Intern 64

Chapter 64

Then he'd go lower.

He'd spread her thighs and kneel between them like a man starved. Use his mouth until she sobbed his name. Until she didn't just want him-she needed him.

Only then would he fuck her.

Slow. Deep. All the way in.

Let her feel what it was like to be claimed. Owned.

Because if she was a virgin-and fuck, she was-he'd be the man to take that innocence. Carefully. Completely.

He'd teach her everything. How to take him. How to crave him. How to unravel for him and only him.

Until her body learned him.

Until she couldn't come without the memory of his voice… the weight of his hands… the way he filled her.

Until she burned for it.

Burned for him.

He’d be the first.

The last.

The only.

And when she cried out for him, clung to him, whispered his name with that beautiful little

whimper?

He’d tell her how good she was. How perfect. How she belonged to him now.

No one else would ever see her like that.

Touch her like that.

Make her feel like that.

Because no one else ever would.

Coupler 36. The Obsession Grows-2

She was his. She just didn’t know it yet. But she would.

He’d make sure of it.

Would she say his name like she did earlier-soft, hesitant… reverent?

Damien…

God.

His hand found the front of his slacks without thinking. The ache was unbearable.

But even as he stroked himself, eyes squeezed shut, the relief felt hollow.

This wasn’t enough.

His hand wasn’t enough.

He needed her warmth. Her softness. The sounds she’d make as he took her apart. The way her body would arch, surrendering, offering.

He came with her name in his throat, the release sharp and sudden.

And yet… it wasn’t enough.

Not even close.

He was in the office before sunrise.

James blinked at him, clearly startled to see him already seated at his desk.

“Start the paperwork for Jamie’s hospital transfer,” he said, not looking up from the file he hadn’t read for three days. “And finalize Maya’s transition. Her internship is done. Effective immediately, she’s a permanent employee.”

“Yes, sir,” James replied after a beat. “Department assignment?”

“Keep her in PR, with Trina Westwood.”

James paused.

He finally looked up. “Problem?”

James shook his head. “No, sir. Just-most interns are reassigned.”

“She’s not most interns.”

His gaze drifted back to the window. “For now.”

A beat of silence.

“Temporarily,” he added. His voice softened, but only slightly. “I don’t want to overwhelm her. She’s just settling in there. It’s familiar.”

James nodded once. “Understood.”

He understood exactly what he meant.

He watched him go, then leaned back in his chair.

He wanted her close.

But he wasn’t ready to lose control.

Not yet.

If she were in his office, in his orbit every day-within reach-he didn’t trust himself.

Not when the thought of her voice already made him hard.

No. He had to be patient. Had to let her adjust. Slowly. Deliberately.

Because Maya wasn’t just an obsession now.

She was a decision.

And he’d already made it.

She was going to be his.

She probably knew it now-some part of her did.

Still unsure, still fighting the truth he saw every time she looked at him.

But he’d make sure of it. Gently, thoroughly.

Until there was no confusion. No hesitation.

Until she knew-deep in her body, her mind, her soul-that she belonged to him.

Only him.

Mine, He thought darkly, possessively.

She'll breathe it, beg for it… and I'll make sure she never forgets who she belongs to.

Later that afternoon, he remained in his office, the skyline behind him tinted in shades of soft gray and pale gold. The day had slipped by, but his thoughts hadn't moved far from her.

She'd received the emails by now-he knew because James had forwarded the timestamp confirmation from HR. Both messages were opened within minutes of each other. Her internship closure. Her full-time appointment. Her compensation package. Her life, rewritten in clean, official terms.