

Prescribing A Cold Shower

Bella

"Ah, ever since this new management took over and changed everyone's shifts, I'm getting tired of these frequent night shifts," Olivia groaned with frustration as we approached the coffee machine.

Sarah, feeling the same exhaustion, chimed in with a sigh of her own, "Yeah, I'm also tired."

I couldn't help but let a sly grin spread across my face as I announced, "I'm relieved. I don't have a single night shift."

Their reactions were swift and accusing as they both shot narrow-eyed glances in my direction. I shrugged innocently.

"Do you know who the new MD is?" Sarah asked, placing a cup under the coffee machine.

"It's still a mystery," Olivia sighed.

"Why did they need to sell it? The hospital was running so well," Sarah questioned, her brows furrowing.

"I have no idea. However, I heard the new owner bought the hospital at a good price," Olivia replied, as Sarah took her cup and Olivia placed hers.

"That's strange," Sarah mused.

"Not really. People invest when they foresee prots," I chimed in, lling my cup with coffee after Olivia removed hers.

"Yeah," Olivia agreed.

"The only odd thing is that the new management shued the shifts of a few male doctors strangely, and even Dr. Costa's schedule has been changed. So, Dr. Bella..." Olivia trailed off with a pitying smile, clearly enjoying teasing me, "You won't be able to catch a glimpse of him," she teased as she sipped her coffee.

"Olivia?!" I protested, feeling my cheeks heat up. "Dr. Costa and I aren't together."

"Is that so?" Sarah smirked. "Well, even if that's the case, this new management seems to have gone out of its way to keep you two apart," she remarked playfully. I rolled my eyes while both of them shared a laugh.

Just then, a broadcast message popped up, instructing us to gather in the conference room. Apparently, the new managing director was about to address us.

"Who do you think it would be?!" Sarah inquired eagerly, our discussion revolving around the new managing director.

"Sarah, we're going to nd out soon enough," Olivia reassured her.

As we entered the conference hall, a sea of people had already gathered.

"What's going on?" I inquired, turning to Dr. Christopher for information.

He leaned in and whispered, "The new MD is going to address everyone today."

My eyes widened, and I responded, "Oh!" My mouth formed a round 'O' of surprise.

Olivia let out a bored yawn, while Sarah rolled her eyes. It was evident that we were in for a tedious conference.

Nevertheless, the air in the room was lled with curiosity and excitement. Everyone was eagerly anticipating the arrival of the new Managing Director. After a brief wait, the sound of heavy footsteps echoed through the room, followed by a multitude of lighter steps.

The previous management staff entered rst, leading the way for the new MD. And then, the moment arrived. The new Managing Director strode in, prompting everyone to rise in a show of respect. There he was, exuding an air of dominance and authority, anked by bodyguards and his assistant.

I could hardly believe my eyes. The new Managing Director was none other than Vincenzo Leonardi.

"What? Vincenzo Leonardi is the new MD. OMG, if I had known, I would have retouched my makeup," Olivia whispered, her eyes xed on Vincenzo.

"Yeah, if they had informed us in advance, I would have worn my sexy blouse today," Sarah sighed, ogling Vincenzo. I glanced around, and more women were looking at him as if he were a delectable piece of cake. Ugh! Why did he have to dress up in that grey suit and look so handsome?

A strange burning sensation simmered in my chest, and I couldn't quite understand it. Was it... jealousy?

However, Vincenzo remained unaffected by the curious gazes directed at him. As he took his seat, the rest of us followed suit. After a few formalities, Vincenzo began his speech.

His eyes held a cold, indifferent gaze, and his speech exuded professionalism as it resonated in his deep, stern voice. Strangely, I felt his gaze xate on me intermittently during his speech, more than I could easily comprehend.

After his presentation and introduction of the new management and its regulations, the crowd began to disperse, people starting to make their way out of the hall. I, too, began to head towards the exit.

"Dr. Bella!" Vin's deep voice called out, making me halt in my steps. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath before turning and facing the handsome devil.

"Mr. Leonardi!" I responded with a professional smile.

"I haven't been feeling well today. Can you please examine me?" he asked, his eyes carrying an intimidating intensity, leaving no room for refusal.

"Umm... Mr. Leonardi, you're the MD and I'm a junior doctor," I said with a shrug. "I believe it would be best for you to consult a more experienced physician. We can't take any risks with your health," I explained, nodding rmly.

"No, Dr. Bella. I don't want any other doctor but you. I trust only you to cure my ailment," he declared, a smirk playing on his lips and his hands tucking into his pockets. But his eyes remained on me as he checked me out from head to toe.

Asshole.

"Alright, Mr. Leonardi," I relented with a sigh, realizing I couldn't be harsh, giving more excuses, especially with everyone's eyes on me.

"Then, shall we proceed to the examination room?" I suggested, trying to regain a semblance of control over the situation.

"Dr. Bella, why don't you come to my oce and examine me there?" Vin demanded, his tone carrying an air of command as he took a step toward me. I sucked a breath at the thought of being in his proximity.

"Well, you see, the examination room is equipped to provide a thorough check-up, which is essential for proper diagnosis," I replied, meeting his gaze with a challenge.

"No need to worry! Just tell me what you require, and I'll make sure everything you need is arranged in my oce. Come on, Doctor, let's not waste time. I can feel my heartbeat accelerating by the second. And if something were to happen to me, you'd be responsible," he taunted.

"Don't worry, Mr. Leonardi. We can't afford any harm coming to you," I assured, giving him a nod before making my way out of the conference room, heading towards the MD's oce.

My heart raced frantically as I sensed Vin's footsteps following closely behind me.

Upon reaching his oce, he held the door open for me. I inched, nding him so close. His expensive cologne mixed with his own manly scent lled the air around me, making my heart nervously utter. However, I promptly entered and heard him close the door behind me. Feeling trapped and frustrated, I turned abruptly to face him.

"What's going on, Vin?" I demanded annoyingly.

"So now we're on a rst-name basis," he grinned, nding amusement in the situation.

"Don't change the topic. You appear perfectly ne. Why do you want me to examine you?" I countered.

I looked around at the luxurious furnishings of his oce. Only the two of us were there, and the door was locked. I hadn't been alone in the same room with him for years. Feeling nervous, my heartbeat accelerated so fast I thought I might faint. However, I was relieved that he stood at a distance, giving me some space.

"How can you say that without examining me?" he challenged, lifting a brow, but I held his gaze with a stern look, crossing my arms across my chest.

"Fine!" he conceded, raising his hands defensively. "I want to ensure that the doctors in my hospital are competent and highly skilled."

"So, you want to test my abilities and knowledge," I narrowed my eyes.

"I've invested significantly in this hospital. I want to ensure my doctors are well-trained and experienced," he red back, his gaze intimidating.

"So, you're testing whether I'm qualied to be a doctor in your hospital or not," I nodded, furrowing my brow.

"I simply want you to examine me, Bella. That's all," he sighed, giving a casual shrug. I exhaled in frustration, closing my eyes momentarily. I decided to maintain professionalism throughout.

'Come on, Bella, he is just a patient and nothing more,' I tried to convince myself as I focused on the task at hand.

I proceeded to check his temperature by touching his forehead. My palm tingled as it touched his soft skin. I tried harder to mask my reaction.

He felt warm, but not unusually so. His skin was so soft under my palm.

Next, I held his wrist to check his pulse. It throbbed vigorously beneath my ngers. He was a vigorous, hot-blooded male, perfectly healthy. I swallowed as my gaze fell on his strong, muscular arm, covered in his shirt sleeve, with tattoos peeking through it, and I knew what hid beneath it.

"You appear to be normal," I whispered, feeling a bit breathless as his proximity seemed overwhelming.

"Check my heartbeat. It's pounding so loudly," he instructed as his voice turned huskier, catching me off guard as he suddenly took my hand and placed it on his chest.

An almost inaudible gasp escaped me, my reaction impossible to conceal. My eyes instinctively roamed over him. He was as solid as steel everywhere, his physique impeccably sculpted with more dened abs and pecs compared to previous years.

His chest heaved loudly as his warm breath fanned my face. He was very close. My heart jumped as I felt his hot gaze at me and I didn't dare to look up.

I could feel his heart pounding loudly beneath my touch, and this was far from normal. I promptly fetched a stethoscope and listened to his heartbeat.

"Everything seems normal. Nothing appears to be wrong," I said, trying my best to maintain composure.

"Really? Then why do I feel so hot when the air conditioner is functioning properly?" he whispered, his voice deep and husky, causing me to swallow hard.

"I believe you haven't conducted a thorough examination. If you stay a little longer, perhaps you'd notice something unusual," he reasoned, leaning closer as his words plunged me into deeper contemplation.

"When do you usually feel hot, Mr. Leonardi?" I inquired, hoping to identify a potential cause. He leaned closer, his presence almost against my shoulder, making my breath catch in my throat.

"Whenever you are near me, Dr. Bella," he whispered softly into my ear. I pulled away, feeling my face ush with warmth.

"Um... Mr. Leonardi," I responded with a professional tone, attempting to regain my composure. "From a medical perspective, you're perfectly healthy. And as for feeling hot..." I hesitated for a moment. "I might suggest taking a cold shower," I said, my gaze meeting his challenging expression as he arched an eyebrow.

But not willing to entertain further discussion, I made a swift exit from his oce, as if a ghost were chasing after me.