Intern 56

Chapter 56

Damien's POV

The door clicked shut behind James, sealing Damien in a silence that pulsed with heat.

The city stretched beyond the windows-cold, bright, indifferent. But inside his office, everything burned.

He stood still, fists flexing at his sides, jaw clenched as Monroe's voice echoed in his head.

But his mind was no longer in the room.

It had drifted-back to the hospital. Back to her.

Maya.

He remembered the sterile hum of machines, the antiseptic chill that did nothing to touch the heat she stirred in him. The way she looked sleeping-lashes casting shadows over flushed skin, her mouth parted slightly, as if whispering secrets even in dreams.

One arm curled beneath her cheek.

The other resting near her heart.

She had looked fragile – beautiful.

And his.

He hadn't planned to stay. Just ten minutes, a check-in, then he'd leave.

But the moment he saw her, all that control slipped. Every rule he lived by blurred.

The memory struck sharp as glass-the moment he sat across from her, the air thick with unsaid words and raw, brittle tension.

"You were never supposed to be dragged into my world."

He had said it carefully, as if confessing a secret he could never take back.

"I told myself you were just another intern. That I didn't care."

But the lie had been clear in his voice.

“I lied. I care. Too much.”

His words had landed between them like a claim, a vow, a warning.

“You’re not just an intern, Maya.”

He had let the words hang, letting them sink into the quiet room-and into her.

He remembered the flicker of confusion and something softer in her eyes. The way her fingers clenched the sheets as if trying to hold herself together.

He almost reached for her. Almost touched her cheek, her hair, the curve of her jaw. But he

held back.

Not because he didn’t want her.

But because the moment he touched her, there would be no going back.

Yet he saw it-the subtle way her body responded when he was near, the unspoken pull

between them.

When Jamie had returned, calling her name softly, Damien had stepped back into his role. But inside, something fierce and dark had taken root.

She was his.

And no one-no woman in red bikinis, no island trips, no fucking man-hunting fantasies- would change that.

The report from Monroe had been clear: the upcoming ocular, the flirtation, the threats.

None of it mattered if he wasn't there.

But it was Monroe's voice echoing that lit the fuse:

"She said they were, and I quote, 'ridiculously sexy'-and that the hospital gown did nothing to conceal her curves."

He gritted his teeth.

He wanted to see them for himself. All of her. Skin flushed and soft beneath his hands, her breath catching as he traced every inch she'd been too innocent to offer to anyone else.

No one else was allowed to look.

Not Lin. Not Monroe. Not a single man on that damn island.

"She'd look killer in a red bikini…"

He slammed a hand on the desk.

She would. And that's exactly why she wouldn't wear it.

Not unless it was for him.

Only him.

“They’re going man hunting… she might meet the love of her life there.”

The fuck she will.

His hands twitched at his sides, white-knuckled. His blood roared in his ears.

He rose from his chair.

Tried to pace.

Failed.

All he could see was her-half-asleep, soft and warm beneath hospital blankets. Then in that goddamn bikini. Then beneath him, spread open and gasping, saying his name like it was

sacred.

His body responded instantly-hard, aching, desperate.

He yanked at his tie, tossed it aside. Poured a drink, downed it.

But whiskey wasn’t enough. Nothing was.

She was everywhere.

In his blood. In his mind. In his goddamn soul.

He collapsed into the chair again, jaw tight, eyes shut.

His hand twitched.

Dammit.

He could still see her.

Still feel her.

He leaned back in his chair and let the image take over-Maya, flushed and breathless, whispering his name like a prayer she didn’t want answered.