

I Just Loved You Chapter 27

Callum lit a cigarette, the corner of his mouth lifting slightly. The smoke obscured his eyes, leaving his expression unclear.

“Take good care of Gianna. After all, you’re the only man she’s ever truly loved.”

When Gianna and Steven successfully escaped the collapsing building using the rescue rope, Callum was left behind. Without a descent device, Callum used his clothes as a substitute. But as soon as he had hung the clothes on the rope, a deafening crash echoed through the air. The building collapsed in an instant.

Along with the roar, a cloud of smoke and dust enveloped the area, making it impossible to see anything.

“Callum!” Gianna stood frozen for a second before shouting. She tried to turn and rush back into the smoke, but Steven held her tightly, and said, “Gianna, don’t be impulsive. The building is still collapsing. It’s not safe!”

“But Callum is still inside! He gave up his chance to escape for us! Now he’s trapped in there alone!” Gianna cried.

“I know! But there’s nothing we can do. We are human, not machines. In this situation, we can’t save him. All we can do is wait and pray for him!” Steven’s voice was hoarse, tinged with desperation. His eyes were red, bloodshot. He knew that if not for him, Callum would never have been in this situation. Callum had sacrificed his own escape for him.

“Gianna, trust me. I will save Callum. We’ll wait. Wait until the dust settles!”

The smoke from the building lingered for half the day before finally dissipating. The once towering building was now a pile of rubble. Aside from the scattered steel beams and concrete, there was no sign of any survivors. The building is still collapsing. It’s not safe!”

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The rescue team, which Steven and Gianna had called in, began shaking their heads.

In this situation, the chances of Callum surviving were virtually nonexistent.

Gianna stood expressionless, while Steven collapsed onto the ground. He couldn't shake the memory of Callum's final words. The terror overwhelmed him, causing his body to tremble.

He knew. He had lost to Callum.

Throughout their childhood, Callum had only beaten him once—but that victory felt like winning his entire life.

Three months after leaving the country, Gianna returned to America.

Stepping off the return flight, she looked at the familiar surroundings, but everything felt different now. She and Steven had brought Callum's body back to the Young family.

Callum was an outstanding and exceptional doctor who had saved countless lives. On the day of his funeral, the sky was overcast, and light rain fell, but people still came in a continuous stream to pay their respects.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Young. It's our fault, we caused Captain Young's death." Gianna held a bouquet of chrysanthemums, her eyes swollen from crying. If it hadn't been for her, Callum would have had the chance to escape safely with the descent device.

In just a few days, Aunt An's hair had turned completely white from the loss of her son.

"It was Callum's responsibility. As the team leader of the organization, he was responsible for protecting the safety of his team," she choked. "We all knew this day might come, and we were mentally prepared. But we never expected it to happen to him..."

Gianna bit her lip, tears flowing freely from her eyes.

She bowed deeply before Callum's spirit in the mourning hall, silently touching the peace medal in her arms.

"Callum, don't worry. As long as the Médecins Sans Frontières organization exists, I, Gianna Wilson, will always be there," she vowed.

After saying her final words, Gianna left the mourning hall without hesitation.

