Intern 59

Chapter 59

Of course he did. She should've known.

Her fingers fidgeted against the blanket. Her gaze dropped-but she could feel him watching her, seeing too much.

He stood at the foot of the bed now-close, but not quite within touching distance. His scent wrapped around her: whiskey, something sharp and clean beneath it. Expensive. Male. Dangerous..

"Mr. Blackwood… um, are you-are you okay?"

Her voice was soft, hesitant-barely above a whisper.

But beneath the question was something else.

Worry.

Her pulse surged like a warning.

Something had happened.

Something more than he was letting on.

“I’m not.”

A pause. His gaze flicked to the IV at her wrist, then back to her face.

She didn’t know what to say-to the most powerful man she’d ever met standing there like the night had delivered him just for her.

“There’s color in your cheeks again.”

Damien’s voice was quiet, almost thoughtful. “That’s… good.”

Maya’s heart skipped. She nodded, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Thank you, sir.”

She hesitated, fingers tugging at the blanket’s seam. Then-soft, cautious-

“I… um, may I ask why you came?”

Her voice was quiet. But it carried.

Damien’s jaw flexed. “Because I didn’t like the way today ended.”

Her brows furrowed slightly. “What do you mean?”

He exhaled slowly. His restraint was visible-coiled in his spine, in the line of his shoulders, in

the way his hands remained at his sides, clenched tight as if holding something back.

“Earlier,” he said, stepping closer. “I meant what I said. All of it.”

Maya’s heart pounded.

His eyes locked with hers-molten, unforgiving.

Silence fell again, but this one wasn’t empty.

It was charged – Alive.

Maya's fingers curled into the blanket, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Mr. Blackwood…"

"Damien," he said, cutting her gently.

She froze. The name lingered in the air between them like something forbidden.

Dangerous. Intimate.

"Say it," he murmured again, his voice a dark velvet thread in the silence.

He leaned in slightly-not too close, but close enough for her to catch the faint scent of his cologne sharp, warm, and intoxicating and feel the subtle heat radiating from his body.

He took a single step closer, gaze fixed.

Lowered. Commanding.

“Say it, Maya.”

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She hesitated, lips parting, her breath catching.

“Damien,” she breathed.

He closed his eyes for a beat, as if the sound of his name from her lips was something he felt beneath his skin.

When he looked at her again, there was heat in his eyes. Want. But also something gentler – quiet satisfaction.

“It sounds good when you say it,” he said, voice lower now. Almost rough. “Call me Damien… when we’re not at work.”

Maya’s eyes widened slightly.

“But… sir. That would be… disrespectful.”

Her voice was soft, unsure. “You’re still my boss…”

“No,” he said firmly. “I want you to, Maya. Consider it a personal request… from your boss.”

Something fluttered low in her belly at the way he said her name. The way it curved around command and care all at once.

Her throat felt dry.

She didn’t answer-but she didn’t look away either.

Damien stood there a moment longer, torn between staying and leaving. But the way her lips had shaped his name, the heat blooming in his chest and the tight pull of restraint in his muscles – He didn’t trust himself if he lingered.

So instead, he straightened slightly, his tone shifting-cooler now, decisive. Protective.

“You’ll quit your job at the coffee shop. Effective immediately.”

Maya blinked. “What?”

“Jamie’s file will be transferred to this hospital. All expenses-his treatment, medication, follow-ups-they’ll be taken care of. You don’t need to worry about any of it.”

Her mouth opened, but he continued before she could argue.