Intern 93

Chapter 93

And that was it.

No explanation. No details.

But Maya didn't ask. She only nodded and murmured a soft okay and wished him a safe travel, even as something tightened in her chest.

Monroe and Lee became ever-present shadows-silent but unwavering. They kept their distance in public but always lingered close enough to intercept danger. Without a word, they helped with the moving boxes, lifted the heavier things, made sure Jamie was never left alone during Maya's shifts.

Jamie had started his new medication. He smiled more now-leaner, steadier, healthier. Ms. Janice cooked less, with their meals now tailored by the hospital's nutritionists. The teenage boy who once seemed like glass now walked through their home with a lighter step.

And slowly, steadily, their lives began to shift.

Blackwood Enterprises had not only kept its promise-it had exceeded it.

Maya's new schedule was structured around her night classes. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were full-day shifts. Tuesdays and Thursdays were half days that started at noon, giving her time to rest after class. But she'd practically begged Trina to let her work full-time

again.

She didn't need the extra rest. She was used to worse-used to juggling the internship and night classes with grueling shifts at the coffee shop.

Still, she complied. For now.

Medical coverage for her and Jamie came through in full. She hadn't paid a single cent for Jamie's new prescriptions. At first, she'd been told Mr. Blackwood had taken care of everything.

She protested.

"I can't just take," she said firmly.

So they shifted the story-told her it was covered through her employee benefits. She accepted that version, even if part of her knew better. Deep down, she suspected the truth. But she didn't press. Not when the result meant Jamie was safe.

Transportation and meal allowances were added to her paycheck, but the money mostly

went untouched. Lee had taken to driving her to and from work-his presence unspoken but consistent. Still, to avoid feeding the office gossip, Maya asked him to drop her off a block away, at the nearest bus stop. She'd walk the rest of the way to the office.

She refused to fan the flames of speculation.

Her clothing stipend, though? That was a different story.

Harper had practically kidnapped her one Saturday, dragged her through boutiques and insisted on a total wardrobe overhaul. New clothes, new shoes-even a new purse.

"You can't keep showing up in neutrals like a walking latte," Harper teased. "And yes, I got you options in blush, navy, and emerald. You're welcome."

Maya drew the line at makeup, perfume, and accessories. "I don't need them," she said. "I don't want them."

Harper huffed but backed off. Mostly.

And now… there was the house.

A four-bedroom unit at The Aurora Residences. Too big for just two people. Which was exactly why, after weeks of soft pleading, Maya and Jamie finally convinced Ms. Janice to

move in.

“Just temporarily,” she insisted.

But everyone knew better.

A life Maya never thought she could afford-was slowly, quietly becoming hers.

Three weeks had passed since the incident. On the surface, life had regained a sense of normalcy. She worked. Studied. Came home. Ate dinner with Jamie. Laughed with Ms. Janice. She should have felt at peace.

And yet…

Whatever was happening between her and Damien remained unspoken. Undefined.

But she felt him.

Sometimes in quiet texts. Rare phone calls. The last time they spoke, his voice had dropped low with meaning.

“Just trust me.”

It wasn’t a plea. It was a vow.

Trust. That was all he asked for.

And after everything he had done-for her, for Jamie-Maya realized it was something she could give. Freely. Even if she didn’t know exactly what she was trusting him with

She already knew his world was different from hers. She knew hers was changing-had already changed.

She was scared – no, terrified.

But somewhere deep inside, something told her: it’s going to be a rough road… but it’ll be

worth it.

Whatever it was-she was willing to take the risk.

What she didn’t know… what no one had told her…

Was that Beckett had been released exactly twelve days after Damien ordered his fate.

He crawled out of that dark hole-a shell of a man. Alive, but barely.

Ashcroft's doctor had made sure of it.

One arm gone. One leg gone. One eye. One ear. Two fingers left. Just enough to function. Not enough to matter.

He was sent to the very place he had once supposed to serve-where he would've flown that day, had he made a different choice.

But this time, he wasn't a doctor offering aid.

He was just another broken body among the forgotten.

Damien made sure there would be no escape. A man was stationed nearby to monitor him. No suicide. No overdose. No easy way out.

He would live. And every breath would remind him of what it cost to touch what belonged to Damien Blackwood.

By Friday, the PR department buzzed with electric energy.

Trina called a meeting mid-afternoon to go over final logistics for the Isla Aurelia trip.

“We leave tomorrow at 7:00 a.m. sharp. Meet at Port Harlan. No excuses. We’ll be there for a week. Bring your A-game.”

As the team began to disperse, Harper leaned over and nudged Maya’s arm, eyes sparkling

with mischief.

“I am soooo excited! I can’t wait for you to try on those bikinis I ordered! You’ll love them!” she squealed. “Hey-how about I pick you up in the morning? We can ride together.”

Maya blushed, lips twitching. “I don’t know about the bikinis,” she said, voice light. “But yeah… I’d like that.”