

## Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 121

Chapter 121 “Meredith, this mushroom soup is cold. Get a new one for Josiah.” Ysabelle said to Meredith.

Taking a glimpse at Josiah whose face was overcast and gloomy, Meredith got up from her seat and headed into the kitchen.

“Josiah, even though Nia is Yoel’s biological daughter, she is also Meredith’s daughter. After all, Meredith was once your wife. So let’s just let it go this time, hmm?” Ysabelle sounded as if she was comforting Josiah but really, she was just reminding Josiah over and over again of the fact that Nia was not his biological child. Feeling anger thrumming through her veins, Meredith’s hands were shaking in rage. Shutting her eyes and taking a deep breath to calm herself down, Meredith refilled a bowl of mushroom soup for Josiah.

“Meredith, here, let me get it for Josiah.” Ysabelle walked into the kitchen, flashed Meredith a smirk, and proceeded to flip over the bowl of soup that Meredith was holding.

The steaming hot soup spilled all over Meredith’s hand as she let out a painful gasp.

Meredith shot a deadly glare at Ysabelle.

Ysabelle still had that annoying smile plastered over her face. “Oops, it spilled? That’s alright, you can fill another bowl.”

With her hands shaking, Meredith turned around to fill another bowl. “Meredith, be careful this time, you don’t want to spill it, ahh..!” Ysabelle let out a painful shriek. Staring at Meredith in disbelief while screaming in pain, Ysabelle did not expect Meredith to actually spill the soup all over her body.

Smirking, Meredith said, “Sorry, it must have slipped from my hands.”

“Meredith Leighton, you..!” Grabbing onto her blouse that was soaked with the soup, Ysabelle yelled, “Josiah! Help me! Josiah..!”

Putting down the cutlery in his hand, Josiah walked into the kitchen, shot a cold glare at Meredith, and brought Ysabelle to the washroom to cool her down with cold tap water.

“...It’s so painful!” Crying dramatically, Ysabelle wailed, “How can you treat me this way, Meredith? You’re too evil!”

Meredith listened to her horrible wailing while she tried to cool down her hands that were scalded under the cold running tap water. Recalling how Ysabelle was trying to drive a wedge between her and Josiah, the only thing that Meredith regretted was that the soup was not hot enough.

Walking into the house, whistling, Liam immediately heard sounds of wailing and hurried into the dining hall. "What's going on? And what's with the sorrowful cries?" "Goodness gracious! Edith, what happened to your hand? Does it hurt?" Liam automatically

enordd Ysabelle's wailing and rushed over to Meredith,

Grabbing her hand, Liam said, "Here, let me help you." It's fine, Mister Liam. I'm alright." Meredith tried to take back her hand from his grasp.

Don't move, you'll leave a scar."

"It's not that serious."

"What do you mean it's not serious.?"

Meredith could only let Liam hold her hand as she was not able to take back her hand,

Meredith was not scalded too badly as the soup was not steaming hot. At most, the back of her hand had turned red.

But it was a different case for Ysabelle who had the soup poured all over her body.

Meredith guessed that Josiah must have been brokenhearted.

After helping Ysabelle for a while, Josiah called over Lily and had her take care of Ysabelle instead

Not willing to let Josiah go, Ysabelle grabbed his wrist and said, "Josiah, don't go...I'm in so much pain..."

Glancing at the hand that was gripping his wrist, Josiah replied, "Continue to cool it down with cold water. I'll have Doctor Zach treat the burns later." "Josiah, I want you to help me." Was he going to leave her like that when she was clearly in so much pain?

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 122**

**Chapter 122 Clenching the cotton swab between her fingers tightly, Meredith did not say anything. "Get out!" Josiah bellowed. Like always, Ysabelle smirked at her and gave her an eye, hinting to her that she should probably leave now. "Josiah, aren't you**

being a little too unfair?" With his arms crossed in front of his chest, Liam leaned against the door and complained, "Edith's hand is injured too but why didn't you ask Ysabelle to help Meredith dress her wound?" Ysabelle was lost for words. Inwardly, she was seething and cursing at Liam for always messing up her plan. Gritting her teeth, Ysabelle had no choice but to pretend that she was worried too. "Huh? Did you burn your hands too, Meredith?" Taking Meredith's hands in hers, Ysabelle added, "Goodness me, it's so red. Come, let me apply some ointment to it." "Leave it, I'll help her instead," Gesturing to Meredith to come to him, Liam added, "Come here Edith, I'll dress your wound." Even though the burning pain on the back of her hand was spreading, Meredith could feel Josiah's deadly glare on her without even having to look at him. How could she possibly dare **to have** Liam help her? "It's fine. I still have to carry out my punishment – kneeling in the front yard."

"Kneeling?" Liam acted as if he was terribly shocked by what he heard. "What with the sick punishment? Josiah, don't tell me you've got a weird thing for punishment?" Before Josiah could even reply, Ysabelle interrupted, "Mister Liam, Josiah was only joking. Meredith had hurt her hand, it's not right to punish her."

She then looked at Josiah and said, "Josiah, leave it, hmm? Meredith didn't do it on purpose and I've forgiven her."

Josiah knew better about the fact whether Meredith did it on purpose or not.

But of course, he was more annoyed by the relationship between Meredith and Liam. Josiah suspected that Meredith must have cast a spell on Liam. If not, what other reason could explain why Liam was going on and on about wanting to protect Meredith? "Meredith Leighton, when are you ever going to stop flirting around?" Staring intently at Meredith, Josiah uttered word by word. Meredith knew that Josiah was referring to her relationship with Liam. Unfazed, she replied, "I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Edith, what are you going to do? Let me help you." Following behind her, **Liam was coming down the stairs.** "Edith, how are you possibly going to do the chores when your hand is injured? We still have **to dress your** wound!"

Seeing how Liam was about to chase up to her, Meredith raised her hand and stopped him. "Mister Liam, I know you have good intentions but please don't add any trouble to me."

"How am I giving you trouble?"

Meredith pulled into a bitter smile and replied, "When Mister Josiah wants me dead, you should take his side and support him. Don't ever go against him."

Liam was wordless.

This just proved that Josiah was indeed a total nutjob.

“But let me help dress your wound, hmm?”

“It’s fine. Thank you.” Meredith flashed him a smile, turned around, and left.

Liam was wordless with annoyance. He clearly thought that Meredith had finally toughened up but how was it that she turned all soft when facing Josiah?

Meredith applied some ointment onto her wound and started working on the chores. It was already half-past eleven at night by the time she was done with cleaning the house but there was still laundry that she had to do. Meredith, who has yet to recover from the cold she caught, felt dizzy and weak after all the chores. Passing by Josiah’s study, she heard Ysabelle calling out to her, “Meredith, are you free right now?” Without even looking back, Meredith replied, “No.” “Stand where you are!” ordered Josiah.

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**Chapter 124** Meredith had no other choice but to turn around and walk into the room. “Is there anything **that I can help** you with,

Sir?" **The cold and indifferent expression on Meredith's face only angered Josiah even more.** **What's with the attitude?"**

**Looking** at the both, Ysabelle tried to calm them. "Josiah, it's fine. I don't have to eat." **All the fuss just because the precious princess Ysabelle wanted to have supper.**

**Meredith knew** that Josiah would not let her go this easily.

Indeed, Josiah ordered, "Make Ysabelle something to eat."

Not wanting to go against him, Meredith asked, "Sure, may I know what she wants to have?"

With an apologetic tone, Ysabelle replied, "I'm so sorry to trouble you, Meredith. But because I didn't get to have dinner earlier as I was injured and now I'm feeling a bit hungry. Any pasta would be fine, please." "Sure, I'll make them right away." Leaving the room, Meredith then went downstairs.

She did not have dinner? It was obvious that Ysabelle was putting on a show for Josiah.

An hour ago Ysabelle was sitting at the dining table enjoying her meal as she 'supervised' Meredith while she was cleaning the dining hall. Ysabelle even spilled some of the soup onto the floor just so that Meredith could clean them... But Josiah would never have caught that. Meredith was the only one who did not have dinner, not Ysabelle.

Ysabelle had come downstairs just in time when Meredith had finished making the pasta.

"The pasta is ready, you can have it now." Meredith set the table for Ysabelle. Taking a bite of the pasta, Ysabelle nodded and praised, "Not bad. It tastes like something that **useless mom** of yours would make." Clenching her hands tightly into a fist, Meredith begged, "Ysabelle, just come at me if you have any grudges and leave my mom out of this, please?" "Let her go? Do you think I would do that?" Arching a brow, Ysabelle scoffed, "Chances like this don't come every day and you really think I'd let her go this easily?" "If that's the case, do whatever you please then," Turning around, Meredith added, "I'm going to do laundry." After taking several steps, Meredith stopped, turned around, and looked at Ysabelle. "Oh, just one more thing. Please clean your jeans if it gets dirty later if you don't want me to leave them at the door of Josiah's bedroom." "What're you talking about?"

Coming down the stairs with laundry in her hands, Meredith saw Ysabelle who was gripping her lower belly tightly as she walked out of the dining hall. At the sight of Meredith, Ysabelle seethed, "Meredith Leighton, what did you do to me?" "Ahh, my bad. I thought that the hot soup was not enough to teach you a lesson so I thought this might

work." Looking at Ysabelle's pale face, Meredith added, "Oh don't worry, just a couple of days of diarrhea and you'd be fine." "You!" Ysabelle shouted, "Meredith Leighton! Aren't you worried that I'd hurt your mom and daughter?"

"Well, aren't you the one who always says that you'll hurt them?"

Repressing the bitterness in her heart, Meredith added, "Remember, wash your own jeans."

Ysabelle was gripped by anger and her face turned even paler.

Inwardly, she was seething that Meredith had schemed against her twice in just a day.

But her churning stomach did not give her any chance to fight back. Holding onto her stomach, Ysabelle rushed upstairs.

The next morning

Like usual, after showering and changing, Josiah went into Yena's bedroom.

At the sight of Meredith who was giving Yena a massage, Josiah frowned. "Why are you here instead?"

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 125**

**Chapter 125** Hearing Josiah's voice coming from behind her, Meredith turned around, facing him, and smiled slightly. "I guess you didn't know that Ysabelle had an upset stomach since last night and with the burn injuries on her shoulder, I don't think she'd be able to take care of Yena.

**"Taking care of Yena has always been my responsibility. I'll take over from today and perhaps Ysabelle could get some rest back at her home."** Meredith's eyes were filled with gentleness and lovingness. But after spending some time with her, Josiah knew that Meredith must be scheming something evil whenever she had this kind of look on her face.

"Why did Ysabelle have an upset stomach?" Josiah asked, with a straight face. "I'm not sure, she didn't say anything," said Meredith, "but judging by the way she looks, she doesn't look too good. Since you care about her so much, you should probably send her home **as soon as possible.**" "You did something to her, didn't you?"

Josiah knew that Meredith graduated from medical school and she knew her way around **different** types of medications.

For the sake of kicking Ysabelle out of the Shelby residence, she was willing to spill hot soup all over Ysabelle and even add laxatives into her drinks?

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about." Meredith pretended as if she was **confused**.

"Meredith Leighton, you're vicious, aren't you?" Staring at her with a look of disdain on his face, Josiah seethed, "I can't help but to think that it was really you who let those mice in Yena's room." "If you did believe that it was me who did it, you wouldn't have made me stay here, would you?"

Glancing at him, Meredith added, "Unless you have a change of heart, and your heart doesn't belong to Yena anymore but belongs to Ysabelle." Josiah was rendered speechless. Since when was Meredith so sharp-tongued?

"Oh, do you want to check on Ysabelle? I'm guessing that she could really use some of your comforts," added Meredith.

"Meredith Leighton!" Josiah walked toward her, dragged her up from the chair, and stared right into her eyes as he seethed, "How is it that you don't feel any guilt when Ysabelle has ended up injured because of you?"

"You didn't feel guilty nor sorry when you forced me to the brink of death, did you?" Staring back at him, Meredith added, "My mom and my daughter are suffering because of you, and did you feel any guilt? No, you didn't! Not a bit!" At the mention of her mother and her daughter, Meredith could not fight back her tears

anymore. With tears rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably, Meredith could not be bothered by the fact that Josiah had hated it whenever she cried.

Wiping away the tears with the back of her hand, she went on, "You didn't see Ysabelle spilling hot soup over my hands because all you cared about was that I spilled hot soup over her! I was the one who didn't have dinner, not Ysabelle! And you didn't notice that either, did you? Why? Because all you know is to hate on me and you couldn't even differentiate what's right and what's wrong anymore!"

Meredith then sat back down into the chair, continuing her massage for Yena.

It was as if Yena would regain her consciousness faster if she massaged her more because Meredith desperately wanted to prove her innocence.

Looking at Meredith who was wiping away her tears while massaging Yena, and the blotch of redness on the back of her hands, Josiah felt something bubbling inside him.

Reaching out the phone from his pockets, he played the video that he had saved on his phone, and showed it to Meredith.

“Meredith Leighton, you can stop with the act! Because this is who you really are!” Staring at Meredith who was in the video, he did not know whether he was trying to convince himself or convince Meredith.

Meredith had always been that way and nothing she could do to change his opinion of her. And Josiah thought that it was only right that he was allowed to treat her however he pleased. With rage thrumming through her veins, Meredith pushed away his hand hard, flinging the phone away from his hand. “Live the rest of your life holding onto this video then!”

With a loud thump, the phone fell onto the floor, broken. Yet, the video was still playing on the screen.

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## Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 126

**Chapter 126** “Meredith Leighton, you’re trying to show off that you’re rich, aren’t you?” Glancing at the broken phone on the floor, Josiah seethed coldly, “Now you owe me a new phone”

Meredith took a glance at the phone on the floor.

If she guessed right, the phone was custom made and was not sold anywhere in the market

When Josiah came walking out of Yena’s room, Ysabelle too walked out of her room! coincidentally’.

“Josiah...” Ysabelle called out to him pitifully and sniffled, “I don’t understand why Meredith keeps setting me up? Have I done anything wrong to her?”

Looking at Ysabelle whose face was pale, and with one of her hands clutching onto her stomach and the other hand holding onto the wall, Josiah asked, “Are you okay?”

“Not at all, Josiah...” Ysabelle sobbed even louder, “I don’t even know what she used to drug me. I’ve been having an upset stomach since last night and it’s not getting any better. I’m in so much pain...”

Ysabelle then leaned into Josiah’s arms.

Holding onto her, Josiah walked her down the stairs and said gently, “I’ll have Walter drive you to the hospital.”

“But I want you to come with me, Josiah,” Ysabelle whined. Hesitating, Josiah nodded. “Alright then.”

Ysabelle pulled into a satisfied smile.

She was just trying her luck but who knew that Josiah actually agreed to drive her to the hospital

“Let’s have some breakfast first.” Josiah sat her down at the dining table.

Looking at the table of food, Ysabelle was slightly traumatized. “Josiah, did Meredith prepare all these? I don’t dare to eat them. I’m worried that she might poison me again.”

Calmly, Josiah replied, “Don’t worry, she wouldn’t dare to.”

Josiah did not believe that Meredith would have the nerve to poison his food.

By the time Liam woke up, Josiah was already on the way to the hospital with Ysabelle

Whistling as he walked downstairs, Liam suddenly thought of Meredith, made a turn, and proceeded to walk to the storage room,

Meredith was indeed in the storage room but she was all bent over on the small desk, trying to put the pieces of the broken phone back together.

Rubbing the tip of his nose, Liam walked into the room, frowning, and asked, “Edith, are you really staying in this moldy room?”

“It’s fine, I don’t have the habit of having breakfast.” Sitting down in the chair opposite Meredith, Liam studied the phone and said, “You know how to fix a phone? Damn girl!”

“It’d be great if that was the case.” Meredith sighed, “I accidentally broke Josiah’s phone earlier today and I’m thinking about how I should fix it.” She then added, “And, you should probably eat something. It’s not good for your stomach if you skip breakfast.”

“You’re worried about me, aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” Meredith nodded and went on, “you’re one of the nice ones who treat me well. Plus, you’re one of our guests at the Shelby residence, of course, I should be worried about you.” “Seeing how you’re worried about me, let me be honest with you about something then.” Pointing at the broken phone in her hand, Liam added, “This is a phone that was custom made for Josiah by the Shelby Group. You won’t be able to afford to buy a new one nor would you be able to have it repaired. But if you leave the phone to me, I might be able to help you.”

## Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 127

**Chapter 127** “Really?” Meredith exclaimed. “Yeah, why would I lie to you?” “But didn’t you just say that the phone can’t be repaired?” “It can’t be repaired in the market but if you hand it to me, it can be repaired if we pass this to the technical team at Shelby Group.” “You know people from the technical team at Shelby Group?” “With my relationship with Josiah, what do you think?”

“If that’s the case...” Meredith pushed the phone toward him and added, “thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome.” “I’ll go set the table for you.” Meredith then walked out of the storage room. After setting the table, Meredith stood by the dining table and waited for Liam to finish his breakfast.

Seeing how Meredith was being worried, Liam chuckled softly, “Look at you being all serious. I bet your future husband won’t be able to even take a nap, huh?” Meredith urged, “Hurry up and finish your breakfast. I still have to go back to my chores.” After making sure that Liam had finished his breakfast, Meredith asked Lily to keep an eye on Yena before leaving the house using the excuse of wanting to repair Josiah’s phone. But she came straight to the hospital. Nia was in the middle of taking a shot. Even though it was painful, Nia did not cry and fought back the pain.

**Her eyes were** red-rimmed but at the sight of Meredith, Nia beamed. “Mommy!” Nia then tried to get down from the bed.

“Don’t move around, Nia.” Meredith rushed over and took Nia into her arms. “You shouldn’t be moving around when taking a shot. Aren’t you worried that the nurse will have to give you another shot?”

“Because I’m happy to see you here!”

“Mm, I can see that written all over your face.” Wrapping her arms tightly around Nia, Meredith added, “I am happy to see you too.”

“Mommy, I miss you very, very much.”

“I miss you a lot too, Nia.”

“Then why haven’t you been visiting me?” Staring at Meredith, Nia asked, “And why isn’t grandma here anymore? Are you all busy with work?”

“Mm.” Fighting back her tears, Meredith nodded. “I’m so sorry sweetheart. I should have visited you more often.”

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“That’s alright, I forgive you.” **Even though Nia had been waiting eagerly for Meredith**

and Alayna to visit her, Nia knew that they must have a good reason for not showing up.

**Nia even blamed herself.** “It’s all my fault. If I was healthier, you and grandma wouldn’t have to work so hard every day to pay for my medical bills.”

**Startled,** Meredith pulled Nia into her arms and said, “Nia, why would you ever think that way? It’s not your fault for not being well and it is my job to pay for your hospital bills.”

**Nia asked,** “Then whose fault is it?”

**Who was to blame, then?**

Meredith smiled bitterly.

She was to blame. She did not protect Nia when she had her. It was Josiah’s fault who tried to poison her when she was two months into carrying Nia and had even locked her up in the psychiatric ward, allowing Ysabelle to set her up over and over again.

It was all Josiah’s fault.

But Meredith did not let Nia know any of these. Patting her back softly, Meredith replied, “No one’s to be blamed. It is normal for people to get sick, if not we wouldn’t even need doctors and nurses. But that’s alright because I’m sure you’ll get better soon.”

“Really, Mommy?” “Of course, do you not trust me, sweetheart?” “I do,” Nia nodded and added, “I promise to be good when I’m in the hospital so that you can focus on working. You don’t have to worry about me at all.” “Mm, that’s my girl.” . Tears started rolling down Meredith’s cheeks uncontrollably.

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 128**

**Chapter 128** Nia was only three years old but she was already so thoughtful.

**Kids her age were supposedly pampered** and being showered with all the nice things in life but **she was forced** to grow up fast because of what life had thrown at her.

As her mother, of course, Meredith was heartbroken. Seeing Meredith who was crying, Aunt Wren tried to comfort her, “Miss Meredith, you should be glad that Nia is so thoughtful, why are you crying instead?” “You’re crying, Mommy?” Nia let go of Meredith, and wiped away the tears on Meredith’s cheeks with her fingers. “Mommy, why are you crying? Didn’t you say that you’re happy to see me?” “Mm, I am.” Meredith nodded. “I’m only crying because I’m too happy.”

“Really?” “Yes, darling.” Looking at Nia, Meredith added, “I can see that you’re looking better than before and I know that you’ve been receiving your treatment well. That is why I’m happy.” Nia chuckled happily.

“Nia, the weather is good today. Shall we take a walk outdoors?”

“Yes please!” Nia cheered.

Meredith and Nia took a walk in the garden on the first floor of the hospital building.

Meredith even bought cotton candy to cheer Nia up.

“Mommy, can I really have this?” Nia asked, surprised.

“Yes, darling. I’ve checked with your doctor and you’re allowed to have sweets.” Meredith put the cotton candy in Nia’s hand and said, “Here, try it.” Taking a bite of the cotton candy, Nia exclaimed, “It’s so good! Have a bite too, Mommy.”

She put the cotton candy near Meredith’s mouth.

Meredith shook her head. “It’s alright. You can have it all for yourself.”

“No. You told me that we should always share nice things with others.”

“You’re right.” Meredith then took a bite.

“Is it good, Mommy?”

“It’s good, sweetheart.”

“Told you so hehe.” Nia beamed.

Looking at her wide grin, Meredith stroked the top of Nia’s head. “Mm, you’re right, darling.”

Josiah who was on the third floor of the building was watching the interaction between the mother and the daughter. He was able to tell that they were having a good time.

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**Even when wearing a face mask, Josiah could tell that Meredith was wearing that wide grin of hers.**

**Looking at her eyes that were full of smiles, Josiah suddenly realized that it had been some time since he last saw her smiling this happily.**

Four years had passed since the incident with Yoel had taken place.

**Even after running** into each other after three years, Josiah had only seen her eyes filled with **tears or resentment. He had never seen** her smile this way.

But of course, he did not give her any reason or chance **to even smile.**

Josiah knew better than anyone. Ysabelle, who was receiving an IV drip on the bed, noticed that Josiah had his eyes fixed on the garden. Stretching her neck, she tried to take a glimpse of what Josiah was looking at, only to find that it was Meredith and Nia who were sharing a cloud of cotton candy while laughing away happily. Stealing a glance at Josiah, Ysabelle noticed that Josiah looked conflicted. It was clear that Josiah was affected by the sight of them. Inwardly, Ysabelle was seething. She was confident that Meredith had done this on purpose.

Meredith must have known that Josiah had sent her to the hospital and that was why she too had shown up here to put on a show for Josiah.

Ysabelle thought that Meredith was too calculative and deceiving.

If it were not for the paternity test results, Josiah could very well have been back into Meredith's arms.

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 129**

**Chapter 129** Biting down on her lips, Ysabelle cleared her throat and asked, "Eh, is that Meredith? Doesn't she have a lot of chores to do? It's strange that she actually has the time to come all the way **here just to put on a show.**" "Put on a show?" With his gaze still fixed on Meredith and Nia, Josiah asked. "Yeah, it's **been a while since she was last here to visit Nia, and Nia is not allowed to leave her ward.**" Ysabelle went on, "Perhaps she somehow got to know that you're **here with me at the hospital** so she decided to come along. And **she even made Nia leave her room** just to put on a show for you." Ysabelle sighed, "She really tried her best, didn't she?"

Seeing how Josiah was not responding, Ysabelle took it further. "Josiah, why not **go down and meet Nia?** After all, the child is innocent and I'm sure that she would be happy to see you."

"Wait...if Meredith is here, who is taking care of Yena? What if something happens to her? Meredith would definitely blame it on me again, wouldn't she? Josiah..."

"Are you done?" Josiah interrupted her. Ysabelle did not know what was going through Josiah's mind and she did not know if her words had managed to provoke him.

But for the sake of not wanting to trigger Josiah, Ysabelle kept her mouth shut.

"I'm sorry Josiah. I am simply worried about Yena." "Get some rest. I'm heading back to the office." Turning around, Josiah walked out of Ysabelle's room. After Nia had finished the cotton candy, Meredith decided to bring her back to her room. Nia asked unwillingly, "Mommy, are you going back to work soon?" "Yes, darling. I have to return to work now." Nodding, Meredith comforted her gently. "But don't worry, I'll have some free time soon and I promise to come visit you." "Really, Mommy?"

"Of course, sweetheart."

"Alright then." Nia nodded.

After fixing Nia's cardigan, Meredith then pushed Nia and headed back into the building.

As soon as she stepped foot into the lobby, Meredith noticed Josiah who was walking out of the lift.

Startled, Meredith thought of turning the other way to avoid running into him when Nia called out, "Daddy!"

Meredith was wordless.

There was no escaping now.

Looking at Josiah's overcast and gloomy face, Meredith quickly explained herself, "Sir, I...I

went to get the phone repaired and thought of visiting Nia. I'm heading back now after sending Nia back to her room." Taking a glance at Nia who was in the wheelchair, Josiah asked, "Are you done with all the acting?"

Meredith was rendered speechless.

Acting? Was he referring to her asking Nia to address him as her father? There were better hospitals nearby Shelby's residence but why did he insist on having Ysabelle to be treated in this hospital?

If she knew that he was going to be visiting this hospital often, she would not have allowed Nia to roam around the hospital freely so that Nia would not run into him in the first place.

"Daddy, are you here to see me?" Nia asked, smiling.

Coming back to her senses, Meredith placed her hand over Nia's mouth. "Nia, don't call him

that.”

“But why?” Nia asked, puzzled. “Because...” Meredith took a quick glimpse at Josiah and went on, “because I’ve told you many times that he is not your father.”

“But...” “Nia!” Meredith pointed at the tag that was hanging around Nia’s neck.

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 130**

**Chapter 130** Nia simply nodded disappointedly. Josiah lowered his head and took a look at the tag that was hanging around Nia’s neck. One had to open the tag to only be able to see the photos inside. However, Josiah already knew whose pictures were included and his photo was the first to be included,

“Your mom is right. I am the bad guy and I am not your father.” Josiah then walked away from both Meredith and Nia. When he passed by Meredith, Josiah hissed coldly, “I’ll deal with you when you return later.”

**His words made** Meredith’s skin crawl.

After sending Nia back to her ward and leaving Nia in Aunt Wren’s care, Meredith then quickly hurried back to Shelby’s residence. “Miss Meredith, why are you home this early?” Lily asked, “I thought you won’t be back in another hour?” “I ran into Sir at the hospital so I came back.”

“Goodness. What do we do then?”

“It’s alright. It’s not like Sir had ever taken mercy on me.” Meredith smiled bitterly. “Thank you for helping me keep an eye on Miss Yena.”

“What’s there to thank me for? I didn’t even do much.”

“I’ll go back to working on the chores then.” Meredith returned to the storage room, grabbed a few cleaning equipment, and started cleaning the house.

Josiah had mentioned that he wanted the house to be clean, without even a speck of dust. Hence, Meredith had to clean the entire house every day.

When she was done with the cleaning, it was already evening and it was time to prepare dinner.

Not willing to see Meredith working so hard, Lily had tried to help as much as she could without anyone finding out. She was now in the kitchen, wanting to assist Meredith when she made dinner.

“Lily, you should go get some rest. I can do this on my own,” said Meredith.

With just a bite, Josiah would know right away that the food was not prepared by her and Meredith did not wish to drag Lily into her mess. Lily knew exactly what Meredith was worried about. “It’s alright. I’m just going to assist you from the side.”

“But Miss Meredith, did you realize that even though Sir hated you, he quite likes your cooking? His appetite is getting better than before.”

“You think so?” Meredith tugged at the corners of her lips and added, “Perhaps it’s because my pathetic look stimulates his appetite.”

“I don’t think so. Sir, he...”

“Lily, it’s alright, you don’t have to say anything. I understand.” Meredith interrupted her. Meredith did not want to get her hopes up like the time when she was sick and in the end, she **was engulfed** by disappointment.

“Edith, what are we having for dinner tonight?” Liam swung by into the kitchen, walked next **to her, and exclaimed**, “Goodness, are we having fish today? I love fish the best!”

Taking a glance at Liam, Meredith replied, “I would love to cook for you, but that best friend, also known as the devil, is not really happy that I cook for you.”

“But don’t worry, Lily cooks really well too. I’ll ask Lily to make you a fish dish too.” Meredith added, “Right, why are you home this early?” “I’m worried that Josiah would bully you so I decided to come back early with this.” Reaching into his pocket, Liam took out a brand new phone.

The phone was exactly the same one as Josiah’s.

“You really managed to get it repaired?” Meredith took the phone from Liam, looking all happy.

“Of course. I don’t tend to lie.”

“That is amazing!” Meredith studied the phone all over.

She had taken apart the broken phone to check its parts and realized the phone was made from high-quality material, and if she were to really pay for the broken phone, it would cost her even more than the bottle of Lafite. “Thank you so much, Liam. You’re my savior.” Meredith thanked him.

