

## STILL LOVING YOU NONETHELESS

### Chapter 3

Ysabelle flipped the meal tray upside down, dumping all the food onto the floor as she smirked and sneered, "Since you won't be able to hold cutleries anyway, you can just eat off the floor."

Ysabelle then left the basement.

Looking at her bruised and bloody hands that were trembling, Meredith could not even find the strength to pick up food from the floor, let alone use cutleries.

Since last night, from the time Meredith was drugged and put in bed with Yoel, followed by the incident with Yena...she had not taken even a sip of water.

She was starving but the pain that she felt had made her forget about the hunger. However, Meredith refused to be defeated this way. She had to walk out of the basement alive to tell Josiah that her feelings for him were real and that she was being framed.

Meredith was determined to make Ysabelle pay for what she had done.

Using all the strength left in her, Meredith moved toward the food that remained on the floor. Just when she was about to take a bite, a large black shadow came barging into the basement.

It was Josiah's pet dog, a Tibetan Mastiff, and because Meredith was scared of dogs, Josiah had his dog kept in the backyard and was looked after by Yena.

The dog barked excitedly as it rushed toward Meredith. Meredith, on the other hand, was terrified at the sight of the large dog and shrieked in horror as she retreated to a corner.

The large-sized Tibetan Mastiff was agile as it leaped onto Meredith and bit her arm. Meredith was instantly drowned in waves of piercing pain and feelings of horror.

Ysabelle was admiring Meredith's pathetic look as she chuckled, "Josiah was worried that you'd be too lonely down here, so he got you a friend. So how do you like your friend, huh?"

"Help! Help me!" Meredith cried out as she struggled to get away from the dog. She tried to remove her arm from the dog's mouth but the dog thought that Meredith was playing with her and it got even more excited.

"Joe! Joe! Please save me...!" Meredith cried for help as she thought of Josiah. Even though she knew that Josiah did not believe her, and neither would he come to save her, Meredith still called out for him.

Because he was her husband, and also the person that she loved the most.

Perhaps it was from the fear or the pain, Meredith lost her consciousness again.

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In the study room, Josiah had been replaying the video. The half-dressed and drunk woman in the bed with another man was really his wife.

The woman who said that she had loved him for almost ten years; the woman that was adamant about marrying him.

Josiah could not wrap his head around how Meredith could cheat on him yet at the same time argued that she only loved him...and also how she could ruthlessly push Yena down the stairs.

The video suddenly blurred followed by Yena's shriek. Josiah's gaze wavered.

He pressed down the cigarette butt with force in the ashtray.

The ashtray was already filled with cigarette butts.

Josiah finally came back to his senses at the sound of someone knocking on his door.

He then stopped the video on the screen.

With a bowl of chicken soup in her hands, Ysabelle walked over to his side, put down the bowl and said in a gentle voice, "Josiah, I know you're worried about Yena, but you should also take care of yourself."

Ysabelle swirled the soup with a spoon and blew on it in an attempt to cool down the hot soup. She then went on, "I made this soup myself. Let me feed you some, okay?"

"I don't want it," Josiah rejected her coldly without even taking a look at her.

Gnawing on her lips, Ysabelle continued, "Josiah, I'm only doing this because I want to take care of you in their stead since Yena is still unconscious and Meredith is not admitting to her mistakes."

Josiah glanced at her coldly and smirked. "What makes you think that I would be interested in you when I'm not even interested in a beauty like Meredith?"

'Beauty...?' Ysabelle thought to herself as she gritted her teeth.

In the past year, Ysabelle had had enough of people complimenting Meredith's good looks, how Meredith was all-rounded and talented, or how Meredith was a good match with Josiah.

Yet no one had complimented Ysabelle when she thought that she was not too bad herself.