

I Just Loved You Chapter 17

When Director Williams presented that signed consent form, Steven stood frozen in place, speechless.

Every word on the paper was familiar to him; the signature was written in his own hand.

“Dr. Thompson,” Director Williams said gently, “I understand that now isn’t the best time for Dr. Wilson to go abroad. I tried to dissuade her, but when she showed me this signed form, there wasn’t much I could do.”

“She said the two of you had already discussed it, which is why I approved her spot in the program.”

Steven didn’t know how he managed to leave the director’s office. His steps were mechanical, his figure radiating defeat and desolation.

Gianna had lied to him, right under his just any lie—a grand, elaborate deception.

And he, foolishly, had played an essential role in making it happen.

Suddenly, Steven remembered that night when Gianna mentioned Dr. Shaw from their department. He decided to verify her claim.

“Dr. Thompson, are you kidding? I’m tied down with a family—how could I go abroad for several years? Besides, I haven’t even spoken to Gianna over the past few days. There’s no way we discussed anything about joining Médecins Sans Frontières.”

Dr. Shaw looked at him curiously.

Steven forced a stiff smile and mumbled a polite goodbye before walking away, his steps lifeless.

That night, Gianna hadn’t made any phone calls. It was all part of her scheme to trick him into signing that consent form.

Realizing this, Steven snapped out of his haze.

Now that he knew where she had gone, he resolved to follow her abroad and bring her back. But even before taking the first step, he encountered obstacles.

“I’m sorry, Dr. Thompson,” the program coordinator explained, “but you know how unpredictable the operations of Médecins Sans Frontières are. It’s for the safety of the doctors involved.”

He wanted to know which country Gianna had gone to. Yet, despite asking everyone in the hospital, no one could provide an answer.

When Steven finally left the hospital, defeated, rumors about him had already begun circulating.

To others, the once-perfect couple of talented and beautiful doctors had crumbled. Everyone knew Steven had driven his fiancée away.

Back home, Steven collapsed in front of the coffee table, drowning his regret in one bottle of alcohol after another.

It had been so long since he'd had a good night's sleep.

The traces of Gianna in their home were fading—her scent, her presence—it was as if she had never existed there at all.

As he sought numbness in alcohol, the pain only deepened.

In his drunken haze, he thought he saw Gianna standing before him again, holding a bowl of hangover soup.

“Why are you drinking so much again? Drink less—it's bad for your health,” her gentle voice chastised.

Steven reached out a hand toward her, but the vision vanished.

“Haha... hahahaha,” he laughed bitterly, clutching the bottle.

“Gianna, I know you hate it when I drink. You despise the smell of alcohol on me. Please, come out, just this once. Scold me if you want—I swear I'll never touch another drop.”

Drunk and desperate, Steven began to plead like a child, unreasonable and helpless.

When there was no response, his frustration boiled over. He hurled the bottle to the ground, shattering it into shards.

“Come out, Gianna! Please, I'll never treat you like that again. I'll love you properly. I'll cherish you as my wife.”

Unsteadily, he rose to his feet,

But he slipped on the spilled alcohol and fell, his hands landing in broken glass.

Tiny shards embedded themselves in his palms, and blood began to seep out, dripping onto the floor.