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## Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira

### Chapter 324

#### **Chapter 324 "You got this for me?"**

"Yeah, it's for you. Here, try some of it," Quinley put one box in Meredith's hands and then started apologizing, "Meredith, when you were in trouble that year, I was coincidentally out of the country. If I were around back then, I would have done everything I could to help you. I've been feeling guilty all these years."

She suddenly grabbed Meredith's hands in hers. With tears glistening in her eyes, she said, "I'm so sorry."

"Quinley, why are you crying?"

"I...I'm just glad," Quinely wiped away the tears in her eyes and went on, "Meredith, I am just very glad to see you again."

"Even though you don't remember me now, I believe that you'll remember me again someday, and we can be like the best friends that we used to be."

Meredith was of course happy to hear that as Quinley was the first friend that she had met after she regained her consciousness. Smiling, she nodded. "Mm, we will still be good friends in the future." "Come on now, try the pudding."

"Okay." Meredith took a bite and nodded. "This tastes really good. Where did you get this?"

"It's from the bakery that you used to love." "Ah, I don't remember it anymore." Meredith smiled apologetically. "That's alright, I can bring you there some other time." "Okay! Thanks, Quinley!"

"Don't be a stranger now. Aren't we best friends?" Seeing how Quinley and Meredith were getting along well with each other, Lily was relieved and decided to go back to her chores. Meredith packed a whole box of freshly baked cookies for Quinley. Quinley took a bite of the cookies and exclaimed, "Goodness me. This tastes really good. You're just as good as you were back then." "Really?" "Mmhmm," Quinley held her hands and went on, "you can bake cookies for us the next time you throw a birthday dinner. I'm sure Sunny and Wendy would be happy to see you again." "Sure." Meredith did not know who Wendy or Sunny was, but she simply agreed.

Quinley got ready to leave after having the cookies. And Meredith walked her to the door.

Quinley held Meredith's hands in hers and said wistfully, "You don't talk to me as much as you do back then anymore. I can't help but feel a bit hurt by it." "It's not that. It's just that I don't know what to say," Meredith chuckled apologetically and said, "in fact, you're my only friend now and I am really glad to see you." "You do? If that's the case, I am happy too."

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"Me too."

Quinley leaned in and gave her a hug. "I'm leaving now. Take good care of yourself." "Alright." Quinley got into her car. She looked especially stunning driving in that red sports car of hers. She subconsciously moved her hands to her face, and she suddenly felt jealous.

She too wanted to be pretty.

Meredith subconsciously followed behind the red sports car as it drove out the gate. Quinley rolled down the car window. "Meredith, go on inside." "Okay." Meredith waved at her. Right then, a group of men and women gathered around Meredith. Some were holding microphones and some were carrying cameras with them. One of them shouted, "Mrs. Shelby, we heard that Shelby Group is planning to set up a charitable foundation for kids, is that true?" Meredith was startled by the sudden situation.

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Another man from the group shouted, "Mrs. Shelby, do you mind explaining why the charitable foundation is named Nia Foundation? Is the foundation set up to honor Nia?" Meredith felt as if her mind had gone blank instantly.

Quinley pulled over, got out of her car, and stood in front of Meredith. "Where are you guys from? And what are you guys talking about?"

"We're from Zeus Media and we would like to interview Mrs. Shelby," One of the men replied and went on to ask Meredith, "Mrs. Shelby, would you mind saying a few words?"

"Ah-" Meredith suddenly shouted and covered her ears with both hands. "Meredith, are you alright? Meredith?" Quinley immediately crouched down and held Meredith in her arms.

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"Stop asking me! Stop! I don't know anything, ah-" "Can't you guys hear her? Stop asking her! She doesn't know anything!" Quinley shouted at the reporters.

Lily heard the loud commotion outside and hurriedly rushed over with a group of security guards.

The group of reporters was intimidated by the large group of security and immediately retreated.

Meredith suddenly stood up straight, grabbed a reporter from the group, and yelled, "Wait! Don't go! Tell me who Nia is! Who is Nia?"

"Nia is..."

Amidst the chaos, Meredith's face mask got loose and fell from her face.

At the sight of Meredith's scarred face, the man was intimidated and quickly ran away from her.

"Don't go! Don't go!" Meredith yelled as she tried to catch up to the man but was stopped by Lily and Quinley. "Ma'am, calm down. You got to calm down," Lily hugged her tightly, patted her shoulders, and comforted Meredith, "don't listen to anything that they say." "So who exactly is Nia?" Meredith pushed Lily away, stared intently at her, and asked. "Nia..."

Seeing how Lily was not saying anything, Meredith turned to look at Quinley, grabbed Quinley by her shoulders, and shook her hard. "Tell me Quinley, who is Nia? Tell me!" Quinley was getting nauseous from all the shaking and before she could even think clearly, she slipped out, "Nia is the name of your pet dog."

"What?"

Quinley cleared her throat awkwardly and looked at Lily. "Yeah, you named your pet dog Nia, and Nia died later. You were really heartbroken and you even cried for days."

"It was a dog?" Meredith murmured under her breath then turned to look at Lily. "Lily, is it true?"

Lily was speechless. How could she possibly agree that Nia was the name of Meredith's dog when it was the name of Meredith's precious daughter? Quinley too realized that she made a mistake. "Lily, what's important right now is to calm her down." Indeed, without Josiah around, it would be hard to calm Meredith down. Lily had no other choice but to nod her head and agree with Quinley. "Yes, ma'am. It is only a dog. We can ask Sir to get you another pet if you want." Under Lily and Quinley's persuasion, Meredith slowly believed their words. She had finally calmed down.

"Let's head back inside, ma'am." Lily then walked Meredith back into the house.

Quinley got back into her car and drove toward her destination. Entering a private room, Quinley cleared her throat as she leaned next to the door and looked at the people in the room with a wide grin on her face. In the room were a group of men and women, putting on airs. At the sight of Quinley, the women started gathering around her. "So? Did you get to meet the most gorgeous lady in Jehovah City? Is it true what they wrote on the news? That Mister Josiah loves her even more after her daughter is dead?" Quinley cleared her throat

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and announced, "We made a bet, aight? Losers will have to pay for all expenses for the rest of the year in this clubhouse."

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"Yo, look at you go. You must be confident that you're winning huh," said one of the men.

"Duh," Quinley retorted. "So? Everything on the news fake?" The women started asking.

Quinley scoffed, "I told you, right? Unless Josiah is sick in the head, if not, he wouldn't like a disfigured monster like her."

"Exactly. Josiah only agreed to marry her because of her pretty face. Now that she's disfigured, why would he keep a living nightmare next to him?"

"So, Josiah only took her back, gave her flowers, and even fed her to maintain his image as a good husband?"

"Yeah. I'm guessing it's all for the reputation of his company." "What was she doing when you met her earlier?" One of them asked, curious. "She was doing chores in the kitchen."

"Huh? How sad." "That's more to it." Quinley desperately wanted to replay everything that she saw earlier. "She walked me out of the house and was surrounded by a group of reporters asking her questions about Nia Foundation. She got triggered and started shouting crazily."

"Which media company dared to interview her?"

Everyone knew that Josiah had made it clear to all media companies not to publish anything regarding the Shelby family matters.

For the sake of their company, no one dared to provoke or go against Josiah's orders.

"It was part of my plan," Quinley flashed a smug smile and went on, "those were fake reporters. I only wanted to check if Meredith had really gone crazy."

The group was startled, but quickly, they exclaimed, "Damn, Quinley, you still have it in you, don't you? Cruel and ruthless."

"You sound as if you're not happy to see Meredith this way." "Of course we're happy," The ladies exclaimed.

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They hated and resented how Meredith used to be the center of attention wherever she went.

Especially when she got married to Josiah, Meredith shone brighter than anyone else. Meredith's presence dimmed the spotlight on the ladies who were also socialites and from wealthy backgrounds.

What irked them the most was that Meredith had always been ignorant. No matter how much they tried to please Meredith, she would always think less of them.

And for the sake of getting in Meredith's favor, they had to change themselves so that Meredith would accept them,

"Oh, let me tell you something hilarious," Ouinley pulled into another smug, smile and went on, "Guess what I told Meredith who Nia was when she went all crazy after hearing the name? I told her that Nia was the name of her pet dog, and she actually believed me, and she calmed down after that. Haha, isn't it hilarious?"

A burst of laughter filled the room. Neither of them thought that the once ignorant and prideful Meredith would end up like this.

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Lily did not dare to tell Josiah about what happened earlier, Josiah's grandmother did not say a word to him as well and only reprimanded Lily for letting Meredith leave the house all on her own.

Lily apologized and promised, "Ma'am, I will be more careful next time."

"Mm, get back to your work." Josiah's grandmother noticed Meredith who was sitting absentmindedly on the sofa and called out to her, "Edith dear, where are the cookies that you baked? Aren't you going to let me try them?" Meredith though looked up, stared at her, and asked, "Granny, is Nia really just a dog? Is it a pretty dog?"

"Mm...you loved her a lot. She is one pretty dog," Josiah's grandmother had no choice but to go on with the made-up story.

Since Meredith had accepted that Nia was her dog, Josiah's grandmother could only go on with the story. "Can I get another dog then?"

"Do you want to?"

"Mm, I'll call Josiah right now." Meredith reached for her phone and Josiah's grandmother immediately stopped her, "Joe might still be on the airplane. He might only touch down by midnight."