Intern 231

Chapter 231

A low, hungry groan rumbled from his chest. He leaned closer to her ear, his warm breath sending shivers down her spine. “Mmm… your p***y is so soft… so tender,” he murmured, voice thick with lust. “You’re dripping for me, aching under my fingers… so unbelievably wet for me, love.” His fingers traced her, teasing every shiver, every gasp, every subtle tremble she couldn’t hide, coaxing each desperate sound of her need.

Maya’s moan slipped from her lips, low and ragged, a trembling mix of need and surrender-” Damien…ahh…nnngh…”-each sound carrying the heat of her body’s reaction to him, soft shivers running along her spine.

Her breath hitched violently, lips parting in a sharp, trembling gasp as his fingers slid expertly between her folds, teasing, exploring, claiming. Every movement was precise, deliberate- each stroke tracing the sensitive bud at her core, sending waves of molten heat rippling through her body.

Maya jerked violently under his touch, a low, guttural moan ripping from her throat. She bit her lip, body shivering and arching toward him, quivering as though her skin itself was alight with fire, each nerve screaming with need.

Damien’s lips hovered over the swell of her breast, tracing soft, scorching kisses while his fingers continued their slow, rhythmic torture below. He felt her quiver, felt her body yielding, surrendering inch by inch to his control, and it drove the fire in his chest higher, hotter, unbearable. Every gasp, every shiver, every subtle movement of her betraying desire fanned the flames of his hunger.

His fingers moved with deliberate, sinful precision, gliding up and down her slick folds, coaxing out every drop of her mounting desire. A bead of her arousal glistened along his skin, and he traced teasing circles around her entrance, feeling her tremble at every stroke.

“God… Damien…” she gasped, voice trembling, a low moan escaping as her body arched toward him, seeking more.

He slid one finger inside, slow, careful, testing her warmth, her tightness. Not even an inch in, and she clutched him instantly, her walls gripping with an unyielding, desperate tightness. Her body shivered, heat pooling low, every curve trembling, every muscle instinctively clinging to him. She was impossibly warm, impossibly tight-pure, untouched, and utterly his in that

moment.

Maya’s eyes fluttered shut, her head falling back against the couch cushion. A soft, helpless moan escaped her lips as she clutched at his shoulders, nails pressing lightly into his shirt. ” D-Damien…” Her voice cracked on his name, half-whimper, half-plea.

“Easy, love… just breathe… relax,” Damien murmured, his voice dropping into a low, dark growl that seemed to hum against her ear. His thumb traced slow, teasing circles over her thigh, coaxing her to let go, to trust him. “So tight… God, you’re gripping my finger like you were made for me-and I’m barely even inside you.”

His lips found the curve of her throat, teeth grazing lightly before soothing the mark with his tongue. He moved his finger in and out, slow, deliberate, letting her adjust. “That’s it… feel me inside you. Let your body open for me.”

Her hips shifted instinctively, chasing the rhythm, and she gasped again when his thumb found her clit, circling gently while his finger moved deeper. A shudder ran through her, her breathing sharp and erratic.

“Every sound you make… belongs to me,” he rasped. His lips and tongue traced fire along her collarbone. “You love how I’m touching you, don’t you? You love it when I make you feel like

this…”

A broken moan tore from her throat, her body arching as if her answer were written in the desperate way she moved against his hand. “Y-yes… oh God, yes…”

“Good girl.” His praise was low, rough, full of hunger. He pushed a little deeper, curling his finger inside her, stroking that sensitive spot while his thumb worked faster against her clit.” Let go for me, love. Don’t hold back… give it to me.”

Her body jolted, thighs trembling around his hand. The pressure inside her built impossibly

high, every nerve screaming with release. She gasped his name one last time before it broke

-the wave crashing over her, stealing her breath.

Maya cried out, a sharp, beautiful sound as her climax tore through her. Her body clenched tight around his finger, shuddering violently while his touch carried her through every pulsing

wave.

Damien held her against him, his lips devouring the sounds of her release, his voice hot and ragged in her ear. “That’s it… love, that’s it. So beautiful when you come for me.”

Her trembling slowly eased, though her chest heaved, each breath shallow, her body melting completely into his hold.

Damien lifted her head gently, one hand cradling the back of her neck while the other remained buried between her thighs. His lips met hers in a soft, lingering kiss as he slowly withdrew his fingers, letting every sensation linger. His hand slid along her thigh, tracing the curve of her hips with deliberate care as he shifted, guiding her down onto his lap.

She straddled him, knees bracketing his waist, the rigid heat of his length pressing insistently against her core. Their bodies were flush, every touch electric, every breath shared.

“Look at me, love,” Damien murmured, his voice low and husky.

Maya met his gaze, cheeks flushed, eyes heavy and glassy from the intensity of her climax. Damien’s own eyes were dark with hunger, yet softened with tenderness. “Was that your first orgasm? How does it feel?”

She bit her lip, a shiver running through her, and nodded softly. “Yes… and it… it feels… amazin g,” she whispered, breathless.

A slow, predatory smirk curved Damien's lips. He leaned closer, brushing a heated kiss against hers. "We're not done, love," he murmured, voice low and thick with desire. "That was only the warm-up…"

The fire crackled as their bodies clung together, every nerve alight, every need sated only momentarily.

Chapter 232

Damien leaned back into the couch, his hands cupping her sides, holding her steady as she settled against him. Maya's palms pressed to his shoulders, feeling the taut strength beneath. Her chest rose and fell against his, each breath sparking heat between them. Firelight flickered over their bodies, painting the hunger, the tension-the raw, unrelenting pull that had been burning since the moment their hands first touched.

Leaning forward, Damien captured her lips in a deliberate, hungry kiss-slow, claiming, a promise and a demand all at once. His mouth lingered, tasting her, deepening the pull until she melted against him. When he finally broke away, his breath was hot against her lips." There… perfect," he murmured, voice thick with need. His hands pressed her closer, guiding her against his hard length. "Feel me, love… feel how much I crave you. Every inch of me

wants you."

Maya shifted, hips tilting with a timid instinct she couldn't fight, pressing down against the rigid heat of him beneath her. Damien's hands slid along her sides, firm and steady, guiding her movements, urging her closer. Every slow grind brought her flush against him, the delicious friction sparking along her nerves until she shivered with each pass.

"That's it, love," Damien rasped, his voice thick with hunger. "Feel me. Take your time… let your body move the way it wants. Yes… just like that."

Her breaths quickened, lips parting on soft, helpless moans as her hips began to find their rhythm-tentative at first, then bolder, driven by the undeniable pull of pleasure. She rocked against him, grinding slow and deep, the pressure of his body feeding her need. Each movement dragged a guttural sound from Damien's chest, his jaw tight, gaze burning with raw desire.

He pulled her closer, their bodies grinding together as if molded into one. His lips trailed hungrily from the side of her neck down to her chest, burying his face against her as their dry humping grew feverish and relentless-electric friction setting her body alight.

A ragged groan escaped him. "You drive me crazy… love," he rasped, voice shredded with need, hands gripping her hips tighter to keep her flush against him. "You're so soft… so perfect… every little movement, every moan… it's all mine."

She shivered, arching into him, the friction making her ache, her body practically humming with tension. Every tilt of her hips, every subtle grind, pushed them closer to the edge, heat building like a storm they couldn't contain.

Damien's lips brushed her ear, his voice dropping low and husky, each word thick with hunger. "Maya… I need you," he breathed, a feather-light kiss grazing her earlobe. "I want to make love

to you."

The raw intensity in his voice jolted through her like lightning, racing down her spine. Her pulse thundered, her body trembling with heat, every part answering the magnetic pull between them-unrelenting, irresistible.

She gazed at him, tender and serious, and in that instant something inside her broke open- the want, the need, the fire she could no longer hold back. A complete surrender washed over her, body and soul.

Leaning closer, she wrapped her arms around his neck, hugging him tight as though she could fuse herself to him. Her lips brushed his cheek, then drifted to his ear, breath unsteady. With a trembling, husky whisper, heavy with surrender and desire, she finally gave herself

over:

“Yes… I want to make love to you, Damien.”

Damien’s chest rumbled with a low, hungry growl at her words. His hands rose to cup her face, thumbs brushing along her cheekbones as his lips hovered just above hers, dark desire blazing in his gaze.

“God… Maya,” he murmured, voice thick and raw, dripping with need.

He leaned in, claiming her lips in a deep, searing kiss. His hands slid down to her hips, gripping tight, pulling her impossibly closer. Every curve molded against him, and a groan. tore from his chest, vibrating through her with unrestrained hunger. His lips parted against hers, hot breath fanning her skin as he whispered, low and hoarse, “I want to taste you… feel you… be inside you.” Teeth grazed hers in a teasing, possessive claim. “I want all of you… only you, love.”

Chapter 233

His lips returned to hers, slower this time, deliberate-tasting, exploring, claiming every gasp she gave him. Fingers tangled in her hair, cradling her close. The fire crackled, the night stretched silent beyond the windows, but all of it fell away. There was only them, this hunger, this storm that refused to be contained.

He broke the kiss just long enough to look at her, eyes dark, burning with heat. “Let’s go to the bedroom,” he rasped, voice rough with restraint. Maya’s breath hitched, body shivering in his hold, and she nodded, unable to form words.

Without breaking the kiss, Damien lifted her effortlessly into his arms. Legs locked around his waist, hands clutching at his back, nails grazing hard muscle. Every step carried her deeper into surrender-the press of her body, the warmth of her skin, the addictive scent of her filling his senses until nothing else existed.

At last, he reached the bedroom. With a gentle kick, the door clicked shut behind them, sealing them into their own world. He paused, holding her tight against him, lips brushing hers again in a heated promise as the fire between them coiled higher, ready to ignite.

Once inside, Damien lowered her gently onto the floor, movements slow, deliberate, savoring every second. Eyes locked, breaths uneven, the silence thick with anticipation. For a moment, neither moved-just drinking each other in, the air charged with memory of her release and the raw friction on the couch.

The bedroom glowed with soft, golden warmth from the bedside lamp, while silvery moonlight poured in, spilling across the sheets and walls. The blend of light painted everything in shades of intimacy-half shadow, half shimmer-like the world outside had disappeared, leaving only this space, only them.

With one smooth motion, Damien tugged his shirt over his head, baring hard planes of his chest. The glow caught the sharp lines of his muscles, moonlight tracing his skin in silver. Maya’s breath caught, cheeks flushed, body still buzzing from her climax… yet seeing him like this, her hunger burned brighter.

Damien’s gaze softened but darkened with intent. His hands rose to her shoulders, fingers brushing the straps of her dress, teasing the ribbon. “Let’s get this out of the way,” he murmured, voice low, intimate, vibrating with restraint and hunger. Slowly, he tugged, loosening the bow until the fabric surrendered, sliding down her shoulders in a silken fall. He guided it lower until it pooled at her feet, leaving her standing in nothing but a strapless black lace bra and matching panties-delicate, sinful, devastating.

His breath hitched at the sight, eyes roaming her curves, reverence and desire mingling. “Bea

utiful…” he whispered, almost to himself, loud enough for her to feel it sink deep.

Maya’s cheeks flushed deep, rosy, arms instinctively wrapping around herself as the cool breeze kissed her bare skin. A soft, nervous gasp slipped past her lips, heart racing as she met his gaze-vulnerability and desire warring in her eyes.

Damien’s eyes softened as he stepped closer, hands enclosing hers, guiding them down to her sides. “Don’t hide from me,” he murmured, low and tender, yet edged with undeniable command that made her shiver.

He stepped back slightly, just enough to admire her fully. The golden lamplight bathed her in warmth, while pale moonlight traced silver highlights along her curves. Two lights blended over her skin, soft and glowing, painting her as something fragile yet untouchably divine.

“You’re so beautiful,” he breathed, each word thick with reverence and hunger, making her pulse flutter wildly.

He stepped close, one hand sliding around her waist, pulling her impossibly near. Their lips crashed together in a fierce, hungry kiss-raw, urgent, leaving them trembling, breathless, desperate for more.

As their mouths tangled, Damien's hands moved with practiced ease, unclasping her bra. Maya startled briefly, but his lips stayed on hers-warm, insistent, anchoring her in the storm of sensation.

When he pulled back, his gaze devoured her. Her breasts were flawless-full, perky, begging to be worshipped. Her n*****s made his breath stutter-pink, tight, standing proudly from creamy skin, untouched, as though waiting just for him. He ached to taste, claim, make her cry out beneath his mouth.

Reverently, he let fingers trace the soft curve of her breast. She shivered-not from fear, but need so sharp it made her knees weak.

"Perfect," he murmured, voice thick with awe and desire.

A sharp gasp tore from her lips as his thumb brushed over one tight peak. Her head tipped back, a helpless sound escaping her throat. "Ahh… Damien…"

Unable to resist, he leaned in, capturing the other n****e between his lips, his tongue circling slowly, reverently. Maya whimpered, the sound trembling between a gasp and a moan. "Nnnh

oh, God…" The desperate plea made his control splinter.

He worshipped her with his mouth-licking, sucking, teasing-each drag of his tongue pulling broken cries and shuddering moans from her lips. Her hands clutched at his shoulders, nails digging into his skin as waves of pleasure rippled through her trembling body.

“You’ve never been touched like this,” he growled against her skin, voice dark and possessive.

She shook her head, cheeks blazing, lips parted, utterly undone beneath him.

“No one else,” he rasped, his mouth claiming her breast again. “Only me. I’ll be the first… and the last.”

Maya shivered against him, pressing closer as if trying to fuse with his very being. Her lips. parted, breath hitching, and she whispered, voice low and trembling with need and devotion, I… I’ll give myself only to you… Damien.” Her words hung in the air, heavy with surrender and desire, a quiet promise of trust and longing. Every brush of her skin against his, every pulse of her heartbeat, spoke the same truth-she was wholly his, body and soul.

Chapter 234

His lips trailed slowly down her flat stomach, each kiss warm and teasing, sending delicious shivers racing up her spine. Lowering himself to his knees, Damien let his thumb glide along the delicate waistband of her underwear before easing it down.

Maya’s breath caught, her hands trembling at her sides as she lifted her feet to help him, surrendering fully as he slid the lace away. In a heartbeat, she stood before him bare,

exposed, every secret of her body unveiled to his hungry gaze.

He paused, drinking her in-her flushed cheeks, the flicker of vulnerability and anticipation in her wide eyes. Leaning close, his breath warm against her ear, he whispered, low and intimate, “Don’t be shy, love… if you feel uncomfortable, tell me. Promise me.”

Maya nodded, breathless, her voice caught in her throat. Damien pulled her against him, their bare skin brushing, igniting sparks everywhere they touched. His lips claimed hers again in a deep, heated kiss as he slowly guided her toward the bed.

Still kissing her, he laid her down gently, his body hovering above hers, strong and steady, shielding her yet surrounding her with heat. His mouth broke from hers only to travel lower- kissing down the elegant curve of her throat, the soft swell of her breasts, lingering in the valley between them before tracing a burning path along her stomach. Each kiss made her tremble, her body yielding under the worship of his mouth.

When he reached her belly, he paused, his gaze lifting to hers. Her chest rose and fell in quick, shallow breaths, her hands hovering uncertainly at her sides, torn between clutching the sheets or reaching for him.

“If you want me to stop,” he murmured, his lips brushing just below her navel, “say it.”

But Maya said nothing.

Instead, she lifted her hips-just barely, the smallest motion, but enough. More than enough. It was all the permission he needed.

He slid lower, leaving the heat of the bed, until he was kneeling on the floor, his face level with her trembling thighs. His hands caressed down the length of her smooth legs, reverent and possessive, before gently easing them apart.

Her innocence unfolded before him-soft, pink folds glistening with need, a sight so fresh, so untouched it made his c**k twitch painfully against his trousers. His breath caught, hunger burning through every vein. She was already wet, her body betraying the depth of her desire, even if her mind was still reeling from the surrender.

"Fuck, Maya…" Damien groaned, his voice rough, almost broken, as his hands slid higher along her thighs, thumbs brushing closer to where she ached most.

Her thighs trembled as his head dipped lower, his breath ghosting over her heat. The first flick. of his tongue against her clit made her cry out-sharp, startled, and achingly sweet.

Damien groaned at the taste, his tongue flattening as he licked her slowly, savoring her like the finest sin. She was sweet. Pure. Addictive.

When he drew her swollen bud into his mouth and sucked gently, Maya's hips jerked off the bed in helpless response. He gripped her thighs tighter, pinning her open, refusing to let her escape the pleasure as his tongue licked and teased, slow, deliberate, relentless, until she was moaning without restraint-her voice breaking, her fists clutching the sheets.

"Damien-" she gasped, breathless, desperate.

"Mmmm, love…" he growled against her, hot breath fanning over her slick folds. "Come for me-fall apart on my tongue. I want to drink every drop of you."

And she did.

Her back arched, thighs trembling as he devoured her, each stroke of his tongue pulling a different sound from her lips.

“Ahh… mmm… nnhhh…” The soft whimpers broke into sharper cries, her hips bucking helplessly against his mouth.

“Damien… ahh-ohh, God… yesss… nghhh-ahhh!”

He groaned into her, the vibrations making her jolt. “That’s it, love… give it to me.” Her taste flooded his tongue, intoxicating, and every broken moan only drove him harder, deeper, hungrier.

Chapter 235

Her voice spiraled higher, shattered and breathless, until her climax crashed through her- sharp, consuming, leaving her undone. Her thighs clamped around his head, a broken cry tearing from her throat, his name spilling from her lips like a desperate prayer.

He didn’t stop-licking, savoring every last shudder, dragging her orgasm out until she was shaking violently, until her body finally gave out, collapsing back onto the sheets. Her legs fell open, trembling, spent… wrecked completely by him.

When he finally rose, his eyes were dark, jaw tight with control. He looked down at her- flushed, panting, beautiful and wrecked-and slid the back of his fingers along her cheek with surprising tenderness.

“How does that feel, love?” His voice was low, rough, threaded with pride and hunger. “Even better than before, isn’t it?”

Maya’s chest heaved, lips parted, cheeks still blazing. “Yes…” she whispered, her voice shaky, almost shy.

He leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to her swollen lips, tasting her gasps. “That’s because your body already knows me now,” he murmured against her mouth, dark and possessive. “Every time you come… it’ll be because of me. Only me.”

His lips traced to her cheek, then her ear, breath hot and commanding. “You taste like sin, love… and I’ll never get enough of you.”

She lay beneath him trembling, skin damp, chest rising unevenly-completely undone, yet his hunger hadn’t eased. If anything, it had sharpened.

With a growl deep in his throat, Damien rose over her, stripping off the last of his clothing. His c**k sprang free-thick, hard, pulsing with need.

Maya’s eyes widened, her chest rising and falling fast. Heat pooled low in her belly, a mix of awe and hunger twisting through her. Her lips parted slightly, breath hitching as she stared, body trembling. Her fingers flexed at her sides, unsure whether to reach for him or press herself into the bed in desperate anticipation.

He stroked himself slowly, deliberately, watching her reaction. Every shiver, every flush of her cheeks, made his chest tighten, need coiling hotter. She let out a soft, shaky whimper, voice husky and low, almost pleading: “Damien…”

He leaned down, arms bracing her on the bed, pressing his throbbing c**k against her thigh. The heat of him against her skin, the scent of his arousal, made her whimper again, hips

lifting instinctively toward him.

Her pulse hammered in her ears, every nerve screaming for more, yet a delicious shyness held her back-until he whispered low and rough in her ear, “Think you can take me, love? Can you handle all of me?”

Maya’s breath hitched, her body trembling under his weight, cheeks burning, eyes wide and unsure. She bit her lip, shivering, every nerve alight with anticipation.

Damien’s lips brushed hers in a hungry, searing kiss, and the last shreds of hesitation melted from her. He pulled back just enough to murmur against her lips, voice low and intimate, “I’ll be gentle… I promise.”

Her hands clutched at his shoulders, hips pressing against him instinctively, surrendering completely to the storm of need between them.

His c**k was thick, rock-hard, aching with restraint. It pressed against her inner thigh, and her breath hitched at the sheer size of him. Her wide eyes flicked to his-uncertain, vulnerable.

“I promise I’ll take care of you, love,” he whispered, knuckles brushing along her cheek. “But this… it’s going to change everything. If you want to stop, now is the best time to say it.”

Her lips parted slightly, and a trembling breath escaped. She didn’t speak-her shyness and need spoke louder than words.

Those silent moments nearly undid him.

He reached between them, guiding himself to her entrance, the thick head of his c**k sliding slowly through her soaked folds. She gasped at the contact, hips twitching involuntarily, and he nearly lost it right then.

He pushed just enough to feel her stretch-hot, wet, impossibly snug-and had to bite down to keep from groaning.

Chapter 236

She whimpered softly.

Damien froze.

“You okay?” His voice was strained, veins standing out along his arms as he held back, careful and deliberate.

She nodded, a soft breath escaping, cheeks flushed, a tear sliding down the side of her face.

Damien pressed a gentle kiss to her temple. “Relax, love,” he murmured. “You’re so tight… I need to go slow.”

Maya’s soft, breathy hum was all the consent he needed.

He sank deeper, inch by careful inch, feeling her body resist, then slowly yield. Every tiny sound-every gasp, every tremor of her breath-twisted him with need and reverence all at

once.

“Fuck, Maya…” he growled, voice thick with hunger. “You’re so tight.” He bit back a groan as he pressed further, feeling her open around him.

Then he felt it-the slight barrier of resistance. Her virginity. The last piece of her innocence he hadn’t touched.

He cupped her cheek, forehead resting against hers.

“I can feel it, love… your virginity,” he murmured, voice low and reverent. His eyes darkened.” One more push, and you’ll be mine completely. Are you ready?”

Maya nodded, lips parted, breath quickening. Every inch of her trembled. “I’m yours… all yours, Damien.”

With a slow, deliberate thrust, he broke through. A shiver ran through both of them at the exquisite, overwhelming sensation.

She gasped, back arching, fingernails digging into his shoulders, and he stilled, buried inside her to the hilt.

“Breathe, love. Just breathe. I’ve got you.”

She clung to him, eyes glassy as pain and pleasure collided. He kissed her temple, jaw, lips- holding still until her muscles relaxed around him.

“You’re taking me so damn well,” he murmured, voice a low, hungry growl. “So tight… like we

were made for each other. Every inch of me fits in you perfectly.”

She moaned, pressing into him, hips moving instinctively as he stroked deep and slow. Every inch of her warmth wrapped around him, every sound she made driving him further. Her fingers clutched at his shoulders, nails digging in as she arched, searching for more, and he gave it deliberate, measured, savoring every motion.

He sank into her, brushing parts of her that had never been touched, letting her guide the rhythm as much as he did. Her name fell from her lips in desperate, breathy chants, the sound of skin on skin and her slick heat driving him closer to the edge.

But he held on.

He wanted her to finish first. To fall apart one more time.

He reached between them, circling her clit as he drove in, and she shattered again-high, helpless moans spilling from her lips, her body trembling around him.

“Fuck… ahh, Maya-” he growled, thrusting deep, spilling himself inside her with a low groan pressed against her neck, as her body clenched and shuddered around him.

They collapsed tangled, breathless. Her face pressed to his chest, fingers clinging to him, and he held her possessively, tenderly, feeling every pulse, every sigh, every soft tremor as they came down from the storm they’d created together.

Chapter 237

“You’re completely mine now,” Damien whispered, his lips brushing her hair. “No going back.”

Maya’s chest heaved, her body still trembling against his. She pressed her face into his shoulder, arms wrapping around him tightly. “I don’t want anyone else… only you. Please don’t ever let me go.” Her lips brushed against his collarbone, a soft, contented sigh escaping as she surrendered completely, melting into him.

Damien kissed her softly before settling beside her. “I will never,” he vowed, his voice low but certain as he drew her against his chest. She melted into him, her hand splayed over his heartbeat, her face tucked into the warmth of his body. Exhaustion tugged at her, but the small, contented sigh that slipped from her lips told him everything-she had given him not just her body, but all of herself.

“I’ll prepare a warm bath for you,” he murmured, fingers brushing through her damp hair. “It’ll help relax your muscles.”

Her only response was a sleepy hum of trust.

Within minutes, he had her in his arms again, carrying her effortlessly to the steaming bath. She sank back against him with a soft moan of relief, eyelids fluttering closed as the warm water cradled her. Damien pressed a tender kiss to her temple, his voice low and reverent. “I love you, Maya.”

She was already asleep before the words fully registered.

He held her close, watching her chest rise and fall, guarding her even in dreams. She was his - completely, irrevocably-and nothing in this world could ever take her away.

After some time, Damien noticed the water had started to cool. He gently eased himself out of the tub, drying himself quickly before reaching for a thick, soft towel.

Carefully, he wrapped Maya in the towel, patting her skin dry with deliberate, tender strokes, making sure every inch of her was warm. Once she was fully dry, he carried her back to the bedroom, laying her gently on the bed. He made sure the quilt covered her, cocooning her in softness and warmth.

Sliding in beside her, he simply watched her for a long moment, mesmerized by the gentle rise and fall of her chest, the soft curve of her lips, the peaceful expression on her face. He reached up, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear, then leaned down to press a soft, lingering kiss to her temple. His warm breath brushed her ear as he whispered, “Goodnight, love.”

Damien rose quietly, careful not to disturb Maya, and stepped out onto the deck. The warm night air carried the subtle scent of salt from the ocean, mingled with the sweetness of tropical flowers. Crickets chirped in the distance, and the gentle rustle of palm leaves swayed in the breeze, accompanied by the faint whisper of waves against the shore.

He lifted his phone to his ear, the soft hum of the island night wrapping around him as he dialed. The call connected immediately. “Is everything ready? I want it done before sunrise,” he said, his voice low and controlled.

He ended the call and lowered the phone, eyes scanning the serene night. Moonlight shimmered across the water, reflecting off the gentle waves, while stars dotted the sky like scattered diamonds. Damien tightened his jaw, thoughts heavy. “I won’t let anyone destroy what’s ours. This has to end… and soon.”

Not long after, Damien returned, moving with quiet precision so as not to disturb her. He slid back onto the bed beside her, letting his fingers brush against her skin as he eased his arm beneath her. Drawing her close, he pressed her gently against his chest, feeling the soft warmth of her body against his.

For a long moment, he simply held her, inhaling the familiar scent of her hair, listening to the even rhythm of her breathing. The world outside-the ocean waves, the night air, the faint rustle of leaves-faded into nothing.

Settling in, Damien let the quiet of the night and her gentle heat envelop him. His eyelids grew heavy, and finally, with her tucked securely against him, he dozed off, guarding her in the cocoon of their shared warmth.

Chapter 238

In the middle of the peaceful night, Maya stirred in the darkness, her eyes fluttering open to the steady warmth of Damien's chest beneath her hand. His heartbeat, calm and sure, seemed to echo through her, grounding her-but there was something different tonight. Her skin tingled, her body hummed with a memory she couldn't shake, and her throat felt unexpectedly dry.

Gently, almost reverently, she slid her hand away and eased out of the bed, careful not to disturb him. Bare feet met the cool floor as she tiptoed toward the walk-in closet, her movements slow, almost hesitant. Her fingers fumbled until she found the first thing she could reach-a long-sleeved dress shirt. She slipped it on, the soft cotton falling loosely around her, the scent of him faintly clinging to the fabric.

Quiet as a whisper, she made her way to the kitchen. The glass in her hand was cool against her lips as she drank slowly, savoring each swallow, feeling the quiet pulse of her body align with the rhythm of her thoughts. She noticed the moisture on the window and, curious, stepped closer. As her fingers brushed the glass, droplets ran down the surface. The rain had started-tiny, persistent droplets tapping against the floor-to-ceiling panes, the soft patter blending with the night's quiet.

Maya pressed her forehead to the glass. Her gaze followed the shimmering streaks of rain, each droplet dancing in the soft light. She held the glass in both hands, and her mind wandered back to the moments with Damien-the heat, the closeness, the way her body had melted against his. A faint smile curved her lips as she hugged herself, savoring the memory, letting the warmth linger.

That's how it feels… magical, she thought. Like the world shrinks to just us. The way he touches me, holds me… it's like I could stay in that moment forever. She shivered slightly, not from the chill, but from

the memory-the exquisite, tender ache of desire and the comfort of being held completely, entirely, by him.

The rain streaked the window, droplets blurring the world outside. She traced the patterns with her finger absentmindedly, feeling the quiet thrill of the night, the intimacy of their shared closeness, and the fragile peace of this hidden haven. Even as danger waited beyond these walls, here, in this moment, everything felt suspended-soft, intimate, and impossibly a

live.

Maya lingered in the living room, hugging herself, eyes half-closed, letting the rhythm of the rain and the memory of Damien's warmth wrap around her. The soft glow of the fireplace flickered across the room, casting dancing shadows that warmed her skin.

Meanwhile, inside the bedroom, the absence of her warmth stirred something in him.

Damien's eyes fluttered open, scanning the bed-and froze. She was gone. His pulse quickened, and he swung his legs off the bed, moving with quiet urgency.

Grabbing a pair of boxers from the drawer, he moved silently through the house, drawn by the faint sound of the fire crackling and the soft patter of rain against the windows. There she was-in the living room, a silhouette framed by the floor-to-ceiling glass windows. Moonlight spilled across her, mingling with the flickering firelight.

The loose shirt she had pulled on fell delicately over her frame, brushing her thighs; her hair was tied in a messy bun, strands falling softly around her neck and shoulders. She held a glass of water, fogged from the night air, and her eyes were lost in the rain outside, watching the droplets cascade down the glass.

Damien paused at the doorway, taking in the intimate scene: her quiet vulnerability, the soft curve of her body, and the way the firelight played across her skin. Slowly, he stepped forward, sliding his arms around her waist from behind.

Maya jolted at the sudden touch, but a small sigh escaped her as she leaned back into him. His face nuzzled the side of her neck, warm and steady, his lips brushing her skin as he whispered, low and teasing, “What are you doing out here, love?”

Her body melted against him, the chill of the night forgotten as the warmth of the fire, the rain, and Damien wrapped around her.

Maya tilted her head slightly toward him, her lips curving in a soft, guilty smile. “Sorry… did! wake you?” Her voice was hushed, almost drowned by the steady patter of rain. “I was just… thirsty. Got some water and-” she lifted the glass faintly in her hand, “-ended up here.”

Damien’s arms tightened around her waist, pulling her firmly against his chest. His voice was low, rough against her skin as he murmured, “You should’ve woken me. I’d have gotten it for you.” He pressed a kiss just below her ear, his tone carrying both reassurance and quiet possession. “When your warmth disappeared… I got worried.” He paused, his jaw brushing her temple, a flicker of raw honesty slipping through. “For a second, I thought you’d left me.”

A faint blush crept into her cheeks. She lowered her gaze, watching the way the droplets on the window chased each other down the glass. “I didn’t mean to worry you,” she whispered.

“How are you feeling?” His lips brushed the curve of her neck, lingering just long enough to make her shiver, his breath warm against her skin. A faint smile touched his voice as he added, “And is this my shirt you’re wearing?”

Maya let out a soft chuckle, leaning her head back against his. “I’m feeling… fine. That bath really did help, thank you.” Her fingers absently traced over his arm that circled her waist.” And yes… it’s the first thing I grabbed. I didn’t want to make too much noise-I didn’t want to

wake you.” She glanced down at the loose fabric draped over her, a small smile tugging her lips. “I hope you don’t mind.”

Damien’s grip on her waist tightened just slightly, his voice dropping lower, teasing but edged with sincerity. “Of course not. What’s mine is yours.” He pressed a lingering kiss to the side of her neck.

Maya’s breath caught, her fingers curling around his arm. “Damien… can I… ask you a favor?”

He didn’t hesitate. “Anything.”

Her throat bobbed, and she whispered, almost afraid of the answer, “It’s… it’s for Jaime. After his surgery… can you-please-help me take him somewhere far? Somewhere he’ll be safe. We have nobody else. I just… Her voice cracked, and she wrapped her arms tighter around herself. “I just want to make sure he’s okay. I don’t want him getting dragged into whatever danger is coming.”

In that moment, a quiet, unwavering certainty settled over her heart: Damien was the only one she could trust completely. The only one who could keep them both safe. The only one she could rely on.

Chapter 239

Damien stilled for a moment, her words sinking into him. Then his arms tightened around her, pulling her flush against his chest, his chin brushing the crown of her head.

“You don’t have to ask me for that, love,” he murmured, voice low and steady. “You know I’ll do everything to keep the both of you safe. No one will touch him-especially you. Not while I’m breathing.”

He pressed a kiss into her hair, his hand splaying wide over her stomach as if to anchor her.” You have my word.”

“Thank you,” Maya whispered, her voice soft but weighted with relief.

He pressed a gentle kiss to her temple. “Anything for you, love. When we return, I’ll make the arrangements right away. I’ll find the safest, most comfortable place for you and Jaime. A place where you can both truly be at ease.”

Her brows furrowed, her head tilting slightly. “Wait-for me and Jaime? What do you mean?”

Damien met her gaze steadily. “Don’t you want to be beside him while he recovers?”

Maya hesitated, her throat tightening. She swallowed, then finally shook her head. “I do… but

I also want to be beside you."

She slipped from his hold just enough to turn, facing him fully. Her eyes held his, unwavering, even as her hand lifted to his cheek. "I promised you I'd fight with you. Beside you. I won't leave your side, Damien. And I'm sure that's what Jaime wants for me too."

His jaw worked, her name falling from his lips like a plea. "Maya…"

She only smiled, her touch soft against the sharp line of his face. "And when everything is over, we'll go together. We'll take Jaime back."

Damien's eyes darkened, conflict flashing across them. His hands gripped her arms, firm but careful. "Maya, no. You don't understand how dangerous this is. I can't-" He broke off, jaw tight, breath ragged. "I won't risk you."

But she didn't waver. Her hand remained on his cheek, her thumb stroking lightly against his skin, grounding him. "You already risk yourself every day, Damien. Don't ask me to stand back and watch while you bleed for me. I can't."

His chest rose and fell, heavy with the storm of emotions she stirred.

"You're mine to protect," he growled, the words almost breaking under the weight of them.

“And you’re mine,” she whispered back, her voice steady, unwavering. “So let me protect you too. Even if all I can do is stand beside you.”

For a long moment, silence stretched between them, thick and charged. Damien searched her eyes, saw the fire there-the same fire that had drawn him to her, that had made him fall. Slowly, his grip softened, his forehead lowering until it rested against hers.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” he muttered, half a curse, half a vow.

“And you,” Maya smiled softly, her eyes glistening, “are going to be my life.”

Damien’s breath hitched, his chest tightening at her words, and then he leaned in, capturing her mouth in a kiss that was both fierce and tender. His hand cupped her jaw, thumb grazing her cheek as if she might vanish if he didn’t hold her close enough.

Maya melted into him, her fingers curling into the nape of his neck, pulling him closer, hungry for the taste of him. The fire behind them crackled, throwing amber light across their

entwined shadows on the wall.

Damien’s lips left hers, trailing fire down the curve of her throat. His hands moved with aching slowness, slipping one button after another free on the shirt draped over her body-hi s shirt. Each kiss fell lower as the fabric gave way, until he reached the final button. With one deliberate motion, he pushed it aside, baring her to his gaze, leaving only the faint curve of her panties.

Maya’s breath hitched, her chest rising and falling beneath the weight of his hungry stare.

Chapter 240

Damien’s hand slid to her waist as he guided her gently, carefully, toward the center of the rug. The glow of the fire painted her skin in shades of gold and shadow, and when she sank beneath him, it was as though the flames themselves bowed to her radiance.

He lowered himself, lips returning to hers before trailing lower, worshipping the soft slope of her chest, teasing across her peaked n*****s, then tracing down the flat plane of her stomach. Each kiss pulled a shiver from her, her fingers tangling in his hair, until he hooked his thumbs into the thin band of her panties and tugged them down with reverence, leaving her utterly bare.

She looked up at him, cheeks flushed, eyes wide with need.

Damien shed his boxers with one motion, his hard length heavy and throbbing between them. He moved over her, bracing his arms as her legs parted willingly, wrapping around his waist, drawing him close.

The blunt tip of his c**k brushed against her slick entrance, and he hissed through his teeth at the heat of her. He didn’t need to touch to know—she was ready, waiting, aching for him. Slowly, carefully, he pressed in, inch by inch, stretching her tight walls around him.

Maya gasped, her body jerking, eyes squeezing shut as the ache of fullness mixed with pleasure. She clung to him, nails digging into his shoulders, and after a trembling moment. she exhaled, relaxing, surrendering.

Damien kissed the corner of her mouth, murmuring low against her lips, “That’s it, love… let

me in.”

He buried himself fully inside her, groaning as her warmth clenched around him, claiming every inch of him. For a moment they stayed like that, breathing hard, hearts thundering in unison, before he began to move-slow, deliberate thrusts that matched the rhythm of the

rain outside, the crackle of the fire surrounding them.

Her moans blended with his low growls, the sound of skin meeting skin filling the quiet night. Their bodies moved together, desperate yet tender, as if the world itself had melted away and left only the two of them, bound in heat, devotion, and unshakable desire.

The fire painted their bodies in flickering gold, shadows dancing over skin pressed together. Damien moved slowly, each thrust measured, savoring the feel of her, the way she clung to him, every gasp and tremble pulling him deeper into desire.

Maya’s hands roamed his back, tracing the rigid muscles, feeling the heat of him, the pulse of his heartbeat matching hers. Every inch of her body responded, opening, quivering, craving

him as he sank in and out, slow and deep.

“Ahh… Damien…” she moaned, her voice trembling, soft yet desperate. Her hips pressed up, needing more, and he matched her, adjusting his angle, letting each stroke brush against the places that made her shiver uncontrollably.

He bent down, lips brushing the shell of her ear, whispering low, possessive words. “You feel so perfect… only mine. So beautiful… can’t get enough of you.”

Maya arched into him, pressing closer, nails digging into his shoulders as she let herself fall apart beneath him. The warmth of the fire, the patter of rain against the glass, the rhythm of their bodies moving together-it all felt like a private universe, suspended in heat and

reverence.

Damien’s hands roamed her body with reverence, cupping, brushing, holding, keeping her anchored as he drove her higher, each stroke synchronized with her breaths, her gasps, her

moans.

“Oh… yes, Damien…” Maya whimpered, arching her back as wave after wave of pleasure rippled through her. She felt herself tipping over, trembling, and he held her, steady, whispering encouragement against her skin, his chest heaving over hers.

Her climax crashed over her in shattering waves, his name falling from her lips as her body clenched and melted around him. Her release dragged him over the edge with her, his groan muffled against her throat as he spilled deep inside her, clinging to her like he’d never let go. Damien groaned, letting the vibrations fill her, feeling her shudder and relax before he continued, slower now, savoring her, prolonging the delicious aftermath.