

I Just Loved You Chapter 09

After several days of silent treatment, it was always Steven who relented first, writing an apology letter to end their arguments. At the time, Gianna had felt heartbroken. But now, it struck her that such a method could still work. If she could coax him into signing another “apology letter,” it might be her way out.

“I’ll earn my promotions with my own abilities—I won’t rely on you,” Gianna said with playful defiance.

Steven chuckled, thinking she was just being stubborn.

“Good, that’ll save me some trouble. But don’t come crying to me when no one recognizes your talent. You might end up begging for my help,” he teased as he lay down and pulled the blanket over himself.

Gianna’s lips tightened. Beneath his words, she heard disdain and indifference.

With a determined tone, she countered, “I won’t beg you. In fact, I want you to sign a consent letter for me.”

“A consent letter? What kind?”

She stood, retrieved a piece of paper, and carefully wrote the following:

[From this point forward, Gianna Wilson and Steven Thompson are to maintain strict boundaries. Gianna takes full responsibility for her actions and will not hold any person or institution accountable. Under no circumstances will her matters implicate anyone else. All consequences shall be borne by Gianna alone. Signed: Steven Thompson.]

Placing the letter and a pen in front of him, Gianna tried to steady her trembling hands, which had become clammy with sweat.

“Sign it.”

Steven narrowed his eyes. Something about Gianna’s behavior today felt off—subtly out of place, though not enough to raise clear alarms.

“Steven, are you going back on your word? Or are you too scared to sign it? Afraid you’ll secretly interfere behind my back?”

Her tone was intentionally provocative, poking at his pride. She knew all too well that Steven, with his overbearing masculinity, couldn’t stand such taunts.

Predictably, his expression darkened. He gave her a cold, mocking stare.

“Did you forget who brought you into this hospital in the first place? With your mediocre skills, you’d still be stuck in some rural clinic treating impoverished villagers if it weren’t for me.”

His words stabbed her like a shard of glass lodged in her throat, painful and impossible to swallow.

Gianna gritted her teeth, forcing herself to stay composed.

“Then sign it, Steven. Let’s see if I ever need your help.”

Her defiant tone finally disarmed his lingering suspicions. With a derisive snort, he retorted, “Fine, let’s see how far your stubbornness gets you.”

He grabbed the pen and signed his name with a flourish.

Watching him complete the signature, Gianna felt an immense weight lift off her chest. She carefully folded the letter and tucked it into her pocket like a priceless treasure.

“Don’t worry, I won’t ask for your help,” she murmured silently to herself.

This would be the last tie binding her to Steven, the final step toward escaping their soured relationship.

The next morning, Gianna woke up early. With the consent letter in hand, she felt a new sense of freedom and ease.

As she prepared to leave for work, she walked to Steven’s car as usual, expecting to take her usual seat in the passenger side.

But as the window rolled down, a familiar face greeted her with a smug smile.

“Gianna, sorry about this. I get carsick and can only sit in the front,” Chloe said with feigned innocence, her tone playful.

Gianna froze for a moment.

She knew Chloe didn’t get carsick—she had been in the same car with her countless times.

In reality, it was Gianna herself who often struggled with motion sickness, which was why she always took the front seat.

But today, Chloe had taken her place, as if intentionally claiming her territory.