

I Just Loved You Chapter 08

The new cup, it turned out, was a matching set with Steven's.

"Gianna, I'm so sorry. I accidentally broke your cup earlier. If you don't mind, you can use mine for now." Chloe picked up the new cup and smiled apologetically.

Gianna's face remained expressionless, but she didn't respond.

Steven, however, chimed in with a dismissive tone. "Chloe, don't bother with her. It's just a cup. We've got plenty at home."

Gianna clenched her fists, her nose stinging from suppressed emotion.

That cup wasn't just any cup—it was the one they had used to toast during their engagement ceremony, a symbol of their bond. She had cherished it deeply, treating it like a treasure.

But to Steven, it was just another cup, unworthy of any sentiment.

"It's fine. I can just use a disposable one," Gianna said lightly. She took a sip of water and returned to the bedroom.

As she sat down, her thoughts raced back to the Médecins Sans Frontières application form in her hands. The urgency in her heart grew stronger.

If Steven refused to sign, the hospital wouldn't let her go. She needed to gauge his stance more carefully.

"Why are you still awake?"

Steven's voice startled her as he entered the room. He saw her sitting by the bedside, seemingly on a phone call.

"Alright, I'll ask him about it for you," she said into the phone before hanging up.

Turning to him, she replied nonchalantly, "You're not asleep either. My foot hurts too much to rest, so I figured I'd chat with a colleague."

At the mention of her foot, Steven's expression shifted. He suddenly remembered that he had promised to massage her ankle again but had forgotten.

Feigning concern, he lifted the blanket and carefully examined her injury.

"The swelling's gone down a lot. You should be fine after a few more days of rest."

Then, as if to steer the conversation, he asked, “Who were you chatting with just now? You looked like you were enjoying yourself.”

Gianna instinctively tightened her grip on her phone. If Steven had looked closely, he would have noticed that her screen was black—she hadn’t been on a call at all.

“It was Dr. Shaw from my department,” she lied smoothly.

Feigning casualness, she brought up the Médecins Sans Frontières application. “A lot of colleagues have been discussing the program lately. Dr. Shaw was just asking if you had any updates about it.”

Steven nodded without suspicion.

The topic had indeed been circulating in the hospital for some time, and the deadline for applications was approaching. Because the initial number of volunteers hadn’t met the requirement, the program had been delayed until now.

“This overseas opportunity isn’t short-term,” he explained. “But it’s a great way for those without connections to build up their résumés. Coming back with international experience is like being gilded.”

Gianna nodded in agreement, listening attentively.

Then, without warning, his tone changed.

“But it’s unnecessary for you. With the time this program would take, I could already help you secure a promotion.”

At his words, Gianna sighed softly.

She had anticipated his refusal. Still, another idea crossed her mind.

In the past, when their arguments escalated, Steven would occasionally resort to physical violence. The resolution? He’d always end up signing an apology letter to placate her.

She vividly remembered one incident. That time, she had stopped him from leaving to meet Chloe.

Unbeknownst to her, Chloe had cut her hand while cooking—a superficial wound that only needed a bandage. But that evening, when Steven returned home, he struck Gianna across the face.

“If you hadn’t stopped me, Chloe wouldn’t have gotten hurt!” he had shouted.

His words still echoed painfully in her