Intern 95

Chapter 95

From what Trina had said earlier, the island was only about an hour and a half away from the dock.

But this?

This yacht?

This was insane.

FORMOSA loomed like something straight out of a billionaire's daydream-glossy decks, sun-slicked railings, and a structure that whispered old money with every polished inch.

Maya blinked at the yacht, then at Harper, then back again.

"This screams luxury for royalty," she murmured. "For a small PR team? This is way too-" "OMG!!" Harper squealed, twirling in place like she'd just walked into a music video. "This is sooo cool! I swear I just got a tan from staring at that sundeck!"

Then she leaned in, voice dropping low enough for only Maya to hear. Mischief sparkled in

her eyes.

“The king of Daya is a king indeed-literally! Girl, can we use this yacht again for your bachelorette party?”

Maya’s cheeks flamed. She nearly dropped her bag.

“Harper! Stop! What are you talking about?!” she hissed, eyes darting around nervously.” Someone might hear you and get the wrong idea!”

Harper just shrugged, utterly unfazed.

“So what? If they’re eavesdropping, that’s their problem. Fine! I’ll ask the owner myself when we get back.”

Maya swallowed hard, heart fluttering for reasons she couldn’t name.

Before she could respond, the rest of the team began to arrive-just before 7:00 a.m., as instructed.

Trina’s core team was small-just five, including herself. Harper and two others from Communications and Design were handpicked and trusted, with Maya as the newest addition. Along with them were two delegates from Finance and one representative from HR, bringing the headcount to eight. Add Lee, quietly stationed nearby as always, and that made

nine boarding in total.

The rest were the captain and crew.

Which made the towering yacht feel even more absurd.

This was the kind of vessel reserved for diplomats or film stars… not corporate teams on strategy retreats.

They boarded via the gangway, welcomed aboard by an impeccably dressed steward. The interior was no less impressive-wide teak floors, cream accents, glass balustrades, and the subtle scent of something expensive and clean.

As they settled onto the main deck, chatting and trying to look like they weren't completely out of their depth, the captain emerged-followed by the crew. All lined up in crisp uniforms, waiting to greet them.

Maya blinked again.

Too grand. Too formal. This was not a standard company retreat.

Then

the wind shifted.

A sudden roar broke across the sky, low and thundering. They all looked up in unison.

A helicopter was descending.

“Is that a helicopter?” one of the designers asked, gaping.

Maya stood frozen, hair whipping gently around her face as the blades churned the wind. The yacht’s helipad was already prepped-like it had been expecting this arrival all along.

The aircraft touched down with expert precision. The door opened.

And out stepped James.

Sharp as always in his suit, expression unreadable behind dark glasses. He didn’t pause-just descended like this was just another Thursday.

Behind him came a tall man Maya didn’t recognize.

Handsome-sharply so. Refined in a way that didn't come from grooming alone, but from power. It clung to him like a tailored suit, invisible but undeniable. His stride was measured, almost lazy, but each step carried the weight of someone who never needed to raise his voice to be heard.

He wore jeans and a plain white polo shirt, sunglasses shielding his eyes from the glare-but

there was nothing ordinary about him. If Damien's presence was quiet thunder and control, this man moved with an ease that was almost…. dangerous. Effortless yet calculated, like someone who could charm a room or clear it-depending on what the moment called for.

Power clung to him in a quiet, magnetic way. Not loud. Not theatrical. Just… there. Unmistakable. The kind of authority that didn't need announcing, the kind that made people instinctively step aside.

There was something lethal beneath the surface-too controlled, too calm. Like a blade sheathed in charm.