya got home that Friday night, it was almost 9:30 PM.

She let the door close behind her with a soft click and just stood there for a second – silent, still,

and spent. Her bag dropped to the floor. Her shoes came off with a weak kick. And for the first

time in days, she let herself exhale.

She was home.

The house was quiet, save for the gentle hum of the fridge and the faint clink of Jamie's spoon

from the kitchen. He looked up from a bowl of instant noodles, eyes sleepy but happy.

"Hey," he greeted with a tired grin. "You're late."

"Traffic," she mumbled, crossing the room to press a kiss to the top of his head. "How was your

day?"

“Same as usual,” he replied. “Ms. Janice dropped off lasagna. It’s in the fridge if you’re hungry.”

Her chest warmed a little at that. Ms. Janice, their sweet retired neighbor, always managed to show up when they needed something the most. Quiet, small gestures that filled the cracks where the world had broken.

“I’ll reheat some later,” Maya said, offering a tired smile.

Jamie studied her for a beat too long.

“You look like you didn’t eat today.”

She blinked. “I’m fine.”

“You should eat,” he said simply, eyes back on his bowl.

Maya didn’t reply. She couldn’t. He knew. He always knew.

She watched him for a moment – slim, pale, too young to carry the weight he did – and her heart squeezed. Tomorrow was his doctor’s appointment. She didn’t dare hope for a miracle. She just

wanted to hear one word:

Stable.

Not cured. Not cleared. Just... stable. Something to buy them time.

She retreated to the bathroom, peeling off her clothes and stepping under the barely-warm water.

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+25 Pords

The heater had been unreliable lately, and honestly, she couldn't remember the last time she'd had a truly hot shower. Still, she scrubbed away the day-her exhaustion, the whispers, the damn

flowers.

The bouquet had been tossed, recycled like trash. But the stares clung to her skin like a stain. The rumors. The assumptions. The danger. The risk.

She couldn't afford that kind of attention. Not from anyone.

The risk.

She couldn't afford to be under Damien Blackwood's radar. Not like that. The rumors alone could end her internship. And this opportunity, this chance – meant everything.

Tomorrow, she'd be off from both jobs. Her coffee shop manager had kindly agreed to give her the day for Jamie's appointment. A full, uninterrupted Saturday to breathe. Maybe even sleep. The past week had pushed her to her limit, stretched her to exhaustion.

She was grateful for the internship. It was rare. Competitive. Life-changing. But the full-time setup this first week had cost her dearly-tips, overtime, and a full week's barista pay. The stipend from Blackwood Enterprises was generous by corporate standards, but barely a dent compared to what

she lost.

Still, she told herself what she always did: It's temporary.

One more step forward. One more sacrifice. One more thread in the tapestry of survival.

When her parents died, it was the day after her 18th birthday.

She remembered blowing out the candles on a homemade cake Jamie had helped bake. Her mother laughed as frosting got on her nose. Her dad kissed her forehead and called her an adult

now.

The next day, she was in a sterile hallway, holding Jamie's hand, being told she had to identify the

bodies.

A semi-truck. A drunk driver. A split-second.

She hadn't cried right away. Not until Jamie asked if they'd ever come back.

From that moment on, everything changed. No aunts, no uncles stepped forward to take them in. She was legally an adult. Jamie was hers to protect.

Her parents left behind a decent insurance policy-enough to get them by. But Jamie's condition surfaced not long after, slowly draining whatever safety net they had left. The hospital bills multiplied. She sold the house. They moved into a smaller place in a low-income district.

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 12 Just One Breath 2

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Chapter 12: Just One Breath-2

She dropped out of college to work full-time. The moment she was offered a scholarship again, she took it-even knowing how brutal the schedule would be. Every class, every shift, every sleepless night-it was all for him.

She ate once a day, sometimes not at all. She skipped every indulgence. Every outfit was thrifted, every dollar saved. All for Jamie's surgery. All for a future that didn't constantly feel like a

countdown.

She returned to the bedroom in silence, tugging on an old hoodie and curling up on the thin mattress beside her brother's room. She stared at the ceiling in the dark, letting the silence wrap

around her.

Next week would be better. Her new schedule-MWF at Blackwood, classes in the evening, barista work the rest of the week-was brutal but doable. She just needed to find the rhythm. Find the

balance.

And keep flying under the radar.

She had to.

Because she couldn't afford to lose this chance.

The thought haunted her into sleep.

Sometime past midnight

The nightmare came as it always did – uninvited. Relentless.

She was 18 again, laughing in the kitchen, her mom smearing frosting on her cheek while her dad held up a cheap balloon that read Congratulations, Adult!

Jamie was small, giggling with two front teeth missing.

Then everything changed.

Flash. Sirens. Screams.

The cake hit the floor. The balloon popped.

She was running.

Metal twisted. A crumpled sedan. A stretcher.

The cold burn of antiseptic and the unforgiving white of hospital walls.

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Chapter 12 Just One Breath 2

“Are you the daughter?” someone asked.

She nodded.

“Can you identify the bodies?”

Her knees buckled.

She was screaming and no one heard her. Crying and no one answered.

And then Jamie, so small, so fragile, looked up at her and asked:

“Are they gone?”

She woke with a gasp.

+25 Points

Her chest heaved as her eyes adjusted to the dark. Sweat clung to her skin. She didn't scream.

Never did.

Just shook in silence.

Jamie stirred in the next room, but didn't wake. Maya squeezed her eyes shut and took a deep

breath.

Another.

And another.

It was just a dream.

But the grief never really left. Just... learned how to wait.

She reached for the cracked phone charging on the floor and checked the time. Almost 4 AM.

A few hours before Jamie's appointment.

Before she had to smile again. Be strong again.

She curled tighter under the blanket, staring at the peeling ceiling above.

Some nights, the past refused to stay buried.

But tomorrow, she'd smile for Jamie.

And next week, she'd find a new routine.

Because she had no other choice.

The night dragged on, and once again, sleep never came. By 6:00 AM, her phone alarm rang, slicing through the stillness. Maya dragged herself out of bed and tiptoed into Jamie's room. He

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Chapter 12 Just One Breath-2

was still fast asleep, curled up peacefully under the thin blanket.

+25 Points

In the kitchen, she began preparing breakfast-pancakes, a rare treat in their home. But she'd managed to grab a few boxes of instant mix the last time she went grocery shopping. It had been on sale, and with a bit of creative budgeting, she squeezed it into their tight allowance – for Jamie, always for Jamie.

Just before 7:00 AM, Maya set the last pancake on the plate and wiped her hands on a towel. She headed to Jamie's room and gently nudged his shoulder.

"Hey," she said softly, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Time to get up. We've got an appointment at

9:00. Don't want to be late."

He stirred, blinking up at her.

"Morning," he said hoarsely. "How late did you get in?"

"Don't worry about it."

He sat up slowly. "You need more sleep."

"And you need to shower," she teased lightly, tapping his leg. "I made pancakes."

That earned her a smirk. "Guilt pancakes?"

"Celebration pancakes," she corrected. "Today's going to be a good day."

Jamie stretched, wincing slightly. "I'm holding you to that."

Jamie was so innocent. So young. Carefree in his own way, despite everything. But as she watched him sit up, still fragile, still far too pale, her heart quietly cracked. He was brave. Braver than any fifteen-year-old should ever have to be. But still... frail.

While he showered, Maya moved around the small bedroom with practiced ease. She made his bed, picked up a pair of socks from the floor, and folded his hoodie at the end of the mattress. It was part of her routine. Quiet acts of care. Her way of showing love. Her way of keeping things

together.

Even when the world kept trying to pull them apart.

They sat down to eat a little after 7:30.

He ate slowly, deliberately, eyes occasionally flicking toward her. "You didn't sleep," he said at one

point, not asking-stating.

slept enough."

“You had a nightmare, didn’t you?”

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Chapter 12 Just One Breath 2

She paused. “It’s nothing.”

“It’s not nothing.”

They stared at each other across the small table. She wanted to lie. Pretend. But she didn’t.

“Sometimes,” she admitted.

He didn't press her. Just nodded once and returned to eating.

It was his way of protecting her. Of carrying a piece of the weight.

+25 Ports

By 8:30, they were dressed and ready. Maya grabbed his medical folder and checked her bag for the third time. Everything was in place.

Outside, the morning was soft and quiet. Their neighbor, Ms. Janice, was already tending to her flowers, humming gently under her breath.

"Heading out?" she asked.

"Hospital checkup," Maya replied.

Ms. Janice gave her a reassuring smile and reached out, squeezing her arm. "I'll be thinking of

both.”

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Jamie stepped forward and gave the woman a gentle nod. “Thanks, Ms. Janice. We’ll see you later.

As they walked toward the bus stop, Maya glanced back once.

Ms. Janice had returned to her flowers, humming quietly.

It felt like a small blessing.

And in Maya’s world-small blessings meant everything.

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 13: Unexpected Encounter-1

Damien's POV

Morning came like a curse.

No dreams. No rest. Just an ever-growing heaviness behind his eyes as the city began to stir

outside the penthouse windows.

Damien didn't bother to sleep. He couldn't.

Sex didn't help. Neither did the shower.

And jerking off to the fantasy of Maya-sweat-slick, trembling, whispering his name-had only

made it worse.

When he stepped out of the shower, still burning with restless energy, he went straight to the bar in his suite. Poured himself a glass of scotch, hoping to drown the unwanted desire in fire and alcohol. He dropped onto the leather couch, towel slung low on his hips, and leaned back.

But his mind betrayed him.

Her again.

Maya, invading the silence. The shape of her mouth. The way she avoided his gaze, like she knew she shouldn't draw his attention. The way she did anyway.

And his body betrayed him, too.

He did it again.

And again.

Three times in one goddamn night. Like some depraved, hormone-fueled teenager.

By 4:30 AM, he gave up on sleep altogether.

He hated mornings like this. Head pounding. Skin hot. Even ice water and another pour of scotch did nothing to cool the fire in his blood. He yanked the towel tighter around his waist, collapsed onto the edge of the bed, and sat there, breathing like he'd just run ten miles.

His body wanted something it had no right to crave.

Her.

It was pathetic. He didn't give a damn about interns. Certainly not about romance. He'd carved that part of his life out years ago-cut it clean. If he needed release, he found someone willing,

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fucked, and moved on. No strings. No emotion. Women were poison. Commitment, a death

sentence.

That was the rule.

Until her.

And now? She was stuck in his head like a goddamn virus.

“Pathetic,” Damien muttered, scrubbing a hand down his face.

Now he was awake, overstimulated, and violently unsatisfied. His body felt like it had been dragged through fire, and his mind? That was worse. Buzzing. Humming with a noise he couldn't

mute.

He poured black coffee with one hand and checked his sss with the other, scanning briefs and updates he didn't care about. Everything felt dull. Distant.

Pointless.

He should have been focused on the groundbreaking ceremony scheduled for later that morning.

It was for a new tech campus-Blackwood East, a billion-dollar expansion that would house emerging AI research, luxury co-living towers, and state-of-the-art corporate suites.

Investors would be there. Photographers. Board members.

He should have cared.

He didn't.

He downed the rest of the coffee and glanced at the time – 5:32 AM. The event started at seven.

He had thirty minutes to suit up and pretend he gave a damn.

And then, finally, he could bury himself in something else.

Something that wasn't her.

The groundbreaking event was already underway by 7:00 AM. Good PR. Great headlines. Not

worth his time.

He stood on the platform in a tailored suit, shovel in hand, camera flashes going off like it was war. All choreographed. All for show. And all bullshit.

He smiled for the photos. Nodded at the mayor. Gave a brief speech someone else wrote.

The usual.

By 8:25, it was over. Damien slipped into the backseat of the car without a word, tugging his tie

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loose and resting his head against the leather.

“I’ll be heading to the office,” he told James, who climbed in beside him.

James didn’t press. He never did. It was why Damien kept him closer than anyone else.

He needed a distraction. Documents. Numbers. Anything but her.

They were halfway to Blackwood Enterprises when Damien heard James speak.

“Isn’t that Ms. Thompson?” he said, his voice casual, eyes fixed on something outside the window.

Damien didn’t respond. Didn’t flinch. He kept his gaze forward, willing himself to ignore it.

James went on, a shade more deliberate now. “She keeps checking her phone. Looks anxious. I’m guessing they’re headed to the hospital.”

A beat.

“That boy with her... probably her brother.”

Something in that last sentence pulled Damien’s attention. His head turned, almost involuntarily.

LUCK DRAW >

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 13: Unexpected Encounter-2

25 Powers

There they were – Maya and the kid –standing at a quiet bus stop off the main road. Maya had her hand on the boy’s shoulder, brows drawn, lips pressed thin. Her phone was in her hand, the screen lighting up every few seconds.

Worry. It was written all over her.

The driver, old but sharp, spoke up from the front. “Poor timing to be waiting on this route. Weekend buses here are always late. Damn transit cuts.”

A pulse of irritation slid through Damien’s jaw. He clenched it. Ignored it.

James turned slightly. “Should we offer them a ride? They look like they’re running late.”

Damien glanced again, and saw it. The way Maya’s shoulders were tensed. The way she kept checking the time. The boy looked pale under the morning sun.

Damien closed his eyes for half a beat.

“You know what to do,” he said gruffly.

James nodded, the faintest glint of satisfaction in his expression.

“Pull over,” he instructed the driver smoothly.

The sleek black Bentley slowed to the curb, the engine purring as it came to a stop.

At first, Maya didn’t notice. Or maybe she just didn’t care.

Until James rolled down the window.

“Good morning, Ms. Thompson!”

Maya blinked, her head jerking toward the voice. “Mr. Horton?! I... what... I mean... I’m sorry-good morning, sir!”

The boy beside her narrowed his eyes slightly, not rudely, but with a guarded sharpness. He didn't speak, just observed.

James smiled. "How are you feeling today? Feeling better?"

That got the boy's attention.

"Feeling better? Why?" His eyes shot to Maya. "What happened? May... are you sick?"

Maya flushed, cheeks turning bright pink. "Ah, no, I'm fine," she said quickly. Then to James, "I'm fine, sir. Thank you."

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Chapter 13 Unexpected Encounter 2

James gave a patient nod, then looked to the boy. “You must be Jamie?”

+25 Points

Maya nodded, but Jamie stepped forward with a small bow. “Good morning, sir. I’m Jamie, Maya’s brother. And you are...?”

“Jamie!” Maya elbowed him gently, embarrassed.

But James just chuckled. “Nice to meet you Jaime. I’m James Horton. Mr. Blackwood’s personal

assistant.”

Jamie beamed slightly. “Nice to meet you, sir!”

James tilted his head. “Where are you two headed?”

Maya hesitated. “Uh, hospital.”

“Then perfect timing,” James said. “This route’s notoriously late on weekends. We’ll drop you off.”

Maya’s lips parted. “Ah, no need, sir. We’ll be fine. Really.”

But Jamie glanced at her and frowned. “May... it’s hot. And we might be late. Let’s take the offer,

okay?”

James grinned. “He’s right. We’re already headed that way. Please, don’t worry. Make yourselves comfortable. Mr. Blackwood is in the back.”

Damien kept his gaze forward-stone still, unreadable.

Maya looked like she wanted to bolt. But she looked at Jamie – already sweating slightly in the morning heat- and finally relented.

Jamie, ever the gentleman, opened the door.

“Ladies first.”

She hesitated... then stepped in.

Damien’s eyes flicked up briefly. And just like that-she was there.

So close.

No makeup. Worn jeans and a faded T-shirt. Scuffed sneakers. Her hair tied loosely back. No heavy perfume-just something soft. Subtle.

Lavender. And underneath it-vanilla. Soft. Clean. Maddening.

His jaw tightened.

His mind, the traitorous bastard, conjured up the image again-her in a shower, water trailing down

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Chapter 13 Unexpected Encounter 2

smooth skin. Damien adjusted slightly in his seat.

He could feel it.

Not again.

Fuck.

She cleared her throat. “Good... good morning, Mr. Blackwood.”

He nodded once, curt. His voice came out lower than intended. “Morning.”

+25 Points

Jamie climbed in behind her and gently closed the door. He leaned forward slightly, his voice

respectful but warm.

“Good morning, sir. I’m Maya’s brother-Jamie. Thank you for the ride. It’s nice to meet you.”

Damien glanced at him and gave a small nod. “You’re welcome.”

He expected awkward silence. But Jamie surprised him.

“Your car’s really nice. It smells expensive.”

Damien smirked despite himself. “That’s because it is.”

Jamie chuckled. “Is that real leather?”

“It is.”

“Cool.”

Damien cleared his throat. “You like cars?”

Jamie lit up. “Yeah! I read about them sometimes. I used to have a toy Bugatti when I was little.”

He glanced at Maya, then added with quiet pride, “Maya says’ I’ll have a real one someday if I study hard. But... I have to get better first. So I can go back to school.”

Jamie brightened at the approval. “I read a lot, too! May brings me books from her school library so I won’t fall too far behind.”

Then, with a spark of pride in his voice, he added, “I really like programming. I’m into codes and numbers. They just... make sense.”

Damien’s eyes flicked toward the boy again, this time lingering.

Programming.

Most kids his age were obsessed with games or influencers or whatever the hell was trending. But this one? He liked logic. Systems. Codes.

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Chapter 13 Unexpected Encounter 2

Damien could respect that.

He leaned forward slightly, his voice quieter now-measured. “What kind of programming interests

you? Web, software, robotics?”

Jamie perked up at the question, clearly not expecting it. “Uhm, I’m still learning... but I like anything with logic puzzles. I watched a documentary on artificial intelligence last month. It was

cool. I want to try Python next.”

Damien raised a brow.

Not bad.

Then Jamie added, “Actually... I read this article a few weeks ago about Blackwood Enterprises. It was about that AI system you guys built to help detect early-stage equipment failure in renewable energy grids? That was awesome. I didn’t understand everything, but the part about predictive learning and data modeling... that stuck with me.

Damien’s attention sharpened.

Most adults in his boardroom couldn’t even articulate that properly.

From the corner of his eye, he noticed Maya.

He caught the change in her-the way her lashes dipped, the subtle curve tugging at the corner of her lips. A fleeting smile, quiet and unguarded, as if she forgot-just for a second-that he was

there.

She tried to hide it, but it was too late.

He'd seen it.

It did something to him.

Something irrational. Dangerous.

He hated it.

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Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 14: Controlled Burn-1

That damn smile. So small. So soft. So real. Not polished like the ones women gave him to

impress. Not seductive. Not calculated.

Just... proud.

Proud of her brother. Proud of something that wasn't even about her.

It made his chest tighten and his thoughts blur. For a fleeting moment, the weight of board

meetings, headlines, and the goddamn groundbreaking ceremony slipped away. The world outside

that car ceased to exist.

All he saw was that smile.

He found himself wanting to see that smile again.

Wanting to be the cause of it.

And that realization?

Fucking infuriating.

Fury tangled with something raw. Unguarded. Far more dangerous.

Damien's fingers drummed against his thigh. This was dangerous. She was too close. The scent of her was messing with him.

She was a distraction.

A complication.

Something he didn't need.

He needed to shut this down. Re-establish distance.

But Jamie spoke again, unknowingly anchoring him there. "Do you work every Saturday, Mr. Blackwood?"

"No," Damien answered, voice clipped but amused. "Just when the PR team drags me into a photo op with a shovel."

Jamie grinned. "Like this morning?"

A small, rare smile ghosted across Damien's lips. "Exactly."

Maya peeked at him, eyes wide and soft, a silent question hanging between them.

Their eyes met for the briefest second.

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Chapter 14 Controlled Burn I

The car rolled forward, the city blurring past. The silence that followed wasn't awkward.

It was... charged.

+74 Ports

And Damien knew, deep in his gut, he was already in trouble.

He needed control.

He needed distance.

But all he could smell was lavender and trouble.

Big fucking trouble.

The car hummed quietly as Damien's thoughts spiraled.

He watched Maya steal glances at Jamie, her expression softening whenever the boy spoke or smiled. There was tenderness there – fierce, protective, and unmistakably real.

His chest ached with something he hadn't felt in years. Something dangerous.

He reminded himself: she was off limits. An intern. A complication.

But how could he resist? How could he ignore the way she smelled-lavender, vanilla, something

clean and pure?

The scent clung to him, weaving through his senses like a potent drug.

He cleared his throat, trying to regain composure. “You mentioned needing to get better before going back to school,” Damien said, trying to sound casual. “Is it something serious?”

Jamie blinked, surprised by the question. “Oh... yeah. I guess.”

Damien caught the subtle shift in Maya’s posture – the way her shoulders tightened, her gaze dropped to her lap, and her lips pressed into a thin, unyielding line.

Jamie, unaware of the storm brewing beside him, continued, “I’ve been in and out of the hospital for a while. My immune system’s kind of messed up, and my heart’s not that great either. I get sick

a lot.”

He said it plainly. No self-pity. No drama. Just facts.

Damien felt that familiar tightening in his chest again – only this time, it wasn’t about Maya. It was the boy. His composure. His courage. His honesty. It wasn’t the way kids his age usually talked.

“And you’re heading to the hospital now? For a checkup?” Damien asked, keeping his voice even.

Jamie nodded. “Yeah. Just a routine one. Nothing major... I think. At least, I hope not.”

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Chapter 14 Controlled Burn 1

There was a beat of silence.

“I’m sure you’ll be alright,” Damien said, quieter now.

Jamie smiled faintly. “Thanks.”

Beside him, Maya still hadn’t said a word.

Damien risked a glance.

174 Parts

She looked... wrecked. Not in a fragile way-but in the way someone looks when they’ve been carrying too much, for too long, and can’t afford to let anything drop.

And suddenly, Damien understood. Why she looked tired all the time. Why she seemed so desperate to stay invisible.

Her entire world sat beside her—small, pale, and far too brave.

“You like school?” Damien asked, shifting gears for both their sakes.

Jamie perked up again. “Yeah! I mean, I miss it. I like learning. Especially math. And science. And I’ve been teaching myself coding while I’m stuck at home.”

LUCK DRAW >

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 14 Controlled Burn 2

+25 Port-

Chapter 14: Controlled Burn-2

Damien let out a low breath. “You ever thought about applying for early mentorship programs?”

Maya turned her head, startled. Her eyes met his for a fleeting second – too brief to hold, but long enough to leave a mark. There was gratitude there. And something else. Something quiet and

unreadable, like even she didn’t have a name for it yet.

Jamie’s eyes widened. “They have those?”

“They do,” Damien said. “Some through Blackwood. Internships for high school students – if your health permits.”

From the corner of his eye, Damien saw Maya fully lift her head now, surprise softening into

something warm.

Jamie was already nodding, excitement flickering to life. “That would be awesome.”

Damien turned toward him. “When you’re ready, have Maya contact my office. We’ll see what we

can do.”

The car fell silent again – but it wasn’t heavy. It was thoughtful. Shifted.

Jamie looked like he’d just been handed a map to another future.

And Maya?

She was staring straight ahead, stunned. Hands clenched tightly in her lap, eyes glistening – caught between gratitude and disbelief.

Damien didn’t speak. He didn’t trust himself to.

Because the weight in his chest had only grown heavier.

Not long after, the car pulled up to the hospital entrance.

The moment it stopped, Jamie was the first to speak. “It was nice meeting you, Mr. Blackwood.

And you too, Mr. Horton.” He leaned forward and gently tapped the driver’s shoulder. “And you, sir. Thank you again for the ride! Take care!”

Damien gave a small nod. James smiled and offered a polite, “You’re welcome.”

The door opened, and Jamie climbed out first.

Maya turned to Damien, her expression reserved but sincere. She offered a subtle bow of her head. “Thank you, Mr. Blackwood. Please take care.”

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Chapter 14 Controlled Burn 2

Then she glanced at James. “Sir.” A soft, silent thank-you in that single word.

But just as she shifted forward to exit, Jamie’s voice cut in.

“May! Wait- not yet!”

+25 Points

He suddenly ducked back into the car, surprising everyone inside. In one swift move, he shut the door again-and since Maya was seated in the middle, she was caught completely off guard.

Her body jerked with the motion and, before she could stop it, she was pushed right up against Damien-thigh to thigh, shoulder grazing his chest.

The contact was brief, accidental.

But it was enough to light a fuse.

Maya’s face turned the shade of a tomato as her shoulder brushed against Damien’s chest, and their knees pressed too closely together. But she quickly pulled herself together, straightened her posture, and scooted back to create space-flustered, but composed.

She shot her brother a look. “What’s wrong with you, Jamie?”

Jamie huffed, clearly annoyed, and pointed toward the hospital entrance. “That weird doctor is

there again. Look!”

Damien and James followed his gesture.

Standing near the entrance was a man in a white coat, probably in his late thirties, holding a takeout bag in one hand and a single red rose in the other. He kept checking his watch, glancing toward the sidewalk like he was waiting for someone.

Jamie leaned forward, his tone laced with frustration. “He probably saw our name on the schedule. He’s going to start pestering you again. I told you he’s weird!”

Damien’s gaze narrowed on the man in the white coat.

Tall, Clean-shaven. Polished in that over-eager way. He had that look-the kind that screamed smug and persistent. The kind that assumed a woman like Maya should feel lucky to be noticed.

Damien’s jaw ticked.

The rose. The fucking rose.

Who the hell brought a rose to a hospital check-up?

The way the man kept looking toward the curb, checking his watch like he was waiting for something personal – it didn't sit right. Not with Damien. Not with the heat crawling under his skin.

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Chapter 14 Controlled Buin 2

Then Jamie's words echoed again.

“He’s going to start pestering you again.”

Pestering. So this wasn’t the first time.

Damien’s fingers curled slightly, resting on his thigh.

He didn’t like it.

+25 Pants

Didn’t like the idea of some persistent doctor making Maya uncomfortable. Didn’t like that Jamie already knew the man’s behavior well enough to be wary. Didn’t like the image of that guy walking toward her, smiling, thinking he had a chance.

And he especially didn’t like the sudden, gut-level urge to break something just to get the image

out of his head.

Calm the fuck down, he told himself.

But the tension didn't leave. Not when Maya leaned slightly forward to look, her hair brushing Damien's arm. Not when she sighed under her breath like she was preparing for battle.

She shouldn't have to.

Not for that.

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 15: Too Innocent for Damage-1

James watched quietly through the rearview mirror. Not Maya. Not Jamie.

Damien.

He saw it – the twitch of the jaw, the stillness before the storm. Subtle, but James had worked

with Damien Blackwood long enough to recognize the signs.

This wasn't just annoyance. This was possessive.

So he took the liberty to break the silence.

“Boyfriend?”

The question was smooth, casual. Too casual.

Maya stiffened instantly beside Damien, but it was Jamie who answered.

“Pfft! He wishes!” the boy scoffed, arms crossed. “No way. That guy’s obsessed with my sister. May already turned him down, like, a thousand times, but he keeps pushing it. Every time we’re here, he’s lurking around. Sometimes with flowers, sometimes with

takeout – breakfast, lunch, coffee, whatever. Dude even tried giving her concert tickets once. He’s weird.”

“Jamie,” Maya hissed, elbowing him hard in the side.

He winced but didn’t back down. “I’m just telling the truth.”

Damien said nothing but James caught the slight shift in his boss’s gaze, the tension

sharpening.

Interesting.

“Persistent, isn’t he?” James mused out loud, still watching Damien. “That can be... irritating.”

Maya groaned, clearly flustered. “Can we not talk about this right now? Jamie, let’s go, stop stalling. They have important places to be and we’re already late. Come on, out. Now.”

Damien leaned back, tone unreadable. “What’s his name?”

Maya blinked. She didn't expect the question.

"Dr. Beckett," Jamie answered before Maya could. "Creepy guy with a white coat and no boundaries."

"Hmm," Damien said, as if the name alone gave him reason to blacklist someone.

Jamie grumbled, "He gives me the creeps. I told Maya not to even talk to him."

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Chapter 15 Too Innocent for Damage 1

“She doesn’t,” Damien said quietly, with a finality that left no room for argument.

The words hung heavy in the air.

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\$25 Posts

Maya glanced at him, startled. Not at the words at the certainty behind them. Like he already knew. Like it mattered to him.

Too much.

She tucked her hands between her knees, willing herself to stay calm. “Can we just go now?” she asked softly.

James looked at Damien through the mirror, waiting for a signal. He got it with the subtlest nod.

The door locks clicked. James stepped out first and opened the door for them.

Jamie, clearly unhappy, finally stepped out, still glaring across the lot at the doctor like he was the

enemy. Maya followed right behind him.

“Thank you again,” she said softly, offering James a polite nod. Then her gaze shifted to Damien.”

Mr. Blackwood.”

Their eyes locked for half a second too long.

She started to turn, but Damien spoke again.

“Ms. Thompson...” he paused, eyes never leaving hers, “Don’t be late on Monday.”

Maya swallowed. Her voice came out softer than she meant. “I won’t,” she said, voice soft, eyes flicking up to meet his one last time.

She gave a small nod, then reached for Jamie’s hand and walked toward the hospital.

James didn’t speak until the doors shut and Damien leaned back in his seat, jaw tight.

“To the company?” he asked lightly.

Damien’s eyes were locked on the hospital doors. “I want everything on that doctor – name,

background, affiliations – on my desk before the day ends.”

A beat. Then, coldly: “And I want him out of this city before the sun rises tomorrow.”

James gave a slow nod, lips twitching at the edge. “Understood.”

The rest of the drive was quiet, save for the low hum of the engine and the occasional tap of

James’s stylus against his tablet.

By the time they pulled into the private underground entrance of Blackwood Enterprises, the building was noticeably quieter, weekend-silent, save for a few essential staff and skeleton.

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The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 15 Too Innocent for Damage 2

Chapter 15: Too Innocent for Damage-2

Inside the lift, Damien's jaw was tight, his thoughts far too loud.

+25 Powits

"By the way, boss," James said casually, as the elevator climbed. "About the mentorship you told

the kid..."

Damien didn't look up. "What about it?"

James raised a brow. "We don't have that program."

Damien didn't miss a beat. "Then make it happen."

James smirked and tapped a note into his tablet. "Thought you'd say that."

The elevator opened on the top floor with a soft chime. The hallway was dim, most of the lights in energy-saving mode. A few weekend staff worked quietly in the far corners, too focused – or too scared to acknowledge Damien's presence.

He entered his office without slowing down. The door closed behind him with a soft thud.

Silence.

He pulled off his blazer, tossed it over the back of a chair, and moved to his desk, the floor-to-ceiling windows casting pale light across the space. His city stretched beyond the glass- clean, controlled, clinical.

But inside him?

A storm.

He sat heavily in the chair and stared out for a long moment.

He should be thinking about AI models. About board strategies. About the damn expansion launch.

Instead, all he could think about was the sound of her voice. The way she looked at her brother. The way her knee had brushed his.

And the man outside that hospital.

That part still simmered in his blood.

Before 5:00 PM, James knocked once before stepping inside. He carried himself with his usual calm, but there was a flicker of something else behind his eyes.

“The files you requested are at the top of your inbox,” he said.

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Chapter 15 Too Innocent for Damage ?

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Damien didn't respond right away. He simply leaned forward, opened his laptop, and clicked into

the documents.

"Let's see who the fuck you are," he muttered under his breath, eyes scanning through the hospital

staff records.

James didn't move.

Damien noticed.

His jaw tensed. “Something else?”

James hesitated. Then: “If I may, sir...”

Damien looked up slowly. “Speak.”

James cleared his throat, careful but firm. “Please don’t take this the wrong way. And forgive me if

I’m overstepping, but...” He paused. “Ms. Thompson. Do you... like her?”

Damien’s eyes narrowed, voice low and clipped. “What exactly do you mean?”

“I mean,” James said quietly, “I know how you are. You don’t do romance. Or relationships. Commitment’s never been your thing.”

He paused, then added – gently, deliberately – “But Ms. Thompson... she’s not like the others. She’s not built for something casual. She’s innocent. Fragile. The kind of woman who won’t come out of it untouched, if you go there.”

The silence that followed was thick. Damien’s knuckles tightened on the edge of the desk.

When he finally spoke, his voice was even. Controlled. Cold.

“I have no intention of ‘going there, James.”

But James didn’t look convinced. And Damien knew why.

His voice may have sounded firm. But it lacked weight – conviction. Even to himself.

James shifted, then said carefully, “Then I hope you don’t mind me saying this...”

Damien didn’t answer. He didn’t have to.

So James continued, quietly but earnestly. “But if she’s the one.. the woman who’s slowly breaking through whatever wall you’ve built... and if she’s the one making you feel something again, something real – then I think she’s perfect for you.”

Damien’s gaze lifted, sharp and unreadable.

James held it. “She’s not hard to read, sir. She’s been through hell. She’s broken, but not in a way

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Chapter 15 Too Innocent for Damage 2

that makes her weak. In a way that makes her feel everything deeply. She gives love fully... holds.

onto it with both hands. That’s rare.”

“She’s naive. And you...” he hesitated, but pushed on, “... you’ve seen the world. You’re strong. She

softens things. You ground them. It balances out.”

Another pause. A quieter one.

“You’ve forgotten what love looks like. She hasn’t. Maybe she could remind you.”

Damien stared at him for a long moment.

Then, finally, voice low and cool – he said, “You’re walking a fine line, James.”

“I know.” James gave the smallest smile. “But someone had to say it.”

Damien didn’t respond. He only turned back to the screen, eyes fixed on the man in the hospital

records.

But the words lingered.

And for the first time in a long time...

He didn't want to delete them.

Veintiocho

Things are heating up...

If you're catching feelings (or theories), drop them in the comments! I love hearing what you think.

Don't forget -2 new chapters coming your way every day. Follow and turn on notifications so you don't miss a single heartbeat between Maya and Damien. <3

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