Intern 63

Chapter 63

Damien's POV

The penthouse greeted him with silence-not comforting, but pressing-thick and heavy, like the calm before a storm.

He stood just inside the door, the day's weight trailing behind him like smoke.

The city glittered beyond the glass, but he didn't look. His eyes settled on the untouched glass of whiskey.

Because all he could think about was her.

The way her voice trembled when she said his name.

Not Mr. Blackwood.

Just Damien.

A breath. A plea. A promise.

And fuck, it undid him.

He unbuttoned his cuffs as he walked toward the wide glass windows, the penthouse swallowing him whole. The tie came next-undone with one sharp tug. His body was tight, coiled, restless.

She had no idea what she did to him. No clue.

That's what made it worse.

She wasn't trying to seduce. It was innocence-raw, unpolished-and poison in his veins. Maya wasn't just a fantasy. She was an addiction.

A slow-burning drug that made him crave without knowing why-only that he had to. Again and again.

He'd never wanted someone this way. Not with this… need. This sickness. This ache in his hands, his spine, his c**k.

The worst part? She wasn't even there. She wasn't touching him. She wasn't whispering

anything into his ear.

She just… was.

And that was enough.

He leaned forward, bracing his hands on the window frame as the city swirled beneath him.

Ashcroft had once told him-laughing over dark liquor and darker deals-that he'd eventually meet someone who'd fuck with his head.

"Won't even have to touch you," Ashcroft had said. "She'll just walk into a room and your whole goddamn life will shift."

At the time, Damien had scoffed.

Now?

He couldn't get hard for anyone else.

Not even when Ashcroft called in a favor-two high-end escorts, stunning, flawless. Meant to "relieve stress," he said.

But instead of lust, all he felt was disgust.

His c**k stayed limp. Dead. Bored.

Until a single thought slid into his mind: Maya. On her knees. Looking up with those wide, scared eyes.

And just like that-he was hard. Painfully, agonizingly so.

But not for them. Not for those hollow, meaningless distractions.

He'd left before either could try again, bile rising with every shallow breath-the taste of disgust sharp and bitter in his mouth.

Only Maya stirred something real inside him. Only her.

He closed his eyes, surrendering to the image haunting him-vivid, consuming, impossible to

shake.

Her small hands on his chest, trembling. Her thighs spread open, wet and aching. Her lips parting as he whispered filth into her mouth.

Would she be shy?

Would her lashes lower when he touched her there? Would she gasp-soft and startled- when he slid his fingers inside her for the first time?

Was she a virgin?

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He was almost certain. There was a quiet hesitation in her, a gentleness untouched by lust. But was it innocence… or restraint? Did she even know what pleasure could feel like-what it should feel like-in the hands of a man who knew exactly what to do with her body?

His hands trembled, his c**k pulsing at the thought.

How tight would she be-hot and trembling, velvet wrapped around him like a vice, her body clinging with every inch he claimed?

Could she take him?

He was big. He'd have to go slow-stretch her inch by inch, until her body begged for more.

He'd make sure of it. He'd take his time.

He'd kiss her everywhere. Worship her with slow strokes of his tongue and hands. Savor the way her body opened under his touch. Until she was wet-really wet. Slippery. Shaking.

His.

He could still see it-just a glimpse-the black lace barely containing the soft swell of her breast during the rescue. Not too big. Not too small.

Just perfect.

Made to fill his palms and warm his mouth.

He'd taste her there. Lick and suck until she arched into him, moaning like a prayer.