Intern 53

Chapter 53

Maya smiled softly, her voice still a little hoarse but steady. “Jamie, Ms. Janice-this is Ms. Trina, my supervisor, and Harper, my colleague.”

Trina offered a polite nod, her gaze briefly acknowledging Ms. Janice before returning to Jamie. “Jamie,” she said with a touch of warmth beneath her usual formality, “it’s good to finally meet you.”

Jamie gave a small, respectful nod. “Thank you, ma’am.”

Ms. Janice, ever the maternal force, smiled kindly. “It’s good to see Maya in such good company,” she said gently, her gaze sweeping across the women. “And thank you both for looking after her.”

Trina returned Ms. Janice’s kind smile with a nod. “It’s clear Maya has a strong support system. With you both by her side, she’ll get through this stronger than ever,” she said warmly.

Harper chimed in with a sly wink.

“Yeah, she’s kind of a badass… and don’t let the ‘colleague’ fool you-I’m basically her work BFF now. The one who keeps her sane… or at least tries to.”

Maya’s chest tightened. Laughter filled the room, making it feel a little fuller. A little safer.

Ms. Trina didn't stay long but gave a curt nod of approval when Harper pleaded for a half day off-her insistence bordering on childlike persistence. The four of them gathered around the hospital tray, sharing the warm casserole Ms. Janice had brought. Between bites, Harper filled Maya in on the whirlwind of events at work over the past two days-briefly, enough to keep Maya connected without overwhelming her.

After they finished lunch, Ms. Janice and Jamie began gathering their things to head home. Monroe had already arranged for one of his trusted men to drive them, making sure they'd get back safely.

As Maya sipped the last of her juice, Harper leaned in with a conspiratorial grin.

"Oh, by the way… our team's been assigned to handle the grand opening of the new resort on Isla Aurelia," she said, her eyes gleaming. "Private island turned luxury paradise. One of Blackwood Enterprises' latest crown jewels. We're scheduled for a location ocular visit two

weeks from now."

She wiggled her brows. "You're part of the team, so you're coming. Take it as a work vacation

-doctor's orders… or mine."

Just then, Monroe stepped into the room to help Ms. Janice and Jamie with their bags. He paused at the door, catching the tail end of Harper's speech.

Harper turned toward Maya and let out a dramatic sigh.

“I can’t help but notice-your legs are ridiculously sexy.” She pointed at the hospital gown with mock horror. “But that paper-thin excuse of a gown is not doing your curves any justice!”

Maya blinked, laughing as her cheeks flushed.

“Anyway!” Harper grinned. “You’ll look killer in a red bikini. I already ordered one for you. Don’t worry about packing-I’ve got your swimwear and beach outfits covered. You just focus on recovering, okay? Because we are going man hunting on that island, and who knows…” She winked. “You just might meet the love of your life there.”

Monroe coughed into his fist, clearly amused as he helped Ms. Janice with her bag.

Harper’s eyes lit up when she spotted him.

“Well, well, if it isn’t Mr. Silent-and-Deadly himself,” she teased with a wink. “Hey, Monroe. Looking dangerously handsome as always.”

Monroe raised a brow but gave her a small, amused nod. “Ms. Lin”

Harper gasped dramatically.

“Oof. Formal. Cold. Just how I like it.”

Maya laughed softly, shaking her head as Harper continued her dramatic flair, lighting up the room like only she could.

Harper gave an exaggerated sigh and clutched her imaginary pearls.

“Well… I should probably drag myself back to the company before Trina fires me for real.” She leaned in conspiratorially. “But don’t worry-I’ll stop by again tomorrow after work.”

She straightened, grinning wide.

“And don’t forget our work trip-slash-vacation-slash-romantic destiny! I’m manifesting a tall, dark, delicious stranger just for you.”

She shot a playful wink before flouncing toward the door.

They left Maya’s room together, Harper’s laughter echoing softly through the hospital halls as she shared light jokes with Jamie.

Damien stood abruptly, his chair scraping back on the polished floor. “I want all final reports on my desk by end of day. No delays.”

And with that, he walked out-without a backward glance.

The door shut behind him like a guillotine.

Stunned silence followed. Then the buzz of anxious whispers.

They all sat frozen, wondering –

What did we do wrong?