

I Just Loved You Chapter 21

Steven froze for a moment. Slowly, he released his grip, carefully smoothing out Callum's collar. His voice softened, tinged with desperation.

"I'm begging you... tell me the location of your mission. I have something crucial to do I have to go.

Callum was stunned by the sight before him. Steven, the man who never bent or yielded, who always stood proud and defiant, was now pleading with him.

They had known each other since childhood, their relationship like a spear and shield—forever opposing yet

inseparable. From their earliest years to adulthood, they had never faltered, always standing their ground.

But now, Steven was the one on his knees, begging for his help.

"You've gone mad, Steven "

muttered, his disbelief evident. "What could be so important that you'd stoop to this?"

Steven met his gaze, his pride long abandoned. "My wife joined the Médecins

Sans Frontières mission. I need to win her back."

Callum's shock deepened. "Impossible. I checked the roster for this mission myself - none of the doctors fit the description of your wife."

But then, he paused. A name popped into his mind. Gianna.

No... it couldn't be her. He had asked her directly about her personal life, and she had claimed she was unmarried. How could Gianna possibly be Steven's wife?

"Callum, stop lying to me." Steven leaned in slightly, his nose catching the faint but unmistakable scent of herbs clinging to Callum, sending a pang of recognition through him—it was a scent he could never forget, not even in his dreams.

"The herbal aroma on you—it's something only she could create," he said, his tone laced with both certainty and desperation.

"Gianna must be part of your team," he continued, his eyes boring into his, leaving no room for denial.

Callum's heart sank. He couldn't deny it any longer. It truly was Gianna.

But how? Why had she kept such a crucial detail from him?

“I don’t understand,” Callum muttered, his voice laced with bitterness. “All the application forms I reviewed—they were marked as single.”

Steven raised his trembling hand, revealing two identical diamond rings. One adorned his ring finger; the other rested on his pinky.

“We were engaged. But I ruined it. She returned the ring to me and sent me a letter to dissolve our engagement. She left for this mission because she wanted to escape me completely.”

His voice cracked as he continued, “But I realize now how wrong I was. I just want to make things right. Callum, I’m begging you—just give me the address. If you don’t, I’ll lose my mind!”

The once-proud man in front of him was now a shadow of his former self, desperate and pleading.

Callum felt a mix of emotions. He had rarely opened his heart to anyone, and when he finally did, it was to a woman who belonged to Steven.

Without another word, he brushed past Steven, leaving him standing there in anguish.

For a moment, selfishness overtook him. He didn’t want Steven to find Gianna. Deep down, he hoped that she would stay with him instead. But he also couldn’t ignore the deep bond she had shared with Steven—a bond he feared might still exist.

Later that night, Callum lay on his hospital bed, wrestling with his emotions. After a long silence, he sent Steven a single message:

[You’re pathetic. You can’t even play the villain properly.]

The moment Steven read the message, he sprang into action. He immediately arranged for a helicopter, his heart racing in anticipation.

As he prepared for the journey, his mind buzzed with thoughts.

What should he wear when he sees her? How should he approach her?

Would she forgive him?

She had to. She loved him deeply once- such love couldn’t simply vanish.

Steven clung to that hope, convincing himself over and over that Gianna was still waiting for him. That she still loved him. That she wanted him to come and apologize.

As long as he was sincere, he could fix everything.

At least, that was what he told himself.