I Just Loved You Chapter 03

Steven hurried a few steps ahead but seemed to hesitate. He turned back and asked, "Gianna, you' re a doctor. It's just a minor injury–you can handle it yourself, right?"

Minor injury? He had just said it was serious. Or perhaps, in his world, she would always matter less than Chloe.

She remembered a summer evening long ago. She had nicked her finger slicing a watermelon, barely scratching her nail. Steven had been beside her, scooping her up and forcing her to sit on the sofa while he fussed over her.

Now, thinking of how much had changed, her chest tightened, and her eyes burned with unshed tears. She turned her head sharply, unwilling to let him see her fragile state.

Her gaze landed on a coat missing a row of buttons–a bitter reminder of a night just a week ago.

That evening, their department had a gathering. Gianna had drunk a little too much, and since the venue was in a remote area, it was difficult to get a car at night. After waiting for what felt like forever, she dialed Steven with a slight slur in her voice.

"Steven, I can't find a ride. Can you come pick me up?"

At the time, Steven was out jogging with Chloe. The sound of his labored breathing carried through the phone, mingled with unmistakable impatience.

"I'm with Chloe. It' s late, and it's not safe for her to head home alone. Wait two hours–I'll take her home first, or find a cab yourself and send me the fare. I' 11 reimburse you."

He hadn't even registered her saying she couldn't find a cab. Steven was so concerned about Chloe's safety but never stopped to think that she, too, was a woman alone at night.

Gianna walked twenty kilometers in the dark before headlights from an Audi A8 pierced through the night.

"Gianna, are you insane? Do you think it's fun to lie? I circled the location you gave me and didn't see you anywhere!" Steven barked.

"I wasn' t lying, I-" Before she could finish, Steven roared, yanked her into the car, and slammed the door shut.

The faint clatter of metal buttons hitting the floor was barely audible amidst his angry tirade.

From that day forward, Gianna understood -she would never be as important to him as Chloe.

Forcing a smile, she said softly, "I' ma doctor, too. I can handle it. You should don' t keep the patient waiting."

Any fleeting concern Steven might have felt for her vanished with her words.

He leaned down and placed a light kiss on her forehead. "Alright, I'll head out. I'll come pick you up after work."

Gianna nodded lightly, her response as indifferent as his gesture was perfunctory. Without hesitation, Steven disappeared around the corner of the hospital corridor, and only then Gianna finally lifted her head. She dabbed at the damp corners of her eyes, listening to the sound of his footsteps fading away.

In her heart, she tallied the number of times he had left her for Chloe, and she had lost count.

And Chloe's cheery voice on the phone? Any doctor worth their salt could tell she wasn' t ill. But Steven always acted like he was under her spell, eagerly running to her beck and call.

With a limp, Gianna returned to her office.

Some colleagues who knew her well teased her as she walked in, their tones laced with playful banter.

"Gianna, you and Dr. Thompson really need to take it easy during the day! Don't tire yourselves out too much."

"That's right, Gianna. Dr. Thompson is the backbone of our hospital. If you wear him out and he can't perform surgeries, you might have the director coming after you!"

Gianna forced an awkward smile and waved her hands in denial. She lifted her pant leg to reveal her swollen, bruised ankle.

"It's nothing like that. I just twisted my ankle in a rush on my way here," she explained.