

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 15

Chapter 15

3/3

Or why he was so determined to find Meredith's body. Was it really because of her blood?

"How many times do I need to repeat myself? It's because I want her blood!" Josiah enunciated each word slowly as if he was saying those words to himself, "Even if she's dead, I will take every single drop of her blood out of her body." Josiah was trying to convince himself that this was the sole reason he was determined to find Meredith's body.

Chapter 10 "Nie traplott humilitate tothom , *www www WWW , WWW* what should we dlar Mwith a deal *in einen WWWXXH* Mie warden was immilie wliendi *rawiwwit h owwe dat wwwwww*

m WWW WWW

After all, ysabelle was the one who *wwwwww Marwah u* impossible for her to be alive *afterm a tt* Ysabelle desperately wanted Meredith to ti sht fron usali's life

o n www, Ara Mapo

joslali tell us stomach drop

wys spil!

Staring at Ysabelle dabeilly, Jostali suured, "We Ysabelle lung, her heart low and started *sombwa* "Say it again! Who is dead!/"

"Josiah Meredithlislio

,

r

t this pointes ,

"Shut up!" Josial strappoil angrily. It was as *if I was redusert to Po* then should, "Get the hell out of here

Ysabelle had achieveil wiat she wanted,

b

ushe had no interim

11111111

Pressing on the *wound* on *leer lower bully, Vabelle lule*

Josiah shut his eyes lightly

When he opened his eyes again, they were *blood chord*

“What’s with this *mess!!* What in the *world Was Mister 7:11on donne w a Josiah w* as *fuming in rage, flipping over the pile of documents ont deraillemme* scatter all over the floor

into

Still *fuming, be flipped over another pile of documents and showted,*

et mbron www

the

Finn took a few steps backward and said, “*Mister Zylon was injured while trying t* o fire and he got admitted to the hospital. It will take *some time before marrins co* nsciousness.” “I don’t care *Dray him here even if you have to!*”

“Josiah, please *excuse me* for asking this, but do tell *me, what’s the point in drag* ging, *Mister Zyion here? Do you plan to have bil repeat all over how Meredith died* ?”

Josiah looked up and *ylared at him coldly before soothing,* “*Get the hell out of he* re if you have no plans on helping *me.*” “*I’ve told you that if you keep this up, you* ‘re only *yoing to push Meredith to the edge Put you* refused to listen. So what *no* w? *Are you finally regretting, it?*” “*What are you trying to say?*” Josiah glanced at him and asked,

Otacte: 15

“I’m trying to tell you that – Meredith is dead. There will never be another Meredith Leighton i n this world anymore.”

Meredith died...

These words pierced through Josiah's heart like a knife, tearing and gnawing through his heart

"If only you had been honest toward the feelings you had for Meredith, do you think that things would have ended up this way?" Josiah was clenching his fists tightly. Taking two deep breaths, he slowly regained his composure. Looking coldly at Finn, he said, "Dr. Finn, it is true that I am pained by what had happened to Meredith. But this has nothing to do with whether I was honest with my feelings. Because right from the start, all I cared about was her blood, not her."

"Well, now that she's dead. Yena wouldn't have anyone to supply blood for her. Rather than wasting your time trying to lecture me, I'd appreciate it if you could find someone of the same blood type to replace Meredith," said Josiah. Studying Josiah's expressionless face, Finn asked, "Aside from her blood, don't you feel the slightest sympathy for her?"

"No," Josiah replied solemnly.

"Alright then," Finn shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, guess I should have minded my own business. I'll do what I can to find a replacement." With his back facing Finn, Josiah said, "You're right about there being no point in seeing Mister Zyion. But help me pass on a message to him. I'm giving him a chance to redeem himself – have him bring me Meredith's body."

Josiah refused to believe that Meredith was dead just like this. He had to see her dead body with his own eyes.

After Finn had left, Josiah tried to get back to his work but he found it hard to concentrate.

All he could think about was how Meredith was dead after jumping off from the cliff. Feeling agitated, Josiah threw the files on the floor. He then called for his secretary, Mister Wesley, and said, "Send over more help and find me Meredith's body as soon as possible."

"Sir..." Carefully, Mister Wesley replied, "I've sent over a group of people earlier, but the waves are raging white and it'd be difficult for our people to search for Miss Meredith."

Josiah felt something heavy pressing down on his chest. Gritting his teeth, he hissed, "I don't care. Send professionals to do it even if you have to!" "Sir, please excuse me for asking this. But may I know why you're pushing for this?" Why? Josiah could not seem to answer Mister Wesley's question.

S

Josiah too could not understand why he was being so anxious and irritated at the news of Meredith's death.

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 16

Chapter 16 Meredith felt as if she had arrived in a different world.

She thought that she was in heaven. But no matter how hard she tried to find a ray of light, only darkness surrounded her. And within the darkness, she tried to search for her child.

It was as if her child had disappeared into thin air. Her child was nowhere to be found no matter how hard she searched.

Just when she was about to give up hope, Meredith heard a weak voice calling out to her.

"Mommy, save me..." Meredith rushed towards where the voice came from and reached out her hands to grab her child's hand. But she was one step too late. Meredith watched her child get swallowed into the darkness while she did nothing. "Nia!" Meredith cried as she sat up abruptly. Opening her eyes, it was only then Meredith realized that she was sitting in a corner of the washroom at the club. 'It's the same nightmare...' Meredith sighed under her breath as she thought to herself. She had been having a similar nightmare throughout the past three years. While wiping away the cold sweat on her forehead with the back of her hands, Meredith checked the time on her phone. Her performance was about to start in half an hour's time.

Getting up on her feet, she then fixed her makeup in front of the mirror. Under the butterfly-shaped white mask hid a hideous scar on the left side of her face. It was from the fire that broke out that year.

The wound, of course, did not hurt anymore, but the wound in her heart still had yet to recover. Every time she put on the mask, she would be reminded of the cold and ruthless Josiah, and of how he forcefully locked her up in the psychiatric ward. Closing her eyes, Meredith tried to stop herself from thinking about the past.

"Hey, Miss Josie said you can get off work now. I'll be performing in your stead," said a lady with a sarcastic tone. Confused, Meredith stopped adjusting the mask on her face, looked at the lady, and asked, "Why?"

The lady was from the performing team, Linda. She was mainly involved in performing sexy dances.

Meredith, on the other hand, was in charge of doing piano solos. For some reason, Linda disliked her and had always come up with different ways to pick a bone with her. "Isn't it obvious? The guests don't know how to admire your piano solo and would prefer to

see me pole dance instead," replied Linda while she fixed her make-up. Glancing at Meredith through the mirror, Linda sniggered and mocked, "To put it simply, they don't want to see your ugly face." The expression on Meredith's face changed.

Meredith knew that it was Linda who had Miss Josie replace her performance. Hence, she did not want to waste any time arguing with Linda and charged toward Miss Josie's office instead.

At the sight of Meredith, Miss Josie knew right away why she had shown up at her door.

"Merelyn, Linda is right. People who come to this sort of place mostly enjoy performances like pole dancing. Also, they go crazy for ladies with a pretty face and long legs, but you..." Pointing to Meredith's face and her long dress, Miss Josie continued, "You do understand what I'm trying to say, right?"

Meredith knew perfectly what Miss Josie meant. But she still bit the bullet and begged, "Miss Josie, please don't remove my performance. I really need the money." "And who doesn't?" Miss Josie snapped, "Every single one who is working here needs the money. Do you really think that you're the only one?"

"Miss Josie! I..."

Annoyed, Miss Josie cut her off and said, "Come tomorrow night and you can get off work

now."

Gnawing on her lips, Meredith looked as if she was about to cry. This made Miss Josie feel slightly bad for her.

In the end, Miss Josie said to her, "Alright, alright. Since Lyla had taken leave, I'm sure Zya could use some help. I'll pay you accordingly for tonight."

Zya was in charge of serving guests in the VIP lounge and Meredith used to fill in for her colleagues. For the extra pay, Meredith headed toward the VIP lounge.

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Chapter 17

In the private room was a group of over ten people. The men and women were all dressed up in expensive suits and dresses.

Something caught Meredith's eyes as soon as she entered the room. One of the men had one of his hands grabbing onto a lady's chin and with another hand, he was stroking her face. Chuckling, he teased, "My dear, why are you crying when a handsome lad like me wants to have some fun with you?"

Meredith took another look at the lady kneeling on the floor to find out that it was Zya.

At the sight of Meredith, Zya started sobbing and asked for help, "Merelyn, help me." At the mention of Merelyn's name, a gorgeous-looking woman in a red dress was slightly startled. She then glanced toward someone who was sitting at the most corner of the room.

There sat a good-looking man who was enjoying a glass of wine. And the man was Josiah Shelby. The woman thought to herself that things would get interesting soon. After working for quite some time in the club, Meredith had learned a thing or two when it came to dealing with these men. Meredith would not have interfered if it was not for Zya. Zya was her roommate and she was also her only friend here in the club.

Pulling into a grin, Meredith asked the sleazy-looking man, "What's wrong? Why is our handsome guest getting all worked up?"

The sleazy-looking man replied, "Your friend here spilled drinks all over me so I told her I would forgive her if she kissed me for one minute. But she doesn't want to, well..."

Squinting his eyes, the man scanned Meredith from head to toe and continued, "Well, what do you think I should do?"

Meredith had her face covered with a butterfly-shaped mask to cover the scar on her face and she was dressed in her performing outfit. Hence, her outfit had somehow accentuated her elegance. Meredith unconsciously took a few steps backward. Trying to hide her disgust for the man, she replied politely, "Sir, you might not be fully aware of the rules here but Zya is just a waitress. If you wish, we have other girls that are much prettier than Zya for you to choose from."

"Hmm, you've got a point. Since Zya is off-limits and I think that you're not bad yourself, why don't...you replace her instead?" The sleazy-looking man said as he reached out his hand to remove Meredith's mask.

Meredith avoided his hands and said, "Sir, I'm worried that you'd be unpleasantly surprised by my hideous looks."

The more that Meredith avoided, the more the sleazy-looking man got excited as he added, "But I like ugly girls." "I must say Mister Leon has a good eye for pretty things. That girl right there? She's the

prettiest lady in Jehovah City, Miss Leighton," A woman who was enjoying the 'show' said in a mocking manner. "What did you say? She's Miss Leighton? Which Leighton?" "It can't possibly be Meredith Leighton right?" Everyone in the room was both shocked and surprised at the mention of the name and started studying Meredith carefully. Especially Josiah who was sitting in a corner, not paying attention to what was going on earlier in the room. His hand that was holding the glass wine froze mid-air as something flashed across his eyes. Very quickly, however, the expression on his face darkened.

He recognized the woman with the mask right away.

It was Meredith Leighton. Was it really her?

The woman who had made him spend three months turning over the entire city just to find her was now standing in front of him well and alive.

That year, he had even spent a huge sum of money on hiring professionals to find her and had even put up missing person notices all over the town.

But it was as if Meredith had disappeared in thin air where her body was never found.

So she did not disappear but instead had hidden secretly. So it was part of her plan to escape when she set the fire and jump off the cliff?

Josiah suddenly hated how he had spent so much effort in trying to find her. 'Meredith Leighton! You have the nerves to stay alive?!' Josiah thought to himself.

Josiah had his eyes glued on Meredith as he tightened the grip of his hand around the glass wine to the point that the glass might break soon.