

I Just Loved You Chapter 19

“Mom, please tell me their route,” Steven pleaded, his voice steady despite the pain in his battered body.

But his mother, seated on the sofa, showed no mercy. With a swift motion, Emily pulled out a bamboo cane.

“I warned you long ago to be single-hearted in your devotion. Being fickle only brings harm to yourself and others. But what did you do? You ignored my advice completely. Now, here you are—regretting everything, hurting both yourself and those around you.”

Steven knelt upright, unwavering even as the bamboo cane struck his back again and again. Blood seeped through his clothes, but he dared not flinch.

Chloe tried to intervene.

“This is a Thompson family matter,” Emily snapped coldly, fixing her with a steely glare. “Miss Miller, I suggest you leave.”

Chloe stood frozen, her plans unraveling. She had come to lodge complaints against Gianna and propose a union with the Thompson family. But before she could utter a word, her schemes had backfired. Worse still, her meddling had indirectly helped Steven get closer to finding Gianna.

Escorted out by the household staff, Chloe left in humiliation.

With a sigh of frustration, Emily brought the cane down two more times before finally relenting. “The leader of this Médecins Sans Frontières mission is Callum Young. You know him, don’t you?”

Steven nodded faintly. He gritted his teeth and committed the name to memory. Moments later, his weakened body succumbed to exhaustion, and he collapsed to the ground.

Meanwhile, in a turbulent corner of the world, Gianna was facing a tense confrontation with a group of restless refugees.

“What do you want?” she asked, her voice trembling but firm.

Her white coat was stained with blood and dirt, but her resolute expression shone through. She had been traveling between makeshift clinics in remote, impoverished areas for days. Many of these places lacked even the most basic medical knowledge.

Despite the hardships, Gianna's unwavering dedication had earned her the respect of many. She never turned away a patient, nor did she ever look down on any country or its people.

The refugees spoke in a language she didn't understand, their words sharp and impatient. Their frustration boiled over, and they began to press toward her. Their intentions were growing increasingly hostile.

Frightened, Gianna instinctively backed away, unable to think of a solution.

"Gianna, get behind me! Let me handle this!"

A loud voice rang out as Callum stepped in front of her. As the mission leader, it was his duty to ensure the safety of his team.

What followed was a chaotic skirmish. The refugees, though outnumbered and disorganized, grew violent. Luckily,

Gianna's teammates arrived in time to drive them away.

However, during the scuffle, Callum's back was clawed deeply, leaving two gruesome gashes.

"I'm so sorry, Team Leader Young," Gianna said apologetically as she tended to his wounds. "You got hurt protecting me."

Lying on a makeshift bed, Callum turned slightly to watch Gianna carefully clean his injuries. Her focus and determination were evident in every movement.

He had noticed her from the very beginning—a seemingly delicate woman who had endured more than anyone had expected.

"You're my teammate," he said with a grin. "It's my duty to protect you. But since I got injured for you, you'd better treat my wound thoroughly—no cutting corners."

His joke made Gianna laugh.

"Don't worry. I'll make sure not even a single bacterium gets through," Gianna teased back.

"If you're that good, I might as well hand over my position as mission leader to you." Callum chuckled.

"Fine," she teased, "keep the spot warm.

That position is as good as mine."

“Sure. As soon as I’m dead, the seat’s all yours.”

But just a few days later, Callum’s condition took a turn for the worse. His wounds had become infected.

With their medical supplies long depleted, Gianna had no choice but to rely on local remedies. She scoured the surrounding area for herbs and used traditional methods from the nearby villages to try to keep the infection under control.