Intern 65

Chapter 65

He imagined the look on her face when she saw it all. The tremble in her fingers. The disbelief. The cautious hope. The quiet panic of realizing there was no turning back.

He could practically feel it through the screen.

She would be stunned, he knew. Maya was sharp, determined-but she'd spent too long surviving on too little. She wasn't used to abundance. To security. To being chosen.

And now she was all those things.

Chosen. Secured. His.

He stared at his phone, the cool weight of it a strange contrast to the heat pooling low in his chest. He knew he should wait. Let her breathe. Let the whirlwind of the day settle into something softer, something less overwhelming.

But patience wasn't his strong suit.

Her signature was on those papers now. The emails had landed in her inbox. That one step had quietly pulled her deeper-closer-to his world. A world she didn't even fully see yet, but was already hers.

He needed to hear her.

Not the formal, guarded Maya. Not the professional Maya, wrapped in titles and rules.

No.

He wanted the real her.

Vulnerable. Untamed. Unfiltered.

Fingers trembling, he dialed.

The first ring stretched out, taut like a wire between them.

Then a second.

And just before the third, a click.

“Hello? Who’s this?” The voice was soft-uncertain, edged with caution.

He didn’t answer. He waited, savouring the tiny hitch in her breath when she realized who it

was.

“Hello?”

Finally, he said her name, slow and low.

“Maya.”

Her breath hitched, sharp and sudden, as if his voice had landed somewhere deep inside her.

“Mr. Bla-”

“We’re not at work, Maya,” He said, his voice dropping smooth and deliberate. “What did I tell you last night?”

Silence stretched between them, thick and charged.

She whispered his name-fragile, raw, surrendering.

It wasn't just the name-it was the way she said it. The slight catch, the quiet surrender buried beneath her words.

His fingers clenched around the phone.

Not recognition.

Not respect.

Submission.

Want.

"That's it," he murmured, a slow smile curling through his voice. "Good girl."

He let the silence hang like silk between them, tasting the tension that made his pulse quicken.

She tried to steady herself, stumbling through thanks, explaining about James, the forms, the

emails.

Her voice was warm-soft, feminine, laced with uncertainty.

He pictured her there-curled under a blanket, phone pressed close, heart racing as she tried to untangle what was happening.

Then she faltered, voice barely above a breath:

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

But he cut her off, firm and final.

“They’re mine.”

His words hung heavy in the space between them.

Longer than before.

She swallowed, softer now:

“What… what do you mean by that?”

He almost chuckled, dark and low.

“You’ll see.”

And then he heard it-soft, hesitant, utterly fucking disarming:

“I… okay. Um… take care… Damien.”

He froze.

He hadn’t heard anyone say that to him in years. Not like that. Not like they meant it.

That voice. That softness. The way she said his name again-without being asked, without being told. It wasn’t submission this time.

It was affection.

Innocent. Tentative. Almost sweet.

And that was it. The final spark. He ended the call without a word-jaw locked, pulse racing.

Because fuck.

That one line-those five little words-sent a jolt of electricity down his spine so sharp it felt like voltage.

Take care, Damien.

It wasn’t seductive. It wasn’t planned. But it landed harder than anything anyone had ever said to him. Not because of what she said… but how she said it.

Like he mattered. Like she cared.

And it wrecked him.

He stared at the phone in his hand, heart pounding like a fucking teenager who just got noticed by the girl he couldn't stop thinking about.

It was infuriating. Addictive. Dangerous.

And it only confirmed what he already knew:

He was in too deep.

And she had no idea.

Not yet.

But she would.

Because now he wasn't just obsessed.

He was undone.

And there was no way in hell he'd stop until she was completely, entirely, and irreversibly his.

She didn’t know yet.

But she would.

He’d make damn sure of it.

Because this wasn’t just lust anymore. It was something darker. More dangerous.

He didn’t just want her.

He wanted everything-her time, her trust, her secrets, her body, her silence, her surrender.

He wanted to own the way she looked at him. To brand her from the inside out, until every part of her life carried his mark.

Because Maya wasn’t just an obsession anymore. She was inevitable.

And there wasn’t a single part of her-mind, body, or soul-that he didn’t plan to claim.