Intern 511

Chapter 511

As Damien guided Maya back toward their seats, James entered the dining hall carrying several shopping bags from the electronics store.

The driver followed close behind with nearly as many.

The room fell silent.

Nick stared.

Them stared some more.

“What the fuck, D?” His eyes widened. “Did you buy the entire store?”

“Nicholas! Your language!”

Eleanor’s voice cracked through the room like a whip.

Nick immediately straightened.

“Right.” He cleared his throat. “My apologies, Grandma Eleanor.”

After a brief pause, his attention shifted back to Damien.

“Did you purchase the entire store?”

Damien looked at him as though the question itself was ridiculous.

“Why would I buy the entire store?” he asked flatly. “I only bought a few things for Maya.”

“Few?!”

Ashcroft stared at the growing pile of bags currently being carried into the manor.

Maya looked equally surprised.

She was just about to ask Damien exactly what he meant by a few things when her gaze landed on James.

He was standing a short distance away, arms full of shopping bags.

More importantly, he was looking directly at her.

The moment their eyes met, James gave the smallest shake of his head before subtly nodding toward

Damien.

The message was clear.

Please don’t

Maya blinked.

Then she looked at the mountain of shopping bags.

Then back at James.

Understanding dawned almost immediately.

Whatever was inside those bags, questioning Damien about it in front of everyone was probably a bad

idea.

The words that had been about to leave her mouth quietly disappeared.

For the sake of everyone's peace, Maya decided not to ask.

"I bought you a new computer," Damien said as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world. "You

can use it for your online classes."

Maya blinked.

"But last night you said I could use the laptop I already have from the company."

"I know, love."

Damien's tone remained calm.

“But that one is old, bulky, and outdated. It’s also company property. There’s no reason for using it for personal matters.”

His gaze shifted briefly toward the growing pile of bags.

“You need something better, so I bought you one.”

Nicholas stared at him.

“Wait. Hold on.”

His attention immediately shifted to Maya.

“You asked Damien if you could use the company–issued laptop?”

Maya looked confused by his reaction.

“Well… yes?”

“Why?”

Nicholas looked genuinely baffled.

you

to keep

“If you were going to ask for something, you could’ve at least asked for his laptop. Better model. Better

specs.”

He pointed at Damien.

“Or better yet, ask for his credit card and buy yourself a new one.”

Maya looked horrified.

“I would never do that.”

~“Because I don’t need a new laptop,” Maya replied patiently. “The one I have is more than enough for what

I need.”

She paused.

“And I’m definitely not borrowing his personal laptop. There are probably confidential files on it.”

Then she added firmly,

“And I would never ask for his credit card.”

Nicholas stared at her for several seconds.

“You’re doing this wrong.”

Maya blinked.

“What?”

“You should be helping him spend his money, not saving it.” He shook his head. “You’re far too frugal.”

Before Maya could respond, Damien spoke.

“Then you’d better start working harder.”

Nicholas looked at him blankly.

“Huh?”

“To earn more money, obviously.”

Damien’s expression remained completely serious.

“Harper loves money and enjoys spending it too.”

A brief silence followed and for once, Nicholas had no comeback.

By the time everything had been carried upstairs, Alfred had already arranged for Damien's dinner to be brought out.

At Eleanor's insistence, James was also persuaded to take a seat and eat.

After a while, Eleanor rose from her chair.

"Well, it's getting late," she said with a fond smile. "I'll leave the young people to themselves."

With that, she excused herself and headed upstairs.

Charles was just about to follow when Damien spoke.

"Grandpa."

The older man paused.

"Yes?"

“Can you stay for a moment?”

Charles settled back into his chair.

“Ah, I know.” His eyes narrowed knowingly. “You want to talk about what happened at the company earlier

with Bill Franklin.”

Damien didn’t answer.

He simply let the assumption hang in the air.

No one said anything else.

They waited.

A few moments later, Eleanor’s footsteps faded into the distance.

Then came the soft click of a door closing.

Only then did Damien reach into the paper bag beside him and pull out one of the containers.

Then he handed it to Charles.

Charles blinked, clearly puzzled, but accepted the container nonetheless.

“What’s this?”

“A gift from Mr. Lawson,” Damien said.

Charles thought for a moment.

“Mr. Lawson?”

The name sounded familiar, but he couldn’t immediately place it.

Curious, he opened the container.

The moment the lid lifted, his eyes widened.

Inside sat a generous slice of pecan cheesecake.

For a moment, he simply stared at it.

Then his expression lit up like a child on Christmas morning.

“Ah! My good friend Freddy!”

Dominic looked at him blankly.

“Freddy who?”

Charles waved him off.

“Ah, Freddy! Frederick Lawson and his wife, Miranda. They own the coffee shop about ten minutes from herc.”

Dominic’s eyes landed on the contents of the container.

Immediately, he pointed at it

“You’re not allowed to eat that, Father. Your blood sugar will skyrocket again, and then you’ll become a cranky old man and a burden to all of us. Especially Mom.”

“Oh, be quiet, you ungrateful child.” Charles clicked his tongue. “Why don’t you learn from your son? He

understands.”

“Not really,” Damien replied. “I just couldn’t say no to Mr. Lawson. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have given it to

you.”

“See?” Dominic said immediately.

Then he reached for the container.

“You know what? Better yet, just give it to me. I’ll eat it for you.”

Smack.

Charles slapped his hand away and immediately pulled the container closer, as though protecting a

priceless treasure.

“I’m an old man living on borrowed time. Let me enjoy the things I like.”

Then he pointed a warning finger at his son.

“And don’t you dare tell your mother.”

Then his gaze shifted toward Alfred, who was standing quietly off to the side.

“You too, Alfred.”

Alfred smiled.

“My lips are sealed, Sir.”

Satisfied, Charles nodded and immediately picked up his fork.

While everyone was busy enjoying the banter between father and son, Damien noticed that Maya still

hadn’t taken hers out.

He reached into the paper bag, intending to hand it to her, but Maya immediately stopped him before he

could.

“What’s wrong?” Damien asked, looking at her. “Don’t you want to eat yours? I thought you’ve been craving

it all week.”

His gaze briefly shifted toward the paper bag before returning to her face, clearly puzzled by her reaction.

Chapter 512

Maya leaned slightly closer and lowered her voice.

“Because there are other people here.”

Damien glanced around the table.

Maya continued quietly.

“And there’s only one slice.”

Understanding slowly dawned on him.

“It wouldn’t be polite to eat it in front of everyone without offering” she whispered. “So I’ll just have mine

later.”

Then her eyes landed on the iced coffee beside the paper bag, and a smile immediately appeared on her

face.

“But I’ll have this.”

She picked up the cup and gave the straw a small swirl, mixing the drink before taking a sip.

“The ice will water it down if I leave it too long, so I need to drink it now.”

Damien met her eyes and immediately understood what she was doing. She wasn’t refusing the

cheesecake because she didn’t want it.

She was simply being considerate of everyone else at the table.

He didn’t argue any further.

The moment the coffee touched her lips, her eyes brightened slightly.

“Mmm. This is so good.”

James, who had been quietly eating nearby, noticed immediately

“That should taste extra special, Ms. Maya.”

Maya looked up at him in confusion.

“Extra special?”

James nodded.

“Well, Boss stood in line and ordered it himself.”

The room fell silent.

Then Nicholas let out a loud laugh.

“Bullshit.”

He pointed at Damien.

“You expect me to believe Damien stood in line at a café and waited his turn like everyone else? That’ll be

the day.”

“That’s exactly what happened, Sir,” James replied.

Nicholas laughed even harder.

“No. Absolutely not. Your loyalty is way overboard, Horton.”

Without saying another word, James reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

After tapping the screen a few times, he stood and walked over to Maya before handing it to her.

“See for yourself, Ms. Maya.”

Maya immediately remembered Damien mentioning that he had evidence.

This was probably it.

Curious, she accepted the phone.

The moment the video began playing, her eyes widened and a smile slowly spread across her face.

The video wasn't very long.

It showed Damien standing patiently in line, waiting for his turn like everyone else.

A few minutes later, the barista informed him that they had already sold the last slice of pecan

cheesecake.

The look on Damien's face immediately changed.

For some reason, he looked as though he had just been told he had lost a billion–dollar deal.

Even through the screen, Maya could see the panic that had appeared on the poor barista's face.

A moment later, an older gentleman emerged from the back.

The sound quality wasn't perfect, but Maya clearly heard Damien say four simple words.

"It's for my wife."

The words were spoken so naturally and without hesitation that they instantly made her heart skip a beat.

The video ended shortly afterward when Damien followed who was presumably Mr. Lawson through a

staff–only door.

By the time the video ended, the smile on Maya's face had only grown brighter.

She returned the phone to James before turning toward Damien.

"Hmm…" Amusement danced in her eyes. "I'm impressed, Mr. Blackwood."

"You actually did it."

“Of course.” Damien looked completely unapologetic. “I told you I could do it.”

Then he leaned slightly closer.

“Whatever my wife wants, my wife gets.”

The simple statement made Maya’s heart warm.

Without thinking much about it, she leaned closer and pressed a quick kiss against his cheek.

“Thank you, love. I really appreciate it.”

For a brief moment, Damien was caught off guard.

He hadn’t expected Maya to take the initiative.

Knowing how shy she normally was, the gesture surprised him.

Not that he minded.

Quite the opposite.

As he looked at the happiness shining in her eyes, he couldn't help but find it remarkable.

All of this was because of a very small request that required minimal effort on his part–a cup of coffee

and a slice of cheesecake.

Together, they cost less than a parking ticket.

Yet Maya looked genuinely happy.

Most women he knew would only react that way after receiving a luxury handbag, expensive jewelry, or

some limited–edition item worth a small fortune.

But Maya was different.

To her, a cup of coffee and a slice of cheesecake that he had personally stood in line for were enough.

She looked as though he had given her something priceless.

As though he had given her the world.

His thoughts drifted briefly to the ring.

For a moment, he imagined what it would look like on her finger.

The image alone brought him an unexpected sense of satisfaction.

Tonight had been surprisingly simple.

He had done things he never would have considered doing before.

Yet somehow, it had given him a sense of peace he hadn’t felt in a very long time.

Perhaps it was the warmth of the people at the café.

Or perhaps it was Maya’s ability to appreciate even the smallest things.

Whatever the reason, he found himself looking forward to the day he could finally place that ring on her finger and officially make her his.

“Anything for you, love,” he said warmly.

However, as expected, with Nicholas Ashcroft around, the sweet moment didn’t last long.

“Geesh.”

Nicholas dramatically covered his eyes.

“Get a room, you two.”

Maya immediately laughed and felt her cheeks grow warm.

Damien, meanwhile, merely shot him a glance.

“Haven’t you overstayed your welcome?”

Nicholas looked offended.

“So now you’re kicking me out?”

He turned toward Dominic.

“Uncle Dom, are you hearing this? Now that he has a girlfriend, he’s pushing me aside.”

Dominic laughed.

“I can’t take your side on this one, son.”

Nicholas looked betrayed.

“Even you?”

“Especially me.” Dominic chuckled. “This is long overdue.”

Charles, who was busy scraping the last bits of cheesecake from the container, nodded in agreement.

“He’s right.”

Then a teasing smile appeared on his face.

“Maybe you should spend less time bothering Damien and more time pursuing that young lady from the Takahashi family. What’s her name again?”

“Harper, Father,” Dominic supplied. “Her name is Harper.”

“Ah, yes, yes. Harper.” Charles waved a hand. “You should stop dilly–dallying, boy. Otherwise, someone might come along and swoop her away.”

He pointed his fork at Nicholas.

Then you’ll have no one to blame but yourself.”

Charles clicked his tongue.

“At least Damien here is already one step ahead. You haven’t even secured the woman yet.”

He shook his head.

“Instead of chasing Harper, you’re wasting your time entertaining random women from random clubs.”

His expression turned particularly sour.

“Like that woman from earlier today.” Charles clicked his tongue. “Don’t think I don’t know about that little incident. We heard all about it before the two of you even arrived.

Nicholas immediately buried his face in his hands.

“Grandpa… That happened years ago.”

“What?” Charles scoffed. “I’m just telling the truth.”

He pointed his fork at him.

“Imagine bringing someone like that home and introducing her to the family.”

Charles shuddered dramatically.

“Your grandfather will have a heart attack on the spot.”

Chapter 513

For the next several minutes, Nicholas found himself the target of relentless teasing from nearly everyone

at the table.

To his credit, he attempted to defend himself.

To everyone’s amusement, he failed miserably.

By the time the laughter finally died down, the topic gradually shifted to more serious matters.

The conversation soon returned to Bill Franklin and everything that had happened earlier at the company.

Damien kept his explanation brief. He informed Charles and Dominic that the matter had already been

handled before turning his attention to his father.

“I ordered a thorough investigation and a full department clean–up. HR is already working on it. I’ll leave

the rest for you to handle, Dad."

Dominic nodded.

"Don't worry about it, son. Just focus on your trip. I'll handle things here."

After a brief pause, he glanced toward Nicholas.

"What about that woman?"

Nicholas immediately knew who he was referring to.

"I heard she caused quite a scene earlier," Dominic continued. "Will she be a problem?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"I don't think so. I made myself very clear earlier, Uncle Dom."

His expression turned serious.

“I highly doubt there’ll be a repeat of what happened today.”

Dominic studied him for a moment before nodding.

“Good.”

The discussion continued for several more minutes as they talked about the aftermath of the incident and

the changes that still needed to be made before their departure.

At Damien’s request, Monroe, Hudson, and Cruz were eventually called in to join the discussion.

Since the three of them would be playing an important role during the trip, several additional

arrangements had to be made.

Once the three entered the dining hall, Damien briefly made the introductions.

These are Hudson and Cruz," he said. "Harper sent them."

The two men nodded respectfully toward everyone at the table.

Maya smiled.

"We already met earlier."

Her expression brightened slightly as she remembered something.

"Harper called a little while ago as well. She said everything is ready on their end."

A small laugh escaped her.

"Apparently, Hiro bought Jaime some computer equipment."

Nicholas blinked.

"Computer equipment?"

Maya nodded.

Clar

“I’m not entirely sure what it was. Something about programming, processors, and performance. It was

way over my head, but Jaime was so excited he spent nearly an hour talking about it.”

She shook her head helplessly.

“He even went to bed early because he wanted tomorrow to come faster.”

That earned a few chuckles around the table.

“He is such a tech nerd, just like your father,” Dominic said as he looked toward Maya.

“Back in college, most guys our age were interested in sports, sex, and alcohol. But Julian?” He shook his

head. “Tech stuff was his porn.”

Smack.

Before anyone could react, Charles raised his cane and lightly smacked his son on the arm.

“You are such a brat.”

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“Ouch! Father!” Dominic immediately looked at him while rubbing the spot where he had been struck.”

What was that for?!”

“Now the truth comes out, huh?” Charles scoffed. “No wonder your grades in college were never any good.

Instead of studying, all you ever thought about were sports, girls, and drinking.”

Dominic looked thoroughly offended.

“That is not true.”

Charles pointed a finger at him.

“Don’t deny it! You were always getting into trouble. It was only because your wife gave you an ultimatum

that you finally got your act together.”

He shook his head.

“I knew it. I should not have listened to your mother and sent you to boot camp instead.”

“That’s a gross exaggeration, Father,” Dominic argued defensively. “And why would you hit me with a cane? I’m not fifteen anymore.”

“Then stop acting like one,” Charles said with finality.

That earned another round of laughter from everyone around the table.

Even Maya couldn’t help but laugh at the exchange.

Meanwhile, Dominic continued rubbing his arm and muttered something under his breath about elderly abuse.

A moment later, Monroe's phone vibrated.

He glanced at the screen before excusing himself and stepping away from the table.

Nobody paid much attention to it.

A minute later, he returned.

Crossing the room, he walked over to Damien and leaned down to whisper something into his ear.

Damien listened quietly before giving a small nod.

"Tell them not to stop following him until they've confirmed he has left the country."

“Understood.”

Monroe immediately stepped away to relay the instruction.

The brief exchange caught everyone’s attention.

Charles was the first to speak.

“Bill Franklin?”

Damien nodded.

“He’s already on his way out of the city.”

Dominic’s expression gradually turned serious.

For a moment, he simply sat there in silence before shaking his head.

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“I still can’t quite wrap my head around it. For over a decade, he’d been manipulating things right under our

noses.”

Disbelief lingered in his voice.

“And none of us saw it.”

The atmosphere around the table grew noticeably quieter.

Damien remained silent.

He simply reached for his glass and took a sip.

There was nothing left to say.

The matter had already been dealt with.

Whatever happened next would be entirely up to Bill Franklin.

Only after the topic had run its course did the conversation gradually return to the upcoming trip.

With most of the important matters already resolved, the discussion shifted toward logistics.

Damien had James arrange accommodations for Hudson and Cruz for the night and brief them on the departure schedule for the following day.

Maya gently tapped Damien's thigh under the table to get his attention.

"I think I'll head upstairs," she whispered.

Damien immediately looked at her.

"I'll come with you."

Maya smiled and shook her head.

"You don't have to. You're in the middle of something."

Her gaze shifted toward the others gathered around the table.

“Just finish your discussion. I’ll wait for you upstairs.”

Damien glanced around the table before speaking.

“I think we’re done here.”

Everyone looked at him.

“It’s late. Everyone’s tired, and everything is already in place.”

Charles immediately nodded in agreement.

“And I am well past my bedtime. Your grandmother is going to give me an earful tomorrow for staying up

this late.”

Nicholas raised a hand.

“I agree. Today was exhausting, and tomorrow is going to be even worse.”

He drained the remaining contents of his glass before rising from his seat.

“So I’m heading out first.”

With that, the meeting unofficially came to an end.

Everyone began standing, gathering their things, and preparing to leave.

Damien and Maya rose from their seats as well.

However, just as they were about to leave the dining hall, the sound of heels clicking against the floor echoed through the room.

The movement around the table gradually came to a halt.

Everyone instinctively turned toward the entrance.

A moment later, Dahlia came into view.

The entire room fell silent.

Damien instinctively checked the time.

It was already well past eleven o’clock.

Seeing Dahlia return home at that hour wasn’t unusual.

However, there was something about her expression that immediately felt off.

More specifically, the way she seemed to be deliberately avoiding both his gaze and Maya’s.

Chapter 514

“Sweetheart.”

Dominic immediately stepped forward.

“Where have you been?”

The question caused everyone in the room to focus on Dahlia.

Cla

For a brief moment, she seemed caught off guard by the number of people still gathered in the dining hall.

Then, almost instinctively, her gaze drifted toward Maya before quickly moving away again.

“I was out,” she answered.

The response came a little too quickly.

Almost as though she had prepared the answer in advance.

For someone as composed and thoughtful as Dahlia, the rushed response felt oddly out of character.

Dominic frowned.

“Out where?”

His concern was becoming increasingly obvious.

“You left shortly after Damien this morning. You sent me one text all day, and that was it.”

He shook his head.

“I’ve been trying to get a hold of you since this afternoon. I even tried calling Kim, but neither of you could

be reached.”

A hint of frustration slipped into his voice.

“I was worried, sweetheart.”

Damien’s brows furrowed.

The more his father spoke, the more suspicious the situation became.

His gaze remained fixed on Dahlia.

Something wasn’t right.

Dahlia hesitated.

The pause lasted only a few seconds, but it was enough to draw attention.

Enough to make several people exchange glances.

When she finally answered, her tone sounded perfectly normal.

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Perhaps a little too normal.

“I had some important things to take care of.”

The answer did little to ease anyone’s concerns.

Damien remained silent, but his eyes never left her face.

Something was definitely wrong.

He knew his mother too well.

Well enough to recognize when she was hiding something.

More importantly, she kept avoiding both his gaze and Maya’s.

The behavior was subtle enough that most people would miss it.

He didn’t.

Neither, apparently, did Charles.

The old patriarch’s eyes narrowed slightly as he studied his daughter–in–law.

Meanwhile, Dominic’s concern only grew.

It was already well past eleven.

While Dahlia occasionally came home late, she had never been the type to disappear without saying a

word.

Not when she knew everyone would worry.

“Dahlia.”

His voice softened.

“Did something happen?”

For the first time since entering the room, her composure visibly wavered.

It wasn’t dramatic.

Most people probably wouldn’t have noticed it.

But Maya did, and a feeling of unease immediately settled in her chest.

“Aunt Dahlia?”

The concern in her voice caused Dahlia’s expression to falter even further.

For a brief moment, she looked as though she wanted to say something.

Then she looked away.

“I’m fine,” she said quietly.

A second later, she seemed to compose herself, smoothing away every trace of emotion as though nothing had happened.

“It has been a long day, and I’m just tired. I’d like to get some rest.”

Her gaze briefly shifted toward Maya, and a small smile appeared on her face.

“We’re leaving before sunrise. You should get some rest too.”

Clarm

Then she looked around at everyone else gathered in the dining hall.

“Please excuse me.”

Without waiting for a response, she turned and headed upstairs.

The sound of her footsteps gradually faded into the distance.

Unfortunately, nobody believed her.

As Dahlia disappeared upstairs, a heavy silence settled over the dining hall.

For several seconds, nobody spoke.

Charles slowly turned toward Dominic, and the two men exchanged a look.

Nothing needed to be said.

A quiet understanding passed between them before Dominic finally gave a small nod.

Maya’s gaze lingered on the staircase for a moment longer before she looked back at the others.

“Is Aunt Dahlia okay?”

The concern in her voice immediately drew everyone’s attention.

Dominic forced a reassuring smile.

“She’s probably just tired,” he said, though the explanation sounded just as much for his own benefit as it

did for Maya’s.

His gaze briefly drifted toward the staircase.

“It’s been a long day for everyone.”

Then his expression softened.

“Well, you heard her. You guys are leaving before sunrise tomorrow, so you should try to get some sleep

Maya nodded.

“Okay.”

Dominic pushed himself to his feet.

“I should go check on her.”

Charles waved a hand dismissively.

“Go. You probably did something to upset your wife. Such a brat.”

Dominic looked at him in disbelief.

“Why is it my fault?”

“Ah, stop whining.” Charles waved him away again. “Go check on her.”

That earned a small laugh from a few people around the table.

With that, Dominic excused himself and headed upstairs.

Seeing the gathering finally coming to an end, Nicholas grabbed his jacket and got to his feet.

“Looks like I should get going too.”

Then he turned toward Maya.

“Have a safe flight, Sis. And don’t worry about Jaime’s medical file. I’ve already taken care of everything.”

Relief immediately appeared on Maya’s face.

“Thank you for everything, Nick.”

Before he could react, Maya stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him in a quick hug.

The gesture caught Nicholas completely off guard.

For a brief moment, he simply stood there blinking before awkwardly returning the hug.

Then, unfortunately for him, he made the mistake of looking at Damien.

A mischievous grin immediately spread across his face.

The moment he started tightening his arms around Maya, Damien reached over and pulled her away

without the slightest hesitation.

Nicholas burst out laughing.

“I barely got a proper thank you!”

“You got one.”

Damien’s arm remained firmly around Maya’s waist.

“Now go home.”

The other men nearby immediately tried–and failed–to hide their amusement.

Nicholas looked personally offended.

“Don’t tell me you’re jealous. I’m practically her brother now.”

“Get out,” Damien muttered, though there was a hint of amusement in his eyes.

Even Maya couldn’t stop herself from laughing.

Meanwhile, Nicholas raised both hands in surrender.

“Fine. Fine. Alright. I see myself out. Goodnight, everyone.”

“Goodnight, Nick. Drive safe,” Maya called after him.

A few minutes later, Monroe, Hudson, and Cruz excused themselves as well.

One by one, everyone gradually headed off for the night until only Damien and Maya remained in the dining hall.

The manor had grown noticeably quieter.

Damien glanced toward Maya.

“Let’s go.”

Maya nodded.

Together, they headed upstairs.

By the time they reached their room, the entire floor had fallen silent.

Maya stepped inside first.

“I’m going to wash up.”

Damien nodded..

“Take your time.”

A moment later, the bathroom door closed behind her.

Clar

Left alone in the bedroom, Damien locked the door before walking over to the side table and setting the

container of cheesecake down.

Glancing toward the bathroom door, he raised his voice slightly.

“I don’t think you should eat this tonight, love. The sugar content alone will keep you awake until dawn.”

He didn’t wait for a response.

Instead, he removed his coat and draped it over a nearby chair, then loosened his tie and began unbuttoning his shirt, finally shedding the last remnants of a very long day.

Halfway through unbuttoning his shirt, the bathroom door opened, and he instinctively turned toward the

sound.

The words he had been about to say immediately died in his throat.

Maya stood in the doorway wearing a silk robe and something about the way she was looking at him immediately caught his attention.

Usually, Maya was the first to look away whenever their eyes met for too long.

Tonight was different.

Chapter 515

For several seconds, neither of them spoke.

Maya remained standing in the doorway while Damien found himself studying her expression.

There was nothing obviously wrong, yet something about the situation felt different.

Usually, Maya would have looked away by now or become flustered under his gaze. Instead, she simply stood there watching him, her eyes fixed on him with a level of focus that immediately caught his

attention.

The silence between them wasn't uncomfortable, but it was unusual enough to make Damien pause.

A slight frown appeared on his face as he tried to figure out what was going through her mind.

"What's wrong, love?"

"Nothing," Maya replied casually.

However, instead of returning to the bathroom or moving toward the bed, she began walking toward him.

Damien’s eyes followed her every step.

By the time she stopped, only a small distance remained between them, close enough that he only needed

to lower his gaze slightly to meet her eyes.

Without saying a word, Maya reached up and gently took hold of the shirt he had been unbuttoning.

Damien went still.

He simply watched as she focused on the remaining buttons, her cheeks gradually turning pink as she

worked.

When she finally spoke, her voice was soft.

“Thank you.”

A faint smile appeared on Damien’s face.

“For what?”

Maya didn’t immediately answer.

Instead, she continued focusing on the task at hand, her fingers moving slowly from one button to the

next as though she were deliberately taking her time.

She never looked up.

“For everything.”

There was sincerity and gentleness in her voice that immediately caught his attention.

“Especially for tonight,” she continued quietly. “You stepped out of your comfort zone for me.”

A small laugh escaped her.

“I know it probably sounds silly. It was just coffee and cheesecake.”

She shook her head.

“But I want you to know that I appreciate it.”

Her fingers paused briefly against his shirt.

“I really do.”

For a moment, Damien simply looked at her.

Then his expression softened.

“I’ll do anything if it makes you happy, love. Even if it’s the silliest thing in the world.”

When the final button was undone, she didn’t pull away. She looked up, her head tilted, meeting his dark,

searching eyes.

“Anything?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Damien held her gaze, completely captivated. Looking at her innocent face–the nervous flutter of her

eyelashes, the soft blush creeping up her cheeks, and the tempting pink of her parted lips, something

shifted deep within him.

It was a sudden, heavy ache, awakening a primal hunger. The sheer vulnerability of her asking for anything

broke through his usual composure.

Slowly, he raised his hand. His knuckles brushed against the warm skin of her cheek as he gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. His fingers lingered there, cradling the side of her face, his thumb

tracing the sharp line of her jaw.

His eyes grew dark, serious, and intensely focused on her.

“Yes,” Damien murmured, his voice dropping into a low, rough timbre that sent a shiver straight down her

spine. “Anything.”

“Make love with me.”

The words cut through the quiet of the room, stark and undeniable. Damien froze, his mind momentarily

scrambling to process what he was hearing.

This was Maya–his usually shy, guarded Maya, who typically flushed crimson if he stared too long-

suddenly looking at him with a bold, fierce determination.

The sheer unexpectedness of her control completely derailed his composure, fueling the hunger inside

him.

A dark, dangerous spark ignited in his eyes.

Slowly, his hand slid from her cheek, his fingers tangling into the soft hair at the nape of her neck. He tilted

her head back, pulling her body flush against his until there wasn't a breath of space left between them.

He leaned down, his lips brushing hers so lightly it was agonizing–a mere whisper of heat that didn't fully

commit to a kiss.

"Is that all?" he whispered against her mouth, his breath warm and intoxicating.

The teasing contact sent a sudden, electric jolt straight to Maya's core. An intense, heavy warmth

bloomed inside her, radiating outward until her breath felt shallow and trapped in her throat.

Her eyelids fluttered shut, her senses entirely overwhelmed by the sheer masculinity radiating off him, the

scent of his cologne mixed with pure, raw heat.

“No..” she breathed out, her hands gripping the fabric of his opened shirt just to stay upright. “I want to

learn… and feel more.”

Damien let out a low, rough sound of approval deep in his chest.

His free hand traveled down, his open palm tracing the dip of her spine through the slick silk of her robe, his fingers applying just enough pressure to make her arch into his touch.

“Mmm… is that all, love?” he murmured, his lips tracing a agonizingly slow path along her jawline, his teeth

grazing the sensitive skin right below her ear.

Maya’s breath hitched completely, a soft gasp escaping her lips. The friction of his hand on her back combined with the intense ache gathering between her thighs was driving her over the edge.

She could feel the heavy, damp ache of her own arousal, a sweet, agonizing moisture settling between her

folds.

She was completely, entirely undone by him.

Losing the last vestige of her hesitation, Maya snapped her eyes open. Her gaze burning with a sudden, unyielding passion that matched the fire in his own.

“And don’t you dare hold back,” she challenged, her voice trembling but fierce.

That was the absolute final straw.

Any semblance of Damien’s restraint shattered into pieces.

With a low growl, he captured her mouth in a deep, bruising, torrid kiss. It was possessive and wild, his tongue tangling with hers as he claimed her mouth with a fierce intensity that left her dizzy.

Maya met his passion head–on.

Her hands moved frantically, pushing the unbuttoned fabric of his shirt off his broad shoulders, letting it

slide down his arms until it crumpled uselessly onto the floor.

The feel of his bare, hard muscles under her palms sent another wave of heat through her.

Shifting her focus, her hands slid down his taut abdomen to his waist, her fingers trembling with urgency

as she found the metal buckle of his belt and began to frantically undo it, desperate to strip away

everything left between them.

Damien groaned against her mouth, his hands locking onto her hips and pulling her so close there wasn't a

breath of air between them.

He pulled back just enough to look down at her flushed, desperate face, his dark eyes burning with a

dangerous promise.

“Seeing you crave me like this is driving me insane,” he growled, his voice thick and rough with lust.

“I promise you… I won’t be gentle.”

Chapter 516

His promise still vibrated in the air between them as Damien devoured her mouth again, the kiss deepening into something far more torrid, his hands locking onto her hips to erase any remaining space

Without breaking the kiss, he crowded her backward. His sheer size and suffocating warmth entirey overwhelmed her, driving her step by step until her back met she shocking chill of the solid wall

As Damien pinned her flat against the plaster, her hands slid helplessly up his bare abdomen, leaving the leather strap loosely undone at his waist.

She was completely trapped, breathless, and entirely at his mercy.

Keeping her pinned firmly, his large hand slid down the smooth ling of her thigh to the back of her kn With effortless strength, he hitched her leg upward, locking her thigh high against the side of his hip and opening her completely to him.

Her silk robe parted completely, pooling around her waist and leaving her exposed to his heavy gaze Maya felt the cool air of the room hit her skin for a fraction of a second before Damien pressed his lower body ruthlessly against her center, letting her feel exactly how hard he was for her.

He broke the kiss just an inch, his hot breath brushing damply against her swollen lips.

“Look at me,” he rasped, his dark eyes burning down into hers.

He ground his hips forward, dry humping her in a slow, torturous rhythm that left them both breathless.

A low, gravelly groan tore from his throat as he felt her heat through the fabric.

“You’re the only woman who can make me hard like this,” he muttered against her skin, his breath hitching

“Are you sure you don’t want me to be gentle?”

Maya met his eyes, dazed and high from lust, but filled with obvious determination. “1 am.”

“Then you’ll have to beg me to stop,” Damien promised roughly.

He captured her lips once more before his mouth trailed down, dragging hot, wet kisses along the

sensitive column of her throat.

Maya's fingers dug deep into the hard muscle of his bare shoulders, her head tilting back against the wall as a breathless gasp escaped her.

He didn't waste time untying the silk belt at her waist. Instead, he slid his warm hand directly inside the parted fabric of her robe, gliding up the smooth skin of her inner thigh until his palm pressed night against her underwear.

The lace was already drenched, soaking wet from her arousal.

As his fingers began to stroke and caress her through the damp fabric, Maya let out a sharp moan, her fingers digging even tighter into his shoulders.

She was getting wetter by the second, her body pulsing against his hand.

Driver over the edge by how slick she was, Damien hooked tris fingers into the edge of her panties and swept the damp lace to the side, exposing her completely.

He began to stroke her bare, swollen folds with light, torturous circles. The deliberate teasing sent an electric jolt straight to her core, and Maya completely lost controi, groaning out loud against his skin. “Ahh… Damien… mmmm… ahh…”

The sound of her moan mixed with the intense, drenched reality of how much she wanted him sent a violent surge of pure adrenaline straight to Damien’s groin.

He dragged his mouth back up to her ear, leaving a hot trail of kisses along frer neck before his teeth grazed her lobe. His voice dropped into a hoarse, gravelly whisperthick with pure, unadulterated lust.

“You’re dripping wet for me.”

His fingers slicked through her moisture, deliberately teasing the hypersensitive bundle of nerves until she arched helplessly against his hand. Then, he gently parted her sensitive folds, his thumb instantly finding her hyper-reactive clit, every soft stroke a wicked, friction-free torment.

As she gasped against his neck, his hand slid lower, pressing against her tight entrance before slipping a single finger deep inside her.

Maya jolted against the wall, a breathless sob catching in her throat at the sudden fullness.

Slowly, he began to move his finger in and out. The pace was agonizingly slow, a gentle stretching that

allowed her body to adapt.

Catching onto the slow, heavy rhythm, Maya's hips began to move instinctively, rolling against his hand to meet every deep thrust.

He leaned down, his lips brushing the curve of her jaw as he whispered into her ear to drive her crazy. "Do you like how it feels, hmmm…?"

"Y-yes…" Maya whimpered, her eyes fluttering shut as she leaned into the pleasure. "Mmmm… ahh…" Sensing her readiness, Damien slowly added a second finger. Maya's breath hitched, her hips flinching back slightly at the sudden stretch as the width expanded her. "Ahh…"

"Your p***y is so fucking warm and tight, love," Damien growled, his voice dropping into a low, menacingly deep timbre as his fingers pushed deep, expanding her inside.

His grip on her hips tightened, anchoring her ruthlessly against the wall.

"Every single inch of you belongs to me. I'm the only man allowed inside you, the only one who will ever possess you like this. No one else touches you-I will fucking kill anyone who tries. Do you understand? You are entirely mine. Tell me you hear me, love. Tell me you're Mine."

Maya closed her eyes tightly, nodding breathlessly as her body completely surrendered. Her hips began to

grind against his hand again, desperate for the friction.

“Yes… I’m yours, love. I’m all yours. Ahh… yes… faster… mmm… !… ahhh..”

“Say it again,” Damien demanded, his pace punishing as he stared down at her flushed face.

“I’m yours, Damien… only yours. Mmm… ahhh…” She swallowed hard, choking out a breathless, “Faster… love… please… ahhhhh…”

“Say my name. Love, say it…”

“Damien… ahhhhh! Damien… mmmm… ahhh…”

Suddenly, Damien felt the walls of her inner core pulsing, clamping down tightly around his fingers. She was right on the edge of her release.

Recognizing the shift, he abandoned the slow pace, rapidly increasing the speed of his fingers, pushing deep and fast into her slick heat.

“That’s it, love… come for me…” he commanded hoarsely.

The fast, merciless friction was the breaking point. Maya completely shattered, her fingers clawing at his shoulders as a loud, uninhibited orgasm crashed over her.

Damien didn't slow down, keeping up the rapid pace to match the tight, violent clamping of her release, pushing her higher until her body finally began to relax.

Slowly, he eased the pace, his fingers lazily sliding against her sensitive walls as her breathing turned shallow and ragged. Maya was completely breathless, coming down from the intense high, her cheeks flushed a bright crimson as she bit her lower lip to suppress her whimpers.

Damien finally withdrew his hand. His fingers were completely drenched in her juices.

Right in front of her heavy, dazed gaze, he lifted his hand to his mouth, sliding his fingers between his lips to lick and suck her sweet moisture clean.

"You taste so fucking good," he muttered, his dark eyes fixed on hers.

Maya swallowed hard, the sight of him consuming her like that sparking a sudden, bold fire inside her.

She looked directly into his searching eyes.

"Now it's your turn."

Chapter 517

Damien raised an eyebrow, a dark, intrigued smile tugging at his lips. “Is that so?”

Without answering, Maya placed her palms flat against his bare, broad chest, gently guiding him backward toward the bed. It wasn’t a forceful push, but a quiet, commanding invitation.

Damien let her guide him until the backs of his thighs hit the edge of the mattress. They stood just an arm’s length apart, the tension in the room thick and electric.

Still standing right in front of him, Maya reached for the tie of her silk robe. Her gaze never wavered, locking onto his burning dark eyes as her steady fingers untied the belt.

Keeping absolute, unbroken eye contact, she slowly pushed the fabric off her shoulders, letting the piece of clothing slide down her arms and crumple uselessly onto the floor, pooling right at the bottom of her feet.

She stood entirely bare-chested before him.

Her breasts were fully exposed, her pink n*****s completely hard and erect from the cold air and the intense arousal.

A heavy stillness settled over Damien, his gaze burning a trail down her exposed skin with an obsessive, unfiltered hunger.

Standing tall before him with only her drenched lace underwear left on, Maya owned the sudden exposure with a new, intoxicating confidence.

Damien's chest heaved, a low, warning growl vibrating in his throat at the sight.

"I have a confession to make," she whispered, her voice a mix of raw confidence and sudden nerves.

He didn't move an inch, completely transfixed.

"Tell me."

Keeping her eyes locked dead on his, she slowly reached up and cupped her own breasts. Her thumbs dragged across her tight, sensitive n*****s, gently pinching and teasing them.

"This afternoon… I was alone in the room," she began, her fingers lazily tracing the undersides of her breasts before sliding down to her ribs.

"I was supposed to start packing. But I couldn't focus. I… I kept remembering what we did last night." Damien's dark eyes tracked her every word, his breathing turning shallow.

"Then, suddenly… I felt this heavy ache inside me," Maya confessed, a beautiful, genuine flush rising up her neck and staining her cheeks.

“I was so turned on. But I’ve never… I’ve never touched myself before. So… I remembered a site Harper sent me a long time ago. She told me to watch it if… I ever wanted to learn.”

Damien raised an eyebrow. “You watched porn?

Maya gave a small, shy nod. “I tried. But… a minute into it, I shut it off.”

“Why?” Damien asked, his gaze dropping to watch her hand still tracing her breast.

“Because it wasn’t you,” Maya whispered fiercely.

“So… I just closed my eyes and thought about you. Your touch. Your kisses…”

She bit her lip, looking back into his burning eyes. What she did next caught Damien completely off guard. Slowly, she moved her right hand from between her breasts, tracing it down her stomach, past her abdomen, before slipping past the elastic waistband of her lace underwear to stroke her own slick heat.

“…and exactly how it feels when you’re deep inside me.”

Damien let out a harsh, strangled breath as he watched her touch herself right in front of him.

She gasped softly, her fingers beginning to stroke her swollen folds in a slow, unpracticed rhythm.

Then, keeping his gaze trapped, she pulled her hand out.

She stepped closer to him, and using the exact same fingers glistening with her own moisture, she traced down his chest and slid them deep inside his loose waistband.

She stopped, her eyes locking onto his with a slow, teasing smile.

Leaning in until her voice was a sultry whisper against his skin, she dragged the zipper the rest of the way

down.

“But there’s a problem.”

With one fluid motion, she pulled his pants and underwear down his hips.

Released from the tight fabric, his length immediately sprang free-fully erect, thick, and pulsing with

anticipation.

As his pants pooled around his feet, Damien stepped out of them, standing fully naked before her. Maya boldly wrapped her hand around his length, her fingers closing around the thick, pulsing heat. She stroked him gently, just once, before leaning closer to whisper against his skin.

“It doesn’t feel the same.”

Before he could even process the words, she let go and placed her palms flat against his chest, pushing him firmly backward.

Damien sank back onto the edge of the bed, completely bare, breathless, and entirely exposed to her

gaze.

As she stepped directly between his spread thighs, he reached out and wrapped his hands around her waist, pulling her closer.

He leaned forward, pressing hot, lingering kisses across her flat stomach, his mouth moving hungrily down toward her pelvic bone.

“Then let me give you the real thing,” he murmured hoarsely.

His fingers hooked into the elastic waistband of her panties, slowly sliding the lace down her thighs until it fell to the floor.

Maya stepped out of them, leaving both of them completely bare.

Damien leaned his head forward again, pressing a deep, burning kiss to her lower abdomen, right above her center.

Then, to his utter surprise, she took a step back and slowly lowered herself down, sinking onto her knees between his spread legs.

Damien’s instincts flared. Stunned by her sudden submission, he immediately reached down, his hands

gripping her upper arms firmly to pull her back up.

“What are you doing?” he demanded, his voice rough and laced with warning.

“Get up, Love.”

But Maya refused to budge.

She anchored herself firmly between his thighs, her body going heavy against his grip.

She didn't pull away; instead, she looked up through her lashes, her gaze fierce with love and desire.

"No," she whispered, her voice trembling but certain,

"I want to do this. Teach me."

Damien swallowed hard, his eyes narrowing to dark slits as he looked down at her.

Chapter 518

Looking down at Maya on her knees, Damien felt a violent, shattering wave of desire crash over him. His chest heaved as his gaze stayed trapped by the absolute surrender burning in her eyes.

She was waiting for him, offering herself in a way she never had before.

But beneath the roaring hunger in his veins, a profound ache of pure appreciation swelled in his chest.

This wasn’t just about the raw, heavy arousal colling tight in his lower belly. It was the realization of what this moment truly meant.

If Maya appreciated every small gesture he made for her, he treasured hers a thousand times more. He

knew how shy she was, how deeply she guarded herself–yet here she was, stripping away every ounce of

her inhibition, boldly stepping out of her comfort zone just to please him.

They were both changing, breaking their own walls down, completely willing to bend and grow for each

other.

It was the most intoxicating thing he had ever witnessed. It made him want to ruin her, but it also made him want to protect her with everything he had.

He couldn’t just let her do this on the cold floor, not while the grime of a long day outside was still on his skin. He loved her too much to be careless with her first time.

His voice dropped into a rough, hoarse warning that vibrated from the depths of his chest.

“You have no idea what you’re asking for, Love.”

Before Maya could even process the words, Damien reached down. With effortless motion, he scooped her up into his arms, lifting her completely off the floor.

Maya gasped, her hands instinctively reaching for his shoulders, but before she could catch her balance, he gently lowered her back–first onto the mattress.

Without another word, Damien turned on his heel and walked straight toward the bathroom, leaving her completely bare on the sheets.

Maya sat up, blinking in confusion as she watched his broad, naked back disappear behind the door. A second later, the sharp hiss of the shower echoed through the room.

The sudden silence in the bedroom felt heavy, instantly cooling the frantic rush of adrenaline in her veins. Maya curled her knees to her chest, a sudden, suffocating wave of embarrassment washing over her.

Did I ruin it? she thought, her cheeks burning with a different kind of heat. Why didn’t he say anything else? Was I too aggressive? Did I turn him off?

The absolute silence from him made her stomach twist into painful knots. Humiliated and shivering slightly in the cool air, she slowly slid her legs off the bed, intending to find her robe on the floor and put it

The bathroom door swung open.

Maya froze, her breath catching in her throat.

Damien stepped out, damp and dripping with water, a heavy shroud of dark, predatory intent hanging over him. His eyes locked onto her instantly, narrowing as he noticed her feet touching the floor.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he demanded, his voice dropping an octave, rough and gravelly.

Maya couldn’t even find her voice to answer. Her gaze was immediately dragged downward.

As Damien walked toward the bed, his hand wrapped around his own length. He slowly, stroked himself as he approached her, his grip tight as the pulsing heat hardened right before her eyes, stretching thick and erect with dangerous anticipation.

Maya’s throat went completely dry.

Damien stepped into the space between her legs, looming over her like a shadow. His thick, pulsing length

was right in front of her face, hot and demanding.

He leaned in, his heavy scent of soap and raw masculinity filling her senses.

“Are you sure you can handle it, Love?”

Maya swallowed hard, her heart hammering against her ribs, but she didn’t look away.

Damien reached out, his fingers wrapping firmly around her chin. He tilted her head up, forcing her to meet

his burning, possessive gaze.

He leaned down and crashed his lips onto hers–a deep, territorial kiss that tasted of clean water and unbridled hunger, marking her as his.

When he finally broke the kiss, his thumb stroked her jaw, his voice dropping into a fierce, quiet vow. “Don’t you dare kneel on the floor to anyone ever again,” Damien whispered fiercely, his grip tightening just enough to show his absolute seriousness.

“Not even to me. Understand?”

Dazed and completely consumed by him, Maya could only nod.

A dark, wicked smile tugged at the corner of Damien's lips as he slowly let go of her chin.

"Good," he murmured.

Damien straightened up to his full height. The shift in his posture brought them into perfect alignment, and right there, inches away from her lips, was the thick, pulsing heat of his erection.

"Now… taste me first, Love," he commanded softly, his voice a low rumble. "Use your tongue… and lick the

tip. gently

Maya froze for a second, her heart hammering wildly against her ribs at the softness, yet heavy restraint, in his voice. She gave him a single, resolute nod, finally dropping her gaze down to the thick, pulsing heat right in front of her face.

Following Damien's words, she leaned in, parted her lips, and peeked her pink tongue out to trace the bead of moisture weeping at the very tip of him, licking it clean.

Without thinking, she swallowed, and then slowly ran her tongue over her own lips to catch the remaining wetness.

The visual turned Damien on even more, sending a sharp jolt of pure heat straight to his veins.

“That’s pre–cum, Love,” Damien rasped, his voice thicker, darker, and completely strained. “It happens when

a man is too turned on… and right now, you’re driving me absolutely insane.”

He rested his large hands heavily on his own hips, forcing himself to stay stii!

“Now take me in. Slowly, inch by inch. Just use your lips and your tongue… no teeth.”

Maya followed his guidance. She parted her lips wider and drew the burning, heavy head of his length into her mouth. He was so thick and wide that her mouth instantly stretched around him, the sudden fullness

making her dizzy.

Instinctively, her small hands reached out, anchoring themselves firmly against his rock–hard thighs to steady her shaking body.

The moment the soft, wet skin of her inner lips fully hugged the rigid, burning length of his shaft, a low, ragged growl ripped from the very depths of Damien's throat.

His dark eyes burned down into hers, his tone dropping into a low, breathless murmur.

"Now gently suck it like you're sucking a lollipop, Love…"

Maya did exactly as she was told.

She slowly drew the pulsing, wet crown of his length inside her mouth, her tongue tentatively swirling around the tip before she began to suck on him in a slow, innocent rhythm.

"Fuck," Damien groaned, his eyes snapping shut as the tight, wet heat of her mouth drew him in. His jaw clenched so hard a muscle ticked violently in his cheek.

"Ah… fuck! Ughhh… yeah, just like that, Love," Damien rasped, his breathing turning into shallow, heavy

pants.

Gently, his large hand reached down to cup the back of her head, his long fingers tangling into her hair to anchor her. He didn't force her, but his grip was a firm weight, guiding her into a slow, steady rhythm.

“Take a little more for me.”

Chapter 519

Driven by her fierce desire to please him, Maya tried to do exactly what he asked.

She let her throat open, trying to swallow a fraction of an inch more of his thick, rigid length.

But the sudden, deep fullness triggered a sharp, involuntary gasp from her chest. Her eyes watered, a tear slipping down her cheek not from pain, but from the raw intensity of housing so much of him inside her small mouth.

She choked softly, her grip tightening like a vise on his thighs as she looked up at him through wet eyelashes, determined not to give up.

The moment the wet warmth of her mouth squeezed a fraction deeper around his shaft, Damien’s whole body went rigid as granite.

Hearing her soft, muffled gasp and seeing her eyes water was the final blow to his fracturing restraint.

He wanted to push deeper, to lose himself completely in the sweet sanctuary of her mouth, but the sight of her tears–even innocent ones–pulled him back from the edge.

“Let’s stop, Love,” Damien managed to rasp out, his voice shaking with the effort to hold back.

“Let me go deep inside you instead…”

But Maya shook her head, keeping his thick c**k firmly trapped inside her mouth.

Refusing to give up, she pushed herself to take even more of him in. Her throat reacted to the deep fullness, making her gag softly, but she swallowed through it, determined to keep him there.

To gain more control over the intense depth, she released one hand from his thigh and reached up, her small fingers wrapping tightly around the middle of his shaft, guiding his heavy girth.

Damien’s eyes snapped shut, his head snapping back as a violent wave of pure, blinding pleasure ripped

through his spine.

“Ummph… fuck, Love…” a low, broken growl tore from his throat, his jaw clenching so hard a muscle ticked violently in his cheek.

“Ughh… yeah, fuck… that feels so fucking good… ughhh…”

The pleasure was agonizingly intense.

It wasn't the first blowjob he'd ever had, but it was, without a doubt, the absolute best.

Technique didn't even matter anymore; it was the intoxicating fact that it was her doing this to him. That realization alone added a lethal layer of heat to every wet slide of her tongue.

His large hands instinctively twitched, his veins bulging like thick cords against his skin as his thighs turned into solid stone beneath her grip. He was visibly shaking, completely undone by the sheer, raw friction of her mouth and the clumsy, careful squeeze of her hand on his shaft.

He forced his eyes open again, needing to see her, wanting to watch the exact moment she found her footing Right before his eyes, he noticed the shift–her tresitation melting away, replaced by a sudden, fierce confidence as she began to find her own wicked rhythm.

He watched her with a dangerous, ravenous hunger. Her long eyelashes fluttered against her flushed cheeks, and he tracked the hollow of her face each time she drew him in, trying her absolute best to swirl her tongue around his rigid length.

It was an innocent, unpracticed rhythm, yet it was precisely that raw sincerity that was rapidly tearing away the last remaining shred of his sanity.

Unable to resist the tight suction, Damien finally broke. He took over the movement, his fingers tightening in her hair to hold her firmly in place as his hips gave a sudden, heavy twitch forward.

He began to slide himself in and out of her mouth in a deep, commanding, and relentless rhythm, burying his rigid length deeper and deeper until she could feel the thick root of him pressing hard against her lips.

His breath was a frantic, roaring sound in the quiet bedroom. Maya could only try to accommodate him, her throat tightening as she felt the massive width of him stretching her, consuming her entirely with his raw masculinity.

The friction, the heat, and the intoxicating sight of her completely surrendered to him was the final blow to

Damien’s control.

He couldn’t just stand still and take the slow torture anymore.

He was close–so close to breaking–and he knew that if he didn’t stop right now, he would cum right in her

mouth, ruining the completion of her first time.

With a harsh, guttural curse, Damien suddenly gripped her shoulders and pulled himself out of her mouth.

Maya gasped for air, her lips wet and glistening, her dazed eyes looking up at him in confusion. Before she could even ask what was wrong, Damien pushed her back until she was lying flat on her back, before he hovered directly over her.

He braced his forearms on either side of her head, locking his elbows to keep his heavy weight from crushing her, but his chest was close enough that she could feel the frantic, thumping rhythm of his heart. Damien's dark eyes were wild, unhinged, and completely consumed by hunger.

"You're so fucking hot! You're driving me so fucking insane, Maya!" Damien groaned, before slamming his lips onto hers.

It wasn't a gentle kiss; it was a bruising, deep, and possessive claim. His tongue invaded her mouth, tasting the remnants of himself on her lips, tangling with hers in a messy, wet rhythm that tore a breathless whimper from Maya's throat.

Leaving her swollen lips with a wet, parting suck, Damien peppered aggressive kisses down her burning cheek, tracing her jawline before moving straight down to her neck.

worked Rhythm

He continued lower, kissing the soft expanse of her cleavage until he submerged his face straight into her

valley.

He caught one turgid ****e between his lips and swirled his tongue around it, before drawing the entire bud deep into his mouth, sucking on it hungrily.

“Ahhh! Damien–nnghh…” Maya arched her back, her fingers immediately tangling into his thick hair, pinning him closer to her chest. The sensation of his hot, wet–mouth pulling hard on her breast made her core weep, a fresh wave of slick moisture coating her entrance.

Damien let out a dark, vibrating growl against her skin, his thumb and forefinger pinching her other n*****,

kneading and teasing it until she was crying out his name.

He continued to suck on her n*****s hungrily, making sure she was completely breathless before his wet kisses began to trail lower.

He moved down to her flat stomach, planting deep, open–mouthed kisses that made Maya’s abdomen quiver and contract under his touch.

Shifting his massive frame, Damien slid down to the edge of the bed until he was kneeling on the floor right between her thighs, his face perfectly level with the very entrance of her burning heat.

With a dominant grip, he grabbed both of her ankles and effortlessly hauled her lower body a few inches down the mattress.

Maya gasped, her fingers desperately clutching the sheets as his mouth found her skin again, raining slow, scorching kisses along her inner calves and moving up her thighs.

As he reached the apex of her legs, he spread them wide apart, pinning her knees outward until she was completely wide open, fully exposed right in front of his face.

He didn't waste another second.

Lowering his head, Damien dove straight between her thighs, his hot mouth claiming her soaking wet core without warning.

Chapter 520

Maya's hips violently bucked off the mattress at the sudden, electrifying contact.

"Ahhh! Damien!" she cried out, her voice cracking as her fingers blindly clawed at the sheets.

Damien ignored her weak protests, using his heavy hands on her knees to keep her pinned wide open for him. He devoured her greedily, his tongue flattening against her swollen slit, lapping up her sweet, dripping juices with long, deep, and relentless strokes.

He buried his face entirely into her heat, suctioning his lips around her ultra–sensitive nub and inhaling her scent like a man dying of thirst.

Every frenzied, wet stroke of his tongue sent a tremor straight down Maya's spine.

A shiver ran through her legs. The sensation pushed her closer to the edge of what she could handle. She could feel her body rapidly tightening, her core weeping even more slick fluid, which Damien instantly sucked and drank down his throat with an unholy, guttural groan.

"D–Damien… wait–ahh…mmmm! It's too much… ahh!" Maya sobbed, her toes curling tightly as her head tossed from side to side on the bed, completely undone by how fiercely he was worshiping her.

Suddenly, her entire body went rigid. A violent, overwhelming wave of pleasure crashed over her, and with a breathless cry, Maya completely lost control.

Her core clamped down hard on his tongue as she squirted, releasing a frantic rush of her sweet juices

straight into his mouth.

Damien didn't pull away; he held her thighs firmly, drinking and sucking greedily, making sure he caught

every single drop of her climax until she was completely spent.

Groaning in satisfaction, Damien finally stood up and climbed back onto the bed, hovering over her once

more.

Maya struggled to gather her thoughts. Her vision was blurry and her cheeks flushed a deep, breathless pink from the intensity of her orgasm. She lay there panting, utterly helpless under his gaze.

Damien leaned down, his lips brushing against her heated cheek as his thumb gently wiped a stray tear from her eye. He shifted closer, his voice dropping into a low, gravelly rumble against her ear.

“You taste so fucking good, Love. I felt you squirt… hmmm… all for me.”

He let out a dark, satisfied hum, his eyes locking onto hers. “Did you like it?”

Maya nodded weakly, a soft whimper escaping her lips. “…mmmm, yes…”

“We’re not done yet, Love,” Damien rasped, his eyes burning.

“Can you still go for more?”

Maya looked up at him through heavy lids. Slowly, she lifted her trembling arms, wrapping her hands gently

around the back of his neck, and offered him a sweet, breathless smile.

…yes…

Damien's heart hammered against his ribs at her surrender.

"Good girl…"

He leaned down and captured her lips in a quick, bruising smack of a kiss before pulling back just enough to look at her.

"Didn't you say you like how it feels to have me deep inside you…?" he whispered, his voice rough and dangerously low.

"Say it again…"

Maya's eyes were heavy–lidded and dazed with pleasure, her hips instinctively tilting up, begging for the friction as she gave him a teasing, knowing smile.

"I want you inside me, Damien…"

“How deep?” Damien asked, his voice completely hoarse.

Instead of answering right away, she pulled him down by his neck and kissed him fully on the lips. When she parted from him, she tilted her head to the side, her lips brushing against his ear as she whispered in a soft, sultry voice, “…really deep inside me…”

Her soft, teasing whisper went straight to his groin, making his rigid length twitch.

A dark, dangerous heat flared in Damien’s eyes, his jaw clenching so hard that a sharp muscle ticked. He was completely losing his mind over how bold and submissive she could be at the same time.

A wicked, dominant smile played on his lips as he stared straight into her eyes, enough to let her know he

was done playing.

“You asked for it, Love,” Damien whispered, his voice dropping into a rough, terrifyingly hot rumble.

“And this time… I won’t hold back.”

Instead of pushing forward, he lifted his weight off her, grabbed her by the waist, and flipped her over. Maya gasped as her body turned, her cheek pressing against the sheets before she could even process what happened.

Moving off the bed, he stood on the floor at the edge, grabbing her hips and hauling them high into the air, forcing her into a deep, vulnerable arch.

It was her first time in this position, and the raw vulnerability of being bent over made her heart race with sheer arousal. She was already dripping and completely drenched from her release just a few minutes ago, and now her core was secreting even more slick fluid, lubricating itself all over again. Damien slowly dragged the heavy head of his c**k up and down against her wet folds, deliberately

withholding the penetration she was begging for

A sharp, ragged gasp tore from Maya's throat, her back arching weakly under his touch.

"Ah… nghh… Damien…"

She swallowed hard, completely helpless against the wet, sliding heat that was driving her closer to the edge without even breaking the surface.

He was just grazing her, intentionally teasing her sensitive flesh, smirking as he felt how incredibly soaked. she had become just from the tip of his c**k brushing against her slick entrance.

Her needy whimpers made it painfully obvious just how desperate she was for him.

He knew she was completely ready, and knowing he had her at his mercy, he decided there was absolutely no need to delay further or take it slow.

With a sudden, heavy tilt of his hips, he drove himself forward.

His rigid length buried itself inside her with ease–his full length stretching her tight core to its absolute limit until his heavy hips slammed hard against her plush backside.

“Ughhh… ahhh, Damien… mmmmm!” Maya screamed out. Her fingers desperately dug into the mattress, clawing at the sheets as the sudden, massive fullness tore a breathless sob from her throat.

Damien didn’t move yet; he stayed locked inside her, his jaw clenching as the unbelievable tightness of her

walls nearly drove him over the edge.

He reached forward, his large hands soothingly caressing the smooth skin of her back, before he leaned

down and whispered darkly against her ear.

“You will feel every inch of me deep inside you this way.”

He straightened up and delivered a firm, stinging slap to her bare butt cheek, the sharp crack making Maya

jolt forward with a soft gasp.

Driven by pure, unadulterated lust, Damien dug his fingers deep into the plush flesh of both her cheeks,

squeezing them hard as he anchored her firmly in place.

Using his grip on her hips for leverage, he began to thrust.

He started slow, pulling his length nearly all the way out before sinking back in, teasing her with the

shallow friction.

Then out again, then back in, steadily building a torturous momentum. The wet, smacking sound of his friction filled the room as his thrusts became faster, harder, and desperate. Before long, he set a punishing, relentless pace, his hips crashing against hers with a raw, primal force.

In this position, he was hitting her deeper than he ever had before, every thrust striking her sweetest spot perfectly, sending Maya into a whole new world of agonizing, addictive pleasure.