

## Can't Get Enough Of Her

"Bella"

Our group of girls was excitedly planning a hangout since we all had the day off together, which was quite rare. Normally, it was uncommon for all four of us to have time off from our duties on the same day.

"So, what do you guys think? Where should we go tonight?" Layla asked.

"Hey, count me out of this one. I need to spend time with my baby girl," Sarah said with an apologetic smile.

She was a single mother to a beautiful ve-year-old girl.

"No way, Sarah. It's so rare that we all get time to enjoy together as a girl gang, and you have to come," Olivia insisted.

"Olivia, please understand. Forgive me this time. I can't leave my daughter alone, and my nanny is on leave," Sarah reasoned.

"Come on, Sarah! It's just a few hours. I'm sure you can nd someone to take care of your daughter for 2-3 hours, and then you can come back home," Layla suggested.

"Yes, Sarah, come on. Don't let this dampen the mood," Olivia whined. "Being a single mother doesn't mean you can't have fun. You have a life and should meet new people, look forward, and move on," she added.

"Alright, alright! You don't need to emotionally blackmail me. I'll ask my mother to babysit my daughter for the night. I know she'll be delighted to spend time with her granddaughter," Sarah said with a smile.

"That's the spirit! So, girls, get ready for our girls' night out!" Layla exclaimed happily.

"Girls, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to make it," I murmured, raising my hand in surrender.

"Now, what's up with you, Bella?" Layla asked, her forehead creasing with frustration.

"Do you also have someone who can't be left alone?" Olivia giggled as her eyes ickered with mischief.

I couldn't share with them the truth about the attack. After that incident, Dad had cautioned me to be careful. My thoughts were in turmoil, caught between the desire to have a good time and the need to stay safe at home. However, Dad had assigned a bodyguard to me, someone who stayed by my side like a shadow, without anyone noticing. He accompanied me in disguise so that no one would realize I had a bodyguard trailing behind me.

"No, Olivia. I just want to rest and sleep tonight," I excused myself, trying to avoid their questioning looks.

"No way, Bella. You can't go back on your word. It's our girls' night, and you must join us. I won't accept any more excuses, that's nal," Layla declared rmly, her tone unwavering. I let out a sigh of resignation.

"So, where's the party tonight?" I asked, putting on a smile.

"We're heading to Blu," Layla said, winking and sporting a mischievous smirk.

"Wow, that's the most happening place!" Sarah squealed.

"Yes! So, get ready to have a blast tonight, girls," Olivia announced with a cheerful tone.

"Shh... we're still in the hospital. So, calm down, girls," I giggled.

"Bella, I'll pick you up at 9. Be ready," Sarah offered.

"Okay," I replied, nodding enthusiastically.

After work, I returned to my apartment and rested for a while before starting to get ready. I usually don't wear much makeup, but tonight the girls insisted that I should at least apply some. We all wanted to look stylish and lively. So, I quickly took a shower and chose black leather pants with a red halter neck top.

I applied red lipstick, added more mascara, and a touch of blush. I let my hair loose and curled the ends. After putting on my black high-heeled boots, I was all set.

Sarah arrived right at 9 to pick me up, and we headed to Blu. When we got there, we spotted the girls at the bar, drinks already in hand.

"There they are," Layla remarked as she saw Sarah and me approaching.

"Perfect timing, girls. Our drinks have just arrived. Let's start with these shots," Olivia said, handing us each a shot.

"Oh no, I don't drink," I politely declined.

"Come on, Bella. You're in a club, and we're here for fun. Forget about everything. Let's have one," Layla insisted, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

I took a deep breath of hesitation. I hadn't consumed alcohol since I started my treatment. But really, what was the harm in taking a shot? After all, I wasn't on medication anymore.

"Okay!" I shrugged, trying to match Layla's enthusiasm.

I picked up the shot glass that Olivia was holding out to me. The liquid inside shimmered in the colorful lights of the club. With a slight nod, I raised the glass to my lips and let the liquid slide down my throat. Its sharp and ery taste caught me off guard, burning my tongue. I quickly grabbed a slice of lemon from the bowl on the counter, popped it into my mouth, and chewed, hoping to soothe the intense sensation.

I glanced around, noticing that all my girls were following suit, their expressions a mix of grimaces and groans as the taste of tequila touched their tongues.

"Let's have another," Sarah prompted with a mischievous grin.

"No, I'm done," I shook my head, chuckling at their eagerness.

"Oh, babe! We've just started," Olivia chimed in, handing me another shot with a wink.

Hanging out with my friends after such a long time was like a breath of fresh air. Their laughter, the vibrant atmosphere of the club, and the music pulsating through the air were a stark contrast to the stress and problems that had been occupying my life. For tonight, I wanted to lose myself in the moment, let go of worries, and simply enjoy the company of my friends.

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"Vincenzo"

"Hey, John! Is everything going well?" I asked my club manager as I stepped into my oce. Apart from the various businesses I owned, I also owned the most happening club in Rome, Blu.

I was in Rome handling my family's businesses and expanding them. I also managed the operations of the Italian maa from Rome.

"Everything is going smoothly, Boss. Tonight, we have a massive crowd. Youngsters are ooding in crazily. We're packed to capacity, and the line outside the club keeps growing every minute," John informed me.

"That's great news! Keep it up," I said, nding a comfortable spot in my oce. It was soundproofed and located on the top oor, providing me with a one-way mirrored window through which I could observe the activities inside my club.

"Boss, I'm sending you your favorite drink," John said, to which I nodded in acknowledgment.

"Thank you, John," I replied as he left the room.

I picked up my phone and dialed Micah's number.

"Micah! Where is she?" I asked urgently as soon as he answered my call.

Even though Uncle Matteo had assigned a bodyguard to Bella, I couldn't nd peace of mind until I received a complete report about her activities throughout the day. So, I ordered Micah to follow her everywhere like her shadow.

However, I went to the hospital every day just to catch a glimpse of her. It didn't matter if I had to bear losses by leaving other work incomplete.

I still remembered the day I went to her hospital to have coffee with her, but found her talking to a man with a smile on her face, which made me leave in anger. That day, seeing her with that senior doctor ignited an undeniable sense of possessiveness within me.

I couldn't resist the urge, so I went ahead and bought the shares, investing an insane amount in that hospital, ensuring that I would also have a reason to be around her every day.

Every time I saw her, my heart felt insatiable. It always wanted more.

"Boss, I've been tracking Miss Romano's movements all day. She's safe and doing well. I've been keeping a watchful eye on her as you instructed. Right now, she's at a club," he informed me.

"In a club?!" I frowned, my concern growing. "Who is she with?"

"She's with her friends," Micah replied, and I let out a sigh of relief.

"Which club did she go to?" I asked with urgency.

"Blu," Micah's voice carried a hint of hesitation.

Blu?!

I quickly stood up and walked to the window, my heart racing as I surveyed the dimly lit surroundings. The club was alive with people dancing and enjoying the loud music. Amidst the vibrant crowd, there she was, sitting at the bar, taking shots. Next to her was her friend, Doctor Olivia, who then dragged her toward the dance oor. Hell! She stumbled, her steps unsteady. She seemed intoxicated.

Fuck!

I left my oce in a hurry, rushing downstairs and into the heart of the dance oor. As I arrived, a wave of irritation washed over me. What on earth was she wearing? I looked around, my anger mounting. Those motherfuckers were watching her like hungry wolves, and it ignited a erce annoyance within me.

Some men were even dancing too close to her, their hands brushing against her delicate body as they pretended to dance. She was oblivious to their advances.

I pushed my way through the crowd, my bodyguards clearing a path for me.

"Hello, doctors!" I greeted the girls collectively.

Bella turned in response, her unsteady movement causing her to falter and fall right into my arms.