Intern 75

Chapter 75

Harper lingered a little longer, chatting with Maya about work, life, and love while savoring Ms. Janice's lasagna.

She reassured Maya to keep her focus on her own world-and her assigned tasks. "Trina's core team is tight," Harper said. "Just you, me, and five others. Everyone else in PR? Practically invisible. So if you catch wind of any rumors or whispers, just brush them off. It's all empty noise from obvious sources who don't matter."

With a mischievous smile, she shifted gears. "By the way, have you thought about the Isla Aurelia trip yet? We'll be there for a week. Since it's a private island, we have to get to the port early and take a private yacht and all that fancy stuff."

Jamie glanced up, a small smile on his face. "Hey, Maya… you go and enjoy that trip, alright? Don't stress about me too much. I'll listen to Ms. Janice and behave, promise. I'll text you now and then-not to bother you or anything, just… so you know I'm okay."

Maya smiled warmly. "Thanks, Jamie."

They chatted a bit more, sharing laughs and stories while slowly cleaning up the remnants of Ms. Janice's lasagna. Harper finally glanced at her watch and stood up, smoothing her blouse. "Well, I should get going. Big day tomorrow, and I know you need your rest."

Harper leaned in and gave Maya a quick hug. "Text me if you need anything, okay? And Maya

“1

…” she added with a wink, “Text him. Seriously. It’s the modern age. You won’t lose your dignity by hitting send.”

Maya groaned. “Harper…”

But Harper pressed on, smirking. “I’m just saying-sometimes, us ladies have to take the initiative. Doesn’t mean you’re chasing him. It means you’re confident. Powerful. Sexy.”

She waggled her brows. “Besides, I have a feeling he wants to be chased. Just a little.” Maya buried her face in her hands. “You’re impossible.”

“Nope,” Harper grinned, already halfway to the door. “I’m inspiring.”

She gave a final wave. “Goodnight, queen of Daiya. Go be bold.”

Maya nodded, grateful for the company.

As Harper slipped out the door, Maya sank back into the pillows, the weight of the day settling in.

Jamie quietly got up to clean his things and get ready for bed. He brushed his teeth, changed into his pajamas, and settled under the warm hospital blanket. The dimmed lights cast a soft glow around the room, and the steady hum of the machines wrapped them both in a gentle

calm.

Maya sat alone, the quiet hum of the hospital fading into the background. Her phone felt heavy in her hands, its cold glass a stark contrast to the heat rising in her chest. She scrolled through her photo gallery-screenshots of work reminders, a goofy selfie with Jamie that made her smile, and then back to the messages.

Damien’s number stared back at her, unopened, like a locked door she wasn’t sure she had the courage to open.

What if he’s busy?

Is he even awake?

What if I say the wrong thing and everything falls apart?

What if he’s already changed his mind?

Her breath caught in her throat. The weight of all those “what ifs” pressed down on her like the dark room around her.

Slowly, she tapped his name.

Her fingers trembled slightly as she typed:

Hi.

She stared at the word for a moment. Too short? Too vague?

She exhaled softly and kept going.

I just wanted to say thank you.

For everything, it meant more than I can say.

She paused, heart pounding, then typed one more line-something softer, closer to the truth.

I hope you’re having a good night.

Her thumb hovered over the send button, the faint glow illuminating the apprehension in her

eyes.

Her heart thundered-like it might burst right out of her chest.

Then, with a soft tap, the message flew out into the unknown.

Her breath hitched as the screen confirmed delivery.