Intern 70

Chapter 70

Damien stared at him, expression unreadable. Like something ancient had stirred awake beneath the surface.

James hesitated again-then added, “And then she asked for your number.”

At that, Damien blinked.

“She said you called earlier but it came up private. I forwarded her your personal line.”

“That number,” Damien said slowly, his voice is low, “isn’t given to just anyone.”

James met his eyes without flinching. “I know. But you said she’s not just anyone.” Another pause. Longer this time.

Then Damien leaned forward, folding his hands.

“She has it now?”

“She does.”

Damien leaned back in his chair. A slow, measured motion.

Almost too measured.

Like he wasn’t doing exactly what he was about to do.

With the air of someone simply reorganizing his space, he opened the top drawer of his desk and quietly pulled out his phone. No urgency. No expression.

Just… casual.

Detached.

Except he wasn’t.

His thumb lit the screen.

No messages.

No missed calls.

Just the time.

He stared at it for a beat longer than necessary before locking the screen again and setting the phone face down beside him-like it didn't matter.

Like he wasn't already counting the minutes.

Two hours. Just under two hours since James forwarded her the number. Not that he was counting. Not consciously.

She was probably resting. Or overthinking. Or-God help him-talking herself out of it.

He cleared his throat, masking the flicker of anticipation that was starting to gnaw at his control.

"Anything else?" he asked flatly, eyes still on the corner of his desk.

James straightened his cuffs with the faintest twitch at the corner of his mouth.

“That’ll be all, sir.”

The victorious glint in his expression didn’t go unnoticed.

Damien didn’t bite. He simply nodded. “You may go.”

James turned toward the door, but just as he reached it, Damien’s voice cut through the silence-calm, clipped, and cool:

“Your bonus this quarter will be doubled.”

A pause. Then, flatly: “Don’t push it.”

James paused, the corner of his mouth twitching higher now. “Understood. Thank you, sir.”

And with that, he slipped out, the door closing behind him.

Damien exhaled through his nose, fingers tapping once against the armrest.

He picked up the phone again.

Still nothing.

Pathetic.

That’s what he would have called it-if it were anyone else.

But it wasn’t.

It was her.

And something about that girl-those eyes, that voice, that ache in her silence-was undoing him inch by inch.

He dragged a hand over his mouth, jaw tight.

He hadn’t felt like this in years. The restless energy. The anticipation. The need to check his damn phone every ten minutes like some boy with a crush.

It was ridiculous.

And yet – A part of him… liked it.

A little too much.

A little too dangerously.

He reached for the phone again-stopped himself-then leaned back with a curse under his breath.

“She’ll text. Or call. She has to.”

He would wait.

For now.