Intern 79

Chapter 79

The hospital room was quiet, dimly lit, and for once, Maya wasn't thinking about Jamie.

She was thinking about him.

The blanket was warm over her legs, but her skin tingled with nerves. Her heart thudded too hard, too fast.

She'd already sent the message.

Done the brave thing.

But now…

Now she was lying in bed, staring at the ceiling like a girl waiting for the universe to shift.

And then it did.

Her phone lit up beside her pillow.

Her breath caught.

She hesitated.

Not out of fear-but something else.

That strange, fluttery tension that curled inside her chest like warm air in a too-small balloon.

Her fingers twitched toward the phone, then pulled back.

What was she so nervous about?

It wasn’t bad fear.

It was the kind that made your stomach flip and your palms sweat and your thoughts spiral into what ifs.

Still, she braved it.

She grabbed her phone, fingers curling tight around the edges, and slowly turned the screen toward her

Damien Blackwood.

Her chest tightened.

She stared at his name like it was a portal into something far too big for her to understand.

Then, finally, she unlocked the screen.

The message was there.

I wasn’t. Not until your message came through. You don’t need to thank me. I’d do it again a hundred times. Are you still awake?

Maya blinked.

Her lips parted on a soft breath-and then she blushed.

Hard.

The kind of blush that started at her neck and crept all the way up to her ears.

Her free hand covered her mouth instinctively, as if she could hold the warmth inside.

She felt like a teenager again.

No-scratch that.

She felt like ten-year-old Maya, sitting in a cinema seat with sticky fingers from popcorn, her eyes wide as she watched Superman fly across the screen.

That was the day she fell in love with Henry Cavill.

Her first real crush.

He was twenty-seven then, all jawlines and quiet strength, the kind of man who looked like he could hold the world in one hand and still be gentle with it.

And little Maya had decided, right there in that theater, that this was her dream man.

Strong. Stoic. Devastatingly handsome.

But deep down-soft.

He wasn't real, of course.

He was a poster. A fantasy. A movie star in a cape.

Until now.

Because somehow, Damien made her feel ten again.

Only this time, the man wasn't on a screen.

He was real.

And he'd texted her.

Her cheeks were still warm as she read the message again.

Are you still awake?

It was simple. Soft. So un-Damien in a way-but that's what made it so breathtaking.

It felt… personal.

Like he wasn't behind a desk or hidden away in some glass tower of power.

Like he was somewhere quiet, somewhere alone-maybe even thinking of her.

Maya hugged her knees under the blanket, pressing the phone to her chest.

This wasn't just a reply.

This was him, reaching back.

He just… wanted to know if she was awake.

A nervous smile tugged at her lips.

What was she supposed to say?

“Yes”?

“Still here”?

“Hi, Damien, you’ve basically hijacked my thoughts and I’m blushing like a lunatic under hospital lighting”?

God.

She rolled onto her side, heart hammering, eyes fixed on the blinking cursor in the message box.

Say something.

Her thumbs hovered.

Then slowly, she typed:

I am.

She paused. Reread it. Then added:

Are you still working?

Her finger hovered over the send button.

For three full seconds, she thought about deleting it.

Too much? Too flirty?

Then Harper’s voice came to mind:

“Doesn’t mean you’re chasing him. It means you’re confident. Powerful. Sexy.”

“And I have a feeling he wants to be chased. Just a little.”

And Jamie’s:

“If you like him too, don’t hold back. You deserve to live, not just survive. And if your heart breaks, I’ll still be here.”

And James’s:

“He doesn’t let just anyone in. If he helped you-it’s because you’re already worth it to him.”