Intern 85

Chapter 85

He leaned back with a shrug. “Don’t blame me if she starts liking me more than you.”

Damien’s glare could’ve shattered glass.

James, ever the diplomat, cleared his throat. “Is there anything else, Monroe?”

Monroe hesitated, then cleared his throat as well. “If I may, sir… just something small.” Damien glanced over, his expression unreadable

Monroe continued, “During dinner earlier, Jamie mentioned something-said that once he’s fully recovered and able to work, he wants to buy Ms. Thompson a pen. Her dream pen. A Montblanc Meisterstuck Classique.”

There was a brief pause

“She loves to write in a journal” Monroe added, softer now “Apparently she’s always dreamed of owning one, but never thought she could afford it “

For a moment, none of them spoke. Not even Ashcroft. Because that-Maya, dreaming of a pen-wasn’t luxury it was her Honest Hopeful. Small things that meant everything.

Damien’s jaw ticked, his eyes narrowing slightly Then, sharp and low – “Dinner?”

James glanced at him, expression neutral “Ms. Janice brought food. They invited Monroe and Lee to join them. It was informal”

Ashcroft smirked ‘Relax, Damien. It wasn’t a date”

Damien said nothing, his jaw tightening as his gaze locked on the city lights beyond the glass. His fingers tapped sharply against the desk-once, twice before falling still, betraying the storm of emotions he refused to voice

Ashcroft leaned back in his chair and scoffed. “The Meisterstuck Classique?” He shook his head “That’s practically an entry-level luxury pen.”

Monroe paused briefly

Ashcroft grinned. “You heard me. That’s a glorified gateway drug for real collectors. Try again, Monroe. Dig deeper. Find something else she likes something with actual weight.”

Then, a mock-thoughtful pause.

“Or hell, maybe I’ll just give her a Nakaya. Hand-lacquered, Japanese craftsmanship. Takes

six months to make. That’s a proper pen.”

James tried to keep a straight face, but the comer of his mouth twitched.

Ashcroft’s grin widened. “You hear that, Damien? I might just outgift you.”

Damien said nothing.

The silence was thick-unnerving, pointed.

Monroe cleared his throat lightly, ever composed

“I’ll see what i can do, sir.”

Ashcroft smirked. “Attaboy.”

James cleared his throat. “Thank you for the update, Monroe We’ll be in touch.”

He tapped the phone screen and ended the call

Damien's eyes didn't move from the skyline. But the tension in his shoulders said enough.

Ashcroft leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees, his voice dipping into something quieter-measured, but unmistakably pointed

"So what's the move, D7 Ashcroft asked, voice casual-almost too casual. "How do you want to deal with this unfinished business?***

He let the words linger, his eyes never leaving Damien's

"If she's staying in your life." he continued, slower now, "then we make sure the road ahead is clean. No threats. No ghosts. No unfinished business."

He paused, gaze steady

"Especially not when it comes to her We protect her." He leaned back, smile gone. "No matter what it takes.*