

I Just Loved You Chapter 07

Gianna feared that her determination to go abroad and join Médecins Sans Frontières might waver if she allowed herself to get caught up in these emotions.

Taking a deep breath, she said, “You’re the renowned Dr. Thompson. Now that you’re giving me a massage for free, I should be thanking you. After all, plenty of people can’t even book an appointment with you. I must be taking a shortcut here.”

Steven frowned slightly, not responding immediately. He couldn’t help but feel her words carried a tinge of sarcasm, as if she were deliberately provoking him.

Suppressing the irritation rising within him, Steven refocused on carefully massaging Gianna’s injured ankle.

It wasn’t until he finished the first session that he finally spoke, revealing his decision.

“Chloe’s house was broken into by a thief. I’ve arranged for her to stay here for a few days.”

Gianna froze, the reason for his recent behavior suddenly becoming clear.

No wonder Steven had been uncharacteristically considerate earlier. His odd actions over the past few days—the removal of her house key, the sudden cleaning of the guest room—all made sense now. Chloe’s prolonged stay had clearly been planned well in advance.

Steven had already made all the decisions before even informing her.

Gianna gave it some thought but ultimately chose not to refuse. Her smile was faint, yet it carried an unmistakable trace of bitterness.

“It’s fine. Do as you think best.” Her light, indifferent response immediately quelled the explanations Steven had prepared in his mind. Seeing that Gianna agreed without resistance, the tension in his furrowed brows relaxed.

“You don’t mind?” he asked, his tone was laced with disbelief.

“Not at all.” Her answer came without hesitation.

Steven looked relieved. Standing up, he handed her the bottle of liniment.

“Apply it gently again in half an hour. I’ll go keep Chloe company for now—she must be bored sitting in the living room alone. I’ll check back on you later.”

Gianna nodded with a smile, but her heart marked another painful tally.

He'd gotten the response he wanted and immediately prioritized Chloe, leaving her behind once more.

Just as Steven's hand touched the doorknob to leave, he suddenly turned back, his tone laced with a warning.

"Gianna, Chloe has always been sensitive. Next time, don't act so impolite in front of her—it might upset her."

He was clearly referring to how she had silently retreated to the bedroom upon arriving home.

But what else could she have done? Sit down and eat their leftovers?

Gianna gripped the bottle of liniment so tightly that her knuckles turned white. Yet, she forced a smile onto her face.

"Got it. Please apologize to Chloe for me."

Her compliance satisfied Steven, and with a nod, he finally left the room.

The moment the door clicked shut, Gianna could no longer hold back her tears. They streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

This was her fiancé. The man she had loved for three years.

Not even for a single second did his heart truly belong to her.

The stabbing pain in her ankle paled in comparison to the unbearable ache in her chest. Her heart, battered and bruised, felt like it was collapsing under the weight of her grief.

When it came time for the second massage, Gianna quietly handled it herself. She had no illusions—she knew Steven wouldn't return.

She lay alone in the cold, quiet room, listening to the laughter echoing from the living room downstairs.

Eventually, thirst forced her to leave the bedroom. Limping down the stairs, she reached the water dispenser only to find her usual cup missing.

In its place was a new cup—one she didn't recognize.

It didn't take much to guess whose it was.