

Still Loving You Nonetheless By Snow de Eira Chapter 481

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Why do you think so?” Josiah grabbed Meredith by her wrist and pulled her onto his lap.

She immediately avoided his injured arm and gasped, “Josiah Shelby, what are you doing? Do you not want your arm anymore?”

His arm was bandaged but this did not stop him from messing around.

And the injury on his head was quite serious too.

Josiah glanced at his arm that was in a cast, shrugged, and said nonchalantly, “I’m not using the arm and you should stay still too.”

Meredith stayed still.

Worrying that she would hurt his arm, she urged, “Joe, let me go. The doctor is going to scold me if he sees us.”

“Don’t worry, the doctor wouldn’t dare to scold you.” “But if you get hurt because of me, I’ll be mad at myself too.” But Josiah did not let her go and simply studied the scar on her neck. Even though the wound was not deep, it left a scar, and this pained Josiah. “How will I possibly be happy when you’re making me food with this scar on your neck hmm, Mrs. Shelby?”

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So this was why he was unhappy. Meredith traced her fingers across the scar. “It’s not painful anymore and it doesn’t affect me preparing food for you.” “But it pains me.” Meredith wrapped her arms around his shoulders and said, “Joe, I’m worried about you and I wanted you to feel better from eating, that’s why I decided to cook for you. Plus, I feel the happiest and most loved when I cook for you, so you don’t have to feel sad for me.” To make him feel better, Meredith even leaned in to kiss him on the lips.

Josiah sighed helplessly, "What more can I say?" "Hmm? What about...things like I am the most adorable and lovely person on earth?" "Mm," He nodded and smiled as he said, "you're the cutest and the best in this world." "Hehe, thank you! I feel so happy." Meredith got off his lap and said, "Come on now, let's eat."

She poured a bowl of soup and said, "The doctor said that seafood soup is good for recovery, so I made you seafood soup."

"Here, give it a try." She placed a spoon of soup next to his mouth.

Josiah opened his mouth and took a mouthful of the soup.

"How is it? Good?"

"A bit fishy."

"Really? But I've clearly made sure to clean them properly." Meredith tried a spoon of the soup and said, puzzled,

"It's not fishy at all." "Perhaps you're more accepting of the fishy smell." "Ah. You don't have to drink it if you don't like it." Just when Meredith was about to put down the bowl, Josiah took the bowl from her and said, "I'll finish it since you made it. We shouldn't waste food." "Since when do you care about wasting food?" Meredith was surprised.

"You're the one who said that we need to save up money to raise our kids. Even though you're not pregnant now, we will still have children in the future."

Smiling, Meredith nodded. "You're right, We will have kids in the future and we should be wise with our spending."

She then took out other dishes that were Josiah's usual favorite.

Meredith thought that Josiah would praise and compliment her cooking but Josiah started complaining after the first bite, "What is this? Why does it taste weird?"

"Roast chicken. I prepared it using the same recipe that I used previously. You said that it was good."

Meredith thought that Josiah only complained about her dishes because he must be sick and his taste buds got all mixed up.

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“It tastes the same but it doesn’t taste as delicious as it did before. Could it be that your cooking skills got affected because of your injury?” Josiah added, “Edith, let the chef prepare our food the next time.”

Looking devastated, Meredith stared at him and asked, “Joe, do you not like my cooking anymore?”

He had been enjoying her cooking all these while and had praised her cooking too. But all he did was complain about her cooking today. “It could be that I’m injured and I become a bit pickier with the food.” Josiah leaned into her and kissed Meredith on the forehead. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you. Don’t be mad, hmm?”

Even though she felt a bit wronged, Meredith responded, “I’m not mad, just a bit disappointed.”

“Don’t be disappointed, Edith. It’s my problem, not yours.” Since the kiss did not work on her, Josiah pulled her into his arms and said, “Once I recover and get better, my appetite will come back and I would certainly crave your cooking.”

Meredith nodded.

She hoped that it was really because he was sick and did not have much of an appetite.

Whilst Meredith was drowning in her sadness, Josiah was secretly tugging at the corners of his lips.

For the sake of stopping Meredith from cooking for him, Josiah could only come up with such a plan.

Right when he felt relieved, Josiah suddenly remembered what Meredith said to him the other day, ‘Don’t lie to me, if not, I’ll cut ties with you.’

Josiah knew that he had lied to her again.

But quickly, he comforted himself that he was lying to her for her sake.

“Edith, let’s continue eating.” Josiah patted her back.

“But the dishes don’t taste good today. I’ll have Lily make them for you again.”

“It’ll take too long then. And we agreed that we won’t waste food, right?” Josiah started eating using his uninjured hand.

Josiah thought that Meredith’s cooking tasted good as usual.

Hence, he could not bring himself to throw away the food. Seeing how he was eating away deliciously, Meredith asked, puzzled, “I thought you said it didn’t taste good?”

“Because you made it. Even if it doesn’t taste good, I’ll finish it deliciously.” Josiah pointed at the dishes and asked, “Are you hungry? Don’t you want to eat some!”

“I’ve eaten at home,” Meredith took the spoon from his hand and said, “here, let me feed you.”

Josiah did not reject her and accepted her offer this time. After the meal, Meredith put away the cutleries and lunchboxes.

She then sat by the bed and was flipping through a book. “Joe, lie down and get some rest. I’ll read you a story, okay?” “What story?”

“A normal one, about love,” She then asked, “do you think that it’s boring?”

“Not really,” He replied, “but these days we have audio books, right? You don’t have to read them out aloud.”

“It’s alright, I have nothing else to do anyway.”

“Alright then.” Josiah slowly closed his eyes.

The story was about a love story between a rich man and a kindergarten teacher. Josiah did not find the story particularly interesting but he was allured by Meredith’s soft and gentle voice.

After finishing the story, Meredith asked, “Joe, since I’m not pregnant now, can I go back to

work?”

Josiah could not think of any excuse to stop her so he simply nodded. “That’s great! I can see Caden again,” Meredith exclaimed happily, leaned into him, and kissed him on the cheek before moving on to another story.

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Josiah stayed in the hospital for seven days and he could not stand to stay there any longer. Meredith went downstairs to get breakfast. When she walked into Josiah's room, she found that he was staring at her. She then asked, puzzled, "Joe, why are you looking at me like this

"You went out to get breakfast?" Josiah had already changed his outfit

Even though he still had yet to recover from the injuries on his arm and head, Josiah still exudes charisma

"Yeah." Meredith nodded. "It's only breakfast?" "Yeah," Meredith asked confusedly, "or is there anything else that you'd like to have? Let me know and I'll go get it for you." She put down the breakfast on the table.

Josiah shook his head and said, "It's nothing." "Tell me!" Meredith grabbed his arm and shook it. "Do you know that it's frustrating when you leave someone hanging? Do you want to be someone who's annoying?" Josiah sighed helplessly and ruffled the top of her head and said, "Mrs. Shelby, how could you be so unromantic? I'm getting discharged today, do you not have anything to tell me?" "Oh!" Meredith finally came to a realization. "Congratulations on getting discharged! I hope that you'll stay healthy and happy!"

Josiah sighed softly. But he nodded and said, "Mm, thank you."

Meredith chuckled, pulled him over to the couch and sat him down. "Joe, let's have breakfast together. We can go home once we're done then."

Josiah sat down on the couch and started eating. Noticing that Josiah did not look too happy, Meredith asked, "Joe, why do you still look unhappy?"

"No, I am feeling quite happy," Josiah took a sip of the soup and said, "you should eat too." "Let me feed you first." Meredith put a spoonful of soup next to his mouth,

"It's okay, I can do it myself." Josiah turned her hand around so that the spoon was next to Meredith's mouth.

Meredith had no choice but to drink the soup instead.

After clearing up the table, Meredith secretly made a call to Yoseph as she wanted to know why Josiah was feeling moody. She wanted to know if it was because Ysabelle was still out there.

"Really?" Yoseph added, "No matter how Sir is feeling moody, he usually doesn't show it in

front of you, especially if it's about trivial matters like Ysabelle."

Even though Meredith would still be in danger as long as Ysabelle was still out there roaming freely.

But only matters concerning him and Meredith would affect him, as for the rest, he would hardly be affected by such trivial matters. "Then why is he feeling moody?" Meredith was more confused.

"Um...Ma'am, if you don't mind, can you tell me what happened earlier?" Meredith took some time to organize her thoughts and told Joseph about what happened after she got back from buying breakfast. Yoseph immediately understood what had happened and thought that Josiah also had his *prideful* moments.

Before getting discharged, the doctor dropped by to redress his wound and reminded him again about the things that he should take note of.

Josiah, who was feeling frustrated because he was neglected by Meredith, got irked when the doctor reminded him for the tenth time about how he should be careful. "Should I engrave those words of yours about not getting my wounds wet into my brain?"

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Um" The doctor was rendered speechless and quirkly apologized, "Sorry Sir, I was simply worried about you. strictly speaking, you aren't allowed to be discharged yet." "Rest assured that I will take care of myself. Plus, Edith is an experienced caretaker, what is there for you to be worried about?"

At the mention of Meredith's background, Josiah felt rather proud of her.

The doctor agreed. "Yes, Indeed, I almost forgot about it. I'm sure *you'd recover* great with such a brilliant wife who would take good care of you." "That is why you can leave now," Josiah said in a rather annoyed manner. "Yes, I shall take care then, Str." After the doctor left, Walter knocked on the door and walked into the room, "Sir, shall we leave I'll help you get your belongings." "I don't know where Meredith went after breakfast. Let's wait for her to get back." Josiah then took a seat on the couch. "Oh, sir, did you not know that Ma'am had already left first?" "What did you say?" Josiah immediately turned to look at Walter and asked, "Where did she

"Um...I'm sorry, Sir. Ma'am said that she'll wait for you at home and have me get your belongings and send you home." Josiah was wondering if he heard Walter correctly. Meredith actually left him alone in the hospital and she returned home all by herself? And she even had Walter pick him up?

Josiah wondered what Meredith was up to.

He started to wonder if Meredith was putting on a show for the past few days, taking care of him.

Could it be that she had chosen to believe Ysabelle? Could it be that she resented and hated him? And that she wanted to cut ties with him?

But would she be in danger by leaving the hospital all by herself? What if Ysabelle tried to kidnap her again? The more he thought about it, the more he felt anger thrumming in his veins. He then fumed, "Why didn't you stop her? What if she gets into danger on the way home all by herself?" Looking wronged, Walter took a glance at the door and stammered, "Sir, I.it was Ma'am who forced me to do this. I am innocent."

"You should know better about how dangerous it is for her, don't you?" Josiah strode out of the ward.

Right when he opened the door, he was welcomed by a big bouquet of rose bushes in his face.

Josiah was stunned and he stopped in his tracks Behind the bouquet of rose bushes stood Meredith. She flashed a wink at him and asked, "Do you like them, Joe?" Looking at that pair of big blue eyes of hers, Josiah's heart softened and his anger dissipated gradually. "Not at all," He replied, intentionally.

“Huh? Do you not like rose bushes?” Meredith’s face crumbled and the smile in her eyes faded slowly.

She lowered the bouquet of rose bushes and said, “I should have taken Yoseph’s advice and gotten you red roses instead. He said that the red roses represent passionate love. But I prefer the love language of rose bushes instead, they represent optimism and positivity.”

“Let me go change it to another bouquet.” Meredith turned around and was about to walk away.

She was stopped by Josiah.

“Mrs. Shelby, I am unhappy because you only remembered to give me flowers after asking others, it’s not because I don’t like rose bushes, understand?”

Meredith looked at the bouquet of rose bushes in her arms and then looked at him.

Turned out that Josiah cared about the fact that she forgot to give him flowers instead of the type of flowers.

She reached out one hand, tugged at the corners of his shirt, and whined, “Don’t be mad at me, Joe. I really didn’t know that I should give someone flowers on the day of their discharge.”

“You don’t prioritize me at all,” Josiah accused.

“No, no. How would I not prioritize you at all?” Meredith urgently explained herself, “Besides, you got injured because of me.”

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“Joe, please forgive me hmm? I promise to give you flowers from now on,” She put her hands together and pleaded with him,

Seeing how she looked sad and regretful, Josiah could not bring himself to tease her anymore. He pulled her into his arms and said, “You promised that you’ll give me flowers from now on. I’ll forgive you for now.”

Meredith felt relieved and pulled into a wide smile. "Okay!"

"Come on, let's head home now."

"Hold on, Joe. You're squashing the flowers," Looking at the bouquet of *flowers* in her arms, she complained, "I picked these flowers one by one, how could you be this careless with them,

The arrogant and prideful Josiah a minute ago was immediately replaced by a soft and gentle Josiah. It was his turn to comfort her, "Sorry honey, I should have been more careful." "But the flowers are all squished and flattened up." Meredith traced her fingers along the squashed—
up flowers, "You're right, what should we do?" Josiah felt bad. "It's not always that I get to receive flowers from you but I ended up destroying them." He thought about it and asked, "Why don't I buy a new bouquet for you?"

Meredith nodded. "Okay."

Josiah signed under his breath.

He was supposedly the one to be receiving flowers as he got discharged from the hospital but he ended up getting flowers for her to cheer her up. But seeing how she was feeling happy, Josiah felt that it was worth it. When the car drove by a florist shop, Josiah asked Walter to pull over.

Seeing Josiah getting out of the car, she asked, puzzled, "Joe, where are you going?" "Getting you flowers." Josiah pointed toward the florist shop and added, "I owe you a bouquet, remember? I'm going to get it for you." "Oh." Meredith had completely forgotten about it. Studying the look on her face, Josiah was a bit speechless. "So, you didn't mean it when you said you wanted a new bouquet?" "You're the one who said that the flowers did not matter, and what matters is the sincerity," Meredith shrugged and added, "so, it's okay." Meredith could not bring himself to have him buy flowers for her when he was still injured. Plus, even though the rose bushes earlier were squashed, they were still pretty. But Josiah had always been a man of his word.

"It's okay, it's not like I injured my legs, right?" Josiah patted her head and said, "Wait here, I'll be quick"

Before Meredith could even say anything, he had already gotten out of the car. Walter said, "Sir, let me go instead." "Stay here and keep a good eye on Meredith," said Josiah. Walter had no choice but to stay in the car. There were a lot of different types of flowers

in the shop with a variety of pre-made bouquets. But the rose bushes that were placed in the corner caught Josiah's attention. The rose bushes were not the most eye-catching ones, but Josiah was attracted to them the most.

He picked out several rose bushes and had the owner wrap them up.

While putting the rose bushes together, the owner smiled and asked, "Is this for a best friend?"

"No, it's for my wife." "Oh? Why don't you get roses instead? Roses are more appropriate."

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"It's alright. Rose bushes suit her more," Josiah replied.

Earlier when Meredith went to get flowers for Josiah, the owner also suggested getting roses instead. But she got rose bushes instead.

Rose bushes were her favorite and they suit her as well.

Josiah got into the car with a bouquet of fresh rose bushes. Meredith took the flowers into her arms and exclaimed, "Wow, that's a lot of flowers. Joe, are you planning to turn our house into a sea of rose bushes?"

"Why not if it makes you happy?" Josiah smiled and pointed at the flowers in her arms. "So? Are you happy now?" "Yes! Super happy!" Meredith buried her face into the bed of rose bushes and exclaimed, "They smell amazing!"

"Be careful of the thorns," Josiah reminded her.

When they arrived at the mansion, Meredith immediately arranged the rose bushes into several vases. Within a moment, almost every corner of the house was filled with rose bushes.

The living room, dining hall, bedroom, and even Josiah's study room.

Admiring the flowers, Meredith suddenly thought of the rose bushes that were not growing well in their backyard. She sighed, "When will our rose bushes bloom?"

Josiah heard her and felt a piercing pain in his chest. He walked over and pulled her into his arms. "I'm sure that they will bloom soon."

"Mm, I'll go water them," Meredith replied, turned around, and walked down the stairs.

Josiah walked over to the windows and spotted Meredith in the backyard.

She was watering the rose bushes with care.

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Josiah believed that under Meredith's care, the rose bushes that represented hope, would grow up well, like Nia, and that the flowers would bloom beautifully in the end.

At night on their bed, Josiah had Meredith in his arms. He whispered into her ears, "Edith, let's get remarried."

Opening her eyes, Meredith moved away from him and stared at him, confused. "Joe, aren't we already married?"

From what she remembered, Josiah and she had always been married. Could it be that their marriage was never officiated?

"We had a fight, both of us got emotional and got divorced."

"Marriage is not a child's play. How could we sign for a divorce over a fight?" Meredith sounded shocked. "Joe, was it me or was it you that was emotional and reckless?"

Josiah cleared his throat awkwardly, scratched the tip of his nose, and replied, "It was me." "It was you!" Shocked, Meredith sat up, stared at him, and said, "Joe, you don't like someone

who is emotional or reckless. Why would you do such a thing?" "Perhaps I was too young to think straight," Josiah mocked at himself.

But deep down, he knew that age was not to be blamed because he was still immature even four years later...

If not, Nia would not have to suffer so much. "What if you want a divorce again if we have a fight?" Meredith asked, sounding concerned. "It won't happen," Josiah immediately assured her and added, "I promise that I will not

do such a stupid thing ever again, no matter what happens. Please believe me, Edith, h mm?” Meredith was able to see the sincerity in his eyes and she could not bring herself to not believe him.

Who else would she marry if not Josiah, the man who loved her deeply? Meredith nodded. “Okay.”

Josiah smiled and kissed her on the forehead. “You’re the best, Edith. Let’s register our marriage once my arm is healed.”

Meredith nodded. She then traced her fingers over her scarred face and asked, “But, we need to take wedding photos, don’t we? How am I supposed to take it with my face looking like that?”

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“Don’t worry, we’ve already had our wedding photos taken.” “My face was not scarred back then, was it?”

“Yeah...”

“Well, how do I look back then?” Meredith got even curious. “Joe, do you have any of my old photos? I want to have a look.”

Josiah, of course, had her old photos. But he simply did not want to show them to her.

Because he was worried that Meredith would be devastated and even be triggered.

“No, I don’t have them. But the registration office might have our wedding photos.” “Oh.” Meredith sounded a bit disappointed. “Alright then. I can only see them on that day.”

“Edith, are you curious about how you looked back then?”

“Of course,” Meredith was still touching her face as she added, “I don’t want to go around with this ugly face of mine where they would laugh at me and even say that I don’t deserve to be with you.”

“Don’t be too bothered by what people say,” Josiah traced his fingers across her face and went on, “plus, I think that you are worthy of being together with me. Who are those people to decide for us?”

“But they will still judge.”

Meredith hesitated before saying, “Joe, I read that I can get plastic surgery. Why not let me have plastic surgery so I can be pretty, what do you think?” “So that you can be pretty?” Josiah arched his brows.

“Yeah. Don’t you hope that your wife is someone pretty?”

“Not at all.” Josiah shook his head.

“But why?” Meredith pouted her lips and sulked, “it’s not fair that you’re the only one who looks good, but I look this way!”

“Because I’m worried that you’d attract other men and be abducted by them if you become pretty.”

Meredith was surprised to hear his response. Startled, she said, “I’d be abducted by other people if I became pretty?”

Meredith grabbed his chin and studied him. “You are good-looking but you’re still here, aren’t

you?”

“Have you forgotten that there are people out there who tried to ‘abduct’ me?” Josiah went on, “Maeve and Ysabelle would not have tried to plot against you if they didn’t want to snatch me away *from* you.” Meredith thought about what he said and agreed with him.

“If I become *pretty*, is it true that there will be people who want to take me away from you?”

“Mm, that is for sure.” Even when her face was scarred, there were already men who were attracted to her.

Even Josiah’s best friend, Liam, was interested in her. Meredith pondered on it for a moment before making up her mind. “Joe, don’t worry. I will be as strong as you. I will not be tempted by others.

She still wanted to be pretty.

“Edith,” Josiah paused before adding solemnly, “to be honest, I’m not really worried about the part where you’d be tempted by others. What I’m worried about is that the surgery would fail and you don’t get the results that you wanted. Or that something happens in the middle of the surgery that would put your life at risk.”

Every surgery had its risks.

Besides, Meredith’s face was scarred badly and she might have to undergo surgery more than once. Josiah did not wish for her to risk it.

There was, however, another reason. Meredith would need to be put under anesthesia. Josiah was worried that she would regain her memories after waking up from the anesthesia, just like how she lost all her memories after the effects of the anesthesia were gone. Josiah did not want to risk anything before Nia returned.

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“Medical technology is so advanced these days. I’m sure there won’t be any incidents,” Meredith assured him, “plus, I heard a lot of celebrities get plastic surgery and nothing happened to them.”

“There are some whose surgery had gone south, you just don’t know about them. If you want to read about them, I can have Yoseph pull up several cases of failed surgery and show them to

you.”

Josiah’s plan worked and Meredith did not dare to think about getting plastic surgery anymore.

“Promise me that you won’t dislike me for my ugly looks.”

“I promise.” Josiah leaned in and pressed his lips against hers. “No matter how you look, I will never dislike and leave you. And of course, you should promise me the same too.”

“Mm, we will never leave each other,” Meredith replied between Josiah’s kisses.

Feeling that Josiah's kiss was getting deeper, Meredith immediately stopped him. "Joe, you shouldn't!"

"What's wrong?" Josiah moved away from her lips, kissed her between her eyebrows, and said, "It's been some time since we were intimate, can't you be more cooperative?"

"It's not that I don't want it!" Meredith was worried and rejected him. "I'm just worried that you'd hurt your arm and you'd need to go back to the hospital."

Meredith wondered how Josiah could still think of these sorts of things when he was injured.

Josiah, on the other hand, shrugged and said, "It's fine. I'll be careful."

"Even if you'd be careful, it's still a no." Meredith moved away from his arms, sat up straight, and tried to persuade him, "Joe, just wait a little longer, hmm? We'll do it every day once your arm is healed. We'll do it for as long as you want and whenever you want to, okay?"

Josiah was rendered speechless.

"You really shouldn't injure your arm again." Meredith moved Josiah's hands away and adjusted the blanket over him. "Let's go to sleep now. I'll make you something nice tomorrow."

"Alright then." Josiah felt helpless. Josiah thought of holding back the pain and making love to Meredith as they had not been doing it for quite some time. But seeing how Meredith was worried about him, Josiah decided to give up.

Pleased, Meredith stroked his face and said, "You're the best, Joe."

Josiah grabbed his hand and warned, "If you want me to control myself, then you should too, if not, don't blame me for what happens next." Meredith immediately pulled away her hands, closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

Quinley was on the rooftop of an old building. She was standing behind Ysabelle, A dish eveled Ysabelle turned around slowly, looked at her, and pulled into a bitter smile. "What are you doing here?" "What do you think you're doing, Ysabelle?" Quinley frowned.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm about to jump off the building."

"Didn't I give you money for you to run away? Did you already spend all of the money?" Ysabelle laughed, "Quinley Allison, you only got me out of the jail because you wanted me to get rid of Meredith for you, am I wrong? I used the m

oney you gave me and kidnapped Meredith. Shouldn't you be happy and be celebrating?"

Quinley was, of course, exhilarated when she knew that Ysabelle had kidnapped Meredith. But her happiness only lasted for a day because Meredith was safe and alive. What was there to celebrate when Meredith was safe and sound?

"Ysabelle, I would really rather you run away with the money I gave you." Quinley then added, "Stay away from the edge. Let's talk things out, okay? Tell me what's bothering you and we'll talk things out."

"Josiah Shelby and the cops are onto me, what is there that you can do? Could you even do anything to stop them? It's easier if I take my own life, isn't it?". "But you're still young and you shouldn't take your life lightly." Quinley then went on, "Think about it, Meredith would be happy to know that you failed to hurt her but instead took your own life, would she not?"

Of course, Ysabelle did not want things to end this way. But she would rather die than be locked up in jail again. She had enough of spending time in jail and she could not bring herself to be locked up there anymore.

"Ysabelle, you hate Meredith, don't you? I know you do and that is why your soul will never be at peace even after you die. I bet that you'd be turning in your grave."

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"If I were you, I would drag her to hell with me. After all, it was because of her that you ended up this way." Ysabelle was simply staring at Quinley. "Quinley Allison, you are still planning to use me until the very last moment, huh?"

"L..." Quinley did not know what to say.

Quinley immediately regretted being too anxious and now Ysabelle had read her intentions.

But she was relieved when Ysabelle said, "But that's alright, I don't mind that you're using me. Tell me what I should do to drag Meredith to hell with me. I'll get it done right away." Quinley thought that Ysabelle must really hate and resented Meredith.

But that was great news for Quinley.

It would be a waste if she let go of such a good pawn.

Quinley reached for her phone and sent a photo to Ysabelle. "Send this picture to Meredith and explain to her what the photo means. I think you know better what to say to her, don't you?"

Ysabelle checked the photo on her phone.

A sinister smile crept across her face.

The next morning, Josiah was woken up by Wesley's phone call. Meredith woke up too. Still feeling drowsy, she rubbed her eyes and said, "What time is it? Who's calling you this early?"

While dressing, Josiah replied, "Something happened at the office and they need me." "What happened?" "It's the project that we're handling."

"Oh. Let me make you some breakfast."

"There's not enough time." While buttoning his shirt, Josiah leaned in and kissed her on the forehead. He then noticed the kiss bruises all over her body and said, "You said you were exhausted last night, didn't you? Stay in bed and get some rest." Pulling the covers, Meredith wrapped herself in them and replied shyly, "It's all your fault. You just won't stop." "My fault, huh? You are the one who said that I can do it every day and for how long I want when my arm is healed."

Meredith's face flushed red at his reply.

Her face was as red as a ripened tomato.

If it was not because he had urgent matters in the office, Josiah would have dragged her back to bed and went for another round.

But he had a lot of things to deal with today. "I'll come to pick you up after work and we'll head to the Civil Administration Office." Josiah leaned in again and kissed her on the forehead. "You're busy with work today, aren't you? We can always go tomorrow, there's no rush." "No. We will go today." Meredith chose the date today and Josiah also agreed that

t it was a good day to re-register their marriage. He would not allow work to get in his way on such an important day.

“Be good and wait for my call,” Josiah said and adjusted the blanket over her before striding out of the room.

It was not even seven in the morning. After Josiah left, Meredith adjusted herself in bed and went back to sleep because she was exhausted from last night. She slept in until nine and it was Lily who woke her up. With a red dress in her hands, Lily asked, “Ma’am, what do you think about wearing this dress today?”

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“Red color? Would it be too much?” Meredith did not really like the color red she would prefer outfits in white or lighter colors,

Lily replied, “Not at all, Ma’am. You and Sir will be getting your marriage certificate today and it’s a celebration. Red is just the right color.”

“Oh, you’re right.” Meredith nearly forgot that she would be getting their marriage certificate today. She listened to Lily and after brushing up, she changed into the red dress, The dress was in a dark red shade and it did not look too much *on Meredith*, instead, it accentuated her elegance and sophistication. Checking herself through the mirror, Meredith was pleased with her outfit. “Joe does have a good eye for dresses.” “Indeed.” Lily agreed.

Meredith checked the time and realized that it was already nine. Josiah had agreed to meet her at half past nine.

She then made a call to Josiah.

On the other end of the call was Josiah’s gentle voice, “Edith, I’m just done with work, I’ll come over to get you now.”

“Joe, it would take a lot of time for you to drive all the way here. We’ll have the driver drop me at the Civil Administration Office,” Meredith suggested.

“But we’ve agreed that I’ll come to pick you up.”

“It’s really fine. We might waste a lot of time in between and the office might already be closed by the time we reach,” Meredith did not give him a chance to reject her and added, “I’ll meet you there, okay? If you’re still worried, you can have Lily go with me.”

Josiah hesitated and said, “Okay, I’ll make a call to Lily.”

After giving a bunch of reminders to Lily, only then did Josiah hang up the phone.

Lily got into the car with Meredith. When the car drove out of the mansion, Meredith complained a little, “Joe is too long-winded, isn’t he? He just had to ask you to come with me.” Lily smiled and replied, “Ma’am, ever since you were kidnapped by Ysabelle, Sir paid more attention to you because he’s worried that you’d get hurt again.” “You think so?”

“Of course,” Lily held Meredith’s hands in hers and went on, “Sir really cares and loves you a lot, Ma’am. So, no matter what happens in the future, if you remember anything from the past, please don’t hate Sir that much, or even blame and resent him, okay?”

Skeptical, Meredith looked at Lily and asked, “Are you talking about the divorce we had?”

“Yes…”

“Don’t worry, Lily. Joe had explained everything to me and he also promised that he will not divorce me just because he got emotional.” “I believe Sir will keep his word.” “Mm, we should believe him.” Meredith ended up comforting Lily instead. “That’s good then. I’m glad that you’re able to think this way.” Lily nodded in relief. The Civil Administration Office was closer to the mansion than Josiah’s office. Lily and Meredith soon reached their destination. Meredith sat down on a bench and made a call to Josiah. Josiah mentioned that he was still on the way and would only reach in ten minutes’ time.

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Lily asked, “Ma’am, would you like to have anything to drink? There’s tea and coffee.”

“I would like to have some tea,” Meredith replied but then shook her head, “but Joe doesn’t like me drinking tea. He’s worried that I won’t be able to sleep at night.”

But she really wanted to drink tea.

And the Civil Administration Office provided the drinks for free.

“Oh well, i’ll still drink it anyway,” Meredith smiled and said, “Lily, wait here, I’ll go get the drinks.” “Let me go instead, Ma’am.”