**Intern 241**

Chapter 241

When she was spent, he shifted slightly, still buried inside her, holding her close. Their foreheads touched, breaths mingling, hearts racing in unison. “You belong with me, Maya. Always.” he murmured, voice thick with need and devotion.

Maya’s fingers traced down his arms, over his back, clinging to him. “Always yours,” she whispered, eyes shining, a soft smile curving her lips.

The fire crackled, the rain tapped gently against the glass, and for a few precious moments, the world outside-the danger, the war, the enemies-faded away. There was only this: warmt h, love, and the quiet, intense intimacy of two souls bound together, body and heart, in the glow of the fire.

The fire had burned low, and rain had slowed to a gentle patter outside the floor-to-ceiling windows. Damien and Maya lay side by side on the soft rug, bodies entwined, her head resting on his arm.

“I love you,” he murmured, his voice low, warm, reverberating through her.

“I love you too,” she whispered back, a small, contented smile curving her lips. Her breathing grew slow, rhythmic, and she drifted into sleep, still clinging lightly to him.

Gently, careful not to wake her, Damien carried Maya back to the bedroom, her body molded perfectly against his. He laid her down, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face, and padded quietly to the bathroom. A dampened towel in hand, he moved with precise, tender motions, cleaning her skin from the remnants of their night together.

A soft moan escaped her lips, and she stirred, eyes fluttering open, lids heavy. “Damien…”

“Shh… it’s okay, love,” he soothed, pressing a kiss to her temple. “Just sleep. I’ve got you.”

“Mmm… come to bed,” she murmured dreamily, curling closer.

“Okay,” he whispered.

He finished quickly, put the towel away, and slid onto the bed beside her, draping an arm over her as she pressed into him. Moonlight streamed through the floor-to-ceiling glass, illuminating the gentle rise and fall of their chests and casting delicate shadows over their entwined limbs. Every inch of her skin glowed in its silver light, as if the night itself were blessing them.

His hand rested lightly on her hip, fingers grazing the curve of her waist, savoring the warmth and softness that had become his anchor. Her hair fanned across the pillow, catching the

moonlight like strands of spun silver. He bent to press a gentle kiss to the crown of her head, breathing in her scent, and for a fleeting moment, he recalled the heat of the fire behind them –the desire, the intensity, the surrender-and felt it echo softly in the quiet night.

Outside, rain droplets clung to the glass, scattered like diamonds in the faint moonlight. The forest beyond was still, hushed, honoring the fragile, perfect moment held inside the cabin.

Breath mingling, hearts steadying, they melted into sleep together, cocooned in warmth, trust, and quiet

Chapter 242

Morning light filtered softly through the glass. Damien stirred, blinking against the brightness. For the first time in a long while, he'd slept in-deep, uninterrupted-and felt an un familiar sense of peace.

His eyes fell on the empty space beside him. He got up, freshened up, and slipped into a T-shirt and shorts. As he stepped out of the bedroom, the soft clatter of pots and pans drifted from the kitchen. Drawn by the sound, he moved closer-and froze, captivated by the sight of her.

Sunlight spilled across the cabin, streaming through the floor-to-ceiling windows and casting everything in a warm, golden glow. Outside, the forest stretched endlessly, serene and untouched, a quiet majesty surrounding them.

Maya's back was to him, she moved around the kitchen in one of his shirts, the oversized fabric brushing past her thighs as she reached for a pan. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun, wisps falling loose to frame her face. The way she moved-barefoot, relaxed, humming under her breath-made something sharp and tender twist in Damien's chest.

Just hours ago, she had been trembling in his arms, giving herself to him completely. And now, here she was, in his home, in his shirt, making breakfast as if she had always been mean t to fill this space.

He leaned against the doorway, silent, watching her. This… this is what forever should feel like, he thought, the weight of it settling deep.

For all his power, all his wealth, all the walls he had built-this was the one thing he had never dared imagine.

And yet, here she was. His queen. His home.

For a moment, he simply leaned against the doorway, watching her, heart full. Here, in this quiet morning, despite the danger waiting outside, there was only warmth, comfort, and the love they were building together.

When she turned, holding a pan, she jolted, eyes wide, cheeks flushed. “Oh! You scared me!” she exclaimed, a soft laugh escaping her.

“Good morning, love,” Damien said, his voice low, gentle, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Maya’s lips curved into a grin, sunlight catching the soft glimmer in her eyes. “Good morning! Come have a seat! Breakfast is ready,” she said, setting the pan down on the counter.

Damien slid into the chair across from Maya, eyes glinting with a lazy morning satisfaction. This is… honestly the best breakfast I’ve had in my life,” he said, taking a bite.

Maya laughed, shaking her head. “It’s just pancakes, eggs, and bacon… nothing special there.

“No, love, you’re wrong,” Damien said, voice low and teasing. “You made it, which makes it pe rfect. That alone makes it special.”

Maya’s cheeks flushed pink. “Just eat!” she said, swatting at him playfully.

They laughed together, the sound light and easy, a rare moment of peace washing over them. Damien leaned back slightly, studying her over the table. “Did you sleep well?”

Maya took a careful bite of her pancake, chewing slowly before answering. “Actually… I did. How about you?”

A smirk tugged at Damien’s lips. “Oh, I feel great. Really great. Slept like a rock, actually. Can’t remember the last time I slept for real.”

“Why?” Maya asked, concern knitting her brows.

“Work… my mind’s always racing. Even sleeping pills don’t do the trick anymore,” he admitted, shrugging slightly.

Maya’s eyes softened, worry flickering in their depths. “That’s not good. Have you… seen a doctor? You need to start sleeping properly, Damien.”

He reached across the table, brushing her hand with his fingers. “Move in with me,” he said quietly, voice low, intimate. “If you’re beside me… I can sleep. Really sleep.”

Maya's lips curved into a small, tender smile, her heart tightening at the thought of being with him. The morning sunlight painted his face in warmth, softening his usually sharp features. "I … I think I like that idea," she whispered, voice quiet. Then her gaze dropped, shadowed with concern. "But… what about Jaime? I can't just leave him alone."

Chapter 243

Damien reached across the table, brushing a strand of hair from her face, his thumb lingering on her cheek. His voice was calm, steady, and commanding all at once. "About that… I've already thought it through. We'll head to Switzerland. They have the best hospitals, the highest quality equipment. The Ashcrofts have a facility there too. Jaime's operation will be done under the safest conditions possible."

Maya blinked, absorbing his words.

"We'll take a small team with us-his doctors, Monroe, and your neighbor, Ms. Janice. It's important we control the environment, make sure no one can interfere." Damien's gaze held hers, firm, unyielding. "That hospital is in one of our strongest territories. The Volkrovs won't dare touch us there, and as far as they're concerned, it's off-limits. That gives us the advantage-and peace of mind-that nothing can jeopardize the operation."

Maya's brow furrowed, concern flickering across her face. "When… when would this happen? And my school… I'm about to graduate. I… I can't just leave that—"

Before she could finish, Damien placed a finger gently against her lips. "Shh… Don't worry. That's all taken care of. Your remaining classes will be completed online, so you'll stay on schedule, wherever you are. You'll graduate on time, just like you planned."

Maya blinked, relief washing over her as a small smile formed. "You really think of everything,

she murmured, her voice soft, touched with admiration.

Damien's lips curved into a confident, tender smile. "I gave you my word, love. I'll do everything to keep you safe… to keep Jaime safe. There's nothing I won't do-for you, and for him."

Maya's chest swelled at his words, a warmth spreading through her as she reached out, lightly brushing her fingers against his hand across the table. "I… I trust you, Damien," she whispered, soft but certain.

Damien's lips twitched into a small, confident grin. "I'll never give you-or Jaime-any reason not to," he murmured, his thumb brushing over hers, grounding her in the moment.

Maya leaned forward slightly, her fingers brushing over his across the table, squeezing gently as if anchoring herself to him. "Thank you, love," she whispered, her voice soft but threaded with warmth and quiet devotion.

Damien's gaze softened, but there was still that familiar, unshakable resolve burning in his eyes. He leaned just a fraction closer, the air between them charged yet tender. "Anything for you," he murmured, his thumb brushing over hers. "Like you said… no matter what comes,

we'll face it together."

A small, serene smile curved Maya's lips, her eyes glistening with affection and steadfast determination. "No matter what comes, we'll face it together," she echoed, her voice steady, carrying both promise and trust.

For a heartbeat, they simply stayed like that-hands intertwined across the table, hearts quietly tethered, the morning light casting a soft glow around them. In that simple, shared moment, the world outside didn't exist, and all that mattered was the bond they'd built, unsha kable and intimate.

Damien's lips twitched into a playful smirk. "What if we stay another night here, hmm?"

Maya laughed softly, shaking her head, but her fingers lingered on his hand, the touch grounding them in a rare moment of calm amid the chaos surrounding them.

"I don't think that's a good idea, love," Maya said, tilting her head slightly. "Aren't we supposed to head back tomorrow? And… I don't think you're paying James and Lee enough to handle the two 'toddlers'-they might throw a tantrum if we don't come back."

Damien chuckled, eyes glinting with amusement. "Toddlers is right," he murmured, squeezing her hand gently. Then, with a smooth motion, he pulled her toward him, settling her in his lap.

Out of reflex, Maya wrapped her arms around his neck, holding on. Damien's arms circled her waist, supporting her securely, and his lips found hers in a trail of feather-light kisses-soft on her lips, then her cheeks-before he whispered against her ear, low and playful, "We'll head back before sundown… but for now… how about we get to work?"

Chapter 244

"Work?" Maya asked, brow furrowed slightly, though a smile tugged at her lips.

Damien's grin deepened. He lifted her easily, legs wrapping around his waist. "Yeah, work," he said, voice teasing. "Making babies."

Maya laughed, a soft, breathy sound that made him chuckle against her lips. He kissed her again, slow and lingering, then carried her back toward the bedroom, both of them laughing quietly as the morning light streamed around them.

Damien carried her effortlessly into the bedroom, setting her down gently on the edge of the bed. He paused for a moment, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face, eyes dark with a mix of mischief and tenderness.

Without another word, he leaned in, capturing her lips in a slow, possessive kiss. Maya responded instantly, her hands tangling in his hair as his strong arms drew her closer. Clothes were shed with deliberate care, their touches hungry but reverent, savoring every curve, every sigh, every shiver that passed between them.

Damien moved with steady, deliberate rhythm, each thrust measured, tender, and intense, matching the heat and urgency of their shared desire.

Maya's soft moans filled the room, mingling with Damien's low, ragged breaths. Her nails traced patterns across his back, leaving a trail of shivers in their wake.

The heady scent of their arousal-warm, musky, intimate-hung thick between them, intoxicating and close. Every gasp, every tremor, every whispered name drew them tighter together, their bodies moving in perfect, intimate synchrony, bound in a heat that felt endless and consuming.

When the waves of pleasure finally ebbed, they collapsed onto the bed, limbs tangled, skin slick with the evidence of their desire.

The lingering taste of sweat and sex, the subtle warmth of their mingled juices, pressed them close, making the quiet aftermath feel charged with the memory of everything they'd just shared.

Damien draped an arm over her, pulling her closer. His voice was low, teasing, almost breathless. "We need to make sure every drop stays in… one of them can be our baby," he murmured, and Maya shivered at the words, a mix of awe and warmth coursing through her.

Her lips curved into a soft, breathy laugh, her fingers tracing the line of his jaw. "You're serious about that, huh?" she whispered, a flush creeping up her cheeks.

Damien's thumb brushing lightly over her cheek. "Of course," he murmured, low and possessive. "You're the only woman who has the right to bear my child. So… stay still, love," he added with a mischievous glint, "let my swimmers swim properly."

Maya blinked, a mix of shock and amusement dancing in her eyes. "Wait… what?" she murmured, a soft laugh escaping her.

"Stay still, so you won't spill," he said, pressing a gentle kiss to her temple.

Maya giggled, hiding her face against him, her heart racing. "You're ridiculous… but I love it."

They lay there, hearts hammering, breaths mingling, savoring the warmth, the softness, and the contented heaviness of being together-body and soul entwined, cocooned in their own private fire.

Chapter 245

Damien leaned back against the headboard, Maya curled against his chest, her arm resting lightly on his stomach. His fingers lazily tangled in her hair as they lingered in the quiet warmth between them, breaths mingling, hearts still racing.

After a long, comfortable silence, Damien's lips curved into a teasing smirk. "Did you know," he murmured, voice low and playful, "that you also took my virginity last night?"

Maya blinked, her cheeks flushing as a soft laugh escaped. "Oh? And here I thought you were a seasoned pro," she teased, shaking her head. "You did say you've been with other women before."

He leaned in, his tone dropping, edged with something deeper. "Yes… I've been with other women," he admitted.

"But I never made love to any of them. No foreplay, no words. They came, I finished-it was over. Always with protection. I cleaned up, they left. James handled the rest. NDAs signed, every detail controlled. Never in my bed, never in my home. Always a hotel. Always detached. I didn't care about their names, their feelings, or what they wanted. It was a transaction. I only cared about what I needed."

His gaze softened, reverence slipping into his voice. "Until you."

He let the words hang, heavy and raw, before continuing. "You're different, Maya. You're the fir st woman I've ever truly made love to. The first I've ever taken bare. The first I kissed like this. The first I touched with this kind of hunger. The first I tasted, the first I drank. The first I looked in the eyes while being utterly inside her. The first I brought into this space, the first I asked to move in. The first I wanted by my side every single day."

Maya’s fingers lingered over his chest, her heart tightening at the weight of his words. “You… r eally mean that?” she whispered.

Damien brushed his lips against her temple, his breath warm against her skin. “Every word, love. You’re the first I wanted this way. The first I wanted to wake up next to. The first I let in… all the way. And the first I can proudly say is mine.”

His lips trailed from her temple to her ear, his voice dropping to a reverent whisper. “You’re different, Maya. You’re mine in a way no one else ever was… and never could be.”

Maya’s breath caught, her chest tightening as she listened. A flicker of sadness washed through her- sadness for the man he used to be, for the lonely, empty version of Damien who never let anyone close. Her fingers brushed lightly over his chest, tracing the steady beat of his heart beneath her touch.

“That sounds… so cold,” she whispered, her voice trembling with both compassion and disbelief. “Like you didn’t even let yourself feel. Like you kept every part of you locked away.”

Her eyes

lifted to his, shimmering with warmth. “But… you’re not that man anymore, Damien. Not with me. You let me in. You gave me what you never gave anyone else. And that means more than anything I could ever ask for.”

She leaned up, pressing a tender kiss to his jaw, lingering there as her lips brushed his skin. “I don’t care what your past looks like. I only care about now. About us. About the man lying here with me-the man who finally let himself love.”

Her lips curved into a small, teasing smile as she pressed a kiss to his jaw. “Besides…” she whispered against his skin, “if that’s how you used to do things, then I guess it’s a good thing you finally learned how to do it properly.”

Damien chuckled, the sound low and warm, brushing his lips across her temple. “Learned?” he teased, his voice husky. “No, love… I didn’t learn. I just finally found the right person-the only person-worth doing it properly for.”

Maya laughed softly, hiding her heated cheeks against his chest, and for a moment the heaviness between them lightened, replaced by playful curiosity.

Chapter 246

Her eyes lifted again, wide, shimmering with wonder. “What about your first time?” she asked, her tone hushed, like the question itself was something sacred.

Damien leaned back slightly, a wry smirk tugging at his lips. “Oh, that…” His gaze flickered with a glint of memory, half amused, half distant. “It was in college. I was a freshman, and she was a senior.”

Maya’s brows arched, eyes widening a little. “An older woman?”

“Only three years older,” Damien said with a low chuckle. “Our school went on a camping trip. And, of course, Nick being Nick, managed to charm two seniors into tagging along. Let’s just say… they knew exactly what they wanted.”

His smirk deepened, though there was no weight in the memory-only a trace of youthful recklessness. “Nick and I were both clueless, so we just pretended we knew what we were doing. A few drinks, some flirting… and one thing led to another. She took the lead, I followed. Gave me a blowjob, then rode me. That was it. No romance, no intimacy, no connection. When it was over, they left. And the next morning, we acted like nothing had ever happened.”

His voice softened, his gaze drifting back to Maya, locking on with quiet intensity. “That was my first time. But last night…” His thumb brushed across her cheek, tender, reverent. “Last night was my real first time. With you.”

Maya’s fingers tangled in his hair, her lips brushing his jaw as she pressed lightly against his chest. “That’s… lovely,” she murmured, voice soft, eyes warm. “I’m glad I get to give you something no one else could.”

She shifted slightly, nuzzling closer, and pressed a gentle kiss to his cheek. “Thank you for saving all those firsts for me.”

A mischievous grin tugged at her lips. “So… tell me,” she whispered, eyes sparkling with teasing curiosity, “did you… like it?”

Damien’s brow quirked. “Did I like what?”

Maya leaned just enough to catch his gaze, bold yet slightly hesitant. “That… experience. What she did to you back then… Do you enjoy it when a woman is on top of you? Or… if a woman gives you a… you know…” She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a breathy whisper. “Blowjob.”

Damien's eyes darkened, heat rising in his voice. "What woman?" His tone dipped low, intimate, possessive. "You're my only woman. Are you… asking if I want you on top of me? Or

if I want you to… give me a blowjob?"

Maya's cheeks flushed a soft pink, her fingers curling nervously in his hair. Her lips curved into a small, teasing smile, though a flicker of shyness lingered in her eyes.

"I… I just want to learn," she whispered, breath warm against his skin. "I want to be… better. Not just… boring."

She nibbled lightly on her lower lip, stealing a glance at him. "Maybe… maybe I should ask Harper for tips. Or… continue that… 'research'. I'm curious. I want to know… everything I can do to make us…" Her voice dipped, thick with heat and sincerity, "…better together."

Damien's lips curved into a slow, knowing smirk. "Is that so?" His thumb brushed over her cheek, grazing her trembling skin. "You want to learn… so you can contribute… in our… make-love experiments?"

Maya nodded, shyness and desire warring in her expression, before a bold sparkle returned to her eyes. "Yes… I want to explore… with you. I want to… give you as much pleasure as you give me… and maybe even more."

Damien let out a soft chuckle, shaking his head, then his gaze darkened, voice low and possessive. "You already do, love. Just by being… you."

His breathing growing heavier as a familiar heat coiled low in his body. A slow, wicked smirk tugged at his lips.

“What if…” he murmured, voice thick with desire, “we just… learn together, hmm?”

Chapter 247

Maya blinked, heart fluttering, a mix of curiosity and shyness flooding her. “Learn… how?” she whispered.

Damien leaned closer, his lips brushing the shell of her ear. “How about we start with… you feeling just how much I crave you?”

Before she could answer, he pulled the blanket away. Maya’s breath hitched, eyes widening at the sight before her-hard, tall, and impossibly tempting. A rush of heat flushed her cheeks, and she instinctively leaned back, heart hammering as a shiver of anticipation raced down her spine.

Damien’s voice dropped, low and commanding, yet teasing. “Don’t just look, love… touch. Feel me. After all… you already own it.” He added a wicked little wink.

Maya’s eyes widened, cheeks flushed, as Damien’s words sank in. Her trembling fingers hovered uncertainly over him, heart pounding in her chest. Slowly, hesitantly, curiosity won over shyness, and she reached out, letting her fingertips brush against him, feeling the heat and hardness beneath her touch.

Damien let out a low groan of approval, sending shivers down her spine. “Wrap it around your hand,” he instructed. Maya followed, her fingers barely able to reach around him, surprised by

his size.

Seeing her struggle, Damien gently guided her hand, wrapping his around hers. “Now… stroke it like this. Slowly… gently… Yes, just like that, love.”

Her breath hitched as she followed his lead, every careful movement a mix of nervousness and fascination. Damien’s soft groans and guiding touch urged her on, teaching her the rhythm, the pressure, the intimacy of learning together.

Maya’s movements were tentative at first, unsure of how much pressure was right, how fast or slow to go. Every tiny groan that escaped Damien’s lips made her pulse quicken, her cheeks warming even more.

“That’s… yes… just like that,” Damien murmured, his hand still resting lightly over hers, guiding, steadying, encouraging. “Feel how it reacts, love. Feel how much I want you.”

She bit her lip, swallowing hard as a rush of heat pooled between her legs. “I… I want to do it right,” she whispered, voice small, almost shy.

“You are,” he said softly, thumb brushing against hers. “You’re doing perfectly. Just… keep feeling.”

A slow, deliberate groan slipped from Damien as she adjusted her grip, curiosity and a hint of boldness creeping into her actions. Maya's eyes flicked up at him, searching for approval, and the way he looked at her-intense, hungry, yet patient-made her shiver.

"Good… yes, love, that's it," he encouraged. "Now… let your hand follow me, feel the heat. building. Don't be afraid to explore… this is us… learning, together."

Her fingers trembled, but she obeyed, letting her touch grow more confident with each gentle movement. The intimacy of it-the closeness, the trust, the shared desire-sent a tremor straight through her, and she could feel Damien responding, his body alive beneath her hand.

Chapter 248

Maya's breath came shallow, her hand moving slowly under Damien's steady guidance. The weight of him in her palm, the heat, the way he pulsed beneath her touch-it made her cheeks burn, but it also made something deeper stir inside her.

"Good…" Damien's voice was rough, almost guttural, his head tipping back against the headboard. "Just like that, love."

Her lips parted as she looked up at him, heart racing at the sight of him undone-this man who was always in control, now trembling beneath her timid touch. A thrill coursed through her, heady and addictive.

Damien's eyes cracked open, gaze dark and burning as it met hers. He caught her wrist gently, pressing a kiss to the back of her hand before guiding her back down over him. "You're perfect," he rasped, voice thick with heat. "Every stroke… is driving me insane."

Damien's head fell back against the headboard, his chest rising and falling sharply, groans tearing from deep in his throat as her hand worked him. His abs flexed beneath her arm, every muscle pulled tight as he lost himself in her touch.

"Fuck… Maya…" he growled, voice breaking into a strained moan. His grip tightened over her hand, his body jerking under the rhythm she was giving him. "You're… driving me fucking crazy, love. Don't stop, love. Just like that… make me lose control. Make me come for you." The sound of him, the way his voice cracked, the raw, helpless edge to his groans-it lit something inside Maya. Her heart pounded with a sudden rush of boldness, an awakening of hunger she hadn't known she carried.

And then-she let go.

Damien's eyes snapped open, wild and sharp, instantly searching her face. His hand shot to hers, panic flickering in his expression. "Why did you stop, love?" His voice dropped, softer, almost afraid. He immediately sat up straighter, his palm brushing her cheek tenderly. "I'm sorry, was it too much? We can sto-"

Before he could finish, Maya placed her hand on his chest and gently pushed him back down against the headboard.

Her eyes glowed with something new-shy, but burning. She leaned in, her lips finding his, kissing him slow but with a building hunger that made his chest tighten.

"No…" she breathed against his mouth, shaking her head, voice trembling with determination.

"It's not too much. I just…"

Her lips trailed to his ear, her whisper hot, fragile yet commanding. "…I want to feel you inside me. I want to make love with you."

Damien froze, his breath caught in his throat, before a guttural growl vibrated in his chest. His hands slid to her hips, gripping tight, reverent and desperate all at once.

Maya slowly pushed the blanket away, revealing her bare body, giving Damien an unobstructed, tantalizing view. Her cheeks flushed as she let herself linger under his gaze for a moment, before sliding up to straddle him, their bodies pressing together, skin against skin.

Damien's hands moved to her hips, holding her steady, grounding them both, while heat pooled between them. Maya leaned in, capturing his lips in a deep, hungry kiss. Damien responded instantly, his arms tightening around her, pressing her closer.

Her fingers tangled in his hair, teasing, tugging gently as she began to grind against him. His low groan vibrated into her mouth, sending shivers down her spine, and she felt a thrilling, intoxicating power in the way he responded-every gasp, every moan, driving her bolder, hungrier.

Then, with a shaky breath, Maya pulled herself up just enough, her eyes locked to his, her body trembling with anticipation. She shifted, guiding herself over him, and slowly-achingly slowly-slid down onto his c**k.

Damien's head slammed back against the headboard with a raw, unrestrained groan. Maya gasped, her lips parting in shock, her entire body arching as the new angle let her feel every inch of him, deeper than before.

Her gasp turned into a breathy moan, soft and desperate, her hands bracing against his chest as she shuddered. “Oh God… Damien…”

Chapter 249

His fingers dug into her hips, jaw clenched tight, eyes dark and blazing. “Fuck, love… you feel so damn perfect.”

Maya froze for a moment, her hands bracing against Damien’s chest as she took in his full length, letting herself adjust slowly. Every inch of him pressed against her, warm and hard, and she let out a soft, shaky gasp as her body trembled with the sensation.

She lowered herself just a little more, careful, her breaths shallow and quick as her core stretched, accommodating him inch by inch. Damien’s eyes darkened, a low growl vibrating from deep in his chest. His hands moved instinctively, brushing her back, pulling her closer until their bodies were flush together, heat and desire mingling between them.

“Urghhh… so perfect, love,” he murmured, voice thick with need, lips trailing from her shoulder to the curve of her neck before settling on her breasts. His mouth closed over one, sucking gently at the peak, teasing, then he shifted to the other, lips and tongue swirling, kneading, sending jolts of heat and pleasure racing through her entire body.

Maya’s back arched involuntarily, her lips parting in a breathy moan as she tilted her head back, pressing herself fully into him. His hands moved from her back to her hips, gripping firmly, guiding her as she slowly began to rock, letting herself find the perfect angle, the right depth, the sweet rhythm that made both of them lose themselves.

“Ahhh… nngghh… uhn… Damien… ahhh…” she moaned, voice trembling, soft and desperate. Her back arched instinctively, pressing closer against him. “I… I can feel you… every inch… so deep…”

A shiver ran down her spine, and she dug her fingers lightly into his shoulders, seeking support as heat pooled between them. Her hips pressed and rolled against him, matching the rhythm of his body, each movement sending sparks of pleasure coursing through her.

“Mm… Damien… yes… oh God, it feels… so good…” she gasped, breath hitching, lips parting as her body trembled with every pulse and stretch, completely alive to the full length of him buried inside her.

“That’s it, love,” Damien rasped, voice low and rough, breath hot against her skin. His teeth grazed her collarbone as he pulled her closer with every measured thrust. “Feel me… every inch of me inside you. You feel so fucking perfect… so tight… so damn perfect around me.”

Maya’s movements grew bolder, her confidence rising with each moan escaping Damien’s throat. She leaned forward slightly, letting him bury himself deeper, feeling every inch of him inside her. Her hips rolled slowly at first, teasing, savoring the heat, the fullness, the way he

pressed against her.

Damien leaned back, eyes dark with desire, drinking in the full view of Maya straddling him. She moved slowly, deliberately, taking him in inch by inch, savoring every stretch and pulse.

“F-fuck… you’re driving me insane, love,” he groaned, voice raw and ragged. His hands gripped her hips firmly, guiding her motion, syncing with her rhythm. Every thrust, every inch, every tilt of her body pressed perfectly against him, pushing them both higher into the fire of their shared pleasure.

Her back arched higher, breasts pressing forward, perfectly exposed before him. Damien’s hand slid from her hips up to cup her breasts, fingers kneading and squeezing gently, sending shivers of pleasure

through her body. Every nerve felt electrified as his hands alternated between holding her close and guiding her rhythm.

Soft, needy moans escaped both of them, filling the room with the sound of their shared hunger, their bodies moving together in perfect, heated synchrony.

“You’re so beautiful… ughhh… yes… just like that, love… keep going…” Damien groaned, his head falling back against the headboard, eyes dark and blazing, every muscle in his body taut with need and desire.

Maya’s movements became more fluid, more confident, matching his rhythm, letting the pleasure coil and spiral between them. Her hair fell loose around her face, her lips curved in soft, breathy moans that urged him further, pulling guttural groans from deep within him.

Damien’s hands tightened on her hips, then slid upward, brushing over her sides, tracing her spine before returning to guide her every movement. His body trembled under her, every thrust deliberate yet wild, sending them both higher, riding the waves of shared desire.

“God, Maya…” His voice was rough, strained with need. “You feel… incredible.” he growled, pulling himself up to press her closer against him. His lips trailed along her neck, sucking and teasing, while his chest molded against hers as he moved with her, every moan and gasp she let out mirrored by his own.

Maya’s chest rose and fell rapidly, her hands digging into his shoulders, nails grazing skin, moans spilling freely now, her body alive with the pleasure of both giving and receiving. Her hips rolled faster, her rhythm finding a fiery pace that made him groan and growl, lost in the heat of her, lost in her.

Every movement, every gasp, every touch was an unspoken confession: they were consumed by each other, learning together, exploring together, losing themselves in the intimacy, the raw sensuality, and the unshakable bond that had grown between them.

Damien leaned closer, lips trailing over the curve of her neck, along her jawline, murmuring

her name with every measured thrust. “I can do this everyday all day with you… you feel so good, ughhh really good… fuck!! Mmmm… you’re so tight! Ahhh…” His voice was low, rough with desire, vibrating against her skin.

She moaned, arching into him, fingers digging into his shoulders as her breath hitched. Every motion of his body drove heat deeper into her, every whispered word igniting a fire she couldn’t contain.

Her moans turned ragged, breathless, broken by whispers of his name, each one pulling him further, igniting a fire he couldn’t-and didn’t want to-contain. Every arch of her back, every push of her hips, drove him deeper into the moment, into her.

He held a slow, searing pace, guiding her, letting her surrender completely. Her body trembled beneath him, hips jerking, cries spilling freely: “Oh… Damien… ahhh… yes…” The sounds, the warmth, the need-they consumed him.

“Love…. I.. ahhhh” she gasped, eyes fluttering shut, every nerve alight with pleasure.

They moved as one, every inch of contact electric, hearts beating together, bodies perfectly synchronized. The world outside ceased to exist; there was only this, only them, only the fire they ignited together.

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ya moaned, arching, letting herself ride him fully, each movement pushing them both closer to the edge. Every gasp, every tremor, every press of her body against his fueled the fire between them.

“Damien… Ahh… Mmm..” she gasped, voice breaking with need, her body shivering, heart hammering.

“You’re doing so good, love… don’t stop…” he growled, hands gripping her hips tighter, pulling her flush against him, guiding every inch, every thrust, syncing with her entirely.

The tension coiled, thick and electric, every nerve alive with sensation. Their moans and whispers filled the room, mingling with the soft slap of skin against skin, their bodies moving as one, perfectly attuned.

And then, with a sharp, breathless cry, Damien’s control shattered. His hips jerked, pulse spiking, groans breaking free as he tumbled over the edge, utterly consumed by the wave of release, every motion and moan amplified by Maya’s movements.

Maya rode him through it, shivering, breath ragged, chest heaving as she clung to him, feeling him tremble beneath her. Her own climax hit soon after, a shuddering, fiery release that left her gasping, lips parted, cheeks flushed, pressed flush against his chest.

They collapsed together, bodies slick with sweat, hearts hammering in unison, breaths mingling. Damien remained buried inside her as she sank down onto his chest, still straddling him. His arms wrapped tightly around her, pulling her close, grounding them together, while his lips brushed over her hair. Maya rested against him, feeling the steady thrum of his heartbeat beneath her, every inch of their connection electric and intimate.

Maya pressed her forehead against his chest, still catching her breath. “Th-that… that’s wild,” she murmured, cheeks flushed, her voice barely above a whisper.

Damien’s hands tightened around her, pulling her impossibly closer. A low, guttural growl rolled from his chest. “And so… fucking amazing,” he rasped, his voice thick with need. “You have no idea how good you make me feel, love. Every part of you… every touch… it drives me insane.”

After a long, shaky moment of shared warmth, Maya’s voice rumbled softly against his chest. “We… we should wash up, love,” she murmured, breath still heavy, desire still coiling between them. “Can’t stay… all sticky like this.”

Damien let out a low, amused chuckle, his lips brushing the top of her head. “You’re right,” he murmured, voice thick with heat. “But damn… I could stay like this forever.”

Maya let out a shaky laugh, pressing briefly against Damien before rolling to the side to catch her breath. Their bodies glistened with sweat, warm and slick from their shared intensity. She slowly rose, feeling the lingering heat of him beneath her as their juices mingled-a silent, intimate mark of what they’d shared.

Damien followed, every movement deliberate, his gaze dark with hunger as he watched her. They moved toward the bathroom, skin brushing, each touch sending sparks of desire reigniting between them.

Once inside, Damien slid an arm around her waist, pulling her close until her back pressed to his chest. His lips found the side of her neck, trailing warm, teasing kisses, his breath hot against her skin.

“Let’s… do it again,” he murmured, voice low, rough, and dangerous, sending shivers down her spine. “…in the shower.”

Maya shivered, a mischievous spark dancing in her eyes as she pressed back against him, letting her hands glide over his chest. “For an older man… you’ve got too much energy,” she teased, voice husky and playful.

Damien’s lips curved into a slow, dark smirk, eyes glinting with raw desire. “Older, huh?” His voice dropped to a growl. “You’re daring me… and you know I’ll accept that challenge.”

A soft, breathy laugh escaped her as she arched into him just enough to press closer. “I mean… we’ve already gone twice. Aren’t you tired? Your stamina is insane.”

He groaned low, brushing a hand over her hip possessively. “Tired? Love… I’ve only just begun. You feel too good, look too perfect… and you’re daring me like this?” His voice was thick, commanding, yet laced with desire.