Intern 62

Chapter 62

Best regards,

Human Resources

The second sss was titled:

Subject: Employment Agreement – Welcome to Blackwood Enterprises

Dear Ms. Maya Thompson,

Welcome to Blackwood Enterprises. Attached is your employment contract for your permanent assignment within the Public Relations Department under Ms. Trina Westwood, your supervisor.

There will be no probationary period as your internship credits cover this requirement.

Your compensation package includes:

– Competitive salary commensurate with your new full-time role

– 100% medical coverage for you and your dependent(s)

– Company-provided housing located at The Aurora Residences, a secure and comfortable community close to the office

– Monthly transportation allowance

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Meal allowance during workdays

– Annual clothing allowance for professional attire

Please review the attached contract carefully and feel free to reach out if you have any questions.

We kindly ask you to visit the HR department upon your return to complete your employment paperwork and sign the agreement.

We look forward to your continued success with Blackwood Enterprises.

Her fingers trembled slightly as she tapped open the attached PDF. The numbers and benefits stared back at her-more than she'd dared to hope for. Security. Stability. A new life.

Her gaze shifted to the clipboard on the table. Her signature-the sharp curve of her name- felt unfamiliar, as if she had signed not just a document, but a contract for a different life.

Her fingers hovered over the line long after they were gone, her mind swirling with the weight of what was coming next.

It was happening.

Not just the transfer or the discharge.

Everything Damien said last night-the job, the hospital, the impossible stability she'd only ever dreamed of-wasn't just a promise. It was moving. Taking shape. One signature at a

time.

Her chest rose, then stuttered with the breath she tried to hold in.

She should've felt overwhelmed.

And maybe a part of her did.

But beneath the fear, beneath the voice whispering this is too much, there was something

steadier. Something solid.

This is good.

This is right.

Jamie would get better care here. He'd be seen by better doctors. His treatments wouldn't be delayed. And the surgery-he might finally get it. Not months from now. Not once they scraped together the last cent. Soon. On time. Safely.

It would change his life.

He could have something close to normal.

He could breathe easier. Sleep without pain. Go to school without hiding how tired he was. Maybe even play again. Laugh like a fifteen-year-old should.

For the first time in years, there was a chance at normalcy-a life with less hustle, less worry. No more late-night shifts, no more coffee-making until her hands ached, no more pleading for extra hours just to keep the lights on. This job meant stability. A future where she and Jamie could finally breathe without the weight of constant exhaustion pressing down on them.

Her eyes burned, but she blinked the heat away.

“It’s happening,” she whispered to herself, as if saying it out loud might make it real.

She pulled the blanket up to her chest and held it tight, her heart pounding with a mix of disbelief and hope.

It’s starting.

And there was no going back now.

The sss hadn’t even fully sunk in when her phone rang.

She glanced at the screen.

Private Number.

Her heart skipped.

She hesitated-thumb hovering over the green icon. It could be anyone. But somewhere deep inside, a part of her already knew.

She answered.

“Hello? Who’s this?”

Silence.

She swallowed. “Hello?”

A beat.

Then-

“Maya.”

Her breath caught.

That voice.

That voice. Low, smooth, dark silk wrapped in danger. The voice that haunted her dreams, that curled around her ribs every time she closed her eyes.

She sat up straighter, pulse climbing.

“Mr. Bla-”

“We’re not at work, Maya.” His tone was gentle, but laced with quiet authority. “What did I tell you last night?”

Her lips parted. She barely whispered it.

“Ahh… mmm… Damien.”

A pause. Then-

“That’s it…” A soft, approving hum. “Good girl.”

Heat flushed up her neck, pooling somewhere dangerously low in her belly.

She swallowed, unsure what to say. “Umm… why did you call?”

“I just wanted to hear your voice.”

Maya blinked.

“Oh… um… okay, ahm… I-Mr. Horton came by this morning. He, ahm… he asked me to sign documents for Jamie’s transfer… they left for the hospital.”

“Mmhmm. James told me.”

Her fingers twisted into the edge of the blanket. “I… also received two emails from HR… about the internship and… the employment.”

“Good.”

“Umm… I… I think it’s too much. I…” she trailed off, voice softening.

“Maya,” Damien said, his voice dipping an octave. “Like I said… get used to it.”

Her lips parted, but no words came.

Not right away.

Then-

She took a deep breath. It was just a phone call, not a face-to-face encounter. That should’ve

made it easier.

But it didn’t.

Still, she exhaled, summoning what courage she could.

“Um. About what you said last night… about… if you let someone in…”

She couldn’t finish.

Because Damien did.

“They’re mine.”

Maya’s heart thudded. “What… what do you mean by that?”

A pause.

Then his voice-calm, unshakable, final.

“You’ll see.”

Another silence. Then-

“I’ll let you go for now. Rest well, Maya.”

She blinked, pulse still racing. “I… okay. Um… take care… Damien.”

He didn’t say goodbye.

But the line went dead.

And she was left staring at the screen-heart pounding, lips parted, and the lingering echo of

his voice curling around her like a promise she didn’t know how to hold.

A promise… or a warning. She couldn’t tell yet.

#

Veintiocho

Thank you for reading!

In this chapter, Maya’s starting to feel it – his pull, his power, and the ache he’s left behind. She wants clarity, but all she has is desire… and doubt.

The Isla Aurelia trip is coming.

New setting. New tension.

And a man who always gets what he wants.

You ready? Because things are about to burn.