Intern 58

Chapter 58

It was nearly 11 p.m. when Damien stepped out into the cold night air, the scent of blood and whiskey still clinging to his skin like a second shadow.

Ashcroft had gone back inside, muttering something about another drink.

Outside, the city had quieted.

But Damien hadn't.

The black vehicle waited by the curb, sleek and silent under the streetlamp's pale glow.

James was already standing by the door, as if he'd been there all along. "Sir," he greeted,

voice even.

Damien gave a nod and slid into the back seat.

James followed, silent as a shadow. The door shut behind him, sealing them in with the low hum of the engine and the soft scent of leather and frost.

A pause. Then James spoke, always efficient.

“All your scheduled commitments have been adjusted to accommodate the trip two weeks from now. Your suite at Isla Aurelia has been arranged under a secure alias. The PR team managing the ocular event remains unaware of your presence, per your instructions-they’ll proceed with the program as originally planned.”

He glanced at his tablet briefly.

“Ms. Thompson’s room has also been confirmed. It’s on the same floor as yours. Near enough.”

Damien responded with a low, distracted, “Hmm.”

He wasn’t thinking about the island.

Not about schedules or optics or guest lists.

Just her.

James continued without missing a beat. “Monroe also sent another update. Ms. Janice called earlier- Jamie fell asleep at home, and she didn’t want to wake him. They won’t be returning to the hospital tonight. Ms. Thompson is aware.”

Still, Damien said nothing.

He stared out the window-unseeing, but alert. Her face already rising in his mind like smoke: flushed cheeks, parted lips, lashes fluttering against the soft hospital light. He hadn’t touched her. He hadn’t dared. But it hadn’t stopped the ache.

He’d stayed away all day, convincing himself it was restraint.

But it wasn’t.

It was fear.

Fear of what would happen if he saw her again… and lost that grip on control he guarded so

damn well.

“Destination, sir?” the driver asked, glancing back.

Damien didn’t hesitate.

“Hospital.”

The drive was short.

When they arrived, Monroe was already stationed discreetly down the corridor. Security had been alerted. The hallway outside Maya’s room was empty, lights dimmed, silent as a chapel.

Damien walked alone.

Each step felt heavier than the last.

He paused in front of her door. Stared at it.

The quiet beyond the door pulled at something inside him he refused to name.

His fingers hovered near the handle.

He shouldn’t be here. Not tonight. Not like this.

She haunted him without even trying. Lived in his blood now-in every breath, every thought.

And still… He turned the knob.

She was still awake.

Maya sat upright in bed, knees drawn under the covers, a worn paperback resting lightly in

her hands.

The soft lamplight turned her skin golden, shadows curling around her collarbone. Her hair

was messy-half-tamed chaos falling over one shoulder. She looked startled at first. Then

stunned.

Her mouth opened slightly, eyes wide.

“Mr. Blackwood… sir…” she breathed, voice catching on the last word like it didn’t belong.

Damien didn’t speak.

He just closed the door behind him with a soft click and stepped further into the room.

And for a long moment… he just stood there.

Watching her.

Letting the silence speak for him.

Letting her see it in his eyes-

Maya didn’t move.

She just stared at him-eyes wide, lips parted, breath catching as if the air had turned heavier the second he stepped inside.

And maybe it had.

Because Damien Blackwood, in a dark coat and open collar, his gaze unreadable and consuming, was more than just a man in a room.

He was a storm waiting to break.

“I didn’t mean to disturb you,” he said finally, voice low, measured. “You looked awake.”

“I was…” she murmured, blinking. “I couldn’t sleep.”

“Neither can I,” Damien said quietly.

“Um… Jamie’s not coming back tonight,” she said softly, grasping for something safe to say. Ms. Janice called-he was already asleep…”