

I Just Loved You Chapter 20

"I'm sorry," Gianna said softly, her eyes fixed on the festering wound on Callum's back. Guilt weighed heavily on her. If not for her, Callum wouldn't have been injured this badly.

"What's with that face? It's not like I'm dying," Callum teased, plucking a blade of wild grass from the ground and sticking it between his teeth. "It's just an infected wound. As a doctor, are you really scared of something like this?"

Gianna didn't respond. Instead, she focused intently on changing his dressing, her silence speaking louder than words.

Noticing her mood, Callum decided to ease her worries. "Don't be stressed. I've already arranged for a helicopter to take me back tomorrow for proper treatment. My life's at stake here, you know, and trust me, I value it even more than do."

The next morning, Callum was airlifted out on the helicopter.

"Who would've thought, after all these years of running wild in such chaotic places, I'd end up getting injured like this," he mused.

For the past few days, Gianna had been tirelessly tending to his wound, and in that time, her diligence and care had captivated him. Callum realized he had developed feelings for her.

As the helicopter climbed higher into the sky, he suddenly shouted down toward Gianna. "Gianna! Wait for me to come back!"

He didn't know if she could hear him over the roar of the blades, but he kept waving enthusiastically anyway.

Below, Gianna stood silently, her expression unreadable. She had heard him clearly, but she didn't know how to respond.

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Gianna preferred the simplicity of her current life spending her days treating patients and working with medicine. She had no desire to be trapped in the graveyard of love again.

"Looks like our long-single Team Leader Young has fallen for you, Gianna," teased one of the other doctors.

"Yeah, Gianna. Don't tell me you're not tempted—he's pretty charming."

Gone was the shy Gianna of the past. With a serene smile, she dismissed the teasing.

"Don't be ridiculous. Team Leader Young was addressing everyone, not just me"

Despite her words, her hand subconsciously touched the medal in her pocket—an honorary token representing peace, given to her by Callum before he left.

Elsewhere, when Callum's helicopter landed, a familiar scent of medicinal herbs lingered in the air.

The aroma immediately triggered Steven's memory of the night Gianna saved him in the pouring rain. She had carried him on her back to a small mountain village, where there were no proper medical facilities.

He vividly recalled the bitter herbs she chewed to a pulp before carefully applying them to his wound. When he awoke from unconsciousness, her lips were stained a deep purple from the herbal juices.

The memory hit him like a boomerang, striking his heart with overwhelming force. He couldn't afford to hesitate any longer.

With bloodshot eyes, Steven stormed up to Callum. "Where did you just come from? What was the location of your last mission?"

His sudden outburst startled Callum, who froze for a moment, confused by the intensity in Steven's gaze.

"Answer me!" Steven demanded, grabbing Callum by the collar.

Snapping out of his daze, Callum's expression turned cold. "That's classified information. I don't owe you an explanation."

His tone was calm but firm, his stance unwavering despite Steven's desperation.