

I Just Loved You Chapter 22

Steven subconsciously ignored the pain he had caused Gianna in the past, the scars he had left behind. He dismissed the reasons behind her resolute decision to leave him this time.

Following the address Callum provided, Steven arrived at a small, dilapidated town. The streets were shabby, and the environment was harsh, only heightening his nervousness.

In his hand was a small bouquet of camellias—Gianna's favorite flower. Though the flowers had begun to wither, Steven had carefully brought them all the way from home, cradling them like precious treasures.

He made his way to the dormitory rented by the Médecins Sans Frontières organization. Room 304 on the third floor.

The closer he got, the more his anxiety grew. His palms were damp with sweat, and his heart raced as he raised his hand to knock lightly on the door.

He waited, rehearsing in his mind the apology he had prepared so carefully. The words were ready, the regret etched deeply into his heart. He knocked for a long time, but the door didn't open. Anxious, he knocked again. Still, there was only silence.

Just as he was about to give up, a passing doctor noticed him.

"You're looking for Dr. Wilson, aren't you?" the doctor asked with a smile.

Steven turned to him, his face lighting up with hope.

"Dr. Wilson really works hard. She never takes a break. She's likely at the emergency station in the city center right now."

After thanking the doctor, Steven hurried away, making his way to the emergency station.

Among the tents at the station, his eyes finally caught sight of her—Gianna, dressed in a white coat, her hair tied back, calm and composed.

At that moment, she finished treating a patient and stood up. Their eyes met across the distance.

Steven froze, unable to move. His feet felt glued to the ground, and his breath caught in his throat.

Gianna was the one who approached him first.

“I never thought you’d actually find me here,” she said, her tone calm but with a faint trace of surprise.

She had considered whether he might track her down but hadn’t imagined where else she could go to truly escape him.

...Gianna, this is for you...” Steven held out the wilted camellias, his voice trembling. His lips moved soundlessly for a moment, his red-rimmed eyes glistening with unshed tears. Finally, he forced the words out. “I brought these... for you.”

Her voice—it had been so long since he’d heard it. During their time apart, the only solace he’d found was in staring at her letter breaking off their engagement, clutching the ring she had returned, and replaying their memories in his mind.

Now, standing before her, hearing her speak again, he found himself overwhelmed and nearly mute.

Gianna took the flowers but, without hesitation, turned and gave them to a young girl with a bandaged arm who stood nearby.

“This little girl lost her parents in the war,” Gianna explained softly. “I told her that even if she’s alone, she can still live a beautiful life. These flowers are a symbol of hope—for her future, for the bright days she can still have.”

She looked back at Steven. “You don’t mind, do you?”

Steven’s lips pressed into a thin line. He dared not reply because he feared that she was subtly rejecting him, and her actions were her way of telling him, “I’m sorry, but there’s no going back for us. I’ve learned to live well on my own, and you’re no longer part of my story.”

She turned away without waiting for his response, walking back to the tent where she resumed her work with the patients.

Watching her calm, focused demeanor, Steven finally understood. She no longer needed his apologies. She no longer needed him.

There was nothing left to forgive because Gianna had already let him go.

Now, all she wanted was a quiet, meaningful life as a doctor, using her skills to save as many lives as possible.

Steven stood rooted to the spot, his heart heavy with regret. He stayed there, unmoving, as the sky darkened around him.