

## Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 81

Chapter 81

in the mansion

Yena was put in the guest room on the second floor. Ysabelle was extremely busy. She was much more considerate and eager toward her than to her sisters,

After settling Yena down, she placed a bouquet of fresh roses by the nightstand next to the bed and smiled at Josiah. She said, "Josiah, Yena loves this color of roses. I will change a fresh bouquet for her every day." Without waiting for Josiah to say anything, Ysabelle continued, "Also, Josiah, I'll just stay in the room next to hers. It's easier to take care of Yena that way."

Yena."

She did not expect that Josiah would say, "No need. I've already found someone to take care of

Ysabelle was slightly disappointed. Previously, Josiah did not object to it, she thought that he had agreed for her to come over to take care of Yena. She never would have thought... "But, the doctor said that it's best to let Yena be with people she's familiar with. It'll help her come around quicker," Ysabelle did not give up and continued, "It's best you let me stay." "Yena is familiar with the person I found." "Who is it?"

"You'll know it soon," Josiah said, walked to the sofa, and sat down. "There is nothing for you *to do* here anymore. You can go." He was actually chasing her away? Ysabelle bit her lips disappointingly, but she pretended and said obediently, "Okay, then I'll come back and see Yena tomorrow."

"Hmm."

Ysabelle pondered for a while. She walked over to poured tea for Josiah and asked, "By the way, Josiah, what do you think of the incident with Meredith's mother today?" "What do you mean?" "I mean, it is understood why Meredith's mother hates me. After all, her mother...had a *problem* with me before. I only said what I said at the police station to intimidate her so that she won't come at me again."

Ysabelle paused for a while and continued, "I was thinking, after all, my injuries are not that serious. I think we should forget about it and forgive her."

Although Ysabelle wanted to bring the mother-daughter duo down, she still had to pretend a tle in front of Josiah, in case Josiah felt that she was a cruel person.

ou want to forgive her?” Josiah raised his eyebrow. ‘s, *after* all, Aunty Alayna is quite old, her health is not good too. If she were to end up in on, it would be tragic.”

let you handle this?”

Ysabelle left the decision with Josiah and pretended to be kind because she could see that Josiah would not let Meredith go that easily.

If she guessed correctly, the person that Josiah mentioned just now was Meredith.

He wanted Meredith to come back to take care of Yena!

Josiah thought for a while before saying, “This is your matter. You solve it on your own.” She was letting him handle such important situations, yet he did not even appreciate it? Ysabelle never expected this outcome, but she had already put on the good person act. Josiah not accepting it was his problem.

“Then, I’ll let the police know later. We’ll just let this matter be,” Ysabelle said kindly.

Coming out of the mansion, Ysabelle’s expressions gradually turned colder. Then, she picked up her phone and dialed Meredith.

“Meredith. Do you want to rescue your mother? Come and kneel and apologize to me.”

Meredith, on the other end of the line, was silent for a while before saying, “Will you let my mother go as long as I kneel in front of you?”

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 82**

Chapter 82 “It depends on how sincere you kneel to me.” “Where?”

Ysabelle gave her an address. Half an hour later, they met in an alley. Meredith looked at the woman in bright-colored clothes, looking elegant and regal. However, her mind was filled with what that woman did to her in the past. Knowing how vicious that woman was, would she easily let her mother go? Meredith did not believe it.

However, to save her mother, she had to give it a try. Meredith bent her knees and knelt on the ground. “I’m sorry. I hope that you can forgive my mother. She’s old. I hope you can write her a pardon letter.”

Ysabelle looked at how lowly Meredith looked. She chuckled smugly, “Meredith Leighton. You’re still so useless. You’ve gone into hiding for three years and you’re still such a coward.”

Then, Ysabelle raised her hand and poured the iced tea that she bought a moment ago while passing by a dessert shop over Meredith’s head. The iced tea drizzled from

Meredith's head to the back of her neck, soaking her. She could not help but shudder due to the cold.

However, Meredith did not struggle. She merely closed her eyes and suffered. She thought that Ysabelle would feel better after pouring the iced tea on her, but she was wrong.

After Ysabelle poured the iced tea over her, she threw the empty cup to the floor fiercely and said, "Lick the tea off the floor clean!" Meredith was speechless. She was in pain and her body trembled. She raised her hand and wiped the iced tea off her face. She said calmly, "Ysabelle, you clearly know why my mother pushed you. I'm willing to apologize to you so that you could take it out on me and forgive my mother, but I hope you don't push it!" "Forgive? Dream on!" Ysabelle sneered, "Meredith, you know how much I hate you and your useless mother. Do you think I'll give up such a good opportunity and forgive your mother?" "Oh, it's not impossible. I've already said just now unless you lick the tea off the floor clean." Ysabelle grabbed Meredith's head and pushed it down toward the puddle of tea on the floor." Lick it! If you don't lick it, I'll make sure you suffer!" Meredith pushed Ysabelle's hand away with all her might. She said angrily, "Ysabelle, are you

nuts?"

"You're the one, who is nuts." Ysabelle took a step back and sneered, "You're not going to lick, right? Then, just wait for your mother to go to prison. Let me remind you. Once your mother goes to prison, I don't know if she could come out alive."

Then, she bent down and said to Meredith's ears, "You wait and see. I'll make sure that the people will treat her well inside until she dies there."

Meredith was frightened half to death. She glared at her. "Ysabelle, how could you be so brazen!"

"What do you think? Do you want to repeat the ordeal from three years ago?"

"You-"

Ysabelle suddenly chuckled out loud and took a step backward. "Meredith, you're a failure. You gave birth to a daughter secretly, yet she's a sick kid that could die at any moment. No wonder Josiah loathed her upon seeing her. No wonder he doesn't even want to look at her.

"Tsk, tsk, if I were you, I would just choke her to death so that she wouldn't drag you down, forcing you to earn to support her."

Meredith closed her eyes, letting the remnants of the iced tea trickle down her face.

She clenched her fists tightly as if she was closing her hands around Ysabelle's neck, using all her might to choke her to death!

Ysabelle looked at Meredith shuddering in rage, she continued to provoke her, "I was planning to help you get rid of that trash. I didn't expect your mother to stop me right in the nick of time. Sigh. It's a pity."

Meredith raised her dirty face and glared at Ysabelle with reddened eyes. "You finally admit that you wanted to kill my daughter?"

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 83**

Chapter 83 "Yes, I'll admit it. I wanted to kill her" Ysabelle nodded She provoked Meredith harder. "Back then, I initially wanted to throw her into the flames, I never thought that she would escape it, so I can only continue taking action on her. "Today, when I picked up Yena from the hospital, I saw her upstairs waiting for her daddy and mommy to come to see her. I found her face annoying, so I couldn't help but walk toward her..."

Meredith finally could not take it any longer and pounced at Ysabelle. She grabbed Ysabelle's hair and yelled, "Ysabelle! You viciously attacked a three-year-old. Aren't you afraid of retribution?"

Ysabelle was forced backward by Meredith and hit the wall behind her. Ysabelle did not fight back, letting Meredith continue hitting her, letting Meredith take it out on her. She merely hugged her head. "Meredith, stop hitting me. I've already said I'll forgive your mother. It hurts

"Ah! My head hurts!" Ysabelle continued to wail, "Meredith, I was wrong. I'll never do it again!"

Meredith looked at Ysabelle putting on an act. She gradually came to her senses. Meredith's hand was still on her hair. She glared at Ysabelle, "Ysabelle, what are you up to now?"

"I'm...I'm letting you take it out on me." Ysabelle stopped crying, on the contrary, she smiled. "A price must be paid to achieve a certain goal. Don't you get it?" Then, she slapped Meredith violently on the face. "I'll slap you for today. The rest, I'll make you pay back bit by bit."

Ysabelle was extremely strong. Meredith was in a daze from the slap. Ysabelle took this chance to push Meredith away and sorted her clothes before walking out of the alley.

Meredith's legs turned to jelly. She slumped onto the ground. Josiah had just finished his work. He was just about to head to the room next door to look at Yena when his phone rang.

He picked up the call. When he heard what the other party said, he furrowed his brow and said calmly, "I do not want to deal with their matters. Let them solve it themselves."

Ysabelle's cries suddenly came from the other end of the line. "Josiah, I was being kind to get the police to mediate but Meredith beat me up! I really have no choice but to call you. "Josiah, she said that if I don't write her a pardon letter, she will stab me with a knife the next time. I'm...I'm afraid!"

Josiah heard Ysabelle's cries and smiled. "Are you sure she hit you?"

"Josiah, what do you mean by that? If you don't believe me, you can come and see the footage yourself," Ysabelle said aggrievedly.

Josiah thought back about how Meredith stabbed him twice. He did not doubt her guts to do so one bit.

"Don't worry, she won't dare to stab you. After all, she's not an idiot," Josiah said one bit and

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hung up the call.

He just put the phone down when he heard the notification of a new message. He taped it open to see Meredith grabbing Ysabelle's hair and violently slamming her against the wall.

Facing Ysabelle's pleas, Meredith did not let her go at all. This truly refreshed his understanding of Meredith again.

Ysabelle even attached a voice message to it, "Josiah, look at her. She's a vixen! I'm starting to wonder whether she is mentally sane."

Josiah ignored her. He turned off the screen of his phone and headed to Yena's bedroom.

When the nurse saw him enter, she immediately got up from the chair. "Mister Josiah, you're up so late." Josiah nodded and looked at Yena on the bed. "How is she?"

**Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 84**

Chapter 84 Mister lostah, don't wony Ariss Yena's life signs are stable she has no signs of 2. Atasiment due to the changing environment"

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Thank you" Josiah nodded

As long as Meredith is 1200 involved, his character was quite gentle,

Meredith thought that if she took her mother's medical records, she would be able to bail her out, yet she never thought that she would be refused.

She initially did not understand why that happened, until she remembered what Ysabelle said to her Ysabelle said that she would torment her bit by bit, making her wish that she was never born.

Making sure her mother dies inside of prison was probably the first step of her plan!

After begging people inside for a long time without getting any response, she could not help but change her target to Josiah. She knew that Josiah was not any better than Ysabelle, she also knew that it would be futile to ask him for help, but she still went ahead with it.

At that moment, Josiah was drinking with his bunch of friends in the room.

She remembered that Josiah was not the type that hit the clubs in the past. He also did not like anyone there. However, ever since he acquired the Luna Club, he started patronizing it every two or three days.

Meredith was in a sexy dress. She knelt with one knee on the ground next to Josiah's legs. She looked at him flirtatiously and said, "Mister Josiah, do you need any service for tonight? I'll satisfy you the best I can."

Josiah glanced at her. The white butterfly mask hid the ugly part of her face. Her eyes were huge and watery, seductive even.

He did not need to think to know why this woman would look at him with this expression.

However, he did not take the bait. On the contrary, he pried her wandering hands off his legs and mocked her, "No matter what service I need, I wouldn't want it from a woman uglier than a ghost." Josiah grabbed Meredith's hands so hard it hurt. She felt as if her bones were about to snap. However, she gritted her teeth and bore through it. She still said fawningly to him, "Mister Josiah, it's okay if you don't like me, I'll just kneel here and pour you wine."

She poured the wine that was most to his liking.

Josiah did not refuse. He merely smiled and said, "Okay, you drink it first."

He wanted to see if this woman, who hated him so much, would drink it or not.

Meredith knew that he did it deliberately. She looked at the wine in her hands. She gritted her teeth and smiled faintly and said, "Then, I'll down it."

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She raised her head and downed the wine. Then, she flipped the glass upside down and showed it to *Josiah*. "*Mister Josiah*, what do you think?"

"*No*." *Josiah* smiled sinisterly. "I remembered that your alcohol tolerance is not that weak."

*Meredith* had no choice but to pour another glass of wine. Then, she raised the glass to him and said, "As long as you're happy, *Mister Josiah*, I'll listen to you." "*Good*." *Josiah* suddenly went forward and caressed her uninjured side of the cheek. He said flirtatiously in her ears, "*Miss Meredith*, you have something to say to me, right? When you drink until you can't move, then we'll start talking." *Meredith's* hands tightened a little around the glass. *Josiah* wanted to see her make a fool out of herself!

## Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 85

Chapter 85 *Nia* was still in the hospital with *Zya* looking after her. *Meredith* already said that she would head over once work was done. How could she look after *Nia* if she was drunk?

"*Mister Josiah*, I can't drink today. Can we have some other type of fun?" She asked stiffly.

"What fun do you want to have?"

Someone by the side started a ruckus, "*Mister Josiah*, stop pretending to be a prude. Do you need to ask what fun the lady wants?"

"Yes, she's already taking the first move, you can stop pretending!" *Meredith* listened to them, but she was calm as water. Perhaps she was forced by *Josiah* to do too many embarrassing and humiliating things for the past few days. She had started to grow numb to it.

At that moment, she only wanted to rescue her mother out and earn some money to treat *Nia*. Not only joking around drinking with other men, even if they stripped her clothes off and sold her off, but she would also be willing to do it.

Josiah swirled the glass of wine in his hands. He looked at the woman in front of her with an ambiguous smile. "Miss Meredith, you're not what they think you are, are you?"

Meredith smiled at him and said, "Josiah, I'll do anything you want me to do. As long as you give me a chance to talk."

"But I'm not interested in you tonight, Miss Meredith."

She did not want to drink, but Josiah insisted otherwise. He hinted at the countless glasses of alcohol on the table with his chin. "Why don't you finish all the alcohol on that table. As long as you're still standing, I'll give you a chance to talk."

There was assorted alcohol on the table. Meredith's heart skipped a beat. However, for her mother and Nia, she asked stiffly, "Are you sure?"

"Meredith Leighton, I'm not a liar like you." Josiah leaned back against the sofa.

Under the gaze of everyone waiting for a good show to go down, Meredith picked up the glass of alcohol and downed it.

The intense feeling flowed down her throat. She could not help but cough uncomfortably.

However, she did not stop. She picked up the second glass and downed it.

She wanted to finish all the alcohol on the table in the shortest time possible. Then, ask Josiah to let go of her mother and her daughter before she got completely drunk.

She was afraid that once she was drunk, she would forget about it.

Looking at her downing it glass after glass, her eyes watering. Even the other guys by the side watching could not bear to watch it, yet it was like Josiah had no emotions at all. He did not even blink at all.

He just watched her drinking closely. Seeing her tears fall from the intensity of the alcohol. Because Josiah was the one that got her to drink, no one dared to comment in case they

spoiled his mood.

Those men noticed that Josiah's mood was not right. They found an excuse to leave when Meredith was still drinking.

Not long after they left, Meredith finally finished all the alcohol on the table.

The alcohol in her stomach was so full it was almost brimming in her throat. She felt her entire stomach on fire. However, the more uncomfortable she felt, the more she did not dare to stop. She said to Josiah, "Mister Josiah. I have finished drinking. Can I say something now?"

Josiah took a sip of wine distractedly. He said, "Do you know why I made you drink so much?"

Meredith shook her head gently.

How would she know why he did what he did? He never needed a reason to torment her. "I heard you beat Ysabelle up last night. Is that right?"

Meredith was speechless and a little stunned. She never thought it would be because of that woman.

No wonder that woman acted like a schizophrenic the night before. It was so that she could complain to Josiah so that Josiah would stand up for her. She smiled bitterly. "If I said that she was the one that attacked first, will you believe me?"

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 86**

Chapter 86 "Where are your bruises? Show me, then I'll believe you."

Meredith was speechless. Ysabelle slapped her on the injured side of her face. There was no bruise to show him.

"I saw the footage of you pushing her to the wall. I saw the injuries on her head today too." Josiah bent down and looked at her closely once more. "Meredith, do you think there is still a reason for you to talk to me?"

Meredith panicked.

Just because she hit Ysabelle, so she did not have a chance to speak at all? "Mister Josiah..." Meredith shook her head with difficulty, she tried to calm herself down. "I can't explain myself about Ysabelle. You won't believe me either, but my mother can't go to prison. Her health is terrible. She passed out in the hospital a few days ago."

"Shouldn't you tell all this to Ysabelle?"

If it worked with Ysabelle, she would not have come to plead with him, even forced herself to drink so much alcohol. "I know that you are close to Ysabelle, Mister Josiah. As long as you help me, I'm sure Ysabelle will forgive my mother." "If you were not such a b\*tch in beating Ysabelle up last night, perhaps, she might even forgive you, but now..." He sneered and said, "I'm not sure she will."

“Mister Josiah, what do I need to do for you to help me?” Meredith held his knees and gently shook them. Her tears streamed down her face. “As long as you say it, I’ll do it.”

“Stop crying.” He looked at her tear-stricken face with disgust. He hated that she used tears as a weapon, yet it was a tried-and-true method for him.

Meredith immediately wiped her tears away and stopped her tears from falling. To go on stage, she wore eye makeup. At that moment, the tears smudged her make-up terribly.

Meredith did not need to see to know how terrible she looked at that moment. She got up with difficulty. “I’ll...I’ll go wash up.” Because she had been kneeling for too long, she stumbled and fell on his lap. Josiah furrowed his brows. The detest on his face was even more intense. “I’m...I’m sorry.” Meredith held onto him and stood up once again. She fumbled toward the bathroom.

The moment she entered the bathroom, the alcohol in her stomach started gushing out. She hugged the toilet bowl and hurled. Her tears which she stopped with difficulty came falling again as she puked.

Seeing how wretched she looked in the mirror, she cried heartbreakingly.

The man outside did not even take pity on her. He did not even cast her a concerning glance. Why was she still hoping for a man like him to help her?

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She must be daydreaming. : Meredith thought she could give up at any time. She slumped to the ground. Perhaps she had drank too much, she was so drunk she could not open her eyes.

Gradually, she started losing consciousness.

Josiah noticed that she did not come out of the bathroom for a long time. He suspected that she was deliberately hiding inside.

He never thought that the moment he pushed the door open, he saw her asleep by the corner.

There was nowhere to release his anger, so he kicked her twice. “Meredith. Stop playing dead. Get up and continue.

"Didn't you say that you have something to say to me? Get up right now and say it to me!" Josiah kicked her twice more, but Meredith still did not come around.

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"You're so weak, yet you want to play with me? You overestimate your powers," He coldly spat, turned around, and headed out of the bathroom.

Everyone in the room has left. Josiah was about to leave too.

He just opened the door of the room when Meredith's cries could be heard coming from the bathroom. "Joe, don't go. I'll explain...I'll explain..."

Josiah turned around and headed back to the bathroom.

Meredith was not conscious, she remained in the same position at the corner of the bathroom, only with the addition of two lines of tears on her face. "Meredith, were you calling for me?" He bent down and pinched her chin. "What right do you have to call my name? Hmm?" He used a lot of strength, Meredith was hurt, she opened her eyes slowly.

In blurriness, she saw Josiah's face, but she could not see the expressions on his face or the disgust he had for her.

It was like he was the young man she knew back then. "Joe! You're here!" Meredith supported herself against the corner of the wall and stood up. Then, her legs turned to jelly, and she fell into Josiah's arms. "Joe, take me away, please? I'm cold..." The moment her body fell toward him, Josiah instinctively caught her. Her familiar scent flooded his senses. He never pushed her away but instead picked her up in his arms and headed toward the door of the room.

Seeing Josiah carrying Meredith back, Lily was extremely stunned. She followed Josiah upstairs while asking, "Sir, what happened to Ma'am? Is she alright?" Josiah stopped in his tracks, turned back, and glared at her. "There is no ma'am here. She's not my wife either."

Lily immediately hit her mouth. "I'm sorry, sir. I misspoke."

"Then..." Lily continued, "Do you want me to look after Miss Meredith? I can..."

"No need!" A woman like that did not deserve care from anyone else. She was only worthy of being defiled by a thousand men, then thrown into the corner of the bathroom!

He did not understand what had happened to him a moment ago, taking Meredith back to the mansion. The anger in him raged stronger. He initially wanted to put her on the

bed, but he threw her on the floor. With a thud, Meredith's head hit the floor. She let out a muffled grunt in pain and got sober too.

She groggily got up from the ground and scanned her surroundings. She asked, "Where am I?"

Josiah sneered and looked at her. "Meredith, this is the room where you had an affair with Yoel, have you forgotten it so quickly?"

"Affair?" Meredith was stunned. Then, she shook her head violently. "No! I did not have an affair, I did not! Joe, you have to believe me. I did not have an affair..."

Meredith got up and hugged her hands around his neck. "Joe, you have to believe me..."

Josiah shoved her to the ground in disgust. "Don't touch me with your dirty body!"

Meredith exclaimed in pain.

Josiah's anger was not relieved. He picked her up once again. "You didn't have an affair, is that so? Then where did that bastard of a child of yours come from? Don't forget, every time we did it, we wore protection!"

"Bastard of a child..." Meredith shook her head. "No. Nia is not a bastard. Nia is not...Nia is still waiting for me at the hospital."

She pushed him away and staggered out of the room. "Nia, don't be afraid. Mommy is coming to see you." However, she could not open the door of the bedroom no matter how she tried.

Chapter 88 Meredith kicked and hit the intricately carved door and said frantically, "Open the door! Open the door! I want to go out!" She managed to open the door with difficulty, yet Josiah slammed it shut again with one move. "You want to leave." He sneered.

Meredith looked at him and nodded. "Yes, my daughter is waiting alone for me in the hospital. I want to go look after her. Can you open the door, please?"

She's just a bastard, it's nothing if she dies."

"I've already said it. Nia is not a bastard!" Meredith suddenly flared up. She kept hitting him with both hands. "Josiah, you listen up. Nia is not a bastard. She is kind, adorable, and smart. She is my precious sweetheart!" Meredith grabbed Josiah by the collar and yelled at him, "Josiah, you don't have to want her, but you can't insult her. If not, I will not let you go! Do

you hear me?" Josiah lowered his head and looked at the hands grabbing his collars. He smiled. "Is that so? How do you plan to do that?"

"Like this!"

Slap! Meredith slapped his left cheek violently. Then, immediately slapped his right. "And also, like this!"

Josiah has been slapped twice. His expressions instantly darkened.

"Meredith. How dare you slap me?"

"Yes, I'm slapping you, you jerk!" She raised her hands and wanted to hit him again, but he grabbed her wrist.

He turned around and flung her to the sofa. Then, he approached her.

With a rip, he roughly tore her clothes apart. "I'll f\*ck you right now!"

Meredith felt a coolness on her chest. She gained a little more sober. Her consciousness slowly came around.

Not only did Josiah bring her back to the mansion, but he even used this sort of method to humiliate her. Was he not afraid that Yena would be sad?

She knew that it was useless to struggle, so she hugged her arms around his neck and smiled sweetly. "Mister Josiah, do you like my body? Do you have any money?"

As long as there was money, she did not care what he did to her. She did not care one bit.

Josiah frowned and glared at her. "Meredith, what are you talking about? Are you asking me for money?"

"Yes, haven't you always mocked me saying I sell my body for money? That I use this way to

pleasure you well." Josiah was completely disgusted by her. He had completely lost his desire for her. He threw her to the ground. "Meredith. In my eyes, you're not even worth three hundred dollars tonight!"

Meredith has been thrown to the ground by him a few times. She felt as if her head was about to split open, but she still got up with difficulty. She raised her head and looked at him. "If that's the case, you can throw me out. Why do you want me to dirty your house?"

Throw her out.

She still needed to go to the hospital to take care of Nia.

However, the more she wanted to leave, the more Josiah did not want to let her go. He gritted his teeth. "You pestered me to take you back home, now that you're here, you want to leave? Not that easy!"

Then, he left her and walked toward the door of the bedroom.

"No! I can't stay here!" Meredith anxiously chased after him, but her head knocked on the closed door. Her body stiffened and she passed out on the floor.

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The next day, Meredith was awoken by the torturing pain. She clutched her swollen forehead and got up with difficulty by supporting herself against the wall. She was stunned by her surroundings. She quickly scanned around and realized that the bedroom looked rather familiar, yet foreign to her at the same time. Was she at...the Shelbys?

She looked closely and finally recognized it. She was at the Shelbys. This was the room she lived in with Josiah when she got married. However, why did she wake up there? She closed her eyes and tried to think hard about the incidents that happened the night before. She remembered drinking a lot of alcohol, then accidentally passing out in the bathroom. She did not have any memories about how she arrived at the Shelbys.

The next memory she had was her slapping Josiah twice. Meredith quickly looked at her palm. Did she actually slap the devil twice? Also, Josiah did not kill her in rage? That did not seem like his character!

Meredith had no heart to speculate what Josiah was thinking. She quickly picked up her phone and dialed Zya. The phone was soon picked up. "Zya, how is Nia?" Meredith asked eagerly. "Nia is great. She kept asking for her mother and grandmother," Zya asked concernedly, "Merelyn, how are you? Did Mister Josiah agree to let Aunty Alayna go?" Meredith was instantly disappointed. She shook her head. "No." She initially wanted to properly plead to Josiah, but she got drunk. She even slapped him twice. That devil must be extremely furious. Meredith was worried that he not only would not let her mother go, but he would instead make things worse. Meredith took a deep breath and said, "Zya, please help me look after Nia a little while more. I'll repay this favor." "Don't worry. I won't ask for anything in return. I'll still take good care of Nia. It's only..." Zya said helplessly, "You continuing this way is not a solution. You need to quickly end things and deal with them so you can continue living." "I know." Meredith bit her lips and choked. She had always known that this was not the way to go, but she had no other choice. Offending Josiah was like one foot already in hell. At that moment, she had Ysabelle to deal with too. She truly did not know what she should do. Zya could not bear to hear Meredith crying. "Zya, although you need to solve problems, you have to find ways and ask politely, don't keep going up against Mister Josiah."

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"Yes, I understand," Meredith said, "Zya, I'm hanging up."

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After hanging up, Meredith wiped her tears away and collected her thoughts before heading out of the room.

The entire house was in silence. She did not know which room Josiah was in, so she could only search them one by one.

In the third room, she suddenly saw a person lying on the bed. It was Yena!

It turns out, Josiah did take Yena back home to care for her. He even let her stay in the bedroom closest to his study.

Yena was clearly the one he loved.

Ever since Yena was injured, Meredith has never seen her anymore. She did not even know what she had become.

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 90**

Chapter 90 Menslith could not help but walk into the bedroom with every step she took, it was like someone put tremendous weight on her, in rushing her lungs she felt so comfortable she could barely breathe

Yena Was much skinnier than before. Her face was as pale as paper. It was a heartbreaking sight to see

“Yena,” Meredith looked at her and called out to her. She smiled bitterly and said, “I know you didn’t mean it. I know you’re the victim, like me, but you’re much luckier. At least Yena still loves you. I have nothing anymore. No, I have a huge debt and a mother and a daughter to rescue. I can’t hold it any longer.

“I beg you, please come around quickly. Because only if you come around can you clear me of my name and then I can leave that devil forever.”

Meredith’s tears which she fought so hard to keep in fell once again. At the thought of how deep the misunderstanding Josiah had for her, she quickly wiped her tears away and walked out of the bedroom. The moment she walked out of the bedroom she saw the well-dressed Josiah walking upstairs from below. She instantly stiffened there on the spot. Josiah looked at her and his expression darkened. “Why did you go in?” “I...” Meredith was at a loss for words. Why did he have to be so angry? Did he think that she entered Yena’s room because she had ill intentions toward her?

Josiah choked Meredith by the neck and said angrily, “Did you do something Yena? Meredith, I’m warning you. If anything happens to Yena, I’ll make sure you die a terrible death!”

As expected, in his subconscious mind, Meredith was an evil person. Even if Yena had already turned to a vegetative state, he still did not let Meredith go.

However, she was not that type of person! Why could he not see that?

Tears fell from the corner of her eyes, not because it hurt when he choked her, but because he did not trust her. Even though three years have passed, it was still an equally horrible feeling.

“Josiah...” Meredith opened her mouth and said with difficulty, “I didn’t do anything. Why don’t you go in and have a look for yourself before blaming me?”

“Yeah, right!” Josiah finally let her go. He coldly spat, “Wipe those pretentious tears away. I don’t want to see it.”

Meredith fell to the ground and gasped for air. At the thought that she slapped him twice the night before, Meredith wiped her tears away and knelt in front of him, apologizing, “Mister Josiah. I’m very sorry. I entered the wrong room. I saw Yena there, so I went to see her. I really didn’t do anything.”

Josiah looked at her and sneered in detest, “Meredith, you sure are cheap. You’ll just kneel as and when.”

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Meredith said bitterly, “Who asked me to offend you, Mister Josiah? As long as you want me to, not only kneeling, but if you want me to hand my life over to you, I’ll do it without any complaints.” : “Is that so? You’ll die for me?”. “On the condition that you let my mother go.” “Okay, if you jump down from here right now, I’ll let her go.” Josiah waved and pointed at the French window. Meredith looked in the direction in which he pointed, then looked at Josiah, stunned.

She never expected that he would be so quick to decide. Was her life really that worthless to him?

“Meredith, if you can’t do it, then don’t promise such things in the future!” Josiah coldly reprimanded, “I don’t have time to waste with you here!” Josiah turned and entered Yena’s bedroom.

He was with Yena in silence for a while. He noticed that Yena’s complexion was looking worse than before.

He angrily picked up the internal phone line and barked, “Who is in charge of taking care o Yena? Did they not notice that she is cold?”

The nurse quickly ran up. She apologized nervously, “I’m sorry, Mister Josiah. I touched Miss Yena just now. I didn’t feel that she was cold, so I...went down to have breakfast.” “How unprofessional. Who sent you here?” “I’m sorry. It’s my fault...”

“Leave!”

The nurse was so frightened her face turned pale. She frantically ran away. Josiah went over to turn up the temperature and tucked Yena in properly, then he only left when he felt her body temperature return to normal. When he walked out of the bedroom, he realized that Meredith was still kneeling by the door.

He furrowed his brows.

Meredith reached out and tugged the corner of his sleeves. She pleaded, "Josiah, please let my mother go. I beg of you..." "Let your mother go?" He gazed down at her and sneered, "Sure." "Do you mean it?" Meredith straightened her back excitedly. She looked at him. "Mister Josiah. If you let my mother go, I am really willing to do anything, besides...dying." She could not die at that moment! She was in no place to die! "Don't worry, I won't let you die." Josiah bent down and scooped Meredith up, taking her to the side of Yena's bed.

Looking at Yena sleeping soundly in bed, Meredith had a bad feeling. "Miss Meredith. You studied medicine, right? It should be easy for you to stay and take care of Yena, right?" Meredith was slightly stunned. She looked at Josiah in disbelief. "Y-You want me to stay and take care of Yena?" "Yes. Why? Are you refusing?"

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That was obvious, after all, Meredith still needed to take care of Nia, she also had to work and earn to pay for Nia's medical bills. However, she also knew that she had no power to refuse

"No, I only don't understand," Meredith said, "Mister Josiah, you clearly don't trust me. Why do you still want me to care for Yena? Aren't you worried that I'll do something to her?"

"I'm not worried." Josiah shook his head. "Because if Yena dies, I'll make sure you, your other, and your daughter will be buried with her."

Meredith was speechless.

Josiah's heart, her family's life was worthless and no match to Yena's life.