Intern 57

Chapter 57

His hand slipped beneath the waistband of his pants, hard already, aching with the force of

his need.

He pictured her beneath him.

Her thighs trembling.

Her back bowing.

His name spilling from her in broken, breathless moans.

“Damien… please…”

His eyes shut tight.

Stroke after stroke, his breathing turned ragged-but no matter how fast, how deep, it wasn’t enough.

It wasn’t real.

And he couldn’t touch anyone else.

Not anymore.

His breath caught-hips jerking, muscles tightening.

He came with a harsh groan, spilling into his hand-but even that didn’t satisfy him. Not even

close.

His release was hollow. Unsatisfying. Almost maddening in its emptiness.

Because it wasn’t her.

And nothing would be enough until it was.

He leaned back, chest heaving.

Stared at the ceiling like it might offer answers.

Then slowly, he stood.

If he couldn't have release, he needed ruin.

Below the Surface

The air down here stank of blood and bleach.

The underground room was silent but for the occasional groan of the man chained to the wall. Beckett was barely recognizable-his lips cracked, his tongue gone. Three fingers missing. His wrists raw from the manacles. A doctor sat nearby, cold and precise, stitching fresh wounds and ensuring he stayed alive.

Alive. But suffering.

Damien walked in slowly.

Beckett whimpered. Tried to speak.

Only silence came out.

“You don’t get to speak anymore,” Damien said, voice calm as poison. “You lost that privilege the moment you laid eyes on her.”

He circled him like a predator. Unhurried. Controlled. Deadly.

“You think pain is punishment?” His lips curved-mocking. “Pain is nothing. What I’m giving you is memory. Every day you wake up will be another reminder of what you did. And what you lost.”

Beckett’s shoulders shook.

Damien leaned in, lips near what remained of the bastard’s ear.

“She will heal. She will rise. And you? You’ll be nothing but dust in the corners of her past.”

Then, without warning, he drove his knee into Beckett’s ribs-hard and deliberate. A sickening crack echoed, followed by a choked wheeze of pain.

Beckett coughed blood, body jerking against his restraints.

Damien straightened slowly, eyes void of mercy.

“Keep him alive,” he said to the doctor. “He’s got ten more days left to learn what pain really means.”

And then he turned to leave-coat sharp at his shoulders, the scent of blood and whiskey trailing behind him like a promise.

Ashcroft was already waiting, two glasses in hand, the rich amber liquid catching the dim light like fire.

“Hell of a date night,” he said with a smirk, offering Damien one of the glasses.

Damien took it without a word, jaw tight.

Ashcroft tipped his glass toward the hallway Damien had just emerged from-the one that still stank faintly of blood, sweat, and Beckett’s fear. “You gonna tell her how you feel?” he asked, casually. “Or just keep jerking off in your office and torturing people underground?”

Damien’s glare could’ve killed a lesser man.

But Ashcroft just chuckled, unfazed. “Hey, I’m just saying-flowers might be cheaper.”

Damien said nothing. Just threw the entire drink back in one sharp movement, the burn down his throat barely registering.

But even whiskey couldn't touch it.

Not the rage. Not the heat.

Not when every part of him still throbbed for her-mind, body, soul.

Not when the memory of her voice, her eyes, the way her fingers clutched the hospital sheets while she looked up at him like he was both danger and salvation-was burned into him.

Ashcroft leaned against the wall beside him, swirling his drink lazily. "You're a goddamn menace when you're in love."

"I'm not-"

"Oh, please." Ashcroft rolled his eyes. "You mutilated a man, D. Not because he was a threat to the company. But because he touched her."

Silence stretched.

Damien’s grip on the glass tightened.

“She’s not ready,” he muttered. “Not for my world.”

Ashcroft looked at him, gaze finally softening. “Maybe. But she looked like she could survive it. And you… you looked at her like you couldn’t survive without her.”

Damien didn’t respond.

He couldn’t.

Because that part-that last part-was the one truth he couldn’t outrun.