Intern 51

Chapter 51

Maya's chest rose and fell rapidly. Her fingers clutched the sheets tighter, white-knuckled.

"Mr. Blackwood… I… I don't…."

Damien's jaw flexed. "Understand? You will.."

He stepped even closer now, stopping at the edge of her bed. His voice turned to a murmur. A warning.

"But if you think I can let you walk away now… after this? You're wrong."

He bent down slightly, not touching her, just close enough for his scent to reach her-clean skin, expensive cologne, something darker beneath.

"I should stay away. I should keep you safe from everything I am. But I can't. Not anymore."

He's too close.

Too composed. Too in control. And yet every inch of her skin prickled with awareness. She could feel him without being touched.. his breath, his scent, the heat of him pouring into her

like liquid sin.

God help her, part of her wanted him to touch her. To close the distance. To ruin her gently, completely.

Her breath caught.

He straightened again, masking everything behind that unreadable expression.

Then, quietly:

“You’re not just an intern, Maya.”

Silence.

Their eyes locked.

Neither moved.

He cared. He actually cared.

And somehow, that hurt more than being forgotten. Because it meant this-whatever this

was-wasn't one-sided. But it could never be real. Could it? Not for someone like her. Not

with someone like him.

Then –

The door opened softly behind them.

Jamie's voice: "Maya?"

Damien stepped back instantly, like a shadow folding into itself.

His expression shifted-controlled again, unreadable, but something in his jaw was still tight.

“Feel better soon, Ms. Thompson,” he said, his voice low but steady. “I’ll head back to the company. James is coming with me. Monroe’s just outside if you need anything. Get some rest… I’ll see you tonight.”

He turned to Jamie, his gaze sharp but not unkind.

“Look after your sister.”

And then he was gone.

James gave her a respectful nod – almost a bow – then followed Damien out the door, quiet as dusk falling behind them.

Inside the Elevator

The silence was heavy-thick as smoke, pressed between the walls of steel and mirrored glass.

Damien stood motionless, shoulders squared, jaw tight. The dim glow of the elevator light cast harsh lines across his face, emphasizing the storm still crackling beneath his composed exterior.

James stood beside him, equally still, tablet in one hand, phone in the other-always ready, always precise.

He broke the silence first.

“Sir,” James said quietly, eyes forward. “Trina and Ms. Lin are waiting downstairs. I asked them to come for Ms. Thompson. They’ll take over once Jamie returns upstairs. We’ll brief them on the welfare check cover story.”

Damien gave a curt nod, but didn’t look at him.

“Hmm. I’ll wait in the vehicle. Make sure everything is clean. No questions. No mistakes.”

“Yes, sir.”

The elevator hummed downward.

Then Damien’s voice came again-lower this time. Steel threaded with fury.

His jaw clenched. Every part of him itched to go back. But he couldn’t-not yet. Not until everything that touched her pain was gone.

“Tell Monroe to send men to Beckett’s house.”

James turned slightly. “Yes, sir.”

“I want it searched. Every drawer, every device, every hidden file. Anything with value- destroyed. Anything he’s touched-burned.”

He turned his head, eyes blazing now. “And everything in his name… I want it gone. Accounts. Cars. Property. Assets. All of it. I don’t care what it takes-buy it, erase it, burn it to ash.”

The lights above flickered as the elevator passed another floor, reflecting Damien’s rage in fractured shards.

“I want him left with nothing. Not a penny. Not a memory. Not a goddamn corner of the world to crawl back to. No second chances. No new beginnings.”

James didn’t flinch. Just nodded once, crisp and controlled.

“Yes, sir. I’ll handle it personally.”

Damien looked straight ahead again, shoulders still rigid, but his hands-his hands were fists

now.

“I want him to feel what it’s like,” he said softly, but the venom beneath it was lethal. “To be stripped of everything. To wake up with nothing but the weight of what he did.”

The elevator slowed, nearing the ground floor.

James glanced down at his phone, already sending instructions to Monroe and two more

trusted teams.

The moment the doors slid open, Damien stepped out without another word-controlled, composed, but leaving behind a trail of vengeance that burned hotter than fire.

And as the elevator doors closed behind him, Maya was left with the ghost of his words…

and a heart that didn’t know whether to break or burn.

She curled deeper into the blanket, but it wasn’t warmth she craved.

It was him.

And God help her… she didn’t know how to stop.

Veintiocho

If your heart raced, broke, or burned while reading this… then you’re feeling exactly what Maya is. And Damien? He may finally be realizing that caring isn’t his weakness – it’s what makes him

human.