

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 161

Chapter 161

Miss Leah wanted to escape but her path was blocked and she could only turn around and rushed upstairs.

As soon as her call was answered and before Josiah could say anything, Miss Leah shouted into the phone frantically, "Someone's trying to kill me! Sir, help me! Help me-!" Ysabelle pounced on Miss Leah who was on the stairs, and the phone in her hand was broken into pieces.

Struggling, Miss Leah shouted, "Ysabelle killed someone...help..."

But her phone was already broken and Josiah, who was on the other end of the phone, could no longer hear her.

Glancing at the broken phone, Ysabelle scoffed, "You can save yourself the trouble of shouting for help, your phone is already broken."

"You...what are you trying to do?" Seeing how Ysabelle was getting closer to her, Miss Leah scrambled to her feet frightfully and ran upstairs.

A sinister look flashed across Ysabelle's face. She had intentionally forced Miss Leah to run upstairs.

The mansion had four floors and soon enough, Miss Leah had nowhere else to run to.

"Why are you stopping? Keep going!" Standing one meter away from Miss Leah, Ysabelle snickered, "Fine, since you already found out, let me tell you the truth then."

Nodding her head, Ysabelle went on, "You're right. I was the one who set up Meredith with Yoel that night and it was also me who convinced Yena to secretly take a video of them in the room. But it was Meredith who pushed Yena off the stairs, not me."

"You...why would you do that?" Miss Leah's face turned pale. "You and Yena have been friends since you were young, haven't you? You girls were classmates, weren't you? So why? Why would you do that to her!" "Why? Because like Meredith, she took the man that I loved away from me. I am simply killing two birds with a stone, can't you see?" "Ysabelle! You are horrible!"

"Oh well, what choice do I have when the man that I love is Josiah? Meredith was Josiah's wife whereas Yena had always been his favorite. With both of them still in the picture, do you think that I even stand a chance to marry Josiah?" "So, Meredith is innocent, and like Yena, she's a victim too?"

“Bingo.” Ysabelle nodded and continued, “But Meredith stands no chance of proving her innocence because the video between Yoel and her is real. As long as I have the video, Josiah would end up doubting her no matter what she says or does.”

“If it wasn’t for the video, do you really think that a smart man like Josiah would fall for my trick?” Ysabelle was gloating.

Love could indeed make one crazy.

“You...you’re too wicked and evil,” Shaking her head, Miss Leah burst into tears.” I shouldn’t have blamed it on Miss Meredith, I’ve done her wrong. I should be burned to death for choosing to believe a wicked woman and falling for her evil schemes!” “If you are indeed sorry, why not just jump off the roof?” Ysabelle pointed toward the balcony. Following her fingers, Miss Leah looked down and shook her head. “No, I have to stay alive. I need to stay alive to prove Miss Meredith’s innocence and to warn them about you!” “But you don’t have any chance anymore. Meredith is now in the gutters because of you.” “No, Sir will find out the truth about you one day.”

“Oh really?” Ysabelle took a rough guess at the timing, pulled into a smirk, and mocked, “Why don’t you take a look downstairs if that Sir of yours had returned?”

At the mention that Josiah had returned, Miss Leah reached out her head and looked downstairs.

But not a shadow was seen.

By the time she realized that she was tricked, Ysabelle had already pushed her off the railing

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Chapter 162 Miss Leah’s screams pierced through the sky and with a loud thud, from the terrace, she crashed onto the ground in the front yard. Ysabelle’s face contorted sinisterly. Looking down at Miss Leah who was laying on the ground lifelessly, she murmured, “Miss Leah, you brought this onto yourself. Don’t hate me too much.”

She then rushed down the stairs, picked up the broken phone with a napkin, and threw it next to Miss Leah’s body.

Meredith, who was feeling drowsy because of the high fever was jolted awake by Miss Leah’s terrified screams and the loud thud.

The scream was harrowing and chilling. Frowning, Meredith tried to get off the bed, and head outside. At the sight of Miss Leah who was lying lifelessly in the pool of blood,

Meredith was aghast and horrified, and her drowsiness had vanished into thin air. Miss Leah? Why was she laying in the pool of blood?

At the sound of a car driving close, Ysabelle who was hiding behind the door rushed toward them, pulled Miss Leah who was covered in blood, into her arms, and started bawling, "Miss Leah! What happened to you? Wake up! Stay with me!

Walter quickly pulled the car aside and informed Josiah, "Sir, I think something had happened..." Before Walter could even finish his words, Josiah had already gotten out of the

car.

At the sight of Miss Leah who was covered in blood, the expression on her face changed, and asked, "What happened to Miss Leah?" In a trembling voice, Ysabelle sobbed, "Josiah, Meredith got into a fight with Miss Leah over Yena earlier today. I don't know what happened and before I could do anything, Miss Leah had fallen down from the terrace."

Meredith finally came back to her senses.

Miss Leah fell from the terrace? And Ysabelle was accusing her of pushing Miss Leah off the roof?

Needless to guess, Meredith already knew that Ysabelle was the culprit whenever she tried to accuse her of something that she did not do.

Meredith, who was still shocked from what happened, could only shake her head frantically when she saw how Josiah was staring at her with those cold eyes. "No, I didn't, it's not me..."

"Meredith, are you still trying to deny what you did?" Ysabelle shouted at her in despair, "How could you do this to her when she hit you for what you did to Yena?"

Even Miss Leah, who was almost dead, could not hear any of Ysabelle's accusations anymore.

Raising her hand slowly, Miss Leah mouthed effortfully, "You...you..." Ysabelle felt her heart stop beating when Miss Leah regained her consciousness. She quickly wrapped her hand around Miss Leah's fingers that were pointing at her and cried even louder, "Miss Leah, you don't have to say anything...hush now ...the doctor will be here soon." "It's you...it's you who pushed..." Miss Leah finally said.

Ysabelle raised the pitch of her crying voice and just like that, Miss Leah's weak voice was drowned out by Ysabelle's cries.

Miss Leah tried to take back her hand from Ysabelle's grasp but failed, and in the end, she passed out. "Miss Leah! Miss Leah, are you alright?" Inwardly, Ysabelle was relieved but she made sure to cry even louder, "Josiah, where isn't the ambulance here yet? I've clearly called them earlier!"

Josiah's eyes turned bloodshot as his gaze was fixed on Miss Leah who was injured. Even though he said nothing, a vortex of anger was swirling inside him. The ambulance finally arrived.

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Chapter 163 The medical team hurriedly did a check up on Miss Leah and in the end, they announced that Miss Leah had passed away.

Ysabelle was, of course, relieved.

After Miss Leah's body was sent away, Josiah finally turned to look at Meredith and hissed coldly, "Meredith Leighton, you killed Miss Yena."

It was not a question. It was a statement.

Meredith shook her head. "It is not me! No!"

It was a murder. There was no way that she would admit to killing someone.

Ysabelle glared at her furiously. "Meredith Leighton, you made such a scene earlier when you got into a fight with Miss Leah earlier. If it wasn't you who pushed her, don't tell me that she jumped off the roof all on her own?"

"Miss Leah still had to take care of Yena. It's impossible that she'd take her own life, don't you think?" Even though she managed to temporarily get away with murder, she was worried that the evidence would trace back to her if Josiah insisted on a thorough investigation.

Ysabelle thought that even though she proposed the idea Miss Leah could have committed suicide and she was not able to pin Meredith as the culprit, she thought that it was probably the best way out for her. Alfred, the butler, who had rushed home asked carefully, "Sir, what should we do? Should we call the cops?"

"The cops..." Josiah glanced coldly at Meredith and asked, "What do you say, Meredith?"

Meredith, who still looked pale, nodded. "I think we should."

She was not afraid of being investigated because she did nothing wrong.

Ysabelle, on the other hand, started panicking at the mention of reporting to the cops.

But she could not reject the idea of calling the cops as it would make her look suspicious. Biting down the bullet, Ysabelle said, "Josiah, let's call the cops. Meredith tried to stab Yena and now she killed Miss Leah. It is obvious that she wants to get rid of Yena. We have to make her pay for what she did to Miss Leah!

We need to punish her for Yena's sake."

The one who made a mistake has to pay.

If Meredith was the one who killed Miss Leah, she would have to face the death penalty.

Glancing coldly at Meredith, Josiah said to Alfred, "Lock her up in the basement."

Puzzled, Meredith stared at him. "Why are you locking me up in the basement? If I were to be locked away, it should be at the detention center, isn't it?"

"Meredith Leighton, jail is too good for you. Our basement suits you the best," said Josiah as he headed into the house. Even though Josiah did not call the cops, because they had called the ambulance and someone was announced dead, the cops had naturally showed up at their house.

Upon being questioned by the police, Josiah was calm and composed.

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Apart from Miss Leah, Ysabelle and Meredith were the only ones at home. Meredith was pinned as the prime suspect as she was beaten up violently by Miss Leah just the other day and there was a feud between the both of them.

Not only did the cops suspect Meredith, but Josiah too found her suspicious.

He was on the phone with Miss Leah when she called him for help. Hence, he was sure that Miss Leah was murdered.

However, he said nothing and told no one about getting a call from Miss Leah. The cops went to the basement and questioned Meredith but they did not get anything out of her.

After the cops left, Ysabelle questioned Josiah, "Josiah, why didn't you let them check the terrace to find signs of any struggle?"

Ysabelle had cleaned the terrace and with the rain, it would be hard to find any traces of her.

She purposely brought this up in an attempt to convince Josiah that she was innocent. Glancing at her, Josiah replied, "Meredith is sick. She might not even have the strength to push Miss Leah." "So you think that Miss Leah jumped down on her own?"

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Chapter 164 Josiah did not answer her question but said instead, "Ysabelle, you should go." Ysabelle's voice softened, "Josiah, I'm sure it must be hard on you after the incident, let me stay here with you." His attitude remained cold. "There's no need."

"What about Yena..."

"The doctor will keep an eye on Yena," Josiah cut her off bluntly. Ysabelle thought of staying with him to earn his trust but seeing how Josiah was cold toward her, she gave up eventually. Before leaving, she added, "I'll come another day to visit Yena. Take care of yourself, Josiah." On the other hand, Josiah ignored her as he lit up a cigarette.

Meredith was once locked up in this exact basement three years ago. The memory of her days being spent in the dark, cold, and wet basement was still fresh.

Meredith hated every second of her time spent in the basement.

Cowering by a corner in the basement, she could only hope that the cops would run a thorough investigation of Miss Leah's death to prove her innocence. After all, she knew that it was impossible to expect that Josiah would realize that he was wrong about her.

It was already late into the night when Lily came to her with medicine and food.

At the sight of her, Meredith asked immediately, "Lily, have the police found anything? Did they..."

Meredith started coughing before she could finish her sentence.

Lily quickly walked up to her and comforted, "Miss Meredith, calm down. Here, have some medicine, you're still running a high fever."

Without any hesitation, Meredith quickly put the pills into her mouth.

"Have some bread, you must be famished."

"Thanks, Lily." Meredith then started gobbling up the bread.

She had to get better soon if she wanted to get out of the basement alive. While biting, she asked, "Lily, so how did the investigation go?" Lily replied, "The cops did run an

investigation but it seemed like they got nothing. I think Sir is leaning toward concluding the case as suicide or simply an accident where she slipped and fell." Meredith froze. Staring at Lily, she asked, "What did you say? It's so obvious that it is an attempted murder but he's thinking of concluding it as a suicide? Don't tell me that Josiah is trying to protect Ysabelle?"

Lily did not know what to say and could only shake her head in disappointment.

"Or perhaps, right from the start, he did not need any answer or the truth, he simply needed a reason to lock me up in the basement." "Miss Meredith, you need to calm down." "Lily, how do you expect me to calm down?" Anger thrumming through her veins, Meredith added, "He's willing to throw away all of his common sense just to torture me, isn't he? After all, Miss Leah was supposedly his future mother-in law! How could bury the truth of her death just like that?"

"But Miss Meredith, don't you think that perhaps the person that Sir wants to protect, might be you all along?" Startled, Meredith looked at Lily with a puzzled look on her face. Lily quickly explained herself, "Of course, I know that it wasn't you who pushed Yena down the stairs but Sir doesn't know, does he? After all, it is true that you have a feud with Miss Leah, and given the circumstances, anyone would have pinned you as the prime suspect, even Sir would think so too."

"Lily, how could you possibly still think of him that way?" Staring at Lily in disbelief, Meredith went on, "Have you forgotten that you said the same to me back then, about how Josiah is actually good to me and all, but the truth? He just wants to keep me around so that he could continue tormenting me, to make my life a living hell."

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Chapter 165

"Miss Meredith..."

"Wait, that's not right." Before going on, Meredith paused then added, "You might be right, Lily. If I were locked up in jail, he wouldn't be able to torture me anymore, would he? Of course, he wouldn't want me to be locked up in jail. That is why he would rather lock me up in the basement to torture me, than to get his revenge for Yena." With a solemn expression on her face, Meredith nodded. "Yes, that must be it." Hence, she had to think of a way to escape. She refused to be thrown into a psychiatric ward like back then. She refused to be forced to the brink of death to the point that she had to jump off the cliff to take her own life. She still had to save her mother and Nia. Seeing how Meredith was rambling on without making any sense, Lily could only sigh. "Miss Meredith, you're not feeling well. You should think about this once you feel better and are able to think clearly."

Meredith got anxious. "Lily, I am thinking clearly." "Hey, there. I know, I know," Lily comforted her patiently. "In any case, you should focus on getting better."

Meredith finally kept quiet.

Walking out of the basement, Lily ran into Josiah who was coming downstairs." Sir, do you need me to take care of Miss Yena?" "It's alright. I'm planning to send her back to the hospital." "Why?"

"There are too many people around." Josiah then headed toward the door. Seeing how he was not asking about Meredith, Lily hence said to him, "Sir, Miss Meredith is still having a fever. Are you really sure about keeping her locked away in the basement?"

Josiah stopped in his tracks, glanced at her, and said, "What's wrong with that? Do you really think that a woman like her deserves to be walking around freely? Or are you thinking of pleading in her stead?"

Lily quickly explained herself. "I'm sorry Sir. I shouldn't have crossed the line."

Meredith was locked away in the basement for almost three days. She was starting to get anxious upon realizing that she was not getting freed any sooner.

She had not been able to pay Nia's medical fees for quite some time and Nia would be kicked out of the hospital at this rate.

Feeling frustrated and irked, Meredith started kicking the door and started yelling, "Let me out of here! Josiah Shelby, do you hear me? Why are you locking me up? If you think that I am responsible for Miss Leah's death, let me be punished by the law instead! "Do you hear me, Josiah Shelby!" By the time her voice started to break, she finally heard footsteps heading toward her.

The door opened, revealing a smug Ysabelle. "You...why aren't you locked away in jail yet? You murderer!" Glaring furiously at her, Meredith scolded, "Ysabelle, how are you so wicked? Aren't you worried that it will all come back to you later?" "Karma? Tell me, do you see anything that has happened to me after all these years?" Pulling into a smug smile, Ysabelle went on, "Meredith Leighton, I finally understand why Josiah's unwilling to hand you over to the police. It's because he knows what would get to you the most, what would torture you the most...just like now..." Gritting her teeth, Meredith sneered coldly, "It's not like I haven't been locked up here before. What's the deal?"

"You're right, it probably wouldn't matter for people with thick skin like you to stay a few days in the basement," Reaching for her phone, Ysabelle went on," and of course, Josiah knew about this. Did you really think that he locked you up simply to see you suffer? Oh, you're wrong, darling. What Josiah wants is to see you lose everything and to see you wishing that you were dead instead of being alive..." "What are you trying to say?" Meredith panicked a little but she kept a straight face.

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Chapter 166 Meredith's calm front finally came crashing down the moment she saw her mother through the video on Ysabelle's phone, laying on the floor as blood was dripping from her mouth. "What happened to my mom?" She reached out her hands, wanting to snatch Ysabelle's phone but failed.

Meredith finally fell apart. Dropping to her knees, Meredith begged, "Tell me Ysabelle! What happened to my mom?" "There, there. Calm down, I'll tell you," Looking at her in disdain, Ysabelle took a step away from her before going on, "your poor mom suddenly started coughing up blood and passed out. She's being treated in the hospital now but no one can be sure that she'd be able to get past this." Looking at the video that was playing on her phone, Ysabelle clicked her tongue and said, "I heard that she hasn't been doing well lately and now she's even coughing up blood. I think it'll be hard to save her."

Putting away her phone, Ysabella then asked, "Oh no, what do we do? It's possible that you wouldn't even be able to see your mom one last time before she passes."

Meredith was almost on the verge of tears.

She was, of course, worried and frightened.

The more that Meredith was crying, the more pleased Ysabelle felt.

Ysabelle was annoyed that Josiah chose to lock Meredith away in the basement and concluded that Miss Leah's death was a suicide or an accident instead of charging Meredith with murder.

The more that Josiah was unwilling to let Meredith die, the more Ysabelle wanted to get rid of Meredith.

"Hold on, that isn't quite right." Shaking her head, Ysabelle added, "You should be more worried about the fact that your daughter would not have a donor if your mom dies. Does it mean that that daughter of yours would die too?"

"My my, what a pity!" Meredith threw herself at Ysabelle's feet and begged, "Ysabelle, please ask Josiah to let me go? I'm begging you. It's all my fault, I am to be blamed for everything."

"As long as you convince Josiah to let me out of here, I promise to do whatever you say."

“Meredith, you should know Josiah better than anyone, shouldn’t you? He is determined to see you suffer and be miserable. Do you really think that he would listen to me?”

“Please, I’m begging you, Ysabelle…”

“You should do it yourself. But I heard that Josiah would be staying at the hospital with Yena. I don’t think he cares about whether you’re dead or not.” Ysabelle too had snuck into the Shelby residence and she did not dare to stay any longer.

“You poor thing. Your daughter is going to die soon and you can’t even see your mom one last time. If I were you, I would rather die here in the basement.” Turning around, Ysabelle shook her head as she headed to the door. “I think that the only way for you to leave the basement is for you to die in here and Josiah would then have to come to remove your dead body, isn’t it?” Meredith cried in despair as she watched Ysabelle walking out of the basement. Not only was she worried that Nia would lose her donor, but she felt more devastated and heartbroken for her mother. After crying for a while, through her teary eyes, Meredith noticed an empty bowl in the corner of the basement.

Crawling over, Meredith broke the bowl, took a piece of the shattered piece, and made a cut on her wrist.

She did not plan to take her own life, to be exact, she had no right to die.

She was reminded of what Ysabelle said earlier – the only way for her to leave the basement was for her to be dead and Josiah would then have to remove her body from the basement.

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Chapter 167 Lily went to check on Meredith the first thing when she got home from getting groceries. She was aghast and horrified by the sight of Meredith laying in a pool of blood.

Quivering in fear, Lily quickly made a call to Josiah.

Josiah was in the middle of a meeting in the meantime and Yoseph was supposed to update Josiah’s personal matters after the meeting.

However, at the news of Meredith wanting to commit suicide, he had to inform Josiah. Indeed, at the mention of Meredith trying to kill herself, Josiah’s face darkened.” How is she?”

Yoseph shook his head. "Lily sounded like she was in a bad shock and she was stuttering. But I've asked her to call for the ambulance right away." Josiah got up onto his feet abruptly and walked toward the door of the meeting hall.

Mister Yoseph informed the attendees of the meeting. "Something urgent came up and requires Mister Josiah's immediate attention. That'll be all for the meeting today." He then quickly followed up to Josiah.

By the time Josiah had arrived at the hospital, Meredith was already in the emergency ward.

With a cold, hard expression, Josiah asked, "How is she?"

Lily, who was still sobbing, shook her head. "I'm not sure. She was bleeding so much... I don't know if she's going to survive this..."

"The doctors? Are they still in there?" asked Mister Yoseph.

"Not yet." As soon as Lily replied, the doctor was seen walking out of the emergency ward.

"Doctor, how is Miss Meredith?" Mister Yoseph asked.

With a look of relief on his face, the doctor replied, "Don't worry. Even though Miss Meredith suffered blood loss from the cut on her wrist, her life is not at risk.

Everyone finally felt a sense of relief.

Yet at the same time, Josiah had his brows furrowed tightly together.

Walking into the emergency ward, as he expected, Meredith had regained her consciousness. Even though her wrist was bandaged, she did not look like someone who was about to die.

Meredith did not expect Josiah to visit her. Startled, she quickly shut her eyes.

Studying her, Josiah scoffed coldly, "Meredith Leighton, you cut yourself just to escape from the basement, didn't you? You're indeed something else, aren't you?"

Josiah found it ridiculous that he actually dropped his work and rushed all the way to the hospital as soon as he heard that she tried to take her own life.

Indeed, Meredith could not be trusted.

With tears rolling down her cheeks, Meredith cried, "Josiah, can't you use another method to torture me instead? I really can't take this any longer!"

“Just a few days of being locked up in the basement and you’re already complaining that it’s unbearable? What about Miss Leah whom you killed? And have you even thought about how Yena would feel when she knew that her mother was killed? Wouldn’t it be more unbearable for her?”

“Is that why you plan to kill my mom to take revenge for Yena? To vent your anger?” Opening her bloodshot and swollen eyes slowly, Meredith stared directly into Josiah’s eyes. Gritting his teeth, Josiah seethed, “Don’t bring up the mention of your mom. I don’t want to know!”

“Josiah Shelby, no matter how much you resent me, that is my mom! Can’t you be kinder to her?” Falling over from the bed, Meredith tugged at his sleeves and begged, “Please save my mom, I’m begging you, Josiah. Let her get treated, please? I can’t afford to lose her and Nia too...argh!”

Meredith was flung across the room.

Josiah’s face darkened even more as he hissed, “....and don’t you f*cking dare to bring up that b*stard’s child’s name!”

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Chapter 168 Turning around, Josiah then headed for the door. Behind him was Meredith who was on her knees, begging while crying, “Nia is not Yoel’s child, you have to believe me, Josiah. Please believe me once more... please save her...”

Josiah had turned a blind eye and a deaf ear to her pleadings and cries. To Lily, he said, “Keep a close watch on her and send her back to the basement!”

Lily could not bring herself to say anything.

She did not dare to plead with Josiah and could only turn to Mister Yoseph for help. “Even though Miss Meredith’s life is not in danger anymore, she did lose a lot of blood. Could we let her stay in the hospital for a few more days?” . .

Yoseph replied, “Don’t worry, I’ll try to talk to Mister Josiah.”

By the time Yoseph rushed to the entrance, Josiah had already gotten into the car.

He quickly got into the car. He waited for quite a while before finally asking, “Sir, what do you plan to do with Miss Meredith? We can’t possibly keep her locked away in the basement forever, right?”

“I don’t see a problem with that. At least we’re able to keep her from harming others.”

“But...she has a child to look after.”

“The child is not worth it anyway.” Leaning his back against the car seat, Josiah closed his eyes.

It was clear that Josiah did not wish to speak of the matter anymore. Yoseph hesitated before finally adding, “But the wound on her wrist is quite deep, and what if her wound gets infected while she stays in the basement? I think...it’s best if we keep her at the hospital for another two days.”

This time, Josiah simply remained silent.

After being assigned to a patient’s ward, Meredith immediately pulled out the drip needle from the back of her hand and rushed outside.

Lily was startled by her behavior. “Miss Meredith, what are you doing? Why did you pull out the needle?”

“Lily, I am fine. I have more important things to do right now.” Even though she was hurting badly and was still feeling weak, Meredith put up with the pain as she needed to see her mother.

Before Lily could even stop her, Meredith had already left the room.

After asking one of the nurses, Meredith found out which room her mother was assigned to. At the sight of a doctor walking out of the room, she grabbed onto his arm and asked, “Doctor, how is my mom? Is she okay?” Taking a look at Alayna who was in the room before turning to look at Meredith, he asked, “You’re a family member?” “Yes,” Nodding, Meredith replied, “I’m her daughter. How is my mom?” “It’s not looking good. Give her the notice of critical illness.” The doctor said to one of the nurses.

At the mention of the notice of critical illness, Meredith felt her legs go weak.

With her trembling hands, she took the notice form from the nurse. With tears welling up in her eyes, she asked, “Why isn’t she at the emergency ward then? Why is she here instead?”

“Oh, there you go. This is the medical bill.” The nurse handed her another document. The message was clear. Meredith had to pay the fees first before her mother could be treated Meredith had just escaped from the basement. She did not have any money with her.

Fumbling through her empty pockets, Meredith had no choice but to use Josiah’s name. “Doctor, I know Mister Josiah, Josiah Shelby. Could you please treat my mom first? I’ll have Sir reimburse the medical fees later.”

“You know Mister Josiah?” The doctor studied her carefully, with a look of skepticism on his face. It was obvious that he did not believe her.

Seeing how the doctor did not believe her, Meredith had no choice but to say, “Yes. I am his ex-wife.”

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Chapter 169 “Huh? You’re Meredith Leighton?” The nurse exclaimed as she studied Meredith all over. “You are really Meredith Leighton?”

“Yes.”

“Are you even hearing yourself? How is it possible for Mister Josiah’s ex-wife to look so hideous?”

Meredith instinctively adjusted the mask on her face.

“I am not lying. You can call him and check with him,” In desperation, Meredith added, “I’ll give you his number. Tell him that my mom’s life is in danger and she’s dying soon. She needs to be treated right away.”

The doctor was still feeling skeptical, yet at the same time, he was worried that he would miss the golden timing to save Mister Josiah’s mother-in-law.

After a moment of hesitation, the doctor called Josiah.

Meredith, on the other hand, held her breath, waiting for Josiah to pick up.

When the call was picked up, the doctor glanced at Meredith before walking away and said into the phone, “My apologies, Sir. I’m one of the surgeons from the E.R. department...”

“What’s wrong?” Josiah cut him off annoyedly. He was still infuriated by what happened earlier at the emergency ward. Hence, the mention of the emergency ward only annoyed him even more. Josiah guessed that Meredith was pulling one of her tricks again.

The doctor was intimidated and he started stuttering, “Ah...there’s a woman claiming to be your ex-wife...she was hoping that you’d help her...”

“My ex-wife is dead!” Josiah cut him off again and this time, he too ended the call. The doctor stared at the phone with a puzzled look on his face and walked toward Meredith. Wiping away the tears on her face, Meredith asked impatiently, “So? Did he agree?”

With a slight look of annoyance on his face, the doctor shook his head and replied, "Sir said that his ex-wife is dead." "No, he..."

Meredith wanted to explain herself but the doctor cut her off. "Miss, Mister Josiah had made it clear that you're not his ex-wife, hence he will not be helping. If you don't stop this now, I'll call the cops!" Meredith froze as she could only watch the doctor walk away.

"Edith..." From the room, someone was calling out to her in a weak voice. It was only then Meredith came back to her senses. Sniffing hard, Meredith tried to stop herself from sobbing before walking into the patient's ward. "Mom..." At the sight of her mother who looked thin and gaunt as she laid lifelessly on the bed, tears started welling up in her eyes again.

"Mom, what happened to you? Were you bullied when you were there? Why did you lie to me and say that everything was fine?" Moving her dry and chapped lips slowly, Alayna smiled weakly. "No one bullied me...don't overthink..."

Alayna simply thought that there was no point in telling Meredith the truth as Meredith was already in a difficult situation herself.

If Alayna were to tell Meredith the truth, it would only make Meredith resent Ysabelle and Josiah even more. "Edith darling, it's all my fault... I am to be blamed." Alayna reached out her hand and Meredith quickly held her hand in hers.

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"I should have taken better care of myself instead of troubling you and Nia..." "Don't say it like that, Mom," Shaking her head, Meredith went on, "you've done more than enough for Nia and me. You've suffered and been through a lot. And don't worry, you won't die."

"I...I'll go beg Josiah right now. I'll beg him to save you." In desperation, Meredith wiped away her tears, turned around, and was about to leave.

Pulling her shirt, Alayna stopped her. Shaking her head, she said, "Don't, it's no use..."

"Mom, I must go!"

Meredith did not mind being on her knees again. She was willing to let Josiah stab her rather than having to see her mom die.

"Edith...I know my body the best. I won't be able to survive this even if I get treated by the best doctor," With tears in her eyes, Alayna said, "and...I've talked to the doctor earlier...even if I survive, I won't be suitable to be Nia's donor anymore..."

“Mom!” Interrupting her, Meredith cried, “Do you think that I want to save you just because of Nia? No! You’re my mom! And you’re Nia’s grandmother! I don’t want to lose either you or Nia!”

“I know, sweetheart.” Tears rolled down her cheeks as Alayna added, “I really don’t want to leave either of you behind. But this time... I might need to disappoint you.”

“No, you won’t disappoint us.” Shaking her head frantically, Meredith added, “Don’t you remember, Mom? If you didn’t bring Nia to me that year, if it wasn’t for you who pulled me from the edge, I would have been dead. This is why I know that you won’t disappoint me this time.”

“Mom, if either of you dies, I would really lose all the motivation and meaning to live anymore. Do you really want to see me jump off the cliff again?”

“Edith...” Clenching Meredith’s hand in hers tightly, Alayna said, “Look at me.”

Meredith looked at her through her teary eyes.

“Edith, there comes a time when every one of us will die. Plus, I have lived long enough and even if I die, I wouldn’t have any regrets. But the only thing that I regret is not being able to be Nia’s donor, not being able to stay by you and Nia, and not being able to help you to take back what’s rightfully yours from the Leighton family...” Sobbing, Meredith interrupted her, “Mom, I don’t want anything from the Leighton family! All I want is for you to stay alive!” “That is why, darling, promise me...” Alayna begged, “no matter what happens to me or to Nia, you mustn’t give up on yourself, you must stay strong, alright?” Alayna and Meredith both knew well that without a donor, there was almost zero chance for Nia to stay alive.

Back then when they were trying to search for a suitable donor for Nia, the doctor warned that Nia’s blood type was rare and it was really hard to find a matching donor for Nia.

When they found out that Alayna was a suitable donor for Nia, they were finally relieved.

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 170

Chapter 170 “Mom-“Grabbing tightly onto her mother’s hand, Meredith cried, “Mom! Didn’t you say you were only going to take a nap? How could you lie to me? Hurry up and wake up now -” “I’m really going to get mad at you if you don’t wake up! I’m not going to talk to you anymore! Mom...please wake up, hmm? Please don’t leave...”

No matter how much she cried, Alayna did not wake up.

Seeing how Meredith was crying her heart out, one of the nurses could not help but try to comfort her, "Miss, my deepest sympathies but your mom is already gone."

"No! She will never abandon me like that, she will wake up!" Meredith tried to stop the nurses from pushing her mom away. Shaking her head frantically as tears rolled down her cheeks, she said, "Give me a moment, I'll ask Josiah for help! I'll go beg him! I'm willing to give him my life!" The nurses exchanged a look with each other and could only shake their heads.

They simply assumed that Meredith had lost her mind from the shock of her mother's sudden passing.

Meredith was pulled away by force from her mother's bed. Her cries got louder and louder as she could only watch her mother being pushed away. "Why won't you guys give me some time? Why! Why!!"

In the end, Meredith passed out from being too worked up.

Slamming down a file against the desk, Josiah yelled, "Where is everyone? Is there anyone else who is working in this house?!" Lily scurried into his study room. "Sir, what can I help you with?"

"Is Meredith dead or not?"

"Get her back here at once and make me a coffee if she isn't dead!"

Taking a glimpse at the coffee cup that was empty, Lily replied carefully, "Sir, Miss Meredith is still in the hospital. I can make you a cup of coffee if you'd like some."

Lily knew that the coffee she brewed was not comparable to Meredith's and

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Josiah had never once tried her coffee.

But aside from Alfred, there was no one else in the house. Besides, Alfred was not good at brewing coffee either.

"Did she really have to be kept in the hospital just for the petty wound of hers? I want her back here at once!" Josiah seethed frustratedly.

Lily did notice that Josiah was simmering in anger the moment he got back from the hospital. She knew that Josiah would explode in rage if Meredith continued staying in the hospital.

Just when Lily was about to leave the room, Ysabelle walked inside with a cup of freshly brewed coffee.

Startled, Lily greeted her with a nod and left the room. Ignoring Lily, Ysabelle walked toward Josiah. "Josiah, I knew that you would need a cup of coffee at this time to relieve some of your stress." Glancing at her with a look of annoyance on his face, Josiah said, "I thought I made it clear that no visitors are allowed in this house." Ysabelle's expression changed slightly. "Josiah, I didn't know that I am considered an outsider too."

"If not?"

"Well, why is Meredith allowed in here then?"

"Are you the same as Meredith?"

"Of course not!" Ysabelle continued, "I definitely don't have the guts to harm Yena, or to stab you, and even kill Miss Leah."

Ysabelle's words were like knives stabbing into his heart.

Seeing how Josiah's expression darkened little by little, Ysabelle quickly added, "Alright now, Josiah. I know you aren't in a good mood and I simply thought of checking up on you. Nothing else, really." "Now that you've seen me, can you leave now?"