

Still Loving You Nonetheless By Snow de Eira Chapter 491

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Lily got up and quickly headed to get tea. The moment Lily left Meredith's phone beeped. She unlocked her phone and saw a photo of a little girl.

The little girl looked pretty with an adorable braid. She had huge eyes and a sweet smile. However, that pretty face was a little pale.

Meredith was wondering who this little girl was and why the person sent it to her,

The next photo was sent to her. It was still of the little girl, but a lady was standing next to her. The lady turned out to be...herself?

Meredith thought she was hallucinating. Why would she take a photo with a strange little girl? How was she related to the little girl? Why did the little girl look so much like her?

A series of questions appeared on her mind.

Then, her phone rang. It was from the same number. Meredith hesitated before answering

the call. Then, she hesitated again before asking, "Who are you?" "Meredith, it's me!" Ysabelle's smug voice came from the other end of the call. Meredith was stunned. It was Ysabelle? Why has she appeared again? What was she up to this time? "Ysabelle, I haven't settled the score with you for the previous incident. How dare you call me?" Meredith said angrily. "Didn't you come looking for me? It's because you can't find me, right?" Ysabelle mocked, "You Shelby's and the police are backing me into a corner. I can barely live anymore. Meredith, you want me dead, right? Sure, but even if I die, I won't let you go."

"Ysabelle, stop with your nonsense. You don't have to waste your time driving a wedge between me and Joe, so you can shut up."

"Are you sure that you don't want me to tell you?" Ysabelle sounded even more smug. "Including the sick little girl in your arms in the photo?" At the thought of the little girl, Meredith's curiosity was piqued. "Why did you send me such a photo? Who is the little girl in the photo?" Meredith could not help but ask

“See, you clearly want to know about it,” Ysabelle continued talking in an annoying tone, “but I thought you don’t believe what I say? So, should I continue saying it or not? Will I affect your remarriage to Josiah?” Meredith was speechless.

“But, seeing how that little girl looks so much like you, you can’t continue enjoying yourself in Josiah’s honey trap, even if you want to lie to yourself and reject the truth like an idiot,

right?”

“Ysabelle, are you going to tell me or not?” Meredith’s heart was beating wildly. She was

afraid yet eager for the truth.

She was afraid that once she knew the truth, her happy life with Josiah would come to an end.

However, the little girl’s face was so heartbreaking to see. It kept her hooked, making Meredith eager to know who she was, how she was doing, and where she was at that moment.

Ysabelle had teased her long enough. She was going to come clean. She cleared her throat and said, “Meredith, listen up. Four years ago, after you got married to Josiah, he mistakenly thought that you had an affair with Yoel Harper. He also mistakenly thought that you

were the one who pushed his first love, Yena Lloyd, down the stairs, turning her into a vegetable. Under rage, he forced you to take abortion pills, at the same time, locking you up in a mental asylum under the Shelby Group.” Meredith’s throat constricted tightly. She did not dare to continue listening.

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If Meredith did not see the photo of the little girl, she would surely have hung up the call. However, she did not hang up, she merely continued listening to what Ysabelle was saying with a pale face.

“Back then, because the dosage of the abortion pill was too low, you did not have a miscarriage. You hid in the mental asylum, bearing the child for about six months when

Josiah found out about it. He created a fire that caused you to have premature labor. He even got someone to throw your daughter into the fire. It was your mother that secretly went to get the child back and rescued you from the cliff that you jumped off from.'

"Stop talking..."

Meredith could no longer continue listening to Ysabelle. She truly could not. However, she could not pry her hands away from her ear, because the call was the truth that she wanted. It was the truth that she was also afraid of.

Naturally, Ysabelle would not stop talking. She continued, "Because your daughter was a premature baby, she was weak and had aplastic anemia. Although your mother and your child's bone marrow were a match, you did not have the money to do her transplant. For the next three years, you could only work part-time jobs while letting your child stay in the hospital for conservative treatment.

"Later on, you met with Josiah once again. He found out that your daughter did not die and that your mother was the donor of your child's bone marrow transplant. He locked your mother up in prison using the same tactic that he did with Maeve. He even bribed the people in the prison to torture her. In the end, your mother died tragically in prison. After your daughter lost her bone marrow donor, she also died not long after."

Meredith was speechless.

"Meredith, I had only deliberately told you the short version. Things like how you kneel and beg Josiah to rescue your daughter, I can't be bothered to tell you. I believe you'll recall it one day soon. "By the way, the little girl in the photo is your daughter. Her name is Nia. She was killed by Josiah," Ysabelle sneered and said, "of course, you can choose to not believe what I tell you. As long as you're happy. I've already said what I need to say. I'll see you in the next life!" "Hold up!" Meredith anxiously called after her. She continued asking, "Where is my daughter? Where is my mother?" "Your daughter?" Ysabelle laughed, "I don't even know where Josiah has thrown her dead body to. As for your mother, she is in Tarragon Cemetery. Her name is Alayna Sawyer. Go look for her yourself."

Meredith was about to ask something else when the call was dropped. She anxiously redialed but the call could not connect. After exiting the call interface, Nia's photo appeared before her. Nia!

Was she Nia? The one mentioned by countless people but ignored by her? Nia was not some wild animal but her daughter?

Nia, the one who had been hurt by Josiah time and time again, finally dying without a proper burial place? Meredith was almost going mad. Especially at that moment. The more she looked at the photo, the more she found the little girl familiar and close to her. Although her memories had not returned, she was gradually sure that she had hugged her, loved her, and was heartbroken for her before. She must be her daughter.

Ysabelle did not lie about this. She surely did not lie! “Ma’am, Sir said that he tried calling you but could not reach you. He said that there is traffic *on* the road. He might be about twenty minutes late,” Lily said while handing over the tea she *queued* for a long time for. “Drink up and warm yourself while we wait for him to come...”

Lily suddenly stopped talking.

She agitatedly tried to snatch Meredith’s phone. “Ma’am, how do you have such a photo? Who *gave it to you?*”

*Meredith swerved and moved her phone aside. She looked up at Lily with her tear-stricken face. “Lily, why do you have such a huge reaction? Is it because she is Nia? All of you have been *hiding it from me.* She is my daughter that Josiah has killed with his bare hands, right?”*

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Lily was frightened half to death. She suddenly did not know what to do.

Under desperation, she placed the tea by the side and shook her hands. She said, “No, no. Someone must be trying to harm you. Think of your relationship with Sir all this while. How could it be as bad as what they say? They are just trying to drive a wedge between you and him. Ma’am, don’t believe them. You’ll let them win if you believe them.”

“Then, tell me, where is Nia? Is she still alive or not!” Meredith’s overbearing gaze suddenly had hints of hope.

She wanted Lily to tell her that Nia was still alive so badly, that Nia was doing well. That way, she did not need to believe the stories that Ysabelle came up with.

However, she was disappointed. Seeing how Lily was at a loss for words, Meredith was extremely disappointed.

Nia was truly her daughter, and she was not alive anymore. It was one thing that Josiah had forced her to take abortion pills. Nia was already a child, yet he still could kill her. Was he still human?

No wonder he could lock Maeve up in prison without even batting an eyelid or forcing Ysabelle to kill herself.

“Ma’am, let me explain...” Lily was frightened to death. She tried comforting Meredith. “Or perhaps wait a little while. Let Sir explain it to you. These are all misunderstandings!”

“I don’t want to listen to any explanations covered in lies any more.” Meredith got up from the chair. Tears continued streaming down her face. She said, “From today onward, I want to investigate and look for the truth on my own. I will no longer believe a single word you all say!

Then, she turned around and rushed out of the door.

Lily frantically ran after her. “Ma’am! Ma’am! Listen to me! You’ve really misunderstood!”

Meredith ran quickly and in a panic. Lily quickly took her phone out and called the driver. However, before the call connected, Meredith had already run far away.

After

calling the driver, Lily quickly contacted Josiah. Hearing Lily’s stuttering explanation, Josiah’s expressions darkened. He asked, “What did you say? Edith has run away?”

“Y—

Yes...” Lily panted and said, “she was initially still doing well, I went to get tea for her. When I returned, she changed.

“Someone has sent her a photo of Nia and told her about Nia. I – I haven’t asked her about it but she had already run off.”

“Where did she run to?” Josiah furrowed his brows and asked.

“I don’t know! She ran away quickly!” Lily was crying anxiously, “Sir, quickly send someone to go look for her. I think this time, she must have believed what the other person said. It’s not that easy to coax her anymore!”

"I got it. Try searching around first," Josiah said in a low voice before hanging up. *"Mister Josiah, what happened?"* Walter looked at Josiah's ugly expression from the rearview mirror.

Josiah dialed a number while instructing Walter, "Find a place to stop by the side of the road. Go and help look for Meredith first." "What happened to Ma'am?" Walter asked in surprise. *Were they not preparing to get remarried? Why has she suddenly disappeared again? Was she kidnapped by someone again? Before Walter could react, Josiah had already gotten out of the car. Walter looked at the line of traffic in front of him, he quickly turned the car to the other side.*

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Chapter 494 After Meredith ran out of the city hall, she ran straight for two blocks, finally stopping by a crossroad.

She did not know whether she should go first. Should she go looking for Nia or her mother?

Then, she also realized that she did not know where to look for Nia. Even Ysabelle, who so desperately wanted her to know about her past did not know where Nia was, how could she possibly know? In the end, she went to her mother's grave. She saw her mother's headstone at the cemetery. The photo of the smiling woman on the headstone looked familiar, even if she had lost her memories and could not recall anything.

However, there are some people and some things that have been embedded deeply in her heart.

Just like Nia and her mother's photo. All she need was one glance to believe their identities.

It was a pity that her mother could no longer talk or help her answer the questions in her heart. No matter how she cried and asked, her mother merely stayed there quietly, smiling at her. benevolently.

"Mom! Tell me if all this is real! Is it!" Meredith leaned against her mother's headstone and cried, "Mom, tell me. Have I been living like an idiot like what Ysabelle said? Is Josiah really that vicious? Is he? Is all this true?"

If it was true, what has she been doing all this while?

Under the gaze of everyone, she was being lovey-dovey with a man who abused her. She even adored and worshipped him as a god, loving him deeply. Everyone knew about Josiah's true colors, only she did not! Those that had tried to make her see the truth had been wiped out by Josiah. Was it that? Was it truly that way?

Meredith lost it. She covered her ears and sobbed, "No! It's not like that! I won't believe it! Mom, tell me that all these are not real!"

She hoped so badly that all these were lies Ysabelle created to lie to her. After all, Josiah had been so good to her. No matter what, he did not seem like the evil person that would kill her mother and daughter. Meredith took her phone out with trembling hands. She dialed Josiah. Josiah was anxiously looking for her. When he received her call, he was naturally delighted." Edith, where have you been? Didn't we agree to register for our remarriage today? If we can't make it in time, we can only do it in the afternoon. Where are you, I'll go pick you up..." "Josiah," Meredith interrupted him and asked, "I'm going to only ask you one question. Where is Nia?"

Josiah was instantly speechless.

His silence was a huge blow for Meredith, Her last flickering, hope has been snuffed out

"*Nia was not a dog that I once had* She was also not a child that I accidentally miscarried, she was a living breathing person, right? She was almost four years old. She had always been sick, *but not only did you refuse to treat her, you even killed her is that right?*"

"No," *Josiah denied it in a low voice. "Edith, don't listen to the nonsense Ysabelle is spewing, I did not kill Nia. Nia is..."*

"*Since you didn't kill her, where is she right now?*"

"*She is...*" *Josiah could not finish his sentence.*

Meredith wiped the tears away and hung up. She knew that Josiah would not tell her the truth.

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Chapter 495 Josiah had treated her like an idiot, duping her for so long. How could he possibly tell her the truth?

Meredith walked out of the cemetery in a daze. She unlocked her phone once more to dial Quinley.

Quinley seemed to have predicted that Meredith would call her. She was not surprised. On the contrary, she could calmly put on an act, "Meredith, I haven't seen you in a long time. Why are you calling me?" Meredith sniffed her nose and said, "I want to see you, can I?" "Me? But..." Quinley pretended to sound anxious, "but Mister Josiah had ordered that no one could get close to you. "Meredith, you know his temper. No one

would end up well by offending him. We don't have to go far, just look at Maeve and Ysabelle recently. By the way, I'm sure you don't know about it yet, Ysabelle had just killed herself by jumping off a building."

Meredith's hand which was holding her phone trembled a little.

Quinley continued, "Ysabelle initially applied for medical parole, but Josiah was afraid that she would look for you, so he secretly caused more trouble. He forced Ysabelle to a corner, so she had nowhere to go but kill herself."

Although Meredith was stunned, she did not have the energy to deal with Ysabelle's matter. She only wanted to look for her daughter, so she pleaded and said, "Quinley, can we talk in person?"

Meredith was worried that if she kept her phone on, Josiah would find her and take her back. That way she would no longer have the chance to look for Nia.

Worried that Quinley would not see her, Meredith added, "Don't worry, I won't let Josiah know that we met."

"Okay, then. Come over." Quinley gave her the address before hanging up. 30 minutes later, Meredith arrived at the address that Quinley gave to her. She realized that it was a psychiatric medical facility.

Quinley has already been waiting inside. She looked behind Meredith. Once she made sure that Meredith came alone, she welcomed her in.

Meredith grabbed both of Quinley's hands and said anxiously, "Quinley, do you know where my daughter is?"

Quinley was stunned. Well, she pretended to be stunned. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm sorry. It was my fault. I should have believed everyone." Meredith was feeling guilty and remorseful. "I trusted Josiah too much, which was why I was duped by his lies, thinking that everyone was lying to me.

"I want to hear the truth now, but Maeve and Ysabelle are dead, so I can only come to look for you. Can you tell me about it?"

"But..." Quinley pretended to be troubled again and said, "will you believe me?"

"I do. As long as you tell me about it." "What about Josiah?" "I've said it, I will keep it a secret." Meredith's tears fell once more. "Quinley, I beg of you. Please tell me everything."

Quinley sighed. She grabbed Meredith's palm. "Okay, I'll tell you. What Ysabelle and Maeve said is true, but I do not know the details."

"Who would know better about it?"

"Ysabelle knows the most because when you met Josiah again four years later, she was involved in it all the way, but she is already dead." Meredith's hands slumped. Tears fell after. "So, even you don't know where my daughter is?" Quinley nodded apologetically. She hesitated for a while before saying, "Meredith, I'm going to say something harsh. Nia is already dead, what is the point in you looking for her? You'll only upset yourself further." "Is Nia truly dead?" Meredith muttered in pain.

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Chapter 496 In fact, Meredith had already heard it from Josiah, but she could not help but ask once more.

"Yes, Nia died a few months back. I heard that you were so upset about her death that you went mad and lost all your memories within a night."

Thus...she had been lied to by Josiah because of that?

Meredith clutched her chest. She was in so much pain that her legs turned to jelly. She slowly slumped to the floor.

She was extremely upset. Just by thinking of that scene, her heart hurt. "So, where is Nia...?" Meredith was still harping on that issue. Quinley said, "Josiah had secretly dealt with Nia, so other than you and him, no one else knows where Nia is."

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"But Josiah refuses to tell me!" "Then, ask yourself." Quinley bent down in front of her. "Meredith, "If you really want to know where Josiah has dumped Nia, try to recall it yourself."

"But...I can't recall it." Meredith hit her head with her hands. "I really want to recall my memories, I don't want to be lied to like an idiot anymore, but I can't do it. I can't do it..."

Meredith hit herself harder and harder as if only through that she could relieve herself of her sadness.

Quinley took Meredith's hands and placed them down. She looked at Meredith and said, "I can help you."

Meredith was stunned. She looked up at Quinley with teary eyes. "You can help me?"

"Yes, as long as you're willing to do it." "I am!" Meredith nodded urgently. "Quinley, I'm willing to do it! Please help me, I beg of you!"

If there was a chance to recover her memories, how could she not be willing to do so!

"But I would need your cooperation with this method," Quinley said, "Also...Meredith, you have to think this through. Once you have recovered your memories, you will surely loathe Josiah to death. You won't be able to live a happy life like you have been living for all these days anymore."

"I don't care," Meredith said.

As long as she could recover her memories so that she could remember where Nia was, she did not care about anything.

Up till that point, even if she did not recover her memories, she would not be able to return to Josiah and live the luxurious lifestyle like an idiot anymore.

"Also, this method..."

Quinley wanted to add something else when Meredith urgently interrupted her, "Quinley, you

don't have to say anything else. No matter what it is, I'm willing to try." Quinley saw how desperate Meredith wanted to know about her past, she smiled and nodded." Okay, come with me."

She led Meredith inside and explained, "It's just nice that I have a friend who is a psychologist who knows how to use hypnotization to help people recover their memories. I wanted to say just now that although the effects are not fully one hundred percent, it doesn't harm the body either. There aren't any side effects, which is why I recommended it to you."

"Thank you, thank you so much," Meredith was extremely grateful.

Quinley deliberately asked Meredith to meet in such a place and wanted to help her remember her past so badly, it is surely not because she purely wanted to help Meredith.

However, Meredith did not care. As long as she could recover her memories, she did not care that she was used by Quinley.

Also, Quinley's intentions were most likely wanting to bring back Meredith's resentment against Josiah, so that Meredith would leave Josiah on her own.

Entering the room, Meredith realized that there was another person there.

She was a woman in her forties. Quinley simply introduced, "This is a friend I know from the past. Professor Liam. Professor Liam, this is the friend that called me just now, Meredith."

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Chapter 497 "Hello," Professor Liam greeted Meredith politely before getting her to lie down on a custom made small bed.

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Following his guidance, Meredith gradually went into a dark world. She turned around in the dark, yet she could not find any guidance to point her to the exit or the light.

She gradually started to fear this place. Her body also could tremble uncontrollably.

Just when she did not know what to do anymore, a familiar voice suddenly rang in her ear. "Don't you want to find your daughter? Then, be brave and rush out of the darkness. Go get your daughter back..."

It was Quinley. Quinley was talking nonstop to her. Meredith gradually calmed down.

She had to be brave. She had to recover her memories. She had to look for Nia.

Meredith tried with all her might to break out of the darkness while yelling for Nia's name. However, everything was just like the many nightmares she had before, no matter how she tried to call out, Nia was nowhere to be seen.

This was the first time that she did not give up. She kept searching for Nia.

Finally, a source of light lit up in the darkness. The light grew brighter and brighter. It was followed by an adorable face appearing in the light. It was Nia. The little girl she affectionately carried in her arms in the photo. Meredith was surprised and delighted. She rushed over. "Nia, Nia. You have finally appeared. I missed you so much!"

Nia was waving her hands to Meredith. "Mommy, I miss you so much! Let's go home together! I don't want to be alone..."

"Okay, Nia. I'll take you home!" Meredith ran to her.

However, no matter how she tried to run forward, she still could not grab hold of Nia's waving hands. The more she ran forward, the further Nia retreated.

Nia cried and yelled, "Mommy! Help me!"

Meredith was scared to death. The dream was so familiar. She remembered that she had this dream before. In the end, Nia left her and completely vanished into the darkness.

She no longer wanted that to happen. She tried her best to rush forward before Nia vanished.

The next second, Nia vanished. What replaced her was Josiah's towering figure standing in front of her. His handsome face was cold. He looked at her and said, "Meredith, if you let me hear that little b*stards name one more time, I'll strangle you to death."

The scene changed and it was her hugging Nia, whom the doctors had given up treating. She was tugging the corner of Josiah's clothes, kneeling on the floor, begging him to hug Nia for a while. However, Josiah coldly pried her hands away, walking away from her and the dying Nia. Then, many more scenes flooded her memories. Scene after scene, it was all her familiar past.

There were too many. It was too much that she could not take it. It was so much that...she did not dare to look at it. "Ah-" After a long time, Meredith finally could no longer take it. She yelled out loud. At the same time, she sat up from the bed. "Meredith, are you alright?" Quinley held her arm while taking a towel to help her wipe the sweat on her forehead. She asked, "What happened? Have you recovered your memories?" Quinley was more eager than Meredith herself for her to recover her memories. Meredith covered her ears. "How could it be this way? How could Josiah be so cruel..." It seemed like Meredith had successfully recovered her memories Quinley secretly let out a sigh of relief. She gently consoled Meredith and said, "Meredith, I told you already just now. Recovering your memories might not be a good thing."

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Meredith lost it and cried for a while. She got off the bed and rushed outside.

Quinley immediately pulled her back. "Meredith, where are you going?"

"I'm going to look for Josiah." Meredith wiped away the tears on her face. She said with a trembling voice, "Even if Nia is dead, I want to get her body back." "If you go back now, Josiah will lock you up," Quinley said, "Meredith, haven't you recovered your memories? Haven't you forgotten how Josiah treated you in the past?" Sure enough, Meredith was stunned. How did Josiah treat her back then? He treated her like dirt, stepping on her, humiliating her, and torturing her as he wished. The moment she resisted, he would make it worse.

To control her movements, he forcefully imprisoned her in the mansion, completely ignoring the fact that she still had a daughter lying in the hospital waiting to be taken care of. Incident after incident, matter after matter, Meredith recalled all of them.

Quinley was right. If she were to return just like that, not only would she not be able to find Nia's body, but she would also lose her freedom.

Josiah had been worried that she would recover her memories all this while. Was that not just because he was worried that once she regained her memories, she would not be under his control anymore and it would affect his reputation? "Meredith, why don't you stay with me first, then find a chance to escape from here and never return."

To never return!

That way, the plan Quinley had been planning for so long was considered a success too.

Meredith shook her head in a daze. "No need. I know what I should do."

Finding a chance to escape was not the purpose of her regaining her memories. "What do you plan to do?" Quinley asked. Meredith looked at her and smiled without saying anything. A while later, she said, "Quinley, thank you for helping me. I'm no longer an idiot for letting that jerk lie to me." Meredith said that to tell Quinley that she would leave Josiah because Meredith could see that Quinley had always hoped that she did so.

“I don’t know if what I’m doing is right or not, so don’t thank me.” Quinley held her hand.” Meredith, actually, I always wanted to say sorry. When things happened to you four years ago,

I was abroad. When I returned to the country, I didn’t know where you were anymore.’

Meredith shook her head. “I don’t blame you.” She did not want to mention the past anymore. Furthermore, Quinley had no obligation to help her.

It was already dark and raining outside.

Meredith walked alone on the streets under the breeze and rain. Her thin figure looked extremely lonely under the rain.

The weather in late autumn was extremely cold. The rain landing on her body felt like small knives stabbing into her.

Meredith could have stopped to wait for the rain to stop, but she continued aimlessly on the streets because she needed the rain to sober her up.

She had been duped for so long. It was time to wake up. The rain was cold, but when it streaked past her face, it was warm. She reached out to touch her face to realize that it was tears.

Even the passersby realized that she was crying. They quietly discussed among themselves,” It’s so cold. She’s not carrying an umbrella and she’s crying so terribly. I’m sure it’s mostly a breakup.”

“No, I don’t think it’s a breakup. Look at her face. How could a man want a woman like her?”

“You’re right.”

The girls talked among themselves and left.

Meredith touched her face.

Yes. Her face had become like this because of Josiah too. It was because of him that she had lost everything. All of the tragedies that happened to her were thanks to Josiah.

Yet, he could still pretend that nothing had happened, imprisoning her by his side, pretending to spoil her and sleep with her.

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If it were not because of his reputation, Meredith could not understand why Josiah was putting on such a complete act. She, on the other hand, was like an idiot, cooperating with him obediently.

In Josiah's heart, she must be an idiot, right?

It was such an ironic thought.

The raindrops above her head were suddenly blocked by something. The voice that she loathed suddenly rang in her ears. "Edith..."

Josiah's voice was a little hoarse. It was clear he was worried sick.

Meredith stopped in her tracks. Her heart skipped a beat.

Josiah. How dare he appear in front of her? Was he still hoping that she would follow him back?

Of course. In his eyes, she was still the fool that had lost her memories. As long as he coaxed her with a few sweet words, she would love him to death. She was the fool that called him Joe affectionately.

Hehe...

"Edith, are you alright? Can we go home first and talk?" Josiah took his coat off and placed it on her before gently hugging her in his arms. "About the photo...I'll go back and explain to you when we return, please?"

Meredith wanted to throw the coat he put on her away and stab him twice. However, she held back. She forced herself to control her emotions.

"Joe..." She still called him the same way. She looked at him with a weak and helpless gaze. "I don't know who I should believe anymore. Why are some people telling me such terrifying facts?"

Joe was heartbroken. He patted her on the head. "Edith, believe me. You only have to believe me for the rest of your life."

Only believe in him?

Meredith sneered in her heart.

“Then, tell me. Where is Nia? Did you throw her away?”

“No. How could I do that?” Josiah shook his head and anxiously explained, “Nia is still in the hospital. She will get well soon one day.”

Nia was still staying in the hospital?

Meredith almost laughed out loud. This man truly had the guts to lie to her face. He could even come up with such crude lies. Perhaps in his heart, she was truly a mentally challenged idiot.

“Nia is still alive...” Meredith muttered and laughed out loud.

What a beautiful dream! How she hoped that it was real!

However, she was no longer the person that had lost her memories. She could no longer lie to

herself that such a beautiful dream exists.

“Edith, calm down.” Josiah thought that she had gone mad again. He hugged her tightly. “I’m sorry. It’s my fault. I didn’t care for you and Nia.”

He did not care for them?

No. He directly harmed her and Nia, which caused Nia to die prematurely.

At the thought of Nia before her death, Meredith was so resentful her body trembled.

“Edith, let’s go home first, please?” Josiah asked. Meredith did not refuse. She quietly followed him to the car.

Even if she loathed him, she still followed him back to the mansion which filled her nightmares.

“Ma’am, you’re finally back!” Lily, who had been beating herself up the entire day, finally let out a sigh of relief. She held Meredith’s hands tightly.

“Ma’am, you don’t know how long Sir has been looking for you the entire day. We were worried sick.”

Still Loving You Nonetheless By Snow de Eira Chapter 500

Chapter 500

Chapter 500 Meredith looked at her in a daze.

Although Lily had treated her well all this while, she was the one who took care of her the most in the mansion, but she still helped Josiah lie to her.

“Why are you so drenched? Why didn’t you find a place to shelter yourself from the rain?” Lily asked concernedly. “Let’s go. I’ll run you a hot shower.”

“It’s fine. I can help Edith,” Josiah said.

Lily nodded. “Okay, then I’ll go make something hot for Ma’am to drink.”

Meredith followed Josiah into the bathroom without saying anything. Josiah ran the hot water before turning around to help her take off her clothes.

“Where have you been the entire day? You’re filthy.” He looked at the dirt on her.

Meredith was covered in dirt because she accidentally slipped and fell when she was at the cemetery.

However, she did not tell Josiah that she went to the cemetery. She also did not plan to let him know that she had already regained her memories.

“I accidentally fell,” Meredith said gently.

Josiah sighed in a heartbroken manner and said, “Didn’t we say already? Let me know immediately if there is anything. I’ll help you solve it. You can’t secretly run away on your own.

She could not secretly run away on her own? Meredith sneered in her heart.

If she did not run away quickly that day, how could she have the chance to recover her memories? How would she possibly be able to see him for who he really was?

Josiah was clearly vicious, yet all his actions were gentle, Meredith saluted him. Was he not tired of constantly putting up an act?

Meredith did not push him away. She allowed him to take off her clothes, showing off the

scars on her back.

He was the one who created all those scars, yet he could still pretend as if nothing had happened!

She remembered that she had once asked him how she got all those scars. He lied to her saying that she accidentally got hurt. He only did not dare to mention that he had once tortured her.

After the shower, Meredith sat on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket.

SO

Lily sent hot tea. Josiah even fed her himself. Meredith looked at him and asked, "Joe, why are you treating me so well?" Why? She truly wanted to know. If he was only putting up an act, did he have to do it so meticulously?

"Because you're my wife." Josiah looked at her with an extremely tender gaze.

Meredith wanted to say, "But I was also your wife back then."

However, she held back. She sniffled her nose and asked, "Joe, didn't you say that you want to explain to me about Nia when we are home? Why are you not saying anything?" In fact, Meredith was afraid to hear anything to do with Nia, after all, it was the past that brought her sadness and pain.

However, she still wanted to know where Josiah dumped Nia.

Nia was her daughter. She could not just neglect Nia when she was alive and not even locate her dead body when she was already dead.

Josiah was silent for a while before saying apologetically, "I'm sorry, Edith. Nia has serious aplastic anemia." "Then why did you not find her a good doctor?" "Edith, I...I tried." "Did you? Then why is Nia still dead? This sickness has a huge chance of curing it, right?" Tears fell from Meredith's eyes. "After Nia died, what did you do to her?"

Josiah was suddenly speechless from her questions. In the end, he sighed and said, "Edith, Nia is not dead. She will get better."

He was still lying to her! "Then, where is she? Joe, why can't you take me to see her?"