Intern 73

Chapter 73

Maya sat curled on the hospital bed, a blanket draped over her legs. The air smelled faintly of tomato sauce and herbs-Jamie was still picking at the last of Ms. Janice's lasagna, humming contentedly under his breath.

The older woman had already left, her usual warmth lingering in the room like sunlight after a curtain is drawn.

Maya's phone lit up again.

Harper: Green or red? Or should I go full savage and get her leopard print?

Maya bit her lip, trying not to laugh. She quickly typed back:

Don't you dare.

Another ping.

Harper: Ohh she's replying!! I'm making progress!!

—

Maya smiled. But then her gaze shifted, lowered to the one contact she still hadn’t

touched.

Damien.

Her finger hovered over his name. She opened it. Typed “Hi.”

Deleted it.

Typed again. “Thank you, Damien.”

Backspaced everything.

She sighed and locked the screen, tossing the phone beside her like it offended her.

Jamie glanced up, chewing. “You okay?”

She smiled too quickly. “Yeah. Just eat. Or else.. I will fight you for it.”

He grinned. “You’re so weird.”

Not long after, the door swung open and Harper Lin breezed in like a hurricane in heels, holding a paper bag in one hand and a venti iced coffee in the other.

“Okay, you will not believe what happened!” she said, plopping into the visitor chair dramatically. “I might’ve just committed career suicide, but it was worth it.”

Maya blinked. “What did you do?”

Harper grinned. “So I got into the elevator… with Damien Blackwood-cue organ music-and didn’t even realize he was there until James Horton looked like he was about to faint. You know what I was doing?”

Maya’s stomach dropped. “What?”

Harper pointed at herself proudly. “Texting you. Loudly. Asking for your bra size.”

Maya choked. “You what?!”

“I said-‘what’s your bra size, woman!’-right out loud. In front of Blackwood.”

Maya buried her face in her hands. “No. No-no-no.”

“Oh yes,” Harper said, clearly delighted. “James nearly choked on his tongue. Blackwood? He looked like a Greek god two seconds before smiting someone.”

Maya peeked through her fingers. “Did he… say anything?”

Harper nodded solemnly. “One word. Size. In a tone that froze my ovaries.”

Maya whimpered. “I’m never showing my face again.”

“Oh please,” Harper waved her off with a dramatic flick of her hand. “You should’ve seen him. He was boiling. Like jealous, slow-burn, possessive boiling.” Her eyes sparkled. “I don’t care what anyone says-I’m calling it now: he’s into you.”

Maya’s jaw dropped. “Harper-stop. What are you even talking about?!”

Harper leaned back smugly, fingers steepled like some matchmaking villainess. “Don’t play innocent. The man said ‘size’ in a tone that could melt titanium. And don’t get me started on

the way he looked at the elevator wall like it insulted his ancestors."

Maya covered her face with both hands, groaning. "Oh my god. You're delusional."

"But am I though?" Harper sing-songed. "Because I felt it. The tension? Electric. I ship it so hard. In fact.. hold on." She snapped her fingers. "We need a name. A good one. Hmm… Daiya . Damien and Maya. Smooth. Sophisticated. Sounds expensive, right? Like a perfume. Or a yacht. Totally fitting."

Maya peeked through her fingers, red-faced. "You need help."

Harper beamed. "Nope. I need popcorn. Because I'm all in for this love story."

But Harper wasn't done.

Harper sipped her coffee, then leaned forward again, dropping her voice just slightly. "Look… I've been at Blackwood for almost four years now. And since day one, the boss? Never-never -set foot in the PR department. He has his own private elevator, okay? From his underground garage straight to his penthouse floor. The man doesn't do detours."