Intern 54

Chapter 54

James followed Damien out of the boardroom without a word, falling into step just behind him. He knew what had just happened.

Damien had cut the meeting short the moment Monroe's name was mentioned. Which could only mean one thing – Maya

He wasn't interested in quarterly projections. He wanted to know what Monroe had to say.

The second the office door shut behind them, James pulled out his phone and answered Monroe's call – on speaker.

Damien stood by the window, his back to them, motionless.

Monroe's voice came through, crisp and composed. "James. Just giving a report from the hospital. Ms. Trina came by earlier with Ms. Lin. Trina left after half an hour, but Ms. Lin stayed behind."

Damien's jaw ticked, his gaze still fixed outside.

"Ms. Janice came too," Monroe continued. "Brought food. They all had lunch together. After that, she took Jamie home-I had one of our men drive them. Ms. Lin left with them as well."

James remained composed. “And Ms. Thompson?”

A pause.

“Better,” Monroe said. “She laughed a few times. Ate well. Still pale and tired, but she’s present and engaged.”

James gave a quiet nod, glancing at Damien, whose expression remained unreadable.

“Thank you. Keep us updated if anything changes.”

Monroe hesitated.

James noticed immediately. “Is there something else?”

A beat. Then Monroe cleared his throat.

“Ahh.. Yes… I overheard something.”

James exchanged a glance with Damien, who still hadn't moved-but James knew he was listening intently.

"What was it?" James asked.

Monroe's voice dropped slightly, a note of unease threading through his words.

Monroe cleared his throat. "It's… about what I overheard Ms. Lin say to Ms. Thompson."

James narrowed his eyes. "Go on."

"I caught the tail end of it while helping them carry their things out. Ms. Lin was-well… being

Ms. Lin."

Damien still hadn't turned around. But the tension in the room shifted.

Monroe continued carefully-measured, but just loud enough for every word to carry clearly.

"She told Ms. Thompson that their team's been assigned to handle the grand opening of the new resort on Isla Aurelia. They're scheduled for a location ocular visit two weeks from now."

A beat

“And since Ms. Thompson is part of the team, she’s coming too.”

James blinked slowly, catching the slight shift in Damien’s posture-just a flick of his fingers,

Controlled, But telling.

Monroe wasn’t finished.

“I also heard her complimenting Ms. Thompson’s legs,” he added, voice still polite but unmistakably deliberate. “She said they were, and I quote, ‘ridiculously sexy’ – and that the hospital gown was not doing her curves any justice.”

There was a pause.

Damien’s jaw flexed once.

James cleared his throat, biting back a smirk. “Mmhmm… go on.”

Monroe didn't miss a beat.

"Oh-Ms. Lin also said Ms. Thompson would look killer in a red bikini. That she already ordered one for her and told her not to worry about packing – because she's got her swimwear and beach outfits all covered."

He paused just long enough to make it noticeable.

"She told her to just focus on recovering. Because…." He let the silence stretch-carefully.

Finally, Damien's voice cut through, low and sharp.

"Because what?"

Monroe straightened slightly.

"Because they're going man hunting on that island. And Ms. Thompson might just meet the love of her life there."

James pressed his lips into a tight line, eyes flicking sideways to his boss. A twitch pulled at his jaw-whether amusement or caution, it was impossible to tell.

There was a pause.

Still facing the window, Damien finally spoke.

“Man hunting? Love of her life?”

His tone was dangerously neutral.

Monroe cleared his throat-too professionally.

“That’s what she said, sir. Oh, and before she left, she reminded Ms. Thompson not to forget their work trip-slash-vacation-slash-romantic destiny. Ms. Lin, apparently, is manifesting a tall, dark, delicious stranger… for Ms. Thompson.”