

## Still Loving You Nonetheless By Snow de Eira Chapter 471

Chapter 471

### Chapter 471

Ysabelle was struggling to get away from Meredith as she shouted furiously at the two men of hers, "Are you guys dead or what? Get her off me!"

The men then only came back to their senses and hurriedly moved Meredith away from Ysabelle

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Ysabelle injured her head and was beaten all over by Meredith. Raw anger shot through her and she slapped Meredith across her cheeks. "You crazy b\*tch! How dare you lay your hands on me?"

If she was not held back by the two men, Meredith would have returned a slap on Ysabelle's face.

Meredith could not care less who Ysabelle was or how sinister Ysabelle could be.

All she knew what that Ysabelle had forced her to drink the drugged juice and caused her to have a miscarriage.

After a moment of resisting and trying to fight off the men, Meredith suddenly stopped moving and ended up breaking down in tears.

Watching the video clip that was sent by Ysabelle, Josiah's face immediately darkened. Especially when Ysabelle said that she was just repeating what he did back then. Hearing those words pained Josiah.

She was right. He forced Meredith to have a miscarriage. "Sir, we found the address. It's at an old factory by the outskirts of the town," Wesley informed and asked, "should we call the cops?"

"No, we can't call the cops," Josiah replied sternly, "Ysabelle is not only going after Meredith but me as well. She would not allow us to call the cops."

Ysabelle warned that if he showed up with someone else, she would push Meredith off the building.

And Ysabelle was desperate and she had nothing else to lose, hence she would definitely do as she said.

“Pull over at a side and I’ll go in alone,” Josiah said. Wesley froze. “Sir, you’re going in there alone?”

“Yes.”

“You can’t, Sir! It’s too dangerous.” “If I don’t go in now, Edith will really end up in danger.” The scene of Ysabelle forcing the juice down Meredith’s mouth flashed across Josiah’s eyes. All he could think of right now was to kill Ysabelle.

But he knew better than to be reckless. He had to stay calm and cool especially at times like this if he wanted to confront Ysabelle.

But Wesley was still worried for him, “Sir, you said it yourself that Ysabelle is also coming for

you, didn’t you? It’s obvious that this is a trap.”

of course, Josiah knew right away that it was a trap. “Edith’s life is more important.” Josiah had already made up his mind. Hesitating, Wesley then said, “If that’s the case, you should go in first and I’ll have our men stand by on the outside. Don’t worry, Sir, we won’t let them notice us.”

“Okay.” Josiah then made a call to the number that sent him the video.

He did not expect Ysabelle to have the guts to answer the call, but she did. It seemed like Ysabelle really had nothing else to lose anymore.

But as soon as his call was answered, Josiah heard Meredith’s despair cries on the other end of the call.

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He felt a wrenching pain in his heart as his stomach tied up in knots. Josiah bellowed furiously into the phone, “Ysabelle, don’t you dare touch her!”

Ysabelle said nothing and all Josiah could hear was Meredith's painful cries. After a moment, Ysabelle finally replied in a mocking tone, "Didn't you watch the video that I sent you? The baby is gone, Josiah. Why do you still care if she dies?" "Or..." Ysabelle cackled and added, "could it be that you're calling me to tell me that you're giving up on her? That you don't care whether she dies or not?"

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"Cut your bull and tell me what it is that you want!" With his teeth gritted tightly together, Josiah seethed, "Ysabelle, if you're smart enough, you know better that killing Meredith won't do you any good. So tell me what it is that you want and I'll do what I can."

Ysabelle laughed instead, "You're a funny man, aren't you, Mister Josiah? Even if I ask for a hundred million dollars, what's the use of that money anyway? It's not like I have the chance to use it. Unless you give me my freedom. But oh wait, you've even taken away my chance to request medical parole, haven't you? So no, I don't think there's anything that you can give me."

"Freedom? That's what you want? Okay, I'll give it to you," Josiah replied. As long as she was willing to let Meredith go, Josiah was willing to accept all of Ysabelle's requests.

But Ysabelle did not believe him because Josiah accepted her request without any hesitation.

"That was easy," Ysabelle laughed and added, "well let me guess what you have planned out, hmm? You're convincing me to let Meredith go and after that, you'll report me to the cops and have me locked up in jail again. And I'll be sentenced for another crime. Not to mention freedom, I don't think I'll be able to walk out of jail alive, do I?"

"No. I am a man of my word." Josiah did not wish to waste any more time with her.

All he wanted was to save Meredith.

But Ysabelle was not someone who could be easily convinced. Josiah was a man who would drag his own wife to hell just to see her suffer, let alone Ysabelle...someone who dared to challenge and provoke him.

Hence, no matter what Josiah said, she would not trust him.

But still, she said, "Since you want to save her so badly, why don't you come on over here on your own to get her? But let me remind you, Mister Josiah. This place is secluded and dangerous, I'm afraid that you won't be able to save yourself, let alone save her."

Josiah finally understood Ysabelle's intentions.

Ysabelle had no intention of letting Meredith or him go. All she wanted was to get her revenge.

Hence, he decided to stop negotiating with her and ended the call. Upon hearing the sounds of a car approaching them, Ysabelle felt even more jealous of Meredith.

Ysabelle could not understand why Josiah would risk his life to save someone as hideous as Meredith.

"Josiah Shelby, do you really feel guilty for Nia's death?" Ysabelle cackled sinisterly as she stared at Josiah who was downstairs, and added, "Do you really think that if you let guilt live in you or treat Meredith nicer, you'd be able to get rid of all your wrongdoings?" It was an abandoned factory with construction materials scattered around.

Under the dimmed and faint yellow lights, Josiah seemed to blend in with the dark and cold surroundings. And from afar, he looked even colder. But Ysabelle was not intimidated by him.

She dragged Meredith who was crying frantically from the floor and leaned her toward the railing of the third floor. "See this? Your precious wife has gone crazy again because she can't accept the fact that her child is dead!"

Looking at Meredith's ruffled hair and her body that was covered in filth, Josiah felt devastated. "Edith! Edith, are you okay?"

At the sound of Josiah's familiar voice, Meredith slowly came back to her senses and looked downstairs.

And her tears started falling down her cheeks. "Joe, our baby is gone! Those evil people killed

him!"

"Don't worry, Edith. Our baby will not die." "Really?" In disbelief, Meredith asked, "Is it true that our child will not die, Joe?"

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Meredith was stroking her tummy. It was as if she did not care that Ysabelle was holding a knife to her neck.

Ysabelle's resentment festered in her and she held the knife closer to Meredith's neck until tiny droplets of blood were seeping out from Meredith's neck

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Even though the place was dimly-lit, Josiah noticed the blood.

"Stop, Ysabelle!"

Ysabelle pulled Meredith's hair on the back roughly and she did not care about Josiah's threats nor the fact that Meredith's face was all scrunched up in pain.

She then seethed into Meredith's ears, taunting, "Meredith Leighton, he's lying *to you*. Do you really think that your baby is going to live after you drank the entire glass of drugged juice? Your baby is gone!"

"No, he isn't!" At the mention that her baby was gone, Meredith got triggered and started yelling and crying, "my baby is not dead! Joe, please save our baby! I don't want him to die!

No!"

Because she was struggling and moving around, the knife that was held against her neck was piercing into her neck. And Josiah who was watching downstairs felt as if his heart was about to leap out of his mouth.

Because he was worried about the knife on her neck, Josiah had no choice but to tell her, "Edith, listen to me! You're not having a miscarriage because you're not pregnant in the first

place!"

He then repeated himself in a louder voice, "Do you hear what I said, Meredith? You're not pregnant!"

Meredith was stunned. She stared at him dazedly and asked, "What did you say, Joe?"

Even Ysabelle was stunned.

Ysabelle checked Meredith's white dress to see that aside from the dust and mud, there was nothing else on her dress.

She had clearly given her two dosages of the drug and the effects would manifest in no more than fifteen minutes. But half an hour had already passed and Meredith looked fine.

Meredith was not pregnant?

But she saw it with her own eyes when Josiah handed Meredith the pregnancy test report.

Ysabelle felt as if she was being played. Not believing him, Meredith touched her belly and asked, "You're lying to me, Joe. I am pregnant, aren't I? You were there when the doctor told us..."

"No. The doctor confirmed that you were not pregnant but because I was worried that you'd be disappointed so I had her come up with fake test results," Josiah comforted her, "that is why Edith...you don't have to be sad. Our baby hasn't come to us yet, so he is safe."

Meredith touched her stomach and realized that she did not feel any pain or discomfort,

Could it be that she really was not pregnant?

There was no baby in her?

Seeing how Meredith was convinced by Josiah, Ysabelle immediately pressed the knife closer to Meredith's neck. "Meredith Leighton, if I were you, I wouldn't trust him. This man is cruel, ruthless, and cold blooded. He was the one who got rid of your baby, and both your mom and daughter died all because of him! Don't you even feel sorry for your mom and daughter if you choose to believe him?"

With tears welling up in her eyes, Meredith was staring at Josiah. She was simply staring at him, saying nothing. It was as if she was asking him, 'Is it true?'

Even though Josiah was worried that Meredith would believe Ysabelle and be affected by her words, he remained composed. He looked at Meredith and asked, "Do you believe her, Edith? Can you really trust a kidnapper's words?"

"I..." Meredith was stunned. She was not sure either.

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Ysabelle was simmering in anger and she taunted Meredith, "Let me remind you something, Meredith. If you choose not to believe me today, you'll regret it for the rest of your life!"

"Edith, you know better how I feel for you, do you not? Why would you allow some abductor to tell you how you should feel?" Josiah stared coldly at Ysabelle and said, "The one who really wanted to hurt you is the one who forced you to drink the drug and who is holding a knife to your neck, do you understand me?"

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Meredith was once again convinced by Josiah.

She knew how well Josiah had treated her and as for Ysabelle...

Meredith took a glance at the knife on her neck and asked nonchalantly, "Can you let go of me now? I want to go home."

Ysabelle was silent.

Ysabelle wondered if Meredith was really as mentally unstable as she claimed to be. Since Meredith chose to not believe her, Ysabelle decided that she did not have to waste any more time to convince her.

Ysabelle pressed the knife closer to Meredith's neck and cackled, "Meredith Leighton, do you really think that I brought you here just to tell you things?"

Josiah was getting anxious and nervous, but he did not dare to act recklessly.

Holding back the pain, Meredith replied, "I know. Not only did you want to ruin my relationship with Joe, but you also want to get rid of our baby." "Is that all?" Ysabelle scoffed and added, "Would you like me to tell you what's the last one?"

"I am going to kill you and drag you into hell with me!" Ysabelle laughed sinisterly and sneered, "In any case, I won't be able to get out of this alive! Do you really think that I'll let you walk away alive?"

The wound on Meredith's neck was getting deeper and the pain was slowly getting unbearable.

Gnawing on her lips, Meredith tried to get a look at Josiah who was downstairs.

Ysabelle looked at Meredith then looked at Josiah and asked, "What's wrong? Do you want dear Joe to save you? Sure, but he would first have to crawl over here, and then I'll let him take you."

Ysabelle pointed toward a dark and narrow corridor.

The narrow corridor was built using wooden planks, joining the opposite building with the building that Meredith and Ysabelle were at. Because the place was long abandoned and not maintained, the wooden corridor was shaking and looked like it was about to crumble any time.

It would be dangerous for even a small and light-weighted woman like Meredith to walk on it, let alone a man like Josiah.

Especially when Josiah looked up at the corridor from where he stood, under the dim lights, the corridor looked extremely dangerous.

Looking at Josiah's expression, Ysabelle pulled into a smug smile. "What's wrong? I thought you loved Edith a lot? Are you planning to give up on saving her now?" Josiah turned and looked at Ysabelle. With a cold expression, he asked, "Are you really going to let Edith go if I walk over the corridor?"

"Well, of course. Why would I let such a courageous man die? I would surely respect and admire you a lot to let you die just like that." "How can I trust you?"

"Mister Josiah..." Ysabelle scoffed, "are you trying to negotiate with me? Do you even have the right to do so?"

"So, you have no plans on keeping your word."

"You're right. I was just messing with you. So what? What can you do about it?" "You—" Josiah felt rage thrumming in his veins.

Ysabelle felt exhilarated to see how Josiah wanted to kill her but could not.

She then scoffed coldly at Meredith, "See that? The man you trust the most is worried that he's going to fall over from the corridor and he's not willing to save you."

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"No...don't come here." Meredith was standing close to the old corridor and could see the cracks on them and how the walkway was about to rumble.

"Joe, don't come up, you'll fall to your death," She urged, "you don't have to care about me, just leave."

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"Edith..." Josiah was feeling antsy and he did not know what to do.

He who had been through the ups and downs in the business world was suddenly faced with a challenge that he did not know the right solution to.

He was not afraid to die, but he was worried that if he died, he would not be able to save Meredith.

Annoyed, Ysabelle called over the two men and had them tie Meredith onto a pillar.

The pillar was close to the edge and just a slight movement and Meredith would fall over. Josiah fumed, "Ysabelle, get her inside!" Unbothered by his taunts, Ysabelle retorted, "It's not like you're planning to save her.

Why not just let her slip off slowly as the ropes come undone by itself? Then we'll just let her fall to her death." "I am saving her!" Josiah seethed, "Don't you dare hurt her. Leave her alone and just come at

me!"

"Aww don't worry. As long as you move fast enough, you might make it in time to save my sister."

Seeing how Meredith was about to slip off from the pillar, Josiah was even more anxious. He quickly scanned his surroundings and found a staircase that took him to the third floor.

He was finally closer to Meredith.

But he had one last obstacle to get through before he could reach Meredith.

Seeing how Josiah was about to step onto the old walkway, Meredith shouted anxiously, "Don't come here, Joe. It's dangerous, you'll fall!"

Ysabelle smirked and said to the men, "If he doesn't get over here in a minute's time, loosen the rope on Meredith Leighton."

"Miss Ysabelle, aren't you going to wait for us before you leave?" The men realized that Ysabelle was about to leave first.

"You guys know here better than I do, don't you? Why would you need time to leave first?"

"Who knows who this guy is and what if we've underestimated him?"

One of the men took a glimpse at Josiah who was holding his breath, crossing the walkway, then took a knife from his pocket and cut the rope tied around Meredith. "There we go, I'm sure the rope would break in no less than two minutes."

Looking at the rope which was tearing little by little, Ysabelle nodded. "Good idea!"

She then turned to look at Josiah who was inching slowly across the walkway, smiled, and said, "Mister Josiah, you've only got a minute to save your wife from falling over and crashing against the hard cold floor."

Josiah, who was entirely focused on where to put his foot next on the walkway, got nervous upon hearing Ysabelle's words. Ysabelle laughed maniacally, "Josiah Shelby, Meredith Leighton! Are you both ready to die?" Before she left, Ysabelle gave a look to one of the men. The man walked closer to the corridor and kicked the wooden walkway. The walkway started to rumble and crack with shreds and pieces of wood dropping.

Josiah who had only crossed a third of the walkway immediately crouched down and waited for the walkway to stop shaking.

Feeling anxious, Meredith started crying, "Joe! It's too dangerous! Go back!"

Josiah lifted his head to look at her.

Under the night sky, his gaze looked determined yet gently. "Don't cry, Edith, and try to stay still. We can't let the rope break! "I will save you, so be good and wait for me."

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As he got closer toward Meredith, Josiah could now see clearly that Meredith's rope was stretched thinner and thinner and that she could drop any minute.

Meredith was in just as dangerous a situation as he was. Ysabelle though had already left the building while laughing away manically, Meredith who was quivering in fear did not even dare to breathe hard. But even so, the rope tied around her broke in the end. Josiah had just crossed two-thirds of the walkway when he heard the rope breaking apart. He immediately looked toward Meredith.

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"Edith!" Josiah cried out.

He then ran over to Meredith without even thinking.

"Joe" Meredith was falling over and her mind had gone blank.

She thought she would drop to the ground and her life would end just like that.

All of a sudden, she stopped falling. She opened her eyes abruptly to see Josiah grabbing onto her shirt's collar.

"Joe..." She thought that she was safe now but she soon realized that Josiah too was hanging mid-air. He had one hand holding onto the edge of the third floor and the other hand that was grabbing her collar.

"Edith, hurry up and jump inside." Josiah was struggling to not let his grip on the edge slip.

Because there was nothing for him to hang on to and Josiah felt as if his fingers would easily slip off from the edge.

Meredith was just near the second floor but because she was frightened, she did not dare to take the jump

"Joe, I..."

"Don't be scared, I'll protect you." Josiah was gritting his teeth tightly but he still smiled at Meredith to encourage her.

But before Meredith could even take a leap, Josiah could not hold on anymore.

He was slipping off from the edge and with all the strength left in him, he swung Meredith toward the second floor.

Meredith landed hard on the cemented ground of the second floor. She immediately felt a wave of piercing pain crashing into her.

Before she could even make sense of what was happening, she heard a loud thud of something landing on the ground.

“Joe...” Startled, Meredith murmured his name as she crawled toward the edge and looked down.

At the sight of Josiah who was leaning against a pile of bricks without moving, Meredith was

in shock. After a pause, she called out, “*Joe, what’s wrong with you see,*

*Staggering and stumbling, Meredith tried to find her way to go downstairs*

s

But the *old factory was too big, and she just could not seem to find the way to the window and she started breaking into tears,*

*Meredith could not recall when and how she passed out.*

*She only remembered that she was running around in circles on the second floor, not able to find the exit,*

And after a while, her legs gave her away and she blacked out. By the time she regained consciousness, she was already in the hospital. The smell of antiseptics choked her and she was surrounded by painstakingly white walls. She called out anxiously, “Joe...” Even though she did not recall how she passed out, she remembered clearly how Josiah had saved her and fell to the ground,

The sight of Josiah lying lifelessly on the pile of bricks was harrowing and terrifying to Meredith.

“Ma’am, you’re awake.” Yoseph walked into the room to see Meredith staring blankly at the ceiling with tears in her eyes, and she was calling out to Josiah.

At the sight of Yoseph, Meredith grabbed his hands and asked, "Yoseph, where is Joe? How is he? He fell to the ground. Did you guys manage to find him?" Yoseph patted her hands and comforted her, "Calm down, ma'am, Sir is in the ICU and he will be fine."

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"What did you say?" Meredith was first stunned but almost immediately, she started crying again. "How is he fine when he is in the ICU?"

"The doctor said that his surgery was successful but he is still unconscious. They will need to keep observing him."

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"Where was he injured? Why is it so serious?" "Sir hurt his head and broke his left hand."

He was injured badly.

Blaming herself for what had happened, Meredith choked up, "It is all my fault. Joe ended up injured because of me."

Yoseph shook his head. "No, Ma'am. It was Ysabelle, the despicable woman who injured Sir. It is not your fault at all."

"No, it is my fault. Joe only fell because he had to save me. If he hadn't, he wouldn't have ended up being injured." Meredith would rather be injured instead of seeing Josiah getting injured. In her memories, Josiah was her husband, the man he loved the most and her only family. Meredith of course, could not bear to see her loved one getting injured because of her. "Ma'am, just think about it. Sir loves and cares for you a lot, doesn't he? How could he turn a blind eye and not save you when he knows that your life is in danger?" Yoseph smiled bitterly and said, "You would feel sadder if Sir didn't save you and leave you to be tormented to death by Ysabelle, wouldn't it?"

Meredith agreed with Yoseph.

She knew that Josiah cared about her and what he did for her only strengthened her love for him.

But she still felt devastated and heartbroken.

And worried.

“Yoseph, can you bring me to see Joe?” Meredith asked. Yoseph looked rather conflicted. “But Sir was just sent to the ICU and the doctors usually won’t allow visitors. Ma’am, why don’t we wait here until he regains his consciousness?”

Meredith was aware that the ICU had strict rules on visitors so she could only agree with Yoseph. “Okay.”

Meredith decided not to bother him and let him rest so that he could recover faster.

“Ma’am, you must be hungry. Let me go get you something to eat.” Yoseph got up from his

seat.

Meredith stopped him. “Yoseph, don’t leave me here alone. I’m scared.”

Yoseph noticed the look of fear in her eyes. It was only then he realized that Meredith had

been through a harrowing abduction

and she must be *feeling* helpless and frightened. “Sorry Ma’am, I should have been more considerate.” Yoseph sat down and gave a light tap on Meredith’s back. “Don’t worry, Ma’am. We’re in a hospital and Ysabelle won’t be able to step in here.”

*Meredith nodded.*

*After a while, Yoseph made a call to have someone bring them food so that he could stay by Meredith’s side. At the thought of the incident at the old factory, tears welled up in Meredith’s eyes again. She looked at Yoseph and asked, “Yoseph, is it true that I am not pregnant?” Yoseph was stunned. “Did Sir tell you this himself?” “Yes.”*

*“If that’s the case, I will be honest with you then,” Yoseph added, “it’s true that you’re not pregnant. Sir was worried that you’d be heartbroken so he faked the test results.”*

*“So it’s true? Joe was not lying to me?” “Yes.*

*Sir planned to get you pregnant this month so that you’d never find out that you’re not pregnant.” Yoseph smiled. “Sir is considerate, isn’t he?”*

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“How is it possible?” Meredith still found the truth hard to take in “I am pregnant, aren't I?” “Ma'am, if you're really pregnant, you'd be feeling a lot of pain in your tummy. It's impossible that you're not feeling anything.”

Even though Yoseph did not know what exactly happened in the old factory, when he found Meredith, she was passed out on the second floor with injuries on her forehead and neck

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It would be impossible for a pregnant lady to feel nothing after going through all that. Meredith touched her stomach and indeed, she did not feel anything in particular.

She did not feel pain nor any signs of uncomfortableness.

Meredith had finally accepted the truth that she was not pregnant “Ma'am, the wound on your neck must be really painful,” Yoseph said with a look of sympathy on his face.

Meredith traced her fingers on her neck and felt a bandage.

Earlier, she was worried about Josiah and whether she was pregnant or not, that she had forgotten that she too was injured.

And all of a sudden, she felt a piercing pain in her neck

But still, she shook her head and said, “I'm fine. Compared to Joe's injuries, mine are nothing.

“Don't worry, Sir will be fine,” Yoseph comforted her again. Shortly after, their food was delivered. Meredith was abducted by Ysabelle before she could even have dinner. It was already

past midnight and she should be feeling hungry by now but Meredith had no appetite. All she could think about was how long it would take Josiah to regain his consciousness.

But after being persuaded by Yoseph, she finally agreed to eat something. After that, she lay on the bed and waited for the morning to come.

In the end, she fell asleep waiting and when she woke up, it was already noon the next day.

It was still Yoseph that she saw when she opened her eyes. And the first thing that Meredith asked was about Josiah's condition. Yoseph wore a wide grin on his face. "Ma'am, I told you that Sir will be fine, right? He regained his consciousness and he would be transferred out from the ICU soon." "Really? Joe woke up?" "Yes. He regained his consciousness earlier this morning." "Does this mean that his condition is stable now?" "Yes, Ma'am."

Meredith finally felt a sense of relief. She removed the blanket over her and got down from the bed. "I want to go see him."

"Ma'am, but Sir is still in the ICU."

"Oh, right," Meredith scratched the back of her head and said, "I was too excited that I forgot."

Yoseph smiled. "You're not the only one who got excited, Ma'am. We were all excited too when we heard about the good news."

"Sir has gone back to sleep and the doctor plans to move him to the normal ward once he wakes up. In the meantime, you should have your lunch."

"Okay." Upon knowing that Josiah was okay, Meredith's mood felt lighter and she had the appetite to eat.

Not long after she finished her lunch, the doctor told her that she was allowed to visit Josiah.

Josiah moved into a room that was right next to Meredith's. Meredith was seen rushing into Josiah's room.

"Are you okay?" Both of them asked at the same time as they stared at each other.

Meredith shook her head and smiled, "I'm fine, Joe. The doctor says that you're okay too." "How are you fine?" Josiah reached out his hand and traced his long fingers across the bandage on her neck, and asked, "Is the wound deep? Did the doctor dress the wound properly?" Meredith nodded as a gush of warmth welled up in her chest.

Josiah's face was swollen and covered with bruises after the fall. Meredith thought that he must be in so much pain but all he cared about was checking if she was okay.

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Meredith held his hand in hers and sobbed, "Joe, you look like you're in a lot of pain. Try not to talk too much and get some sleep."

Josiah

shook his head softly. "It's okay. I'm feeling alright." "How are you alright when you're injured this badly?" "I'm a man. I'm not that weak," Josiah was even chuckling, "Edith, I'm glad that you're okay. I was really worried that you'll fall with me."

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"I should be the one who should be worried," Meredith sniffled and added, "didn't I already tell you that the walkway is dangerous and that you should not come to me? Why did you still come? If something bad really happened to you, I..." She could not bring herself to finish her sentence.

Josiah teased her, "And what would happen if I died from the fall?"

"What about me and our baby then?" Meredith stroked her tummy and said, "I forgot that we don't have a child."

"Well, I'm not dead, am I?"

"But you're so injured," Meredith was getting frustrated, "in any case, don't be too reckless next time."

Josiah smiled bitterly. "But if I don't go up there to save you, you'll fall to your death. And what happens to me and our baby if you die?"

"There's no baby, Joe!" Meredith shook her head.

And Josiah was the one who told her that.

"We do," Josiah nodded his head softly and added, "we will have a child together."

"Liar!" Meredith landed a punch on his arm.

But she immediately regretted her actions and gasped, "Sorry, I forgot that you injured your arm. Did I hurt you?"

"It's alright. I injured the other arm." Josiah stared at her and said, "Edith, please forgive me. I didn't mean to hide it from you."

"I know. You only did it to protect me, right?" Meredith flashed a grin at him and said, "I'll forgive you because you saved my life. But there's no next time, okay?"

"Next time..."

"The next time, I'll get mad at you and cut ties with you!" Meredith completed his sentence before he could even say anything.

Looking at Meredith who looked serious, Josiah felt slightly relieved.

At the same time, he was glad that he was actually injured.

If he did not go all the way to save her and fell off the building, Meredith would have believed what Ysabelle had told her.

"Joe, what's wrong?" Meredith asked in concern when she noticed how Josiah was staring blankly at the ceiling. Josiah turned to look at her. "It's nothing. I was simply stunned when you said that you'd want to cut ties with me."

"I said that I'd only cut ties with you if you lie to me again." "But what if there comes a time when I lie to you again?" "We'll cut ties then."

Josiah felt his heart go cold.

Meredith added, "So you shouldn't lie to me anymore, Joe." "Edith, can't you say something comforting? After all, I'm a patient here," Josiah sighed helplessly. Meredith immediately nodded and leaned her head on his shoulder. "I'll say something nice now. Joe, thank you for risking your life to save me and thank you for not giving up on me. For that, I am really touched and grateful." "Don't worry, Joe. I will be really, really nice to you," Meredith kissed him on his cheek and asked, "feeling better now?" "Mm, much better," Josiah added, "but I'd feel much better if you promise not to leave me no matter what happens."

"But that's not possible, is it?" Meredith looked solemn. "We should uphold our integrity, shouldn't we? It is the same for me as well, you shouldn't forgive me if I did you wrong."

Josiah remained quiet and said nothing.

## **Still Loving You Nonetheless By Snow de Eira Chapter 480**

Chapter 480

**Chapter 480**

Meredith did not notice the look of disappointment on his face and changed to another topic.” Joe, are you hungry? Let me go make you something to eat”

“How are you supposed to cook for me when you’re injured too!” Josiah shook his head and placed his hand on his cheeks. “Edith, you too should get some *good* rest.”

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Meredith shook her head. “It’s okay, I don’t feel pain anymore.”

Especially when she found out that Josiah’s condition was much more stable, Meredith did not pay much attention to her own injuries anymore

“Get some rest, Joe,” Meredith said,

Josiah nodded. “Okay, let me get some rest. You should rest too, and have *someone* else prepare the food instead.”

“Be good now,” Josiah cut her off and insisted that she rested.

Meredith had no choice but to return to her ward to get some rest.

Her injuries were not serious hence Meredith fully recovered after two days.

Josiah stayed in the hospital for two days and he was recovering. He had even started to work.

Handing over the tablet to Yoseph, he said calmly, “Let’s have it settled this way for now.”

“Yes, Sir.” Yoseph nodded and walked out of the room with documents and the tablet in his hands.

“Did we manage to get Ysabelle?” Josiah looked at Wesley who was standing next to his bed.

Wesley lowered his head and apologized, “Sir, please forgive me. We still couldn’t locate her.”

Even though Josiah already expected this answer, his face still darkened. Seething, he said, “It’s been two days and you can’t even locate her? What are your men doing?”

Wesley did not dare to utter a word but still, he mustered his courage to remind Josiah, “Sir, please calm down. You can’t get too worked up.”

“How do you expect me to calm down? As long as Ysabelle still roams freely out there, Edith would never be safe”

“Don’t worry, Sir. I’ve arranged several bodyguards to keep an eye on Ma’am.”

Wesley paused before adding, “Sir, don’t you think that it’s strange that Ysabelle who was just released from jail, was able to get people to abduct Ma’am and could even disappear without a trace?”

Josiah’s gaze hardened. “Look into who’s behind her.”

“We did look into it. It was a distant relative of hers. That relative is rich but it’s not likely that they are able to fork out such a hefty amount of money.”

“Would someone actually agree to help a distant and useless relative that they hadn’t been in contact with for over a year?” Josiah added, “It’s quicker to look into who resents Meredith

the most. For instances those girls that claim to be Meredith’s best friends.” Wesley immediately understood, “You’re right, Str. We’ll look into those girls.”

ul canley Allison.” Tes, Sir Thank you for the reminder.”

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Wesley wanted to say something else when Meredith knocked on the door and walked into the

Oh, bello Mister Wesley,” Meredith greeted and asked, “should I come back later?”

Meredith would usually give Josiah a room as she knew that they would be talking about work

“It’s okay. Come on in” Josiah waved at her. Meredith pulled into a wide grin and entered the room.

Wesley, on the other hand, read the room and said, “Sir, just reach me on the phone if there’s anything else that you need. I’ll go make the arrangements now.”

After Wesley left, Meredith started taking out lunchboxes from the plastic bag. “Joe, guess what I made for you today?” “No matter what good food you’ve prepared, I wouldn’t feel happy,” Josiah replied flatly.

Why? Meredith turned to look at him with a disappointed look on her face,