I Just Loved You Chapter 12

This wasn't the call Steven had wanted.

He didn't answer it. Instead, he opened his contacts list. His finger hovered over Gianna's name, hesitating for a long moment before he finally pressed it.

Unfortunately, the cold, mechanical voice on the other end greeted him.

"Sorry, the number you dialed is unavailable…"

Steven had prepared a whole speech, but not a single word left his mouth.

"How could it be turned off? Gianna's phone can't be off! She promised she would never let it die again," he muttered to himself, lost in confusion.

The last time Gianna' s phone had been off was when she had had an appendicitis attack and needed surgery.

By the time Steven finished a medical lecture and came out, Gianna had already been wheeled into the operating room, unconscious. Her phone had run out of charge and automatically shut off.

Steven had spent three hours looking for her, and it wasn't until a colleague from the hospital helped him that he discovered Gianna had been admitted.

He remembered that day clearly: he had found her and immediately scolded her relentlessly.

She had just woken up, the pain from the surgery still sharp, but she had silently endured it. Her phone had been off, and despite the agony, she couldn't bring herself to place the blame on Steven.

Instead, she had taken all the responsibility upon herself.

"Steven, don't be angry. I promise I'll charge my phone every day from now on, so it never dies again."

Thinking back on it now, Steven didn' t feel relieved. In fact, the unease in his heart grew heavier.

He realized just how wrong he had been to blame Gianna without understanding the full picture. Everything that happened was his fault, yet he had enjoyed the false comfort of receiving her apology.

In the next instant, Steven rushed out of his office, not even bothering to change out of his white coat or wait for the workday to end.

He had to go home. He needed to see what was going on with Gianna–why her phone was off.

Ignoring red lights, Steven drove quickly toward home.

When he burst through the front door, the silence of the house seemed to grip his heart with an invisible hand.

The suffocating feeling made him anxious and afraid.

"Gianna… Gianna… Are you home?" His voice trembled as he called out.

He kept trying to reassure himself, recalling what Dr. Shaw had said earlier.

"No, Gianna loves me. She would never leave me." Steven tried to comfort himself as he walked slowly from the living room to the bedroom.

The empty house echoed with the sound of his footsteps, and his voice seemed to bounce back at him.

No one responded.

Steven' s body weakened, and he stumbled, almost falling to the floor.

He had already guessed what the outcome might be. After all, Gianna never ignored his calls.

But even so, he couldn't bring himself to face the reality. He gritted his teeth and pushed open the bedroom door.

The first thing he saw was the engagement ring on the nightstand. His pupils contracted sharply.

His gaze locked onto the ring–it was their engagement ring.

Gianna had always treated it as a treasure, never willing to take it off. She even wore it while doing laundry or cooking.

Once, while washing clothes, the sharp edge of the ring had cut her finger. The blood stained the ring, but she smiled and joked, "I guess the diamond you bought me is real; the sharp edge is so hard."

But now, the engagement ring had been removed.

The terror hit him like a wave, drowning him in fear.

Steven swallowed hard, realizing his throat was dry and painfully tight.