Intern 55

Chapter 55

Another silence.

Tighter this time.

Even James didn't risk moving.

Damien said nothing.

But his fingers curled slightly at his sides.

James, ever the diplomat, stepped in with smooth efficiency. "Noted. Thank you, Monroe. Please continue monitoring the situation-and notify us immediately if anything changes."

"Understood," Monroe replied. "She's resting now. I'll keep an eye on her."

James ended the call, slid the phone back into his pocket, and turned to face Damien fully.

He didn't need to ask what his boss was thinking.

James didn’t need words. The clipped exhale-the flick of Damien’s fingers-said everything.

Damien’s voice was quiet. Controlled. But it cut through the room like a blade.

“Clear my schedule two weeks from now.”

James straightened. “Sir?”

“The ocular visit.”

A pause.

“I’ll be handling it personally.”

He didn’t elaborate. He didn’t have to.

James gave a crisp nod. “Understood.”

Across the city, in a quiet hospital room, she still felt him.

Maya sat quietly as the room emptied, her fingers absently brushing the stiff fabric of the hospital blanket.

But it wasn't warmth she craved.

It was him.

The silence didn't bring peace.

It brought fire.

Damien Blackwood's voice still echoed in her mind-low, rough, barely restrained.

"He will never bother you again… I won't allow it."

He won't allow it?

Did that mean he wanted to protect her?

“He’s paying the price for touching what’s not his.”

Not his?

Did that mean she belonged to him?

“You were never supposed to be dragged into my world. I told myself you were just another intern. That I didn’t care.”

But what if…

What if she wanted to be dragged in?

What if she was willing to see his world, even if she didn’t belong?

“I lied. I care. Too much.”

Too much…

Did that mean he felt something? For her?

“But if you think I can let you walk away now… after this? You’re wrong.”

What if she didn’t want to walk away?

“I should stay away. I should keep you safe from everything I am. But I can’t. Not anymore.”

God.

He was too much.

Too close.

Too dangerous.

You’re not just an intern, Maya.

Then what am I to you, Damien Blackwood?

Her breath hitched. She pulled the blanket tighter, but it didn't help.

His voice wasn't gone.

It was in her bones.

And the way he looked at her… like she was made of glass and sin. Like breaking her would ruin him-but he still wanted to do it anyway.

That look had stripped her bare.

Her lips parted, her breath shallow as the memory gripped her.

The way he stood over her-tall, fierce, contained. His scent-leather, spice, something smoky. That quiet fury in his eyes. That frayed edge of control. That voice-like velvet wrapped in fire and laced with danger.

She curled tighter into herself, but it wasn't protection she needed. It was his touch.

Her legs shifted beneath the covers, thighs pressing together.

His hands. His mouth. His body-commanding, consuming-above her, around her, inside her. She imagined the weight of him pinning her down, his breath hot against her ear, his voice coaxing her to surrender.

Her fingers twitched near her stomach, and she sucked in a sharp breath.

God. She could feel him.

Everywhere.

She squeezed her eyes shut, but it didn't help. The image of Damien-shirt undone, gaze dark, voice a growl-burned behind her lids.

And then came the ache.

Deep. Hot. Wanting.

A throbbing pulse low in her belly.

She shifted again, her hips angling subtly, her thighs brushing. She didn't mean to didn't plan to-but her hand slipped lower, fingers brushing the skin above her hip, lingering there. Light pressure. Electric.

She felt tender there.

Sensitive.

She dragged her hand back with a startled breath, her heart hammering.

What was happening to her?

She was twenty-five. A virgin.

No boyfriend.

Never been kissed.

Never touched.

Not like that.

She had always dreamed her first time would be soft, slow… meaningful. Sheets tangled with whispered promises. A man who cherished her.

And though untouched, she was not unknowing.

She'd seen the videos. Read the stories. Late nights under the covers with her phone in hand, breath caught on every gasp and moan in the pages. She knew what desire looked like.

But this was different.

This was real.

And it was him.

She remembered reading somewhere that the first time always hurt.

But suddenly…

She hoped it hurt in a way she'd never forget.

Because if it was going to be anyone…

She wanted it to be him.

Damien Blackwood.

Her danger.

Her fire.

Her undoing.

And somehow… the scariest part wasn’t that she wanted him.

It was that maybe-just maybe-he wanted her too.