Intern 521

Chapter 521

The friction was loud, a wet, heavy rhythm that echoed off the walls as Damien drove his weight into her over and over.

Every thrust was deep, heavy, and raw, pushing her straight toward another peak before she could even process the first one.

Amidst the blur of sensations and the heavy, rhythmic crashing of his body against hers, a sudden, quiet clarity washed over her.

Maya realized she wasn’t afraid of losing control anymore. What frightened her was how much she wanted to give it to him.

Every wall Maya had spent years building around herself felt impossibly distant now.

She had never felt so exposed.

And strangely, she had never felt so safe.

From his vantage point, watching her body yield beneath his hands was rapidly destroying what little

control he had left. The sight of her arched back, the contrast of his large hands gripping her hips, and the

way her smooth, pale skin flushed pink with every powerful thrust pushed him dangerously close to the

edge.

He wanted to finish right then, but the slick, tight heat wrapping around him was too good to cut short.

“Nghh… fuck, Maya…” Damien growled, his fingers digging deeper into her hips as if he couldn’t bear to let

her move an inch away. His jaw clenched hard before he delivered another sharp smack to her flushed

cheek, watching the reaction ripple through her body.

“Every damn second feels too good,” he rasped.

Just as the pressure coiling deep inside him reached its breaking point, a guttural growl tore from Damien’s chest. His fingers dug into her hips as he forced himself to pull back, tearing himself free and

denying the release his body was desperately demanding.

He held himself there, chest heaving as he looked down at her. Freed from his length, her pink, swollen

core was fully exposed, her backside flushed a deep, warm crimson from the force of his thrusts and his

teasing slaps. A thick drop of her juices gathered at the edge before tracking slowly down the skin of her

inner thigh.

The abrupt exit left a cold vacuum. Deprived of the heat she had been chasing, Maya shifted backward,

her hips rocking in retreat as she sought him again.

Before she could even bridge the gap, Damien gripped her waist and flipped her flat onto her back like a ragdoll. She gasped, the mattress catching her weight as he instantly came down over her, pinning her with his heavy frame. He captured her lips in a bruising, possessive kiss, breaking apart just enough to

stare down into her dazed eyes.

“want to see your every reaction,” he growled, his voice rough and low against her mouth.

“I want to see exactly how you’re enjoying me inside you.”

Without waiting for a response, Damien shifted his weight, moving to a seated position on the mattress with his legs spread wide. Before Maya could process the shift, his large hands clamped under her arms, hauling her upward until she was facing him, straddling his thighs.

“Sit on it,” he commanded, his eyes burning into hers.

Maya whimpered, her hands instantly gripping his shoulders for balance as she slowly lowered herself onto his rigid length. She let out a long, shaky breath that quickly dissolved into a deep moan as his thick fullness slid easily inside her.

She instinctively closed her eyes, her lower lip parting as her body welcomed him back face-to-face in a tight lotus lock.

“Look at me, Love,” Damien rasped.

Maya forced her heavy lids open, locking eyes with him.

“Now ride it…” he murmured, his hands anchoring gently at her waist, guiding her rhythm. “Just roll your hips, start slow until you’re comfortable…”

She nodded and began to shift, rolling her hips in a slow deep grind.

“Like this?” she whispered.

“Mmm yes… just like that, Love,” Damien groaned, his breath hitching as he felt her heat engulf him completely.

“Mmmm, you’re doing so good.”

Every slide of her core against his shaft brought a fresh wave of heat, and Damien watched with dark fascination as the pure arousal wrecked her features.

“Fuck you’re so beautiful.”

Wanting to push her over the edge, Damien leaned forward, capturing one of her aching n*****s between his lips and drawing it deep into his mouth. He sucked greedily, his tongue swirling over the sensitive peak, adding a lethal jolt of electricity to the friction below.

“Ahhh! Damien-nghh, yes!” Maya sobbed, her fingers digging deep into the muscles of his back as her pace quickened, her inner walls clamping around him in a frantic, melting vice.

“Hmmm… tell me how it feels, Love,” Damien murmured, his voice a rough vibration against her skin. His thumb traced her jaw, tilting her face up so she couldn’t hide.

Maya gasped, her chest rising and falling wildly against his. His gaze held her captive, making it

impossible to look away. Every slow rotation of her hips drew another broken sound from her throat.

“It… it feels…” she sobbed softly, her fingers tightening in his dark hair. “Mmmm… it feels good… ahhh… mmm… nghh… mmm… so good, Damien…”

A dark, deeply satisfied smirk touched his lips, his hands shifting to her lower thighs to help her drive her

weight down even harder.

The overwhelming friction shattered whatever composure Maya had left.

Her internal muscles spasmed, tightening around hirn in a vice-like grip as her climax tore through her.

It was absolute madness.

First, it was his fingers that had driven her to her first peak, followed by the wicked heat of his mouth and tongue that left her trembling. Then, that brutal, heavy rhythm from behind had shattered her for the third

time-and now, here she was, losing herself all over again.

“Damien! Uhmm… Ah, ah… I’m-I’m… nghh!”

“Take it all, Love… mmm… yes… come for me…” Damien rasped, his voice dropping into a primal register as

her release clamped down on him.

“God, you feel incredible…”

Completely spent and overwhelmed by the sheer intensity, Maya's strength gave out entirely. She couldn't even manage to move her hips anymore. She was swimming in sensation, her upper body collapsing onto him as her inner walls milked him relentlessly in violent, helpless waves.

But Damien wasn't done.

Instead of pausing, he anchored his hands heavily on her hips and kept driving forward, his brutal, relentless thrusts riding right through the pulsing heat of her orgasm.

Every heavy strike hammered into her while she was at her most sensitive, forcing her body to shake and vibrate in total, unhinged surrender under his weight.

"Damien! Ah, ah—nghh!" Maya cried out, her arms wrapping around his neck, holding him in a desperate, bone-crushing embrace as her body shook.

"Mmph… fuck… mmm… ahhh…"

Damien groaned heavily against her skin, his chest vibrating as he buried himself deep into her

contractions.

"I fucking love how your walls tighten around my c**k. Fuck… mmmmm…"

Maya could barely think anymore. The world had narrowed to the man holding her and the overwhelming

realization blooming in her chest.

For the first time in her life, surrender didn't feel like weakness.

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Even as the last waves of Maya's release washed through her trembling body, Damien felt the final thread

of his control snap.

He had spent the entire night holding back for her.

He couldn't anymore.

Driven beyond the limits of his restraint, Damien wrapped his arms tightly around Maya and pulled her flush against his chest. Without letting her go, he shifted his weight and rolled with her across the

mattress.

He came down over her immediately, surrounding her with his body and heat, his dark eyes locked on hers with fierce, unrelenting intensity.

The relentless movement allowed her absolutely no time to recover.

Before she could even catch her breath from the sudden shift, Damien's hands slid down to hook under

her knees, pulling them up high.

"Wrap your legs around me," he commanded, his voice a dark, gravelly rasp against her lips.

Maya instinctively obeyed, locking her ankles tightly behind his waist. The high leg-lock tilted her pelvis perfectly, opening her up so deep that his next thrust struck her core with bruising force.

"Ohhh-Mmm… Damien…" Maya's voice came out as a husky, breathless whisper. She caught her lower lip between her teeth, fighting to hold back the sounds threatening to spill free, but a soft, helpless sigh slipped through.

Maya wrapped her arms tightly around him, holding on as though she never wanted to let go. Her fingers dug into his back, nails grazing his skin as another wave of intensity swept through her.

The feeling of her clinging to him pushed Damien even closer to the edge. He set a brutal, unhinged pace. It only took a few more heavy, punishing drives before he reached his absolute breaking point.

“Don’t hold back, Love… scream for me,” he commanded, his breath scorching against her ear as his hips

lammed hard against her.

Maya could only ride the waves of pleasure, her senses entirely flooded as the deep friction pushed her over the threshold yet again.

She let out a long, broken wail, her body shivering in total surrender.

Her final release struck just seconds before Damien let out a low, gravelly roar.

His entire body went rigid, a low, primal roar tearing from his throat as he buried himself to the absolute

hilt.

He held himself deep inside her as his release ripped through him, pouring every single drop of his

scorching heat into her core, the heavy throh of his length marking the end of their storm.

FFuck… Maya… ahhh… Argh”

Damien let out a low, ragged growl, his chest heaving violently against hers. Even as his release finally slowed, he gave one last, deep, heavy roll of his hips–a final, possessive drive to make sure every single drop of his warmth was buried deep inside her.

Exhausted but deeply satisfied, his strength finally gave out, and he collapsed heavily on top of her.

He didn’t pull out.

He stayed exactly where he was, keeping them locked together as they both tried to catch their breath.

The room was silent save for their fractured breathing, the lingering scent of their passion hanging in the

air.

Slowly, Damien lifted his head just enough to look at her.

They were so close their noses brushed, his dark eyes heavy with an intensity that made Maya's heart skip

a beat.

He stared at her for a long, quiet moment before leaning in to press his lips softly against her temple.

"I love you so much," he whispered, his voice a rough, post-coital vibration against her skin.

A soft, breathless smile curved Maya's lips. She tightened her arms around his neck, drawing him a little closer as though she never wanted to let him go.

"I love you too…" she murmured, capturing his lips in a tender, lingering kiss. "So much, Damien."

The sweetness quickly caught fire again, dissolving into another deep, torrid kiss, their tongues tangling in a slow, sticky rhythm that tasted of their shared heat.

When Damien finally broke apart, his thumb traced her swollen lower lip.

"That was insanely good…" he breathed.

Maya felt a sudden blush creep up her neck, a shy chuckle escaping her as she looked away for a second, suddenly self-conscious under his intense gaze.

“Yes… that was… really good.”

A roguish smirk touched Damien’s lips. “I think I will get you cheesecake and iced coffee every day from

now on.”

The comment was so unexpected that Maya stared at him for a second, completely thrown by the sudden change in topic. Then her brows knitted together in confusion.

“Huh? Why?”

Damien leaned down until his lips brushed the shell of her ear, a mischievous glint flickering in his eyes.

“So you’ll be this insatiably needy every single night.”

Maya’s eyes widened. A surprised laugh burst from her throat as she smacked his chest lightly.

“Stop it…” she protested, her cheeks instantly warming.

He laughed softly, the warm sound vibrating between them. Still hovering above her, he leaned down and pressed a lingering kiss to her forehead before pulling back just enough to look into her eyes.

The teasing glint faded, replaced by a tenderness that made Maya's heart flutter.

"I love this side of you, Love," Damien murmured, a soft smile tugging at his lips. "The confident one. The bold one. The one who finally stops overthinking and lets herself be happy… lets herself take what she

wants."

His gaze lingered on her face, warm with admiration.

"This version of you is so fucking beautiful, Love." he murmured. "And God, I can't get enough of it."

A comfortable silence settled between them before Damien's expression suddenly turned serious.

"There is one thing I need you to promise me."

Maya blinked. "What's that?"

Damien studied her for a moment before answering.

“No more watching that stuff online.”

Her brows lifted in surprise.

“I don’t like the idea of you looking at other men,” he admitted bluntly, a possessive edge creeping into his voice. “Especially naked ones. Not when you’re only doing it because you’re curious or trying to learn

something.”

The seriousness in his tone made Maya fight back a smile.

“How am I supposed to learn then?” she asked innocently.

The stern look on Damien’s face lasted all of two seconds before a teasing glint appeared in his eyes.

“Then ask me.” He leaned closer, lowering his voice. “I’ll happily volunteer as your instructor.”

A smug smile tugged at Damien’s lips.

“In fact, I offer private lessons. Very thorough ones.”

“Oh? You do, huh?” Maya teased, arching a brow at him as she gave his chest a gentle nudge, clearly challenging him.

Damien looked utterly unimpressed by her skepticism.

“Don’t worry,” he said smoothly. “My rates are so outrageously high that nobody can afford me.”

Maya’s lips twitched.

“Is that right?”

“Mm-hmm.” He leaned down, brushing his nose lightly against hers. “Except for one person.”

His gaze softened.

“You, Love. For you, my services are exclusively available.”

Maya laughed, her cheeks instantly warming.

“How generous of you.”

“I know,” Damien replied shamelessly.

He leaned down and stole a quick kiss from her lips.

“You can use me however and whenever you want, my queen.”

His eyes warmed with affection.

“Consider it a lifetime exclusive contract. I’m entirely yours.”

Chapter 523

Maya chuckled, a rosy blush creeping up her neck and into her cheeks. For all his shameless teasing, the genuine devotion behind his words left her feeling unexpectedly warm inside.

“I’ll take note of that… Now get off me, big guy. I need to clean up.. and I still have a cheesecake waiting for me to enjoy.”

Damien didn’t move. Instead, his dark eyes darkened further, a wicked, possessive glint cutting through the dim light. Inside her, the thick length that had just finished pouring his warmth into her core suddenly twitched.

Before Maya could even process the sensation, it rapidly swelled, hardening to an impossible size until it was stretching her walls all over again.

Maya’s eyes widened in sheer disbelief as the realization hit her.

“Damien… what.. wait…” Maya sputtered, “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“You’ve had multiple orgasms tonight, Love,” Damien rumbled, his voice dropping into a low, dangerously starved register as he gave a sudden, authoritative upward tilt of his pelvis, burying himself even deeper.

“I’ve only had one.”

Maya stared at him for a second before bursting into laughter.

“Are you seriously keeping score?”

“Of course I am,” Damien replied without a trace of shame. “The numbers are heavily skewed in your favor.

”

He leaned down, his lips brushing against hers as his hips began a slow, heavy, and punishing grind, instantly rekindling the fire between them.

“The cheesecake can wait,” he growled against her mouth.

“We’re doing another round.”

Before Maya could even protest, Damien took her hands and pinned them securely above her head, his large fingers interlocking with hers, chaining her to the mattress using only his grip.

He shifted his weight upward, siiding his torso higher up her body until his hips were riding higher than hers.

It was the perfect alignment-a suffocatingly close lock that pressed the base of his rigid length directly against her highly sensitive c******S.

Instead of drawing back to thrust, Damien stayed buried to the absolute hilt, using his entire weight to drive down. He began a slow, heavy, and rhythmic grinding, rocking his pelvis against hers in deep, agonizingly friction-filled circles.

“D Banien-nghh! Wait, it’s-ahhm! Maya’s protest came out broken and breathless, her back arching instinctively as another wave of sensation swept through her.

The intense, dual stimulation of his thick shaft stretching her inside while his pelvic bone relentlessly rubbed against her swollen core was too powerful.

With her hands trapped above her head, she was completely defenseless, forced to feel every single millimeter of the hot, wet friction as he ground his weight into her over and over.

Damien let out a rough breath, his eyes burning into hers.

“I can feel how desperately your walls are begging me to stay, Love,” Damien murmured, a dark, dangerously smug smirk touching his lips while his pelvis ground relentlessly against her core in deep,

agonizingly tight circles.

His grip on her pinned hands tightened above her head, asserting complete dominance.

By the time the storm finally cleared, the digital clock on the nightstand blinked heavily at 1:47 AM.

The relentless grinding from the alignment technique had triggered two more back-to-back rounds that left the mattress soaked and both of them completely drained.

Maya was utterly spent.

Her face was flushed a deep, breathless crimson, her body trembling from the sheer sensory overload of hitting an unimaginable seven orgasms all in all.

She was so sensitive that even the smallest movement made her tremble. Her body felt boneless and spent, still humming from the intensity of everything they had shared.

“Your stamina is unbelievable,” Maya breathed, her voice barely a thread as her heavy eyelids fluttered, losing the battle against sheer fatigue. “I’m so… exhausted…”

Damien chuckled deeply, the sound vibrating against her damp skin. He leaned down, pressing a tender, lingering kiss to her flushed, heated cheek before he finally decided to show some mercy.

Slowly, he pulled himself out of her with a soft, wet slither that made Maya let out a weak whimper at the

sudden, cold loss of heat.

With a low grunt, Damien rolled over onto his back right beside her, looping a heavy arm around her waist and pulling her snugly against his side.

After everything they had put each other through tonight, Maya desperately needed a trip to the bathroom and probably a shower. She let out a soft, exhausted groan and made a weak attempt to sit up.

“Let go first, Love,” she mumbled sleepily. “I need to use the bathroom.”

“Not yet,” he murmured, pressing a lazy kiss to her temple.

Maya blinked and tilted her head up at him. “Why?”

A mischievous. possessive gleam entered Damien’s eyes.

“Give them a few more minutes,” tre said shamelessly. “I’m investing in our future.”

Maya twisted in his arms and glanced back over her shoulder, completely lost.

“What? Who?”

A laugh rumbled from Damien's chest.

"My swimmers, Love," he replied as though it were the most obvious thing in the world, "They're still trying to find a place to plant themselves in there."

Maya went completely still.

The teasing smile faded from her lips as she felt his arm tighten around her waist, holding her securely against the warmth of his chest.

Without thinking, she covered his hand with her own, her fingers threading gently between his.

For a long moment, she simply lay there in his embrace, listening to the steady beat of his heart behind

her.

A strange warmth bloomed in her chest.

Before she could stop herself, an unexpected image appeared in her mind.

She imagined Damien holding a tiny baby in his arms, his usually stern expression softened by a tenderness few people ever got to see.

Then she pictured a little girl wrapped around his finger, refusing to let him out of her sight.

A little boy racing through the halls while Damien pretended to be annoyed by the noise even though he secretly adored every second of it.

The thought made her heart flutter in a way she couldn't quite explain.

Her fingers tightened gently around his hand.

"Do you really mean that?" she whispered softly.

The playful teasing had completely disappeared from her voice.

Damien frowned slightly.

"Mean what, Love?"

Maya hesitated.

Then, in a much softer voice, she asked,

“Have you really thought about having children someday?”

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For a moment, Damien didn’t answer

The playful amusement that had been dancing in his eyes faded, replaced by something quieter and more thoughtful. His arm tightened slightly around trer waist as he considered her question.

Maya felt her heart begin to beat a little faster,

Maybe she shouldn’t have asked.

Maybe she had ruined the lighthearted mood with a question that was far too serious.

Just as she was beginning to’regret bringing it up, Damien let out a slow breath against her hair.

“I never used to.”

His voice was low and thoughtful.

“Not really.”

His fingers traced absentminded circles over the back of her hand.

“Every goal I ever set for myself, I achieved. Every milestone. Every target. Every impossible dream most

people thought was beyond reach.”

A quiet confidence entered his voice.

“And none of it ever made me think about the future like that.”

Maya remained silent, waiting.

“For me, the future always revolved around business. It meant expanding the company, closing bigger deals, creating more jobs, and making sure the Blackwood Empire remained strong long after I was gone.”

A faint smile touched his lips.

“I always assumed I’d get married eventually,” Damien said quietly. “But if I’m being honest, it was never

something I gave much thought to.”

His gaze drifted toward the dark ceiling.

“I figured it would happen when the timing made sense. Most likely to someone from a similar

background. Someone who understood the demands of this life and what came with the name.”

A faint, almost amused smile touched his lips.

“It wasn’t about love. It was just… the logical next step. The same way a merger makes sense when two

companies benefit from it.”

Maya felt her chest tighten slightly.

That sounded exactly like the Damien Blackwood she had met months ago.

Domien let out a quiet breath.

“As for children, I looked at them the same way.”

His arm shifted around her waist, pulling her a little closer.

“They were part of the future. Part of the legacy. An heir. A successor. The next generation of the Blackwood Empire.”

His voice remained calm, but Maya could hear the self-awareness in it now.

“The people who would inherit everything I spent my life building and carry the family name.”

A thoughtful silence settled between them.

“I never really thought beyond that,” he admitted. “I never stopped to think about what being a husband or a father would actually mean.”

His thumb brushed gently against her hand.

“Then you came into my life.”

A quiet warmth entered his voice.

“Now I catch myself wondering what our daughter would look like. Whether she’d have your smile. Whether she’d be as kind as you.”

A soft chuckle escaped him.

“And I already know our son is going to drive us both crazy.”

Maya laughed quietly.

“Why?”

“Because if he inherits your stubbornness and my confidence, we’re in trouble.”

The laughter faded, leaving behind something softer.

“Do you know what’s funny?” Damien asked.

Maya shook her head lightly against his chest.

“I’ve spent years building an empire. I’ve fought for every dollar, every contract, every piece of success I’v earned.”

His hold around her tightened.

“Then

you came into my life and somehow my biggest dream became coming home to you.”

Maya felt her breath catch.

“Everything else suddenly feels small compared to that.”

He pressed a gentle kiss against her shoulder.

“Since you came into my life, all I dream about is having my own family… with you.”

Maya’s throat tightened.

The sheer weight of his words filled her with a warmth that had nothing to do with the lingering heat

between them.

Her heart swelled so much she couldn’t even find the words to respond.

Glad

Instead, she covered his arm with both of her hands and held it tighter against her waist, silently asking him not to let go.

A sting of emotion burned behind her eyes as she fought back the tears threatening to gather there.

Damien must have sensed it because his hold around her tightened slightly.

After a moment, he brushed a gentle kiss against her bare shoulder.

“How about you?” he asked softly. “Have you ever thought about having children someday?”

Maya smiled faintly.

“I have.”

Her voice came out quieter than she intended.

“I always wanted to be a mom.”

The admission felt strangely intimate.

Growing up, she had dreamed about many things. Some dreams had changed. Others had faded with

time.

That one never had.

Damien was silent for a moment before pressing another soft kiss against her shoulder.

“You’ll be an amazing mother, Love.”

The certainty in his voice made her throat tighten all over again.

She lowered her gaze, a small smile tugging at her lips.

Neither of them spoke for a while.

The room fell quiet except for the soft hum of the air conditioner and the steady rhythm of their breathin

“Love,” Damien called softly after several moments of comfortable silence.

Heavy eyelids drooping, the exhausting rounds finally catching up to her, Maya gave a sleepy mumble.

“Hmm?”

Damien turned his head and pressed a kiss to the top of her crown.

“Do you remember what you promised me back on the island?”

Maya frowned slightly, trying to wake up enough to think.

“Hmm? What promise?”

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A small smile touched Damien’s lips.

“When we get back from this trip, you’re moving in with me.”

A sleepy chuckle escaped Maya.

“Love, I’m already here, am I not? We’re basically living together already.”

“Not here.” His arm tightened around her waist. “At my place. The penthouse.”

Maya let out a soft hum.

“What’s wrong with here?”

“Nothing.” Damien shook his head. “But this is my family’s home. There are too many eyes and ears around here.”

He rested his chin lightly on her shoulder, his lips close enough that his warm breath brushed against her ear.

“I want to take you to my place, Love. Our place,” he murmured, his voice softening into a low, intimate register.

“It’ll just be the two of us. There’s more privacy there.”

A faint, wicked smirk touched his lips against her skin, his thumb tracing the soft curve of her hip.

“We can do whatever we want.”

His voice dropped lower.

“Whenever we want.”

Maya immediately had a bad feeling about where this conversation was heading.

As if sensing it, Damien chuckled softly.

“There won’t be anyone around to overhear us.”

He shifted slightly behind her, his lips brushing near her ear.

“No family.”

A kiss landed lightly against her shoulder.

“No staff.”

Another kiss.

“No interruptions.”

Heat immediately rushed to Maya’s face.

“Damien-”

His laugh rumbled against her skin.

“What?” he asked innocently.

Then, before she could answer, his voice turned shameless again.

“You can stop trying so hard to be quiet, Love.”

The smile in his voice was impossible to miss.

“There won’t be anyone listening.”

He rested his chin lightly against her shoulder, deliberately drawing out her suffering.

“You can be as loud as you want.”

Maya’s face instantly flushed. She knew that if she stayed in that position for another minute,

they'd end up tangled together all over again.

Before he could say another word, she slipped out of his hold and scrambled off the bed.

"Hey-"

"I need to use the bathroom," she declared, pointing accusingly at him as she backed away.

"And you are absolutely impossible."

Damien let out a low laugh as he watched her retreat.

For someone who had barely been able to keep her eyes open a minute ago, she was suddenly

moving remarkably fast.

Maya reached the bathroom door and wrapped her hand around the handle.

Then she paused before slowly turning back toward him.

Damien’s amused expression softened when their eyes met.

A gentle smile touched Maya’s lips.

“Okay, Love. I’ll move in with you.”

Before Damien could respond, she slipped inside the bathroom and shut the door.

A second later, the unmistakable click of the lock echoed through the room.

face.

Leaning, back against the pillows, Damien let out a quiet breath and closed his eyes for a moment.

A quiet contentment settled over him. He lingered on the thought for several moments before the sound of running water echoed from behind the bathroom door.

Damien shook his head, a faint smile lingering on his lips as he pushed himself off the bed.

His gaze swept across the aftermath they had left behind.

Maya's robe lay abandoned near the foot of the bed. A delicate piece of lace had somehow ended up beside one of his shoes. His dress shirt was draped across the floor, his belt discarded nearby while his trousers and boxers remained where they had been carelessly kicked aside.

The sight was enough to make the warmth in his chest deepen.

Shaking his head, Damien retrieved his discarded boxers from the floor and pulled them on.

Then he made quick work of the mess they had left behind, gathering the scattered clothes and setting them neatly beside the bathroom door.

His gaze eventually settled on the untouched cheesecake sitting on the table.

Somehow, even after everything they had shared tonight, Maya still hadn't forgotten about the

cheesecake.

The thought amused him.

Walking over to the sitting area, he picked up the cheesecake container and a fork before crossing to the built-in bar tucked into one corner of the suite.

He grabbed two bottles of water. One disappeared almost immediately as he tilted his head back and drained nearly the entire thing in several long swallows.

Only after satisfying his thirst did he place the second bottle beside the cheesecake along with the

fork.

Everything arranged neatly and waiting for Maya.

His gaze lingered on the small setup for a moment before a quiet realization settled over him.

Tonight had been one of the best nights of his life.

Not because of where they were.

Not because of what they had done.

The way she had laughed with him.

The way she had opened up to him.

The way she had trusted him enough to let down her walls completely.

For all her shyness, Maya had been growing bolder lately. More confident. More willing to show him the parts of herself she had once tried so hard to keep hidden.

And Damien loved it.

He loved seeing her become more comfortable around him. Loved the trust behind it. Loved knowing she felt safe enough to simply be herself.

Something warm settled deeper in his chest.

Tonight had reminded him yet again that no amount of success, wealth, or power could compare to having Maya in his life.

Now he found himself looking forward to things he never would have cared about before.

Watching her come out of the bathroom.

Handing her the cheesecake she had been talking about all week yet somehow managed to resist

all evening because she didn't want to appear rude in front of the others.

Listening to her ramble about whatever happened to cross her mind.

How her day went.

What she still needed to pack before they left.

The ridiculous video she had seen online that morning and insisted on showing him.

Or some completely random thought that somehow always managed to make him listen far longer than he intended.

Simple things.

Ordinary things.

Things he would have dismissed as insignificant before she came into his life.

Yet as unexpected as it was, he couldn’t remember the last time something had felt so right.

Somehow, they had become the moments he looked forward to the most.

Chapter 526

The moment the bathroom door closed behind her, Maya released a long breath she hadn’t

realized she was holding.

The cool marble beneath her feet offered little relief against the warmth lingering in her

cheeks.

Honestly, she wasn’t entirely sure whether she had escaped because she genuinely needed the bathroom or because she needed a few minutes away from him.

The man was impossible.

A helpless smile tugged at her lips as she shook her head and stepped beneath the shower.

Warm water cascaded over her skin moments later, melting away the lingering exhaustion from the long night and chasing away the last traces of sleep.

Unfortunately, it did nothing to quiet her thoughts.

Her mind kept drifting back to everything they had shared that evening.

To the way Damien always seemed capable of drawing out a side of her she never knew

existed.

Even now, she could hardly believe some of the things she had done and said earlier that

night.

If someone had told her a few months ago that she would one day find the courage to take the initiative the way she had, she would have laughed in their face.

Yet somehow, with Damien, it had felt natural.

Liberating, even.

For the first time in her life, she didn't feel self-conscious or afraid of being judged. She felt safe. Safe enough to be vulnerable. Safe enough to be bold. Safe enough to express what she wanted without embarrassment or hesitation.

And if she was being honest with herself, she liked it.

She liked the woman she was becoming whenever she was with him.

More than that, she liked the way Damien seemed to accept every part of her without question.

Maya closed her eyes as warm water streamed through her hair

For most of her life, the future had always felt distant

Uncertain.

Something that would eventually happen when the timing was right

Yet somewhere along the way, that had begun to change.

Over the past week since moving into the manor, Maya had found herself wondering more than once what life would actually look like living with Damien.

What it would be like to wake up beside him every morning, share breakfast together before starting their day, watch him work while she curled up nearby with her laptop, and fall asleep in his arms every night.

They were such simple, ordinary things, yet somehow they were the moments she found herself thinking about the most.

The thought should have terrified her.

Instead, it filled her with a strange sense of peace.

Maya had known from the very beginning that loving Damien Blackwood came with risks.

Being with him was never just about the status, the luxury, the private jets, or the glamorous life people saw from the outside.

It also came with responsibilities, pressure, and dangers that most people could never imagine.

There would always be people watching him. People wanting something from him. People willing to use those around him as leverage.

She had already seen enough to understand that much.

The truth was, a life with Damien would never be simple. There would be challenges ahead that neither of them could predict, difficult moments that would test them, and hardships that would inevitably leave scars along the way.

Yet none of that changed how she felt.

Because for every risk that came with loving Damien, there was also Damien himself.

The man who dreamed about coming home to her.

The man who spoke about their future with such certainty that it was impossible not to

believe him.

The man who looked at her as though she was the most important person in his world and somehow made her feel cherished in ways she had never experienced before.

A small smile touched her lips.

Maybe the future wouldn’t always be easy. Maybe there would be obstacles waiting for them that neither of them could see yet

But for what it was worth, Maya knew one thing with absolute certainty.

Whatever came their way, she wanted to face it with him.

Together

A quiet warmth spread through her chest.

Honestly, Damien Blackwood was dangerous.

Not because of his money or his power, but because of how casually he said things that completely overturned her world.

Now I catch myself wondering what our daughter would look like.

Since you came into my life, all I dream about is having my own family… with you.

The words replayed in her mind once more, carrying the same effect they had when he first

said them.

He had sounded so sincere.

So certain.

As though the future he described wasn't merely something he hoped for one day, but something he fully intended to build.

With her.

The thought made her heart flutter.

Before she could stop herself, a smile curved her lips.

She really was in trouble.

Somewhere along the way, she had stopped merely imagining that future.

She had started wanting it.

Several minutes later, Maya finally reached up and turned off the shower.

The steady sound of falling water faded, leaving only the soft hum of the bathroom ventilation system.

She grabbed a towel from the nearby rack, quickly dried herself, and wrapped it securely around her body before stepping out of the shower.

Standing in front of the large vanity mirror, Maya absently gathered her damp hair over one shoulder.

For a long moment, she simply looked at her reflection.

A smile threatened to return to her lips.

Honestly, this was all Damien's fault.

A month ago, the idea of even crossing paths with one of the world's most eligible billionaire bachelors would have sounded like something straight out of a romance novel, a movie, or a television drama.

Yet somehow, life had taken an unexpected turn.

Not only had she fallen hopelessly in love with him, but she had just agreed to move in with

him.

The thought made a helpless smile find its way back onto her lips.

"What am I doing?" she muttered under her breath.

The worst part was that she already knew the answer.

Exactly what she wanted.

Heat immediately rushed back to her cheeks.

Quickly pushing the dangerous thought aside, she adjusted the towel around her body, drew in a steadying breath, and cautiously cracked open the bathroom door.

Cool air immediately brushed against her skin.

Her gaze drifted toward the pile of clothes neatly folded beside the bathroom door, and she paused.

When she had rushed into the bathroom earlier, the room had looked as though a tornado

had passed through it.

Trouble

Now everything had been gathered into a neat pile.

Of course he had cleaned it up.

For some reason, the simple gesture warmed her far more than it probably should have.

Stepping partially out of the bathroom, Maya bent down and reached for her clothes.

She had barely touched them when Damien's voice drifted across the room.

"What are you doing?"

Chapter 527

Maya slowly opened her eyes, swallowed the bite of cheesecake, and looked up at Damien with a bright smile.

"Mmm… it's so good!" she said happily. "You should try it, Love."

A soft chuckle escaped Damien as he walked over to her.

Before he could sit down, Maya picked up another forkful of cheesecake and held it toward him.

“Here.”

Damien smiled and leaned forward, accepting the bite. He chewed thoughtfully before giving a small nod of approval.

“You’re right,” he admitted. “It is good. No wonder Grandpa keeps sneaking out for this place. He always finds an excuse to come back.”

Maya laughed softly. “I don’t blame him.”

She set the fork down before reaching up and gently running her fingers through his damp hair.

“You didn’t dry your hair,” she said, lightly combing through the damp strands with her fingers. “Come here.

I’ll dry it for you.”

Damien shook his head with an amused smile.

“It’s fine, Love. It’ll dry on its own.”

He gently took her hand away from his hair, brought it to his lips, and pressed a soft kiss against her knuckles before giving it a gentle squeeze.

“I’ll get dressed first.”

He disappeared into the walk-in closet and returned a few minutes later wearing a fresh pair of boxers beneath a plain white T-shirt almost identical to the oversized one Maya was wearing

The sight that greeted him made him smile.

Maya was quietly enjoying her cheesecake, practically drowning in his oversized shirt.

He walked over and sat beside her. The moment he did, Maya scooped up another forkful and held it out

toward him.

Damien glanced from the fork to her with an amused smile.

“Love, I bought it for you.”

“I know,” Maya replied with a smile. “But I want you to share it with me.”

Damien couldn’t help smiling at the simple request. He accepted another bite before gently nudging the fork back toward her.

“Finish the rest,” he said. “That’s enough sweets for me.”

Maya simply nodded and continued enjoying the rest of her cheesecake while Damien’s attention drifted toward the pile of shopping bags occupying one corner of the suite.

Noticing the subtle shift in his attention, Maya followed his gaze.

“What did you buy?”

Instead of answering, Damien stood, gathered the bags, carried them over to the couch, and set them down beside him.

He reached into one of the larger bags, pulled out a slim laptop box, and placed it gently on Maya’s lap. “Here,” he said. “Use this instead.”

Maya set her fork down and glanced at the unopened box on her lap before looking back at Damien.

“Love…”

“I know what you’re going to say,” Damien interrupted gently. “But I wanted to do this for you.”

Seeing the quiet determination in his eyes, Maya simply smiled.

“Thank you, Love.”

Damien smiled before reaching into another shopping bag.

“There’s more.”

Maya looked at him curiously as he pulled out another sleek white box and placed it on the coffee table.

Her eyes widened almost immediately.

“A phone?”

Damien nodded before reaching into the bag once more, and pulling out an identical box.

“And I got one too,” he said with a small smile. “Now we match.”

Maya looked from the two unopened boxes back to him before letting out a helpless laugh.

“Love…”

“I know,” Damien said gently before she could protest.

He paused, his gaze meeting hers.

“Just let me spoil you a little, okay?”

Seeing the sincerity in his eyes, Maya couldn’t bring herself to argue.

Instead, she smiled and reached over to gently squeeze his hand.

“Ok, Thank you, Love.”

A faint smile crossed Damien’s face as he opened her phone and began setting it up.

Maya watched quietly as he transferred everything from her old phone, occasionally asking for a password or to confirm a few settings.

“You’re awfully good at this,” Maya observed with an amused smile.

Damien didn’t even look up from the screen.

“Most of it is automatic these days,” he replied. “Everything’s designed to be user-friendly.”

He glanced at her briefly before adding,

“James usually handles these things for me, but that doesn’t mean I don’t know how.”

Maya laughed softly.

“I’m impressed, Mr. Blackwood.”

That earned a genuine laugh from Damien.

While the phone finished transferring her data, Damien continued unpacking the rest of the shopping bags as Maya quietly watched him organize everything.

A few minutes later, Damien picked up the phone once more, snapped a leather case into place, and

handed it back to Maya.

“It’s all set.”

Maya accepted it with both hands and admired it før a moment before a bright smile spread across her

face.

“It’s perfect.”

Unable to contain her happiness, she threw her arms around Damien’s neck and planted a quick kiss on

his lips.

“Thank you, Love.”

Damien smiled, wrapping an arm around her waist for a brief moment before letting her pull away

Maya spent the next few moments exploring her new phone before suddenly looking back at him, excitement dancing in her eyes.

“Love,” she said with a grin, “let’s take a selfie.”

Damien raised an eyebrow.

“A selfie?”

Maya nodded enthusiastically as she held up the phone.

“Yeah A picture together. I want to make it my wallpaper.”

The next several minutes passed with the two of them taking far more selfies than either of them cared to admit. After laughing over each photo, Maya finally picked her favorite and immediately set it as her wallpaper before proudly showing Damien.

To her surprise, Damien asked her to send him the same photo. Moments later, he set it as the wallpaper on his own phone, making Maya smile all over again.

Once that was done, Damien was ready to set up the smartwatch and tablet as well. This time, however, Maya managed to convince him to wait until they returned from Japan, pointing out that she wouldn't have much use for either of them during the trip. The laptop and phone were more than enough for now. Damien eventually agreed, though not without negotiating something in return.

Within minutes, he had discreetly tucked one small tracking device into her suitcase and another inside her purse. Maya shook her head in amusement before giving in, knowing there was no changing his mind.

The room gradually fell quiet again after Damien finished putting away the remaining shopping bags.

Maya leaned back comfortably against the couch, absentmindedly admiring the wallpaper they now shared.

A small smile lingered on her lips, but before long, her thoughts drifted back to something that had been bothering her.

She looked over just as Damien returned to the couch. The moment he sat down beside her, she finally

spoke.

“Love…”

Damien turned to her.

“I don’t mean to pry, but…” Maya searched his face. “Do you think something’s wrong with Aunt Dahlia?

Damien’s expression immediately turned serious.

“I’ve been wondering the same thing,” he admitted after a brief pause. “There’s definitely something wrong.

He met her eyes.

“The thing is… she doesn’t seen worried. She seems… sad.”

Chapter 528

A thoughtful silence settled between them.

Maya quietly turned Damien’s words over in her mind. The more she thought about it, the more she realized he was right.

When Dahlia had walked into the dining hall the night before, she hadn't looked frightened or anxious. If anything, she had looked like someone carrying a burden too heavy to bear.

She had looked… as though something inside her had shattered.

"I noticed something too," Maya said after a long moment as she turned to Damien.

"What is it?" Damien asked, his brows drawing together with curiosity.

Maya took a slow breath, hesitating before she spoke.

"I… I'm not sure, Love. Maybe I'm just overthinking it."

Maya lowered her eyes and absently fidgeted with her fingers before looking back at him.

"But I couldn't shake the feeling that she was avoiding me. Every time I looked at her, she'd look away."

Damien reached over and gently enclosed her fidgeting hands in his, stilling them with a reassuring

squeeze.

“No, you’re not overthinking.”

Then, slipping a finger beneath her chin, he gently lifted her face until their eyes met.

“I noticed it too.”

Maya blinked in surprise.

“You did?”

Damien fell silent for a moment, his eyes leaving hers as they settled on the floor.

“It wasn’t just you,” he said quietly. “She avoided looking at me as well.”

A small frown creased Maya’s forehead.

“But… why?”

Damien slipped an arm around her shoulders and gently drew her against his chest

“I don’t know yet,” he admitted, his thumb absently tracing slow circles against her arm. “But I don’t think

it’s a coincidence that she avoided both of us. Whatever happened yesterday… I have a feeling it has something to do with us.”

A flicker of worry crossed Maya’s face,

She slowly pulled back from his embrace and searched his face, uncertainty written plainly in her eyes.

“What if I’ve done something wrong?” she asked quietly. “Maybe… maybe she’s upset with me over something?”

She bit her lower lip.

“1…”

Before she could finish, Damien gently cupped her cheek.

“Don’t say that, Love.”

His voice was calm but firm.

“I know my mother. If something bothered her, she wouldn’t keep it to herself. She has no problem telling people exactly what she thinks.”

He brushed a loose strand of hair behind Maya’s ear.

“This is different.”

Maya looked at him questioningly.

“How?”

“If she were simply overwhelmed, she would’ve talked to Dad… or at least Grandma,” Damien said after a thoughtful pause.

“Dad said she left early, couldn’t be reached all day, came home late, brushed off every question he asked, couldn’t even bring herself to look at either of us, then went straight to her room.”

Damien fell silent, his brows knitting together as he pieced everything together in his mind.

“That tells me something.”

Maya felt her chest tighten.

“What?”

“I think she’s hiding something,” Damien said quietly. “My mother is exceptionally good at keeping secrets when she believes it’s protecting someone. Whatever it is… she’s already decided to carry it by herself.”

He gave her hand a gentle squeeze.

“And that’s exactly what worries me.”

Maya fell quiet, silently absorbing his words before looking back at him.

“Is there anything we can do?”

Damien gently squeezed her hand and offered her a reassuring smile.

“When she’s ready, she’ll tell us.”

Maya nodded, her expression softening ever so slightly.

“I hope so.”

Silence settled between them once more until another thought crossed Maya’s mind, bringing her back to everything that had happened at the company that day.

“By the way, Love,” she said, breaking the silence. “About what happened at the company…”

She looked at him, her eyes clouded with concern.

“I know you said everything’s been taken care of, but are you sure Mr. Franklin won’t cause any more problems?”

“He won’t,” Damien replied without hesitation. “He’s reckless, but he’s not stupid. He knows better than to test me a second time.”

Maya lowered her eyes, her fingers unconsciously tightening around his hand. Normally, Damien's confidence would have been enough to reassure her. This time, however, it only brought back memories she had tried so hard to leave behind.

Back then, he had been just as certain Beckett would no longer bother her. Yet somehow, Beckett had managed to deceive everyone into believing he had boarded the plane before secretly staying behind.

If Damien and the others hadn't arrived when they did…

A chill ran down Maya's spine.

"I…" She swallowed hard before forcing herself to continue. "I'm just worried that… what if he retaliates?

What if…"

Her voice trailed off. She lowered her eyes, unable to bring herself to say his name.

Damien understood immediately who she was referring to, and a familiar sense of guilt settled heavily in

his chest.

He had been too confident back then. He had underestimated what a desperate man was capable of, and

Γ Maya had nearly paid the price for his mistake.

Seeing the lingering fear in her eyes was a painful reminder that the guilt had never truly left him. Although he had already made Beckett pay a hundredfold for what he had done, it didn't change the fact that he had been the reason behind one of Maya's greatest traumas.

He gently tightened his hold on her hand.

"No," he said softly. "Not this time. I won't make the same mistake again."

His voice remained calm, but there wasn't the slightest hint of overconfidence behind it

"I already have people watching him. Every move he makes will be reported to me. I won't give him the opportunity that bastard had."

Maya held his eyes for a long moment before nodding. Just as she was beginning to feel reassured. another thought crossed her mind.

"But what if he doesn't came after you?"

Damien frowned slightly.

“What do you mean?”

“What if he goes after the woman instead?” Maya asked. “The one who exposed him.” She paused, trying to remember. “What was her name again?”

“Brandy Martinez.”

“Yes… her.” Maya looked at Damien, worry lingering in her eyes.

“If she’s the reason everything came to light, what if he decides to take his anger out on her instead?”

Damien was quiet for a moment before answering.

“Brandy made her own choice. She used Bill Franklin to get into the company because she wanted a chance to get close to Nick. She didn’t do anything to offend me, so I already did her a favor by giving her an easy way out and allowing her to go through the same separation process as every other employee.”

He paused briefly.

“As for whatever consequences Bill chooses to impose on her… that’s between the two of them. It isn’t our place to interfere.”

Chapter 529

Maya understood exactly what Damien meant.

Brandy had made her own choices, and whatever happened between her and Bill Franklin after this was,

by all accounts, a matter between the two of them.

From a logical standpoint, Damien wasn’t wrong.

Yet the more Maya thought about it, the more uneasy she became.

She lowered her eye

“Love…”

Damien look

rubbing her thumb over the back of Damien’s hand.

ediately noticing the conflicted expression on her face.

“You’re st

at Brandy.”

Maya g

“I kn

she said softly. “It really isn’t our place to interfere.”

hing for the right words.

the ability to help someone, I don’t think we should just turn a blind eye.”

ned quiet, giving her his full attention.

she did was wrong," Maya continued. "She lied to get into the company and used Mr. Franklin e. None of that was right."

ered her eyes for a brief moment.

we look past all of that…" She paused before quietly asking, "Isn't she just someone who fell in love?

the wrong person," Damien answered almost immediately. "She knew from the very beginning that meone like Nicholas Ashcroft was completely out of her league."

The words had barely left his mouth when he realized what he had just implied.

Maya looked up at him.

"So did I."

Damien froze.

“What are you talkin

Maya met his e

as way out of my league?”

Regret immediately flashed across Damien’s face.

That’s different,” he said firmly. “You’re different, Maya. Don’t ever compare yourself to her”

Maya tilted her head slightly.

“How is she different?”

Damien’s jaw tightened.

“She sells her body for a living. She’ll open her legs for anyone willing to pay.”

His voice turned noticeably colder.

“And before you defend her… no. She wasn’t forced into it because life was hard. She chose that life because she wanted easy money.”

Maya held his eyes for a long moment before letting out a soft, resigned sigh.

“I’m not trying to defend her or argue with you, Damien,” she said gently. “And i’m not trying to justify what she did either. I’m just… trying to understand why she did it.”

Damien rubbed the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes as he tried to ease the tension building inside him.

When he opened them again, the frustration that had flared only moments earlier had already faded.

He turned to Maya and let out a breath.

“I’m sorry, Love,” he said quietly. “I let my emotions get the better of me.”

He leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. When he pulled away, his eyes lingered on her for

a moment, taking in the quiet innocence that never seemed to leave her.

A faint, self-deprecating smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

“You really do have a way of making me rethink things.”

Maya smiled softly.

Damien gave a small shake of his head.

“Fine. I’ll talk to Nick.”

Hope flickered across Maya’s face.

“You will?”

Damien nodded.

“If anyone can do something about this, it’s him. If he had been a little more careful with his personal life,

none of this would've happened."

He paused briefly.

"He can clean up his own mess."

A warm smile spread across Maya's face.

Without saying another word, she scooted closer until she was nestled against his side and placed a soft kiss on his cheek. Then she wrapped both arms around his waist and rested her head against his chest.

"Thank you," she murmured. "That's all I ask."

Damien didn't say anything.

He simply slipped an arm around her shoulders and held her close.

The room gradually fell quiet, leaving only the steady rhythm of their breathing as they sat together in

comfortable silence.

After a while, Damien’s attention drifted to the digital clock resting on the nightstand.

Chapter 530

His brows drew together ever so slightly.

“Love,” he said softly. “You should try to get some sleep. Even if it’s only for an hour. You can rest again on

the flight.”

No answer came.

Damien frowned faintly and looked down.

A quiet chuckle escaped him.

Of course, she had fallen asleep.

Her cheek rested comfortably against his chest, her breathing slow and even.

Careful not to wake her, Damien slowly lifted his arm, intending to carry her to the bed.

The moment he moved, Maya let out a sleepy little groan and instinctively tightened her hold around his waist.

Damien remained perfectly still as a helpless smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

Instead of moving her, he settled back against the couch, wrapped his arm around her once more, and held her a little closer before pressing a gentle kiss to the top of her head.

“I love you,” he whispered.

Cradling Maya in his arms, Damien eventually drifted off to sleep as well.

A soft knock on the bedroom door woke him sometime later.

He slowly opened his eyes and immediately realized it was still dark outside, with no trace of daylight filtering through the curtains. Instinctively, he checked the time.

Up His Own Mess

Carefully slipping his arm free from around Maya, he gently eased her onto the couch, making sure she was comfortable before quietly getting to his feet and walking over to the door.

He opened the door and was greeted by the sight of Jaime.

He was already dressed, his hair still slightly damp from a fresh shower, and a bright smile stretched across his face.

The excitement in his eyes was impossible to miss.

“Oh! Morning, Brother-in-law,” Jaime greeted cheerfully, keeping his voice low. “Sorry to wake you. Is May awake?”

Damien glanced down the hallway before looking back at him.

“You’re up early.”

Jaime scratched the back of his head with a sheepish grín.

“I don’t think I could sleep.”

His smile widened.

“I’m really excited. I’m finally getting a new heart! Besides, I’ve never been to Japan before.”

His eyes lit up even more.

“Kenji said they have entire buildings dedicated to robotics and technology. He even told me about cafés

where robots serve the customers. I really want to see one!”

He grinned from ear to ear.

“And he promised to show me around after I recover!”

Damien couldn’t help but smile.

“I can tell. Looks like you’re more excited than nervous.”

“Nervous?” Jaime blinked before shaking his head. “I’m not nervous.”

He glanced down the hallway, then leaned in a little closer.

“Come closer,” he whispered.

Damien raised a brow but lowered himself slightly.

Jaime cupped a hand beside his mouth and whispered, “I’ve been looking forward to this day for a long time.”

A bright smile spread across his face.

“I really want to get my heart fixed… so May doesn’t have to worry about me anymore.”