

The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

Chapter 21: The Truth Unfolds-1

Jamie didn't expect a knock this early.

He had just finished putting the dishes away, wiping down the table, and taking the morning meds

Maya had set out for him before she left – barely two hours ago, when a soft, deliberate knock

echoed through the apartment. He frowned, tossing the dish towel onto the counter as a flicker of

unease crept into his chest.

When he opened the door, his breath caught. He recognized James immediately – and behind him

stood another man, taller and bulkier, someone he didn't know but who looked intimidating.

"Mr. Horton?" Jamie's brows furrowed.

"What-what are you doing here? Is Maya...?" His voice cracked before he could finish. The panic was already setting in.

"Is May okay? Did something happen to her?!"

The sharpness in his voice turned brittle. His protective instinct surged faster than logic, heart

thudding in his chest.

James was about to speak when the sound of plastic bags rustling interrupted them.

Ms. Janice had just returned from the market, arms full of fresh produce and worry etched into her aging features.

“Jamie?” she called from across the hall, her brows furrowing. “Everything okay? Who are these

gentlemen?”

James turned toward her with calm composure and gave a polite nod.

“Good morning, ma’am,” James said with calm authority. “I’m James Horton, from Blackwood Enterprises. And this is Monroe – our head of security.”

Ma. Janice froze.

Her eyes widened slightly. “Blackwood Enterprises?” she echoed, then paused. “Is this about Maya?”

The air shifted. Something unspoken passed between them—he could feel it in James’s silence, the heavy way Monroe stood behind him like a wall.

Jamie stepped forward, his voice cracking with urgency. “Mr. Horton, please. Answer me. Is my sister okay?”

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Chapter 21 The Truth Unfolds-1

+25 Pots

James met his gaze. “Ms. Thompson didn’t report to work today. I’m here to check on her. Just to make sure everything is alright.”

Jamie’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“No-no, that’s impossible!” Jamie blurted, panic rising in his voice. “May left around seven! She said she was going to work. She even told me not to wait up – she’s got classes tonight. She... she asked if I needed more books...” His voice faltered, cracking. “She was fine.”

A sharp breath escaped him, panic climbing.

Ma. Janice, still holding her bags, fell silent for a moment... then slowly nodded.

“Actually...” she murmured. “I saw her this morning.”

James’s gaze snapped to her.

“She got into a dark vehicle,” Ms. Janice said cautiously, eyes narrowing in thought. “It was parked across the street. There was a man... he waved at her. I couldn’t see clearly at first... but then...” her face paled. “Right! That man. I recognize him.”

She shivered slightly.

“That’s the creepy doctor from the hospital,” Ms. Janice said slowly, her brows drawing together.” The one who kept bothering Maya during your checkups. We always tried to steer clear when he was around.” Her voice dropped, laced with unease. “I never trusted him. He looked at her like... like she was something to own. Not a person. Like she was his.”

Jamie went stiff. “Beckett?!!”

Ms. Janice nodded grimly. “Yes. That’s him. I didn’t get to stop her-she was already getting into the car. But that was just after seven.”

James exchanged a look with the tall man behind him.

Monroe, tall and broad-shouldered, gave a brief, tight nod. His jaw clenched ever so slightly, and his eyes darkened with an unreadable weight.

“I’ll check the building’s footage,” he said, voice low and steady, before turning on his heel and disappearing down the hallway with purposeful strides.

Jamie’s fists clenched at his sides. His voice trembled as he spoke, eyes fixed on the floor.

“We have to find her. I knew something was wrong with that guy... That day at the hospital, he looked at her like she was already his.”

Cedella

The Billionaire's Intern (Maya Thompson)

ter 21: The Truth Unfolds-2

James turned to face him fully. “What happened at the hospital?”

+25 Points

Jamie swallowed hard, voice low and uneven as the memory came flooding back.

“He showed up out of nowhere, with that stupid rose and takeout like it was some kind of peace offering. Maya told him no – clear, firm. But his smile... it wasn’t right. It twitched like something

snapped behind it. Cold. Like rejection was a thing he couldn’t accept.”

James said nothing, listening intently.

His hands clenched at his sides. “I told her he was trouble. She tried to laugh it off, but I saw it in

her eyes. She was scared.”

By the time Monroe returned, his jaw was tight.

“We have it,” he said, holding up his tablet. “Footage shows Ms. Thompson leaving the building just after 7:00 a.m. Beckett was already waiting across the street. They talked. She looked hesitant-

uncomfortable. But after a few minutes... she got in.”

Jamie looked like he was about to be sick.

Ms. Janice’s voice lowered, grim. “He was waiting for her.”

Monroe’s face darkened. “That’s not all. I pulled footage from last night too.”

He turned the screen toward James.

Monroe's voice dropped to a near whisper as he swiped through the footage on his tablet.

"Look here," he said, tapping the screen.

Maya's figure appeared under the flickering streetlight-shoulders hunched, footsteps quick and

uneven. She kept glancing over her shoulder, eyes wide, breath shallow.

Minutes later, a sleek black car rolled silently down the street, then parked across from her

building. The engine's hum was almost a whisper in the night. The car stayed there. Waiting. Watching.

"He planned this," Monroe said grimly.

James's voice dropped to a grim whisper, heavy with warning. "He never boarded that flight."

Jamie's voice broke, disbelief and dread tangled together. "What flight?"

James's eyes darkened with resolve as he met Jamie's.

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Chapter 21 The Truth Unfolds 2

+28 Points

“Mr. Blackwood saw how uncomfortable Maya was that day at the hospital. He has zero tolerance for anyone who crosses his people. So he ordered a deep background investigation on Dr. Beckett -and what we found was worse than we imagined. Beckett's been involved in things that are absolutely intolerable. Because of that, he was ordered transferred-banished far away. He was supposed to be gone before sunrise yesterday. The flight manifest says he was on it... but he wasn't. He deceived us all. He has other plans.. he's still out there. And he's dangerous.”

Jamie's breath hitched. His hands shook uncontrollably, fingers digging into his hair as if to hold himself together.

"He took her," Jamie whispered hoarsely. "What if he hurts her? What if she's terrified and alone and ... His voice broke, tears pricking the edges of his eyes. "I should've stopped her. I should've

known. She's all I have..."

His shoulders trembled as fury and helplessness collided in a storm of silent screams.

Ms. Janice stepped closer, placing a gentle hand on Jamie's shoulder. "Relax, sweetheart. They're going to help find Maya. Don't get too worked up, okay? That's not good for you. If something happens to you, Maya would be heartbroken."

Jamie nodded, but his knuckles were white. "She's all I have."

James met Jamie's fierce gaze with a steady, unwavering look. "I swear to you-we will find her. No

matter what."

He pulled out his phone, quickly saved Jamie's and Ms. Janice's numbers, and promised, "I'll keep you both updated the moment we know anything."

Before they left, Monroe gave Jamie a subtle nod – an unspoken promise of protection and respect.

Ms. Janice lingered by the doorway, her eyes heavy with silent prayers as she watched them disappear down the hall.

Back in the car, James exhaled hard as he slipped into the front seat. The air inside was thick with

tension.

He picked up his phone and hit Damien's private line.

It rang once.

"Talk." Damien's voice was sharp, clipped.

James didn't hesitate.

"It's Beckett. He never took the flight."

Cedella