

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 21

Chapter 21

The Meredith that he knew back then was confident, prideful, and gorgeous.

With a tender smile on her face, she held out her small hand to him and said, “Josiah Shelby, do you know the number of guys in Jehovah City who want to marry me? Probably more than a hundred. But amongst them, I have chosen you. It’s not simply because I like you, but it’s because you’re the only one who deserves to be with me. And of course, amongst all the other women in this city, only I, Meredith Leighton, is deserving to be your wife! So tell me, what is the reason that you’re rejecting this arranged marriage? And who gave you the right to reject this marriage?”

Meredith was surprisingly well-articulated.

And as if he was bewitched by her, Josiah had somehow ended up agreeing to the marriage. After that, Josiah could never understand why he had agreed to marry her. Was it really because only Meredith deserved to be with him? Although, he did have to admit that Meredith was an extraordinary and outstanding woman. She was almost perfect.

Until this moment when she was dancing without any clothes on, it was then Josiah finally realized that Meredith was a player. She knew how to seduce men and how to get in their heads. After finishing the performance, Meredith got off the stage and sat on Leon’s lap. “Are you ready, Mister Leon? I’m going to start kissing you,” teased Meredith as she lifted. Leon’s chin with a finger.

With the butterfly-shaped mask and the bloodstain on her forehead, to Leon, Meredith was a temptation that he could not resist.

Leon was flattered and overwhelmed by Meredith. He quickly wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Mister Leon, my kissing skills were taught personally by Mister Josiah. I hope you wouldn’t mind,” said Meredith as she tried her best to ignore the piercing cold gaze from Josiah, all the while tracing her fingers across Leon’s chin. Since Josiah wanted so badly to humiliate her, she would gladly grant his wish. She refused to believe that Josiah, the most respectable and influential

man of Jehovah City, would not be ashamed by the fact that his ex-wife was being humiliated in front of so many people. Finally coming back to his senses, Leon nodded his head and said, "I'm sure you'd be amazing since Josiah had taught you personally. Hurry up now, I can't wait any longer..." He then closed his eyes, pouted his lips, and waited patiently for her kiss.

"Look at you getting all impatient," chuckled Meredith before leaning in for a kiss.

Right when Meredith's lips were about to touch Leon's, a loud clanging sound was heard in the room.

Josiah had smashed the wine glass in his hands onto the floor. Startled by the sound, everyone froze. They looked at the floor and then turned to look at Josiah. There was a gloomy, overcast expression on his face. People who knew Josiah well would know right away that Josiah was enraged.

And of course, Meredith knew better.

She was anxious, frightened...but at the same time relieved. After all, no one would want to kiss someone sleazy and disgusting. Leon was horrified by Josiah's response. Pushing Meredith away from his lap, he followed the crowd who was moving toward the door and started apologizing, "I'm so sorry Josiah. I was just playing a joke...haha...it was just a joke..." With a loud bang, the door of the private room was slammed closed.

The private room that was boisterous and lively a while ago was now dead silent. Struggling, Meredith got off from the floor and scoffed coldly at Josiah, "I thought you were willing to tuck away your ego for the sake of humiliating me. Seems to me that...you think that it's embarrassing too, huh?" Meredith picked up her clothes, covered her bare body with them, attempting to tuck away some of the humiliation that she was feeling.

Josiah finally got up from the sofa. He grabbed the clothes from her and tore them. Then, he pointed toward the floor that was scattered with shreds of broken glass and said, "You love dancing, don't you? Stand on the glass shards and continue dancing."

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Chapter 22 Meredith's eyes followed his finger to see the sharp glass shards that were scattered around the floor. She felt chills running down her spine. Only Josiah was ruthless and cold—

blooded enough to have her dance barefoot on the glass shards. Clenching her fists tightly on her side, Meredith said, "My apologies, Mister Josiah. I don't want to dance anymore." Grabbing the pile of cash that she had earned by selling her dignity, Meredith was ready to leave the room.

"I said to dance!" Josiah growled as he reached out his hands and grabbed ahold of Meredith's hair, causing her to fall backward onto the floor. Meredith felt as if she had heard the glass pieces being pierced into her flesh. A wave of burning pain spread all over her back almost instantly. Because she was dressed only in her underwear, the shards of glass pierced directly into her flesh. Meredith was shivering in pain. Looking at the glass shards on her back, Josiah felt his heart drop. However, the pity he had for Meredith vanished almost immediately when he noticed how she was barely dressed. "Is it painful? And I thought a woman like you, shameless and lowly, wouldn't feel anything at all," mocked Josiah as he crouched down in front of Meredith and lifted her chin with his fingers.

"I said to dance!" Josiah scowled.

Shaking

her head, Meredith started choking up as she said, "Josiah Shelby, we are strangers now. Why are you still doing this to me?" "What did you say? We're strangers?" Josiah scoffed and added, "Did you really think that I would forgive you for what you did to Yeva just because you faked your death and hid from

me?"

"Yeva is still unconscious but you're already selling your body to earn money? Meredith Leighton, I have really underestimated how low you can stoop!" Josiah seethed furiously. Those humiliating words of his pierced through Meredith's heart like sharp knives. However, she had no time to be drowning in pain and self-pity. She had to pay the medical bills urgently to save Nia's life. Staring at the cash that was scattered on the floor, Meredith struggled as she crawled toward the cash to pick them up one by one as tears were blurring her sight. Until a leather shoe stepped on a bundle of cash, it was then Meredith looked into his eyes and begged, "Mister Josiah, I don't care if you want to see me as being desperate or low, but I did my part to earn this money. Could you please kindly step aside?"

Grabbing onto his shoe, Meredith used all her strength to remove the stack of cash underneath his shoe and urgently put the money in her arms.

Josiah was baffled by Meredith's response. Was she really the elegant, sophisticated, confident, and prideful woman that had once vouched that she was the only one who deserved to be his wife?

Josiah thought that money could really make a woman give up everything – including their dignity. Pulling into a smirk, Josiah scoffed, "If you love money so much, why don't you consider sleeping with men instead?"

Hanging her head low, Meredith could only continue putting up with his humiliation.

She was desperately hoping that he would leave after he had enough of humiliating her.

Right then, someone was knocking on the door. It was Zya who had informed Miss Josie of the situation,

Miss Josie who had spent almost her entire life in the club had seen all sorts of situations, was still startled by what she saw in the private

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room.

Chapter 23 In the dimly-lit private room, Meredith was kneeling on the floor that was covered in shards of glass and she was holding tightly onto a pile of cash in her arms. But what really startled Miss Josie was the gruesome sight of Meredith's bloody back.

"Um...Mister Josiah, please do accept my sincerest apologies," Miss Josie who had always abide by the rule that customers were always right, quickly apologized to Josiah as soon as she stepped foot into the room and continued, "Merelyn is not from the customer servicing department so she has no experience in offering services for men. I'm so sorry that she had offended you, Mister Josiah..." She then turned to Meredith and scolded, "Merelyn, what are you waiting for? Hurry up and ask Mister Josiah for forgiveness."

“The high and mighty Miss Leighton doesn’t know how to deal with men? Are you sure you’re not mistaken about that, Miss Josie?” Josiah laughed mockingly and went on, “I seriously think that it’s a loss for your club if you’re not using her as one of your best girls.” Miss Josie had no idea about Meredith’s real identity, hence she simply nodded in agreement to what Josiah had said, “You’re right, Mister Josiah.”

“Since you agree with me, let’s have her transferred to the customer servicing department starting from tomorrow night.”

“Huh?” Miss Josie was startled.

“Is there a problem with that? I see that she is obsessed with money,” Josiah paused and added, “Oh, and I think Mister Leon has his eyes on her. You can have her spend a night with Mister Leon.”

Stepping across the floor that was scattered with shards of glass, Josiah headed for the door. “I’m sorry, Mister Josiah!” Meredith cried as she wrapped her arms around one of Josiah’s legs. With tears in her eyes, she pleaded, “It’s my fault, it’s all my fault. Please forgive me, Mister Josiah.” Meredith could never bring herself to sleep with Mister Leon. Josiah turned his head, looked down at her, and said, “It’s not your fault. It’s never the high and mighty Miss Leighton’s fault, and neither would she apologize for her wrongdoings.” He then removed his leg from Meredith’s grip and walked out of the room. It was only then that Zya came rushing up to Meredith and covered her body with clothes. Feeling bad for Meredith, Zya started to weep, “I’m so, so sorry Merelyn. This is all my fault. I’ve done this to you.”

Wiping away her tears, Meredith shook her head and said, “It’s not your fault.”

Josiah did not need any valid reason if he set his mind to torture her. If not, Meredith did not have to stay low and live her life with a fake identity.

As if she was used to the weird likings of rich people, Miss Josie did not ask much but simply said to Meredith, “Alright now. Go get your wounds treated.” “I’ll call my brother right away,” Zya sniffled and quickly called Zade Brooks, her brother on

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the phone.

Meredith was still holding tightly onto the pile of cash while she was sent to the rest lounge to rest.

Outside the lounge, Linda and the rest of the girls were mocking her, “I heard that not only had she pole– danced naked, but she had also kissed every single guy in the room. Tsk tsk, she’s branded herself as being sweet and innocent, who knew that she had outdone all of us here.”

“Exactly, and she goes around insisting that she only performs and does not want to sell her body. How f ake can she get?” “Didn’t you see the amount of money she was carrying with her? There are at least five million dollars, ain’t it? I mean, I would have done the same if I was her.”

Gnawing on her lips tightly, Meredith could only hold back her tears when she heard how she was being discussed by the girls. Zade Brooks was Zya’s elder brother and he had just graduated from a medical college. Although he had witnessed a lot of injuries, Zade could n ot help but curse when he saw Meredith’s back.

Still sobbing, Zya asked, “Zade, will Merelyn be alright?” “Don’t worry, she’ll be fine,” assured Zade. His eyes had gotten red– rimmed while he carefully removed the shards of glass pierced into Meredith’s fai r skin. After treating the wound, Zade reminded, “Merelyn, do get some rest and tr y not to move around much. It’ll infect the wound.” Meredith simply nodded. However, as soon as the Brooks siblings left, she held back the pain, got herself up from the sofa, and left the lounge. She then hur riedly headed to the hospital.

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Chapter 24 By the time Meredith arrived at the hospital, her mother, Alayna Sawyer was on her knees begging Nia’s doctor, “Doctor Logan, please don’t kick Nia out. My daughter is in the middle of getting the money. She will have the money...please, I’m begging you, Doctor Logan...” Looking perplexed, Doctor Logan said, “Miss Alayna, it’s really not that I don’t wish to keep Nia around, but the hospital has got its rules, and you have to pay the bills before we can continue treating her. I have already tried to negotiate with the director of the hospital, but the debt you owe the hospital is simply too much. I really can’t keep Nia around anymore.” “But Nia will die if she leaves the hospital! Our poor Nia...” Alayna wailed in despair. “Mom!” Meredith shouted as she walked quickly toward the both of them. Alayna turned around to see Meredith and

asked immediately, "Meredith, so? Did you get the money?" "I did," replied Meredith as she reached into her backpack, took out a stack of cash, put them into Alayna's hand, and went on, "Here's a total of five million and three thousand dollars. Mom, please use this to pay for Nia's medical bills." "This much?" Alayna sniffed as she looked toward the cash in her hands and asked, "Edith, where did you get this big sum of money? And why are some of them stained with blood?" "Edith, are you hurt?" Alayna asked when she finally realized the band-aid on Meredith's forehead.

Shaking her head, Meredith replied, "I'm fine. I accidentally tripped over on my way here and the blood somehow got onto the cash."

Meredith did not plan to let her mother know about the injury on her back as she did not want to worry her mother.

Alayna did not ask further and simply left to pay the medical bills. Meredith turned to look at the doctor and apologized, "I'm so sorry for troubling you for the past months, Doctor Logan." Doctor Logan was right. If it was not because of him taking pity on Nia and trying to negotiate with the hospital director, Nia would have already been kicked out of the hospital a long time ago due to the mountain of medical bills.

Doctor Logan answered, "Don't mention it. But I do hope you understand that treating Nia constantly requires a huge amount of money. The money that you paid just now would only clear your previous debt but there will be more coming after this." "I am well aware of that, Doctor Logan. I will do my best to pay the medical bills," replied Meredith.

"Sigh..." Doctor Logan let out a sigh before continuing, "Miss Leighton, I know that Nia is your everything and I know that you hate to hear this, but I still have to say this...you should give up and stop torturing yourself and the child." "No!" As always, Meredith shook her head and insisted strongly, "I will not give up on Nia. Please stop persuading me, Doctor Logan.

"Miss Leighton, this treatment is simply to drag out the time to keep Nia alive. The most important thing that Nia needs is surgery. The fees needed for the surgery are the heaviest. It would even add up to a hundred million dollars. Where are you going to get all the money then?" Doctor Logan asked.

Doctor Logan was only being thoughtful and he continued to persuade Meredith, "Plus, Nia's surgery...can only happen when we find a suitable donor, and the chances of survival are really low. What if..."

"It's just money, isn't it?" Meredith suddenly shouted furiously, "I can always sell my blood, sell my body to get the money for surgery, can't I? How could you say such devastating words when you are Nia's doctor?" Doctor Logan was startled by Meredith's sudden rage. He simply shook his head and left. Feeling her legs gone weak, Meredith slumped onto the floor. After crying silently on the floor for a moment, Meredith dragged

herself into Nia's ward. Looking at all the different medical equipment and machines that were hung over her child's body, Meredith found herself choking in tears again.

That year when she was saved from the sea, Meredith was unconscious for a month. She was later told that it was because she had lost the will to live.

It was when her mother came visiting her with baby Nia in her arms and told her that Nia was going to be an orphan if she continued staying unconscious. That was when Meredith regained her consciousness.

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Chapter 25 Nia had given her a reason to stay alive.

However, life continued to be hard on her. Nia had a weak immune system because she was born prematurely and she had to spend most of her time in the hospital.

Just when she turned two years old, Nia was diagnosed with aplastic anemia. Meredith remembered how it felt to have the world come crashing down on her. Throughout the years, a lot of people, even Doctor Logan, had advised her to give up. But, as Nia's mother, how could she give up on saving her daughter?

If she had not fallen into Ysabelle's wicked scheme, she would not have ended up in the psychiatric hospital and got trapped in the fire which triggered the premature labor.

Meredith had blamed herself for Nia's poor health condition.

Hence, she would never give up on saving Nia, no matter the cost.

Alayna who had returned from paying the medical bills saw Meredith weeping softly next to Nia who was soundly asleep. Alayna could not help but start blaming herself. "If I had not secretly visited the psychiatric hospital and begged Miss Rosa to let me take Nia, Nia would have been free from all this pain and torture..."

"Mom, don't say it like that," pleaded Meredith, "I would rather Nia be in this state than be thrown into the fire and burnt alive."

"But... Doctor Logan is right. If we don't pay the bills on time, Nia will one day be kicked out of the hospital, and I'm worried that Nia..."

"I will do whatever it takes to earn the money!" said Meredith as she wiped away her tears and sniffled, "Mom, you went through hell to get Nia back and I will not let Nia die in vain."

"Edith, you're already doing your best." Feeling bad for Meredith, Alayna comforted her as she patted Meredith's back. "Don't overwork yourself."

Alayna accidentally touched the wound on Meredith's back, causing Meredith to tremble in pain. "What's wrong?" Alayna who was confused asked, "What happened to your back?" "Mom, I'm fine." "Let me have a look," said Alayna as she was about to flip over Meredith's blouse. Avoiding her mother, Meredith replied, "I'm fine, really. I simply bruised myself when I tripped over earlier."

"Edith, you don't look too good. Is there something that you're hiding from me?" Alayna recalled the money that was stained with blood. Looking anxious, she continued to ask, "And where did you get that money? Tell me the truth."

"I got my performance payment in advance from my manager." "Don't lie to me. If you could receive advance payment, you would have done it earlier."

Alayna grabbed Meredith's arms and asked, "Edith, did you do something that you shouldn't

**Mom, are you hearing yourself You think that I sold my body?" Meredith hurriedly changed the topic "Find a spot to get some rest. I'll stay here to keep Nia company

After her mother had finally left, Meredith continued studying her daughter who looked pretty as a doll yet fragile and thin

However, Meredith was not crying anymore She did not want

to see her crying

"Sweetheart, money is not for you." Meredith placed her hand on Nia's while forcing a smile and holding back tears "Did you miss me upon hearing her mother's voice, Nia opened her mouth slowly

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Chapter 26 "Sorry, Nia, I must have woken you." "Mommy..." Nia called out to Meredith in difficulty, "I've...missed you." "I've missed you too, my dear," replied Meredith as she squeezed Nia's hand gently, "Let's not talk if it's too much for you."

Nia nodded her head softly. She stared at Meredith with her pair of big round eyes, as if she was trying to ask when she would be able to talk without any difficulties.

Meredith seemed to have understood her and said, "You'll be discharged after two days when your condition stabilizes. Then, we can talk as much as we like, sounds good?" Nia nodded but she could not help herself and mouthed, "Daddy..."

A smile froze on Meredith's face.

Nia was still the same. Every time when Meredith visited her, Nia would ask her the same question, 'When would her father visit her?'

Meredith wanted to use the same excuse like always – that Nia's father was busy with work

and that he would visit her after he finished his work.

However, the words stuck in her throat when she was reminded of Josiah's deep resentment and hatred for her.

How was she supposed to tell Nia that her father wanted desperately for her to not exist in this world?

"Mommy, will I never be able to see Daddy?" asked Nia.

Meredith turned around to have her back facing Nia as tears ran down her face uncontrollably...

She ran out of the ward and made a call to Miss Josie. "Miss Josie, you mentioned previously that your friend is the manager of Aurous Club, right? Would it be possible if you recommend me to work for them? I don't mind working for the entire night and I'm not afraid of hard work. I...I can go on stage to perform right now."

Miss Josie, who was on the other end of the phone, was taken aback and replied, "Merelyn, are you out of your mind? How are you going to perform on stage when you're still injured?"

"Miss Josie, please, I can do this."

Meredith needed money. She desperately needed money to save Nia. "Even if you can perform. The rate that they are going to pay you is lesser than the Luna Club. Why are you jumping ships?" Miss Josie asked, "Fine then, come to Luna Club earlier tomorrow night. I'll arrange an extra show for you."

"Miss Josie, I won't be able to work in Luna Club anymore." "And why is that?" Startled, Miss Josie asked, "Don't tell me that it's because of what happened earlier tonight?" Holding back her tears, Meredith replied, "Yeah."

Josiah had made it clear that he would not let Meredith off easily As Yena still had yet to regain her consciousness. Most importantly, Meredith could not risk letting Josiah know about Nia as he might harm Nia again. Meredith thought that she would be able to escape from Josiah once she left Luna Club, However, the very next day, Meredith received a call from Miss Josie telling her that Josiah had bought the entire Luna Club and that she was not allowed to quit her job because of *some* contract issues.

Meredith felt her heart go cold. She did not expect that Josiah was willing to spend a fortune just to get his revenge, During the daytime, Meredith worked as a doctor but when the night came, she would turn into a stage performer in nightclubs. Even when she worked in nightclubs, she always maintained a clean record and stayed away from selling her body. Never did she think that there would come a day when she had to sell her body,

Behind her back, the ladies started discussing her again.

“Do you think that Mister Leon had not seen her face? If not, why would he be asking her to sleep with him for a night?” “It’s very likely. No man would be interested in her the moment they see her real face.” ‘I heard that Mister Josiah paid for Mister Leon. Well, to be fair, who wouldn’t want it since t’s free?’ Hmm...you might be right.”

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Chapter 27 Meredith unconsciously touched her face. She thought to herself that if she was a man, she would have lost interest in herself too... “Merelyn, come over to my office.” Meredith entered Miss Josie’s office.

“I’ve arranged two performances for you tonight.” Miss Josie patted her shoulders and reminded her, “Since you won’t be able to quit this job, you should be careful as to not offend these rich people.” “I understand, Miss Josie.” “Merelyn, there’s something that I need to talk to you about.” Miss Josie suddenly sounded serious. “I know that you need money urgently, but as a lady, and...” Miss Josie pointed to her face and went on, “A lady with scars on her face, how are you supposed to earn more in a short period of time?” “Miss Josie, I’ll do my best.”

“What I’m trying to say is, though one’s dignity is important, there are times when our dignity is not valuable. Compared to your daughter’s life...dignity is worthless. Do you understand what I’m trying to tell you?”

“I do.”

Miss Josie was implying to her that she should spend a night with Mister Leon.

Because the Luna Club could not afford to offend Mister Leon and Josiah.

Leaving Miss Josie’s office, Meredith sat down in the dressing room and started putting on make-up

But no matter how perfect her make-up was, her scarred face still looked horrifying. Not able to stand looking at herself for any longer, Meredith hurriedly put on the butterfly – shaped mask

Meredith was performing an international classic song. The melodic sounds from the piano

filled the entire room.

On the well-decorated stage sat a lady dressed in all white in front of the piano. She looked especially stunning. Mister Leon could not peel his eyes off Meredith. He then asked Josiah who was sitting to next him, "Josiah, are you really giving her to me tonight? I'm already looking forward to tonight."

As if he had not heard Leon, Josiah had his eyes glued onto the woman on stage.

He was surprised that Meredith's piano skills had improved throughout the years. Josiah furrowed his brows suddenly at the thought of how Meredith was selling herself in the nightclub for the sake of money. "Of course," replied Josiah before leaving the room.

soon as Meredith walked down from the stage, Linda welcomed her with a look of disdain on her face as she said, "Mister Leon said to get yourself ready in the guest room. He will be

da shortly after." usure, thank you." Meredith then headed toward the lift. "Merelyn," with a worried look on her face Zya called out to her and asked, "are you really going up? I heard that Mister Leon is a...creep" "Don't worry, I'll be careful." Meredith patted Zya's shoulders to assure her.

Meredith knew that Mister Leon was a pervert and a creep. But Josiah demanded her to be there, there was nothing that she could do.

Looking at Meredith entering the lift, Zya murmured to herself, "And...Zade will be heartbroken."

Meredith did not hear Zya. She had arrived at the VIP guest room on the top floor of the building. Meredith sat absentmindedly by the bed for quite some time before finally hearing footsteps nearing the door. She then heard Mister Leon's honeyed voice calling out to her. "My darling, here I come. Have you been waiting long?" Meredith froze. Just hearing his voice made Meredith's hair stand on end.

She was already feeling disgusted.

However, she was not allowed to offend him. Hence, forcing a smile on her face, she went to

welcome him.

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Chapter 28 Leaning toward him, Meredith then wrapped her arms around his shoulders and whined, "Mister Leon, you're late. I've been waiting for you." "Sorry, love. I'll do what I can to make you feel better, okay?"

It was obvious that Leon was drunk. The smell of both alcohol and his sweat almost had Meredith throwing up.

"Okay." Doing her best to put up with him, Meredith said flirtatiously, "What are you waiting for, Mister Leon? Hurry up. I can't wait any longer." Leon, who could hardly wait any longer, lowered his head and was about to kiss Meredith. "Mister Leon," Meredith whispered softly as she placed a finger on Leon's lips. "My mask..."

"Ah, yes, the mask!" Leon removed the mask from her face and said, "Why would you hide your stunning looks behind a mask, we...holy sh*t!"

Leon let out a sudden cry and pushed Meredith to the floor.

With a horrified look on his face, Leon glared at her and demanded, "Who the hell are you?!"

Meredith who was pushed to the ground felt a piercing pain spread through her back, causing her to shudder.

But it was nothing compared to the pain she felt in her heart. She was well aware of the fact that she was no longer the gorgeous and talented lady that people knew of her, and instead, her face was disfigured in the most horrible way possible.

Holding back the tears welling up in her eyes, Meredith got up on her feet. She then tried to inch closer to Leon. "Mister Leon, it's me, Meredith Leighton. Didn't you say that you fancied

me?"

"Are you crazy? There is no way that Meredith would look this way!" Leon stumbled his way toward the door, all the while screaming for help, "Save me! There's a hideous monster in here!"

Chasing up to him, Meredith said, "Mister Leon, please don't go. You promised to make me happy tonight..." "You...you...get the hell away from me!" Running out from the guest room, Leon turned around to find that Meredith was chasing after him and he started panicking, causing him to stumble even more.

When turning around a corner, Leon accidentally knocked his head on the wall, and he passed out instantly.

Pretending to be sad, Meredith kneeled by his side and wept, "Mister Leon, are you alright? Get up and play with me."

"Mister Leon, I am Meredith Leighton, I really am Meredith, I..." After 'sobbing' for a little longer, Meredith noticed a pair of shiny leather shoes in front of her.

Judging from the size of the shoes, Meredith knew right away that they belonged to Josiah.

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Meredith was startled, In a flurry, she quickly put on the mask removed by leon before looking at Josiah. "Joe, what do we do? Mister Leon passed out after seeing me." "Let's call the cops," replied Josiah as his lips tugged into a smirk. The cops?

Meredith felt her heart skip a beat. She then took a glance at Leon who was bleeding on his forehead.

Would she be arrested for aggravated assault?

Just when one of Josiah's attendants was about to make a call, Meredith cried out, "Hold on!"

She rushed toward where Josiah stood, wrapped her arms around his leg, and begged, "Mister Josiah, I didn't mean to hurt Mister Leon. Please don't call the cops on me. Please, I'm begging you!" She knew that Josiah would leap at every chance he got to torture her.

He would definitely exaggerate her offenses to the cops.

What would happen to Nia if she were sent to jail? And who would pay for Nia's medical bills?

"Prostitution and aggravated assault...how are you going to get rid of these two major offenses?"

"I did not do any of those." Meredith shook her head.

"Here it goes again, that innocent and lost expression," scoffed Josiah as he continued, "Meredith, aren't you tired of all these pretending?"

Meredith knew that there was no point in explaining herself to Josiah when he was determined to get revenge. Just like that year.

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Chapter 29 Glaring at Josiah, her tone changed as she asked, "Mister Josiah, what do I need to do for you to not call the cops?" "Are you saying that you're willing to do anything? Just like last night?"

Last night...

Recalling how she was humiliated last night, Meredith's eyes welled up with tears. But she had no options left. Nodding her head, she replied, "Yes." "Alright then, follow me."

Josiah headed toward the VIP suite room that was at the end of the hallway.

Meredith hesitated before following behind Josiah.

As soon as he entered the suite, Josiah sat down on the sofa and said to her, "Pour me a glass of whiskey."

Meredith then walked toward the bar, placed ice cubes in a glass, and poured whiskey into the glass.

Meredith still remembered the temperature and taste that Josiah preferred his whiskey. She even remembered the number of ice cubes that he preferred.

Taking the glass from her, Josiah took a sip and glanced at her. "The whiskey still tastes the same. But who knows if Mrs. Shelby still tastes the same."

Meredith was rendered speechless.

Three years ago, Josiah had despised her to his core. Now that three years had passed, it would not be likely that he would still be interested in her ruined body.

"What are you waiting for? You can start your performance now." Pretending as if he did not notice the pain in her eyes, Josiah took another sip from the glass.

Taking a deep breath, Meredith looked at him and asked, "Mister Josiah, will you really let me go if I take off my clothes?" Although it was the same kind of derogatory act, Meredith would rather do it with Josiah instead of the creep, Mister Leon. After all, he was good-looking, charismatic, and he was the only person that she had loved in the past twenty years.

And most importantly, her body was already his to start with. Slowly slipping off her white dress, she stood in front of him in her bare skin. Her body did not look the same as three years ago. There was a dark red scar stretching from her arms to the back of

her hand, until her fingers. The light in Josiah's eyes dimmed. But he did not say a word. Even though Josiah had seen her naked before, Meredith still found the situation embarrassing. Her face and body were flushed red and she desperately wanted to bury herself

Chapter 28 Leaning toward him, Meredith then wrapped her arms around his shoulders and whined, "Mister Leon, you're late. I've been waiting for you." "Sorry, love. I'll do what I can to make you feel better, okay?" It was obvious that Leon was drunk. The smell of both alcohol and his sweat almost had Meredith throwing up. "Okay." Doing her best to put up with him, Meredith said flirtatiously, "What are you waiting for, Mister Leon? Hurry up. I can't wait any longer." Leon, who could hardly wait any longer, lowered his head and was about to kiss Meredith. "Mister Leon," Meredith whispered softly as she placed a finger on Leon's lips. "My mask..." "Ah, yes, the mask!" Leon removed the mask from her face and said, "Why would you hide your stunning looks behind a mask, we...holy sh*t!" Leon let out a sudden cry and pushed Meredith to the floor. With a horrified look on his face, Leon glared at her and demanded, "Who the hell are you?!" Meredith who was pushed to the ground felt a piercing pain spread through her back, causing her to shudder.

But it was nothing compared to the pain she felt in her heart.

She was well aware of the fact that she was no longer the gorgeous and talented lady that people knew of her, and instead, her face was disfigured in the most horrible way possible.

Holding back the tears welling up in her eyes, Meredith got up on her feet. She then tried to inch closer to Leon. "Mister Leon, it's me, Meredith Leighton. Didn't you say that you fancied me?"

"Are you crazy? There is no way that Meredith would look this way!" Leon stumbled his way toward the door, all the while screaming for help, "Save me! There's a hideous monster in here!"

Chasing up to him, Meredith said, "Mister Leon, please don't go. You promised to make me happy tonight..." "You...you...get the hell away from me!" Running out from the guest room, Leon turned around to find that Meredith was chasing after him and he started panicking, causing him to stumble even more.

When turning around a corner, Leon accidentally knocked his head on the wall, and he passed out instantly. Pretending to be sad, Meredith kneeled by his side and wept, "Mister Leon, are you alright? Get up and play with me."

"Mister Leon, I am Meredith Leighton, I really am Meredith, I..." After 'sobbing' for a little longer, Meredith noticed a pair of shiny leather shoes in front of her. Judging from the size of the shoes, Meredith knew right away that they belonged to Josiah.

ANIMA/STEP

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Meredith was startled. In a flurry, she quickly put on the mask removed by Leon before Looking at Josiah: "Joe, what do we do? Mister Leon passed out after seeing me." "Let's call the cops," replied Josiah as his lips tugged into a smirk. The cops? Meredith felt her heart skip a beat. She then took a glance at Leon who was bleeding on his forehead. Would she be arrested for aggravated assault? Just when one of Josiah's attendants was about to make a call, Meredith cried out, "Hold on She rushed toward where Josiah stood, wrapped her arms around his leg, and begged, "Mis Josiah, I didn't mean to hurt Mister Leon. Please don't call the cops on me. Please, I'm begging you!"

She knew that Josiah would leap at every chance he got to torture her.

He would definitely exaggerate her offenses to the cops.

What would happen to Nia if she were sent to jail? And who would pay for Nia's medical b "Prostitution and aggravated assault...how are you going to get rid of these two major offenses?"

"I did not do any of those." Meredith shook her head. "Here it goes again, that innocent and lost expression," scoffed Josiah as he continued, "Meredith, aren't you tired of all these pretending?" Meredith knew that there was no point in explaining herself to Josiah when he was determined to get revenge. Just like that year.

HOWS:

Chapter 29 Glaring at Josiah, her tone changed as she asked, "Mister Josiah, what do I need to do for you to not call the cops?" "Are you saying that you're willing to do anything? Just like last night?" Last night... Recalling how she was humiliated last night, Meredith's eyes welled up with tears. But she had no options left. Nodding her head, she replied, "Yes." "Alright then, follow me."

Josiah headed toward the VIP suite room that was at the end of the hallway.

Meredith hesitated before following behind Josiah. As soon as he entered the suite, Josiah sat down on the sofa and said to her, "Pour me a glass of whiskey." Meredith then walked toward the bar, placed ice cubes in a glass, and poured whiskey into the glass.

Meredith still remembered the temperature and taste that Josiah preferred his whiskey. She even remembered the number of ice cubes that he preferred.

Taking the glass from her, Josiah took a sip and glanced at her. "The whiskey still tastes the same. But who knows if Mrs. Shelby still tastes the same."

Meredith was rendered speechless.

Three years ago, Josiah had despised her to his core. Now that three years had passed, it would not be likely that he would still be interested in her ruined body.

“What are you waiting for? You can start your performance now.” Pretending as if he did not notice the pain in her eyes, Josiah took another sip from the glass. Taking a deep breath, Meredith looked at him and asked, “Mister Josiah, will you really let me go if I take off my clothes?” Although it was the same kind of derogatory act, Meredith would rather do it with Josiah instead of the creep, Mister Leon. After all, he was good-looking, charismatic, and he was the only person that she had loved in the past twenty years.

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There was a dark red scar stretching from her arms to the back of her hand, until her fingers.

The light in Josiah’s eyes dimmed. But he did not say a word.

Even though Josiah had seen her naked before, Meredith still found the situation embarrassing. Her face and body were flushed red and she desperately wanted to bury herself

in a hole,

But she did not flinch and instead, forced a smile on her face. “Mister Josiah, are you satisfied?”

“Remove that mask,” ordered Josiah. Holding back the feelings of slight amusement, Josiah continued taking sips from his glass of whiskey. Meredith hesitated this time around. “Why? You can’t do it?” “1...” She said, “I’m simply worried that you’d run for your life, like Mister Leon after seeing

me.”

Crossing his legs, Josiah leaned his back on the sofa. Pulling into a bewitching smile, he said, “I’ve seen you when you look the most disgusting. So take it off, the mask.”

Meredith could only remove the mask as instructed.

As the scarred part of her face was slowly revealed, Josiah, who was drinking from his glass, froze. He was stunned.

However, he did not run for his life like Mister Leon.

Meredith did not expect Josiah to react this way. Feeling slightly disappointed, she chuckled, "Are you sure you want to sleep with me after seeing my face?"

Still Loving You Nonetheless by Snow de Eira Chapter 30

Chapter 30 Josiah's eyes darkened. Still staring at her, he asked, "What happened?" "Do you really not remember? How could you even be asking me how I got the scar? Meredith Leighton, speak in a way that I understand." "I'd rather you not ask because I don't want to talk about it." It was a painful past for Meredith. The pain was too unbearable for her that she did not wish to be reminded of it again.

Josiah, though, grabbed her by her hair and dragged her until she was kneeling next to him. Forcing Meredith to look at him, Josiah seethed, "Tell me!"

Tears started welling up in Meredith's eyes. Putting up with the pain as Josiah was grabbing onto her hair and with tears in her eyes, she smiled and replied, "Do you really wish to know, Josiah Shelby? Fine, I'll tell you. Everything that has happened to me is all your fault. The moment you chose not to trust me and had me locked up in the psychiatric ward, my face and my body started rotting." Josiah was reminded of the time when Meredith purposely started a fire just to escape from the psychiatric hospital.

However, Meredith was not burned alive but the fire left a scar on her face.

"And how is this my fault?" The last bit of sympathy that he had for Meredith vanished as he scoffed, "You brought this upon yourself. Oh wait, let me correct you – you destroyed yourself the day that you cheated on me with Yoel Harper."

Regarding the incident, Meredith had no intentions of defending herself, because there was no point for her to explain herself anyway. "Whatever you say," Meredith replied nonchalantly.

And it was exactly that indifferent attitude of hers that triggered Josiah even more.

"It seems to me that locking you up in the psychiatric ward didn't teach you any lessons!" Josiah turned around and pressed Meredith down onto the sofa.

With her back hitting the sofa, Meredith cried out in pain. Noticing the blood stains on the sofa, Josiah was reminded of the wounds on her back. The wounds ruptured, causing it to bleed again.

Josiah hesitated. But he was quickly triggered by Meredith again. "Josiah Shelby, apart from using all these lowly and disgusting methods to get back at me, what else can you do, huh?" Meredith's lips trembled in fear as she continued, "You were the same three years ago, and you're still the same even now..." "Shut that mouth of yours, Meredith Leighton!" Ignoring the wound that she had, Josiah pressed down on her shoulder even harder.

The pain was too much for Meredith to bear that she did not even have the strength to defend herself.

She simply laid there without any struggling. Josiah, not willing to give up, grabbed onto her hair once more and taunted furiously, "Meredith Leighton, would it kill you to apologize? Are you that stubborn?" Although she was weak and helpless, Meredith remained firm. "I...did not do anything wrong. You're the one who is at fault and it always has been your fault!" Her stubbornness only got her into more trouble. Finally, Josiah dragged her and left her by the door of the suite. He then hissed, "Get the hell out of my sight!"

Just when Josiah passed by Meredith and was ready to leave the suite, Meredith wrapped her arms around Josiah's leg.

Josiah's gaze turned cold. With a look of disdain, he hissed, "Get your dirty hands off me." Meredith, though, wrapped her arms tighter around his leg and said weakly, "You haven't paid me for tonight's service." "You're asking me to pay you?" Laughing, he went on, "Meredith Leighton, I don't see you asking for a single penny when you got married to me that year, so what's with this now?" "Because I loved you then, and I was your wife," Meredith continued, "but I don't love you anymore. And this is my job." For some reason, Josiah felt slightly disappointed when Meredith claimed that she did not love him anymore.

"If that's the case, go get paid from your manager." Struggling free from Meredith's grip, Josiah left the room without even looking back.