

STILL LOVING YOU NONETHELESS

Chapter 2

Meredith did not know how long she was unconscious for until she was awakened by a pail of ice-cold water.

A burning and piercing pain spread throughout her body.

Water beads fell on her lips and it tasted salty. Meredith only then realized that she was being splashed by salt water, hence the burning pain she was feeling.

"Hey, are you dead? Make some sound if you're not," said Ysabelle as Meredith struggled to open her eyes.

Under the faint yellow lights, the woman was smirking with looks of disdain on her face.

"It was you...wasn't it?" Meredith mumbled. Her voice sounded hoarse and croaky from crying and screaming from her lashes earlier. Meredith could only glare furiously at Ysabelle.

In the video, the woman who pushed Yena off the stairs wore the same bracelet and had the same color on her nails as hers. It was obvious that someone wanted to frame her.

Aside from Ysabelle, Meredith could not think of anyone else.

"You're right, it's me. I was the one who drugged you and I was also the one who pushed Yena down the stairs," said Ysabelle as she bent over and placed her head next to Meredith's ears, then she laughed, "So, what do you think of my plan? One stone, two birds, isn't it perfect?"

"You..." Meredith clenched her fists tightly and seethed, "Why did you do it? Yena is supposed to be your best friend."

"You're right that she's my best friend. But why did she have to be Josiah's lover?"

Ysabelle replied as she straightened her back and cleaned her hands with a napkin and added, "And you, why did you have to be Josiah's wife? How am I supposed to marry Josiah if I don't get rid of the both of you?"

Meredith's entire body was trembling with rage.

Seeing how pathetic Meredith was, Ysabelle burst into laughter and said, "Look at you now, do you really think you're still the precious daughter of the Leightons and the wife of Josiah Shelby?"

"And people see you as the prettiest lady of Jehovah City? Oh please!" Ysabelle hissed in disapproval and continued, "You're no one but a witch who cheated on your husband!"

Ysabelle bent over and tried to grab Meredith's hair only to be pushed away by her.

"My my, someone's got some pride huh," scoffed Ysabelle as she added, "well, do allow me to kindly tell you something, Miss Leighton. Everyone in town had already seen the video of you and Yoel having an affair and everyone knows that poor Josiah was cheated on. So, tell me, do you think you'd still be able to turn things around?"

"Ysabelle Layne, you will be sorry for this!" Meredith yelled in rage as she glared at Ysabelle with her bloodshot eyes.

Meredith was covered in bruises and wounds all over, but it was nothing compared to the wrenching pain that she was feeling in her heart.

Although her marriage with Josiah was arranged between their families, she was aware of Josiah's true feelings for Yena. However, her love for Josiah started when she was young.

Being able to be his wife was the best thing that Meredith could ever ask for in this life. In the past year, she had given her all to be the perfect wife for Josiah. She tried her best to get closer to Josiah and she believed that there would come a day when Josiah would reciprocate her feelings too.

Meredith did not expect that her dreams would be crushed by the dark-hearted Ysabelle.

The thought of Josiah looking at her with resentment in his eyes when he threw her off the stairs hurt Meredith the most.

Cowering on the floor, Meredith murmured to herself, "Joe will find out about the truth..."

"The truth?" Ysabelle sneered and said, "Unless Yena regains her consciousness, and of course...I'll make sure that the day never comes."

"Meredith Leighton, I'm sure you know how much Yena means to Josiah. Hence, you can give up on the thought of getting Josiah to forgive you."

Ysabelle was about to leave the basement when a maid showed up with a meal tray in her hands.

Ysabelle flashed a smile at the maid and said, "Miss Meredith is too weak to eat. Here, let me have this instead."

The maid glanced at Meredith who was on the floor with a look of disdain on her face, turned around and left.