Intern 94

Chapter 94

The morning of the trip arrived cloaked in a quiet hush, the kind that came just before sunrise -when the sky was more lavender than blue, and the world hadn't quite decided to wake.

Maya stood by the window in her new room, coffee mug in hand, staring out at the sleeping city beyond. Her suitcase was already packed by the door. Jamie had hugged her twice before going back to sleep. Ms. Janice promised to check his meds and call if anything seemed off.

Monroe, head of security at Blackwood Enterprises, was staying behind-he needed to ensure things remained in order at headquarters. But he'd promised to keep an eye on Ms. Janice and Jamie while Maya was away.

Lee, however, was coming to ensure Maya's safety-after a lot of persuasion, she finally got Lee to agree to meet her at the port.

And now, all that was left was to leave.

Harper was on her way.

The thought made her smile. Harper had been her unspoken shield these past two weeks- loud where Maya was quiet, bold where Maya was cautious. Harper's pushing and shipping" Daya" was starting to grow on her. If it hadn't been for her, Maya might've drowned in the silences left by everything unspoken between her and Damien.

Damien.

Just the thought of him made her stomach tighten.

They had a brief phone call last night: Enjoy the trip and take care of yourself.

His voice, low, strong but soft – stirred something inside her she couldn't quite explain.

A soft honk broke the stillness outside.

Maya grabbed her things, took one last sip of coffee, and whispered a promise to the quiet:

"I'll come back stronger."

Then she stepped into the dawn.

Harper's car door flung open before Maya even reached it.

“There she is! Island girl in the making!” Harper beamed, sunglasses already perched atop her head even though the sun was barely up.

Maya laughed, letting the energy lift her. “You do know it’s 6 a.m., right?”

“And that means it’s basically noon in beach time,” Harper declared, slapping the trunk open. “Now hand me that bag before I decide you need an entirely different wardrobe.”

“You’ve already given me three bikinis I didn’t ask for.”

“Correction. I gave you four. One of them is just emotionally shy and wants to be a one-piece.”

Maya rolled her eyes but climbed into the passenger seat, heart lighter than it had been in weeks.

As the city faded behind them and the coast began to stretch into view, something shifted in her chest. Not quite peace. Not yet. But the start of it. The kind that felt unfamiliar-but earned.

She leaned back against the seat, letting the ocean wind thread through the open and whispered to herself, Let’s see what this island brings.

windows,

At 6:30 a.m., they arrived at the port. A few teammates were already there and, of course, punctual as always-so was Lee. Lee helped unload Maya's things from Harper's trunk and carried them aboard.

And there it was-the yacht.

Sleek, majestic, and utterly surreal-FORMOSA rested at the dock like something carved out of a dream. With clean, flowing lines and a silhouette that whispered wealth in every inch of polished steel, the 60-meter superyacht loomed like a private floating kingdom.

Maya stared.

She'd never seen anything like it.

Designed in-house and finished with Asian-inspired elegance, FORMOSA wasn't just luxurious -it was unapologetically breathtaking. A helipad crowned the sundeck. A hot tub glinted in the soft morning light. There was even a bar, a Teppanyaki grill, and a sunbathing area that felt more fitting for royalty than for a communications team on a corporate getaway.

The sheer scale was staggering. Over 1,000 gross tons of meticulous craftsmanship. From a private 70-square-meter owner's suite with its own study and deck, to a glass elevator that shimmered through the center-every detail whispered exclusivity. And decadence.

Maya clutched her bag a little tighter.

Stoker be when kans Auler i

This wasn’t a boat. It was a floating empire.