

STILL LOVING YOU NONETHELESS

Chapter 7

Hence, no. She would not.

"Why? Are you worried about your boyfriend? Or are you worried that that child of yours wouldn't have a father?"

"No, it's not like that..." Meredith shook her head, dropped the knife on the floor, tugged at the corners of Josiah's shirt, and pleaded, "Joe, I can't do it, I need to stay alive to take care of our kid..."

"Get your dirty hands off me," Josiah hissed. He was feeling suffocated as he recalled the video and how Meredith and Yoel were hugging each other and were about to escape.

With all the strength in him, Josiah pushed Meredith off him.

Meredith's head hit the corner of a table with a loud bang and she passed out immediately.

Josiah did not even take another look at Meredith but instead glanced coldly at Yoel who was cowering at a corner.

Yoel let out a painful shriek after getting furiously kicked by Josiah.

"Guys, get in here!" Josiah shouted.

A few bodyguards rushed into the room.

"I don't care how you do it, just make sure that he is dead."

"Yes sir," replied the bodyguards as they dragged Yoel out of the patient ward.

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Meredith was once again being forced to wake up by a cold bucket of water.

Still in a daze, she opened her eyes slowly to see Josiah standing tall in front of her bed. The room was bathing in the evening sunlight and Josiah looked breathtaking under the warm sun rays.

Meredith recalled the time when she used all her strength to pull Josiah out of the water. The sunset too was beautiful on that day, and he too looked attractive as ever.

However, Josiah did not remember the incident as he was passed out.

"Joe, you're finally here to see me," Meredith pulled into a smile and continued, "I knew that you would believe me, after all, I am your wife..."

"And because of that, you're willing to push Yena off the stairs," Josiah uttered in an indifferent and cold tone, jolting Meredith back to her senses.

"Joe, I did not push Yena," Meredith cried out anxiously as she grabbed onto his sleeves and continued, "Joe, you have to trust me..."

"Enough!" Josiah growled as he pushed her hands away with a disgusted look on his face. Standing tall and looking down at Meredith, he taunted,

"Meredith Leighton, I'm only here to bring you bad news. That boyfriend of yours was drowned to death. You can forget about running away with him."

"He's not my boyfriend! There's really nothing going on between us..."

"I don't believe a word that you say and I only trust what I see," Josiah cut her off and bellowed, "Sit up and drink this."

He reached for a glass on the table.

Looking at the contents in the glass, Meredith had a bad feeling. She asked, "Joe, what is this..."

"It's to get rid of the baby."

"No..!" The look on Meredith's face changed. Shaking her head vigorously, she inched backward to the corner of the bed and said, "I don't want it, please don't do this Joe. This is your child."

"My child? If it's really mine, why didn't you tell me but hid it from me for two months?"

"Joe, I only got to know about this at the same time as you."

Pulling Meredith towards him, Josiah sniggered, "Meredith Leighton, even if I do believe that the child is mine, you have no right to give birth to that child."

"Why..?"

"Because you're unworthy!"

Meredith felt her heart being torn to pieces.

She could not understand why Josiah had turned into someone like that.

Even though they were only married due to the arrangements between their families, Josiah had always treated her with respect and had acknowledged her to be his only wife.

Why was he willing to kill her and their child just because of someone else's evil scheme?

"I'm not drinking it," Meredith cried as tears blurred her eyes, "Joe, this is our child. You'll regret this!"

"I will not!" said Josiah as he grabbed Meredith's chin to open her mouth and forced the liquid into her mouth.

Struggling to push him away, Meredith shouted in fear, "No, Joe, don't..."

There was no way that she was able to fight Josiah with a weak and frail body like hers. Soon, the glass of liquid was emptied.

Meredith stuck a finger down her throat in an attempt to purge out the liquid.

However, nothing came out no matter how much she tried.

She burst into tears and yelled, "Josiah Shelby! I hate you!"

The child belonged to them. How could he do such a thing to her?

"Perfect. I hate you too," said Josiah. Ignoring her tears and cries, Josiah put down the glass and added coldly, "Meredith Leighton, we're even now. But you still have to keep paying for what you did to Yena until the day she wakes up."

With her arms wrapped around her stomach, Meredith cried her heart out.

At that moment, she swore to herself that she would never expect anything from Josiah anymore.

But her child...

Just when she got to know of her child, her poor child was killed by its father.

The pain of losing her child was a thousand times greater than being pushed down the stairs, being whipped, or bitten by a dog.

As soon as Josiah's back disappeared from her view, Ysabelle finally came out from hiding in a corner of the hallway and a smug smile tugged at her lips.