

I Just Loved You Chapter 24

“We no longer have anything to do with each other,” Gianna continued. “You don’t need to do these meaningless things for me.”

She was urging Steven to return to his life. in the city, back to where he belonged. She understood why he lingered in the small, desolate town, but what was lost was lost. She had no desire—and no intention—of looking back.

“I’m a doctor,” she added with quiet determination. “I can handle minor illnesses like this myself.”

Her words were eerily familiar, sending a chill down Steven’s spine. It was the same dismissive line he had once said to Gianna, during a moment when she had been vulnerable and needed his care.

Now, hearing it from her felt like a sharp blade cutting into him, unearthing the guilt he had tried so hard to bury. He didn’t dare meet her eyes.

“Gianna... I want to make it up to you. Whatever it takes. Even if you despise me for the rest of my life, I’ll accept it,” he said, his voice trembling with desperation. But Gianna was too drained to argue further. She closed her eyes, signaling the end of the conversation.

Her silence gave Steven a strange sense of relief. He feared that if she rejected him again, he might lose his grip on reality.

After three days of bedrest, Gianna recovered enough to return to the field.

But her return to the rescue station was met with hostility. As she stepped onto the site, a group of refugees blocked her path.

“It’s her!” one man shouted. “She performed that surgery. She’s a quack who killed my father!”

“She deserves to be punished!” another echoed, his voice laced with anger.

The group began to chant and close in on Gianna, who was caught off guard by the accusations.

“You must be mistaken,” she said calmly, though her voice carried a hint of unease. “I haven’t performed surgery in days. Who is your father? We keep records for all procedures. I can check them to prove my innocence.”

But her explanation fell on deaf ears. The group, led by a particularly irate man, refused to listen. Their anger escalated, and one of them raised a knife, stepping forward as if to scar her face.

Before the blade could reach her, Steven appeared.

His arm intercepted the strike, leaving a deep gash along his forearm. Blood seeped through his sleeve, but he didn't flinch.

"I've already contacted the local military," he announced with authority. His voice cut through the chaos like a blade. "The surgery you're talking about - I performed it, not her. And I stand by my work. There were no mistakes."

The mention of his name seemed to cool the group's anger. Steven's reputation as a renowned international doctor had spread throughout the town. It was hard to believe someone of his caliber could botch a simple operation.

He took a step closer, his presence imposing. "If you tell me who put you up to this, I can ensure you won't face any consequences."

Gianna wasn't stupid. She quickly came to realize that someone was intentionally working in the shadows to sabotage her.

It didn't take long for the panicked refugees to buckle under the pressure, especially when the soldiers arrived. They pointed to their ringleader, who hesitated before finally confessing.

The mastermind behind the entire scheme was Chloe.

When Chloe was dragged before Gianna, her intentions became clear.

Gianna's gaze turned cold, a mix of incredulity and disappointment flashing in her eyes. "I've already left. Why can't you let this go?"

Chloe's face twisted with hatred. "If it weren't for you, Steven would have been mine! He would've married me by now instead of chasing you all over the world!"

The sheer venom in her voice left both Gianna and Steven momentarily stunned. Steven didn't expect that Chloe was actually causing trouble behind the scenes.

Steven's mind reeled as Chloe's words echoed in his head. His vision blurred with rage as memories of his past cruelty to Gianna resurfaced—all because of this woman.

The thought that Gianna might believe he had conspired with Chloe to harm her filled him with dread.

Before reason could take hold, he grabbed the knife from the ground and lunged at Chloe.

“I’ll kill you!” he roared, his voice filled with fury and anguish.

The blade swung dangerously close, missing Chloe by mere inches as she stumbled back in terror. Had she not moved quickly, her face would have been disfigured—or worse, she would have died.