

The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Beckett was summoned just before 7 p.m.

The hospital's fluorescent lights buzzed faintly as the late afternoon faded toward evening. Dr. Beckett's office, cluttered with half-empty coffee cups and stacks of patient charts, felt more like a throne room where he ruled with a sneer and a touch of cruelty.

He'd barely finished dictating a note when the message came through – “Dr. Holloway wants to see you. Urgently.” No warning. No explanation.

The office door was already open when he arrived.

The director didn't look up right away. He was sitting behind his desk, flipping through a manila folder with a hard, unreadable expression.

Beckett leaned against the doorway, posture casual. Arrogant.

“You rang?”

Dr. Holloway didn't return the smirk. "Sit down."

That tone. It scraped across Beckett's nerves, but he obeyed, lounging into the chair like he owned

the place.

"This better be quick. I have a dinner reservation."

"You won't make it."

Beckett raised a brow. "Excuse me?"

The director closed the folder. "You're being reassigned."

Beckett blinked. "Reassigned?"

"A medical outreach program," Holloway continued, calm and cold. "Rural region. Underserved communities. You'll fly out by sunrise."

Beckett laughed-loud and sharp. “You’re joking.”

“I’m not.”

“You expect me to just pack up and what? play field medic in the jungle for PR?”

The director’s voice didn’t waver. “You’re not being asked. You’re being sent.”

There was a pause.

A silence heavy with unspoken warning.

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Chapter 17 Exuled Before Sunnse !

Beckett narrowed his eyes. “Why me?”

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Dr. Holloway didn't answer right away. Instead, he leaned back, arms folded. "Every year, we send someone. This year, it's you. Consider it... character building."

"Character building," Beckett repeated flatly.

"I'm told the local clinics are short-staffed. No AC. No luxuries. Just real medicine. Raw and

honest. It might humble you."

Beckett scoffed. "I'm a senior specialist."

"You're also a liability."

Beckett stiffened. "Excuse me?"

Dr. Holloway stood slowly. The folder was still in his hands, but he didn't open it again.

"You offended someone," he said carefully. "Someone important. I don't know the full details, and frankly, I don't want to. What I do know is this... whoever it is, they want you gone."

The words landed like a slap.

"They're watching. And they've made it clear: they want you out before sunrise."

Beckett's mouth opened, but nothing came out.

Dr. Holloway leaned in slightly, voice dropping.

"If you want to live longer, Beckett... take the transfer and leave quietly."

For a full second, Beckett couldn't breathe. The air felt tight, pressing against his chest like a vice.

He stood abruptly. "This is insane."

The director didn't flinch. "No, Doctor. What's insane is you thinking you're untouchable."

Beckett stormed out of the office, heart pounding, rage boiling just beneath his skin.

Who? Who the hell did he offend?

It wasn't unusual for him to push boundaries. Hell, he thrived on it. Nurses, med techs, even desperate family members- he knew what they needed. And he knew what they were willing to give for it.

A promotion. A shift preference. A discount on a prescription. Even a whispered promise to "talk to billing" if things went well.

He'd had his pick of the ward.

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25 Prots

Some nurses practically begged for it – dressed for it. And the ones who didn't? Well, he had a way of persuading them. Most people didn't say no when their kid's meds were on the line.

And they never talked.

They couldn't afford to.

But whoever pulled these strings... could.

His mind spun.

It couldn't be those women. They had too much to lose. They were nothing – grateful, disposable playthings in his world.

But then...

His thoughts snapped to her.

Maya.

He clenched his jaw, a bitter taste rising in his throat.

She was different. Not because she was special – but because she acted like she was. Like she was too good for his attention. Too clean. Too polite.

LUCK DRAW >

Vote

Cedella

The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 17 Exded Before Sunrise 2

Chapter 17: Exiled Before Sunrise-2

She'd been brushing him off for nearly a year.

No matter how kind he pretended to be. No matter how patient. How generous.

73 Pulitzer

The flowers, the takeout, the ride offers hell, he'd even gotten her tickets to a concert once. She never accepted a thing. Always smiling, always soft, but always no.

It drove him insane.

His obsession wasn't an accident – it was deliberate. Controlled.

A carefully crafted performance.

He made sure to be there at every appointment – holding something thoughtful. Takeout. A rose. A compliment wrapped in concern.

Just enough to look sincere.

Just enough to convince her.

But beneath the charm was a plan. A calculated game.

There was something about that innocence. That false fucking modesty. Like she knew exactly what kind of reaction she stirred and chose to deny him anyway.

It wasn't just rejection.

It was a challenge.

Maya didn't flirt. She didn't beg. She didn't lean in the way the others did.

And that made him want her more.

She worked at some cheap coffee shop by day, studied at night, and played caregiver the rest of

the time. Poor. Exhausted. Too busy keeping her brother alive to think straight.

She was drowning – and still had the nerve to pretend she was better than him?

It was laughable.

And yet...

She haunted him.

She didn't give him lust. She gave him resistance. And that – more than anything-was what he

couldn't stand.

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Chapter 17 Exiled Before Sunrise 2

He wanted to break it.

Bend her to him. Prove that her sweet act was just a mask like the rest.

And the hospital noticed.

Whispers followed her through the halls.

He knew the hospital gossip would do the rest.

+25 Points

The nurses who used to warm his bed now glared when she passed. They whispered rumors in the break room, spinning tales of his latest “interest” in Maya, hoping to turn him away.

Some talked about Maya’s lack of sophistication, her messy life, her desperate situation caring for a sick brother while juggling work and school.

Others spun darker lies that Maya was trying to trap Beckett, that she was beneath him.

Some muttered she was after his money. Others said she was cold, manipulative, stringing him along to get free treatment for her brother.

“She’s probably sleeping with him already,” one hissed once in the staff lounge.

“Bet she’s begging for discounts.”

“She acts so innocent, but trust me, girls like that always end up on their knees.”

Jealousy. Pettiness.

He let it fester.

Let it poison her reputation slowly.

And still, Maya didn't budge.

He remembered once – just once – when she tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, smiled softly, and said, “Thank you, Doctor.”

Just that. Innocent. Simple.

But it had replayed in his head for weeks.

The way her lips curved. The light in her eyes.

In his mind, it wasn't gratitude.

It was an invitation.

She should've been begging me.

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Chapter 10 Exiled Before Sunrise 2

Instead, she looked at me like I was a roach on the floor.

+25 Points

She never respond to his messages. Refused his ride offers. Thanked him for gifts but never accepted them.

She smiled like she was too graceful to be rude – too sweet to say what she really felt.

Their jealousy was as loud as Beckett's lust, a poisonous symphony echoing through the sterile

halls.

But Beckett didn't care. He thrived on it.

The attention. The power.

He was used to getting what he wanted.

He was used to owning people.

And Maya – annoying, defiant, untouchable Maya – was his latest conquest.

He didn't just want to possess her body.

He wanted to shatter her resistance.

Control her.

Make her his.

Even if it meant destroying her in the process.

Because in Beckett's world, love was never clean.

It was a battlefield.

And he was determined to win.

But now...

Beckett's hands clenched as he turned the corner, breath shallow.

Now he was being transferred?

Exiled?

Because of her?

No. That couldn't be it.

They were nobodies. Just a broke girl with too much pride and a half-dead kid for a brother.

No influence. No power.

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Chapter 17 Exiled Before Sunrise 2

Unless...

Unless someone else was watching.

Someone who moved shadows with a nod and buried people with a whisper.

Someone with the power to bury him. To erase him without leaving a mark.

Beckett's pulse thundered in his ears.

Who the hell did she belong to?

LUCK DRAW >

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Cedella