Intern 66

Chapter 66

The afternoon sun filtered through the hospital blinds in pale, sterile stripes, casting soft shadows across the tiled floor.

Maya stirred beneath the blanket, her body warm, but her skin prickled with a restlessness she couldn't explain. Not fully. Not honestly.

She blinked up at the ceiling, heart already beating faster than it should.

It was still there-that feeling.

That ache.

Not physical. Not quite.

But deep. Coiled.

Damien's voice echoed in her mind like it had never left.

“Good girl.”

Low. Controlled. Possessive.

She closed her eyes again, pressing her thighs together under the sheets.

It wasn’t just the words. It was the way he said her name-like he owned it. Like he owned

her.

She swallowed hard, chest tightening with heat and something darker-something she didn’t

want to name.

Why did it feel like he had touched her when he hadn’t?

Why did her body remember him like he’d been here last night?

She turned onto her side, facing the wall, and exhaled slowly.

She shouldn’t want this. Shouldn’t crave him.

He was her boss. He was dangerous.

He could undo her if she let him.

But something inside her whispered that maybe he already had.

Her hand drifted beneath the blanket before she caught herself, curling her fingers into a fist.

– No.

No, she couldn’t. Not here. Not like this.

She sat up abruptly, kicking off the covers like they were the problem, not her.

In the bathroom, she turned on the tap and splashed cold water on her face. The mirror caught her reflection-hair messy, eyes heavy, cheeks too flushed.

She reached for her toothbrush, trying to shake it off. To clear the fog.

But the moment the bristles touched her lips, she heard his voice again.

“What did I tell you last night?”

She froze.

Toothbrush midair.

Pulse skittering.

It wasn’t the words-it was the way he said them. That tone. That velvet-wrapped command that slid down her spine like heat and warning.

She gripped the edge of the sink, knuckles whitening.

What the hell was wrong with her?

She spat, rinsed, and stared at the swirling water, as if the answer might appear in the drain.

Then, quietly, bitterly:

“You’re not his,” she whispered.

A protest. A lifeline.

“This isn’t that. You’re just… his charity case – weak, pathetic. He probably felt sorry for you, so he threw you a bone. That’s all this is.”

She paused.

“You’re not special, Maya. Damien Blackwood would never want someone like you.”

But even as the words left her lips…

They rang hollow.

A lie she wished she could believe.

When Maya stepped out, Jamie and James had already returned.

Jamie's eyes lit up the moment he saw her.

"Hey, May!" he beamed. "Dr. Brown said my vitals are stable. Once the transfer is done and I'm settled in this hospital, he and Dr. Anderson will start planning my surgery!"

He practically bounced on the balls of his feet.

"I'm excited, May. This is one of the happiest days of my life! I can go back to school. I can apply for that mentorship program. I can be normal again."

His smile softened, eyes shining.

"And once I get better, I'll take part-time jobs too… so I can help you."

Maya stood frozen, her throat tightening as warmth flooded her chest-sharp, sudden, and overwhelming. For a moment, she couldn't speak. Just watched him, her little brother, glowing with hope she hadn't seen in so long.

She forced a breath, blinking fast.

“Jamie…” Her voice cracked. She reached for him, pulling him into a tight hug, burying her face in his shoulder as her eyes stung.

“You’re already helping me,” she whispered, voice thick. “Just by being okay.”

From behind them, James said nothing-but he didn’t need to.

He stood a few steps away, watching the siblings quietly. His usual reserved posture remained, hands clasped lightly in front of him. But his gaze lingered on them longer than usual-soft, unreadable.