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Margot said worryingly, "The b*tch has gone mad. Does that mean she can't help us plead with Josiah?"

"Mom, I never once hoped that she would help us." Ysabelle smiled smugly. "This is good too. She has gone mad. They can't dig up the cases in the past anymore. Our lives are safe." She was initially still worried that Meredith would use Josiah's power and work with the police to overturn the previous cases.

But, Meredith had already gone mad. It was great. She could no longer dig up the past cases. As for the Leightons... "Ysabelle, if that's the case, let's go quickly," Margot tugged on her arm, pulling her back to reality.

They had to leave before Josiah found out that they visited Meredith. That was the best solution.

"What's the hurry?" Ysabelle looked at Meredith with an evil gleam in her eyes. "Since she is already mad, let's make her madder."

Then, Ysabelle said to Meredith, "Meredith, Nia is already dead. The doctors lied to you when they said they are transferring her to another hospital. She is long dead."

"You're lying! Lying!" Meredith glared at her angrily.

"I'm not lying. You can ask Josiah." Ysabelle sneered. "Have you forgotten? Josiah was the one who killed her. Josiah never liked her. He always called her a bastard. He heartlessly killed her. Have you forgotten all about this?"

Meredith's mind, which was already in a mess, got messier. Many forgotten memories started

to flood her mind once more.

She covered her eyes and shook her head. "No! No! Nia is not dead! Joe said that he could rescue Nia..."

"Meredith, think about it!" Ysabelle did not give her any chance to run away. She pulled Meredith's hands away from her ears.

"Think about how Josiah treated you four years ago. He forced you to take the abortion pill and locked you up in a mental institution. He ruthlessly wanted to burn your child alive. He hated you and Nia. How could he possibly save Nia! Impossible!"

"No!" Meredith pounced on her maniacally. "No! I don't believe you! I don't believe a single word!"

"This is the truth. Nia is dead! Josiah has already cremated her!" Ysabelle grabbed Meredith's frantic hands. "Meredith, you have lost everything, including your daughter!"

"You're lying! Stop talking! Just stop!" Meredith pried her hands away from Ysabelle with all her might. Then, she angrily pounced at her. "Leave this place! Leave!"

While Meredith was pouncing on her, Ysabelle deliberately retreated a step, at the same

time, she tugged on Meredith's arm.

Thud!

Meredith fell head first on the ground from the bed.

Margot was so frightened her heart skipped a beat. She looked at Ysabelle. She was a little frightened by her daughter's viciousness.

Seeing Meredith on the ground with blood seeping out of her head, Ysabelle did not even blink. She even put on an act and yelled, "Meredith, what happened to you? Are you alright?"

Margot immediately played along and called for the doctor, "Doctor! Doctor, help! My daughter has fallen!"

The bodyguards guarding the doors immediately entered. When they saw Meredith lying in the pool of her blood, they were bewildered.

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Then, the doctor immediately rushed in. "Doctor, my sister was too agitated just now and she fell from her bed." Ysabelle wiped her tears and said sobbingly, "You have to save her!"

The doctor had already started attending to her.

Josiah had just entered the hospital when he received news of Meredith falling and splitting her head open. He stepped forward and coldly reprimanded, "How the hell did you take care of her!" His bodyguard was so frightened that he did not even dare take a single breath. Josiah quickened his steps upstairs until Meredith's ward. When he saw the two bodyguards, he immediately asked, "How is she right now?"

"Miss Meredith is...the doctor is treating her right now," The bodyguard said and immediately added, "I'm sorry, Mister Josiah, Miss Meredith's family came to visit her just now. I don't know why she fell."

"Family?" Josiah gritted his teeth and said, "Meredith has no family."

"Uh..." The bodyguard panicked even more.

Josiah could not be bothered with them. He pushed the door and entered.

Meredith had already been pushed away by the doctor to get treated. Only Ysabelle and Margot were left in the ward.

Ysabelle was already prepared to face him. Her eyes were teary. "Josiah, we just wanted to come and see Meredith and talk to her. I never thought that once she heard Nia's name...she went nuts and fell from the bed."

"Yes, Mister Josiah, we never thought that Edith would react terribly to Nia's death." Margot also wiped away her tears. "Thankfully the bed is not very high. Edith should be fine."

Josiah looked at Ysabelle and Margot. "I heard it."

Ysabelle and Margot could not react in time. They looked at each other before Margot said, "Mister Josiah, can I talk to you in private?"

"No."

"Josiah..." Ysabelle mustered her courage and approached Josiah. "I know that you're angry with me, but I never thought that Nia was your daughter. Back then, you saw how Meredith had an affair with Yoel. Even if Nia was your daughter, that didn't mean that she and Yoel were ... Ah!"

Ysabelle was slapped to the ground. She was bewildered. Margot was baffled too. The legendary regal and elegant Mister Josiah would actually hit a person, much less a woman? "Ysabelle." Margot immediately bent down to help Ysabelle up. "Ysabelle, don't ever let me hear you slander Meredith anymore."

"Josiah..."

"F*ck off!" Josiah turned his back toward them. Ysabelle's tears fell, not only because it hurt, but also because her heart was completely broken by him. Margot looked at Ysabelle and said fawningly to Josiah, "Mister Josiah, Ysabelle has indeed done things that made you unhappy in the past, but she truly loves you. I beg you to let her go on behalf of her feelings toward you. Forgive the Leightons "too..." "I can let her, and the Leightons go." "A-Are you for real?" Josiah slowly turned around. "Someone has to pay for the mistakes that the Leightons did, right? Why don't you and your husband jump off a building? Let Miss Ysabelle feel how it is like to lose her family." Margot was speechless. Josiah was clearly making things difficult.

Margot wanted to say something else when she saw that Josiah had already headed to the exit.

He opened the door and paused for a while before turning around. "Don't think that just because Meredith has gone crazy that you all can escape the terrible things you have done. I will dig it all up one by one."

Ysabelle and Margot were instantly disheartened by Josiah's words.

"Mom, I told you it was pointless coming to him. We should not have come here," Ysabelle said exasperatedly.

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Margot patted Ysabelle on the shoulders and consoled her, "Don't listen to his intimidations. What could a mad lady do to us?" At the thought of Meredith turning mad and how she was lying in the pool of her blood, Ysabelle felt much more assured. Yes, what could a mad lady do to them? She should not have scared herself out of her wits. Although the bed was not too high, Meredith's injuries were quite serious. After coming out of the emergency room, she was out for a day and a night before coming around. Josiah had been by her bed, watching over her the entire night. He finally saw her eyelids

flutter a little under the morning glow, slowly opening her eyes. Her eyes were filled with spirit, unlike the past few days, which were filled with horror and disappointment. "Edith, you're up," Josiah said gently.

Hearing someone calling her, Meredith slowly turned her face around. When she saw Josiah, she was slightly stunned.

The next moment, she smiled a little. "Joe, why are you up so early? I haven't made breakfast for you yet." Josiah was a little stunned inside. Did she just call him Joe? She also wanted to make him breakfast?

Should she not beat him up at that moment, crying out loud and sobbing, asking him to return her daughter back to him? That was how she was for the past few days.

When Meredith sat up from her bed, it accidentally affected the wounds on her head. She gasped.

"Edith, don't move." Josiah came to his senses and got her to lay back down. Meredith touched her bandaged head and asked, "Joe, how did I get hurt?" "You fell and hit your head."

"Is that so? No wonder it hurts so much." Meredith furrowed her brows and said, blaming herself, "I'm so stupid, always causing you troubles."

"No. You're not causing me trouble." Josiah closely measured her up. He asked, "Edith, do... you not remember how you got hurt?"

Meredith shook her head.

"Then, do you remember..." Josiah wanted to ask her if she remembered Nia, but words got stuck in his mouth.

It was better not to aggravate her anymore.

"Joe, don't you need to go to work?" Meredith changed the topic. "I'm not going to work today. I'm staying here with you."

"You don't have to. You're so busy. How could you waste time being here with me?"

Meredith smiled at him. "Joe, go to work. Don't worry about me." Josiah looked at Meredith, who was smiling. He was suddenly brought back four years ago.

At that time, she was as gentle as the morning sun. He was her world. He thought that Meredith would not come back anymore. He never expected that she would suddenly reappear after waking up.

However, he felt uncomfortable about it.

"Then, rest well. I'll come see you after work," Josiah said and left the room as if he was running away from something. Yoseph approached Josiah. Before he could say anything, Josiah said, "Tell the others that Meredith most likely has lost her memories of the past few years. Tell everyone that they are not allowed to mention anything that happened for the past few years, especially about Nia."

Yoseph was stunned. Meredith has lost her memories, what more selectively? He nodded and replied to Josiah, "Yes, Mister Josiah. I'll go handle it right now."

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After instructing all levels of personnel, Yoseph approached Meredith. He noticed that she was furrowing her brows, sitting on the bed looking confused. He tried to call out to her, "Miss Meredith, is everything alright?" Upon hearing his voice, Meredith turned her head over. She measured him up close before asking, "Who are you?" "I am Yoseph, Mister Josiah's secretary." Yoseph was confused too. Did Josiah not say that Meredith had a selective loss of memory? How has she forgotten who he was?

"Joe's secretary? Have we met before?"

"Of course, we often see each other."

"I'm sorry. I don't remember." Meredith pointed at her head. "I accidentally fell and hit my head."

Yoseph asked, "Then, Miss Meredith, other than Mister Josiah, who else do you remember?"

Meredith thought for a while before shaking her head. "I was thinking about this too just now, but no matter how I try, I can't think of any other person."

"I see..." Yoseph nodded.

It looked like not only did she selectively lose periodic memories, but she even filtered through the people in her life, leaving behind only those that she wanted to remember. When Yoseph told this to Josiah, Josiah could not believe what he was hearing. Ever since the incident four years ago, the person Meredith hated the most was him. On top of that, her mother's and Nia's death...

How could she have only remembered him?

Josiah picked his phone up to call Meredith's doctor. The response he got was that this was the first time the doctor had encountered such a situation in his many years as a doctor.

The doctor carefully consoled Josiah, "Mister Josiah, don't worry. From Miss Meredith's report, the injury did not affect that brain too much. It might be psychological. Let's take it slow. She will regain her memory."

"No need."

"W-What do you mean by that, Mister Josiah?" "It's good that she forgets," Josiah said, "just treat her injuries. We'll look into the others later."

"Okay, Mister Josiah." The doctor secretly let out a sigh of relief. He was worried that Josiah would ask him to immediately treat Meredith. Josiah barely placed his phone down when the internal line rang. He reached out and put it on the loudspeaker. "What is it?"

"Mister Josiah, Mister Marvin from the Leightons is asking to see you. He said that there is something extremely important he wants to tell you." "I'll never see him." Before waiting for his secretary to finish her sentence, Josiah immediately hung up.

Marvin never had the hope that Josiah would see him, but he still came out of desperation.

He never thought that Josiah would be so cruel, getting his bodyguards to kick him out. He returned home in humiliation. Margot immediately welcomed him and asked, "How is it? Would Josiah see you?"

"Do you even need to ask? From Dad's expression, you'll know that he was kicked out," Ysabelle said loathingly.

Marvin had no energy to deal with his wife and daughter. He dragged his footsteps upstairs.

"Mom, Dad looks terrible. Should you go check on him?" Ysabelle asked, looking upstairs.

"Who wouldn't look terrible at such a time?" Margot sighed, "I'm not going. Just in case he takes it out on me again."

"It must be because he was too anxious," Ysabelle comforted Margot. "I'm not angry at him anymore, so don't be angry at him. Go check on him, please?"

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"What use is there checking up on him? It solves nothing."

Margot returned to the sofa and sat down. "Right now, other than Josiah, no one can help us."

"But Josiah has said, only if you two die will he let the Leightons go."

"How is this letting us go? He clearly wants us dead." "Exactly, so we don't have to waste our time pleading with him," Ysabelle said while rubbing her hungry tummy. She said, "Mom, I'm hungry, can you go make me something to eat?" Ever since the fall of the Leightons, all their servants have left. Their lavish lifestyles instantly vanished too.

Margot glanced at Ysabelle and reprimanded, "Now, do you know the importance of learning how to cook? Come here, I'll teach you."

"I'm not learning." Ysabelle did not feel that she would one day stoop so low as to have to make food on her own.

"What are you going to do if you don't learn how to cook? The chefs are all gone. Are you going to starve to death?" Margot dragged Ysabelle into the kitchen, forcing her to learn how to cook

Once they finished cooking, the doorbell rang. Ysabelle ran to open the gate. When she saw police in uniforms outside, she instantly panicked. She instinctively ran and hid.

Outside the gate, the police said sternly, "Miss, we have been ordered to arrest Marvin Leighton. Please open up, if not we will consider it as an obstruction of justice."

Ysabelle was frightened half to death. She immediately ran in and asked her mother for help.

When she heard that the police were here to arrest her husband, Margot naturally panicked too.

She got Ysabelle to run upstairs to hide while she went and said pleasingly to the police through the gate. "Hello, my husband is not at home. If there is anything, please return

another day."

The police flashed their IDs at her and said sternly, "If you're not going to open the gates, we will break in with force."

Margot decided to toughen up. "Are you all thugs? Can you just break into other people's homes just like that? I already said that my husband is not home."

"Ma'am..." The police were just about to say something when Ysabelle's screams came from inside. "Mom, something has happened to Dad! He's bleeding! Come quick!"

"What?" Margot was stunned. Then, she ran inside.

The police outside looked at each other before breaking in.

In the study upstairs, Marvin was leaning back on the leather chair with his eyes closed. The limp wrist on his chair was covered in blood. A puddle of blood was on the floor. Margot almost passed out from fright. "Marvin, Marvin, what are you doing! How could you be so silly!" She shook his arm while sobbing. "How could you be so silly!" From returning home up to that moment, an hour or so has passed. The blood in Marvin has bled dry. "Mom, what should we do? Will Dad die?" Ysabelle cried in fright. The police saw the situation and immediately dialed the emergency number. While waiting for the ambulance to come, Margot reprimanded her husband for being silly while blaming herself for not coming to check up on him earlier.

In the end, she got up and barked at the police, "It's all your fault! If you did not force him to die, why would he kill himself?"

The police explained patiently, "Ma'am, the Leightons are not only suspected of tax evasion but they are also involved in a case of jerry-building, causing the death of construction workers. They were committed by Mister Marvin." "Even so, you should be so cruel to force him to his death, right?" "Mister Marvin committed suicide because he was afraid to admit his crimes." "You..." Margot was at a loss for words.

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Although the ambulance soon arrived, Marvin could not be saved. Upon hearing the news of his death, Margot and Ysabelle slumped on the ground at the same time. They never would have thought that a member of their family would suddenly pass away just in a blink of an eye.

Josiah came out of the lift. He headed to the exit while listening to Yoseph reporting to him. After finishing reporting on work, Yoseph suddenly said, "Mister Josiah, there is something I do not know if it interests you or not. Marvin killed himself out of fear of facing judgment." Josiah merely grunted a response.

As he expected, Josiah did not care about it. He did not have any interest in it either. Yoseph added, "Mister Josiah, but you shouldn't forget something. Marvin Leighton is also Miss Meredith's father."

At that, Josiah finally had some reaction. He stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Yoseph. "So, what about that?"

Yoseph was speechless. Josiah continued, "Why would she need such a father? To continue hurting her?" "Uh..." Yoseph's tongue was tied. "I only thought what would happen if Miss Meredith asked about her family since she has lost her memories now."

Josiah could not blame Yoseph for overthinking. When Meredith and Josiah were together, the Leightons were influential. Marvin had not divorced Alayna yet.

Even if it was because of Josiah, Marvin did not dare to do anything to Meredith, so back then, Meredith and her parents seemed like they were getting along well together.

Later, Meredith's incident happened. Josiah wanted to topple the Leightons. Marvin divorced Alayna to protect the company, so he chased her out of the Leightons.

It was because of that, that Margot and Ysabelle had the opportunity to move into the Leightons' mansion. All of the past flashed before Josiah's mind. Naturally, he understood what Yoseph meant. "He is already dead. It is pointless," Josiah replied, "Just try to not let Meredith think about others."

"You are right, Mister Josiah." Yoseph nodded. Josiah got in the car and headed directly toward Crest Care Hospital.

When he was by Meredith's ward, she was sitting on the bed, eating chocolate. Her mouth was covered in chocolate like a little kid.

Upon seeing Josiah, she passed the melted chocolate in her hands to Josiah. "Joe, I left some chocolate for you. It's delicious."

Josiah lowered his gaze at her small hands. Her palm was covered in chocolate. Meredith furrowed her brows when she saw that Josiah was not taking the chocolate. "Joe, are you not going to take it? It's delicious." "Okay, I'll have some." Josiah picked her hand up and popped the melted chocolate into his mouth.

Josiah never liked eating sweets, but under her smiling gaze, he swallowed the chocolate.

"Does it taste good?" Meredith asked with a smile. "Yes." Josiah took a wet tissue from the table to wipe her hands and mouth. "Look at you. You're just like a child." Meredith lowered her head to see her chocolate-covered palms. She smiled lopsidedly.

Wiping her hands clean, Meredith wanted to take some more chocolate out of the box, but Josiah stopped her. "Edith, don't eat too many chocolates. You're going to have your meal soon." "No. I want chocolates. I don't want to have my meal."

"If you don't have your meal, how are you going to get better?" Josiah patiently coaxed.

"I don't care. I want chocolates." Meredith insisted.

The doctor who entered said, "Mister Josiah, Miss Meredith's condition is rather complicated. Sometimes, she acts like a child. Sometimes, she would go completely berserk. It all depends on her mood." Josiah nodded. "I noticed."

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"Perhaps this is Miss Meredith's way of escaping. Let's just observe and see."

"Okay."

"Mister Josiah, if there is nothing else, I'll go attend to my work."

"Go."

After the doctor left, Josiah took away the chocolate in Meredith's arms and coaxed gently, "Edith, let's have your meal first, alright?"

"I already said that I'm not having my meal. Why are you so annoying, Joe?"

"But I want to eat. I'm hungry." "You're hungry?" "Yes. I'm hungry. Will you eat with me?"

Sure enough, Meredith threw the chocolate by the side and nodded. "Okay, let's eat quickly, then."

Josiah waved at the caretaker by the side. The caretaker immediately served them the dinner that was prepared long ago. Josiah accepted the bowl of oatmeal porridge from the caretaker and fed Meredith. "Come, have some porridge." "Aren't you hungry? You eat first." Meredith pushed the spoon toward his mouth, asking him to eat first.

Josiah opened his mouth and accepted the spoonful of porridge. Then, he scooped another spoonful and placed it near his mouth. "Okay, now it's your turn, Edith."

Meredith happily opened her mouth and took a spoonful.

They took turns feeding each other. Soon, the bowl of oatmeal porridge was finished. Josiah used the same way to feed her with the second bowl of porridge.

When she was full, he was full too.

At night, the doctor came over to remind Meredith that it was time for bed. Meredith tugged Josiah's arm and said coquettishly, "Joe, I don't want to sleep alone. Will you stay with me?"

Josiah nodded. "Okay."

Meredith immediately moved aside to give Josiah some space. Josiah burrowed himself under the covers and hugged her in his arms.

Meredith pressed her cheeks against his chest, listening to his heartbeat. She closed her eyes in utter satisfaction.

Josiah lowered his head and looked at her. He asked, "Edith, are you happy?"

"Yes." Meredith nodded without thinking.

"That's good," Josiah replied. As long as she was happy, it did not matter if she had lost her memory or gone mad.

Josiah looked at his grandmother's angry expression. He had to try to appease her.

"Grandma, don't be angry. Nia is not dead, she..." "You're still lying to me!" Josiah's grandmother not only had a sharp tongue, but she also knew how to throw things. She picked up the tissue box on the table and threw it at Josiah, hitting it squarely on his forehead.

Josiah furrowed his brows a little.

"The nurse told me all about it. Nia is dead, and Meredith has gone mad. How dare you still lie to me that Nia is not dead?" Josiah's grandmother was so furious she cried. "I dare you to bring me my walking stick. I'll beat you to death, you rascal!" Josiah took her walking stick from behind the door and passed it to her. "Grandma, if hitting me will relieve you of anger, please do it."

Josiah's grandmother did not hold back. She accepted the walking stick and hit it on Josiah's leg. "Josiah, do you think that I don't dare to hit you? I have already told you to do a DNA test with Nia, yet you refused to do so! How inhumane are you! You're not worthy to be Nia's father!" She hit him on the leg again. Josiah has been hit twice in a row. He was in so much pain he left out a muffled grunt. "Grandma, I was wrong."

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"What use is there? Will Nia come back to life?" Josiah's grandmother hit him on the back. She suddenly threw her walking stick aside and sobbed miserably, "My little Nia! My great granddaughter! I have not even seen her before and she's already dead. Woo, woo..."

"Grandma..."

"It's all your fault! You jerk!" Josiah's grandmother did not have her walking stick with her anymore. She used her hands instead, hitting him. "Leave! I don't want to see you anymore!"

"Grandma, come on." Josiah was already depressed. After being reprimanded by his grandmother, he felt worse. He picked up her walking stick. "Grandma, continue hitting me." If hitting him could relieve her of her anger, he would feel better too. However, his grandmother no longer wanted to hit him or see him. She threw the walking stick to the other side. "Leave!" Seeing how his grandmother refused to see him, he could only give in.

"Grandma, take care. I'll make a move first."

He turned around and was about to leave when his grandmother called out after him.

"Josiah, listen up. If you dare to hurt Edith again, I'll beat you to death!" "Grandma, don't worry. I won't hurt her anymore."

Never again. After dealing with Marvin's funeral, Ysabelle and Margot returned home exhausted, only to find that their house has been sealed up.

Having suffered for the past few days, when Margot saw the tape around the doors, she immediately jumped in fury. "Who did it!"

"Who else? It must be Josiah, that bastard." Ysabelle was equally furious. "Dad has been driven to death by him. What else does he want?"

Margot sighed, "It seems like he will not rest until he drives us all dead."

At that, two policemen suddenly came over.

After showing their identification to Margot and Ysabelle, they said in a stern yet polite manner, "Miss Ysabelle Layne, according to a tip-off, you are involved in a murder case. Please come with us."

Ysabelle was bewildered.

"Murder? I didn't do anything." She shook her head and took a few steps back. "Was this by Josiah? Don't believe him. He wants me dead right now. I..."

"Whether you did it or not, we just need to investigate it, so we need you to cooperate with us," The police said, "if it's a misunderstanding, this is your chance to clear your name too."

"What do you mean? If you accuse me of murder, shouldn't you provide evidence for my arrest? Where is the evidence?" Ysabelle said angrily, "Are you accusing me of killing Leah? Is Meredith behind this? If I remember correctly, she is mentally unstable right now. Her accusations are baseless."

"Miss Ysabelle, according to our initial investigation, you are heavily tied to Miss Leah's case, so we need your cooperation to investigate this further." "I said I didn't do this! Meredith was the one who did it! Even if you want to investigate, you should investigate her!"

"Whether you did it or not, all we need to do is investigate it to find out," The police said, "Miss Ysabelle, don't worry. We will look into Meredith Leighton too. We won't take sides."

Then, the two policemen approached her. Ysabelle was frightened half to death. She immediately hid behind Margot. "Mom, help me! Help me!" Margot saw Ysabelle being apprehended, she immediately tried to pull Ysabelle back. "You can't take her away. She said she didn't do it. Why are you still arresting her?" The police clearly did not want to be bothered with her anymore. They immediately dragged Ysabelle toward the car.

This was Ysabelle's first time in a police car. She was overwhelmed with fear. She sobbed terribly, "Mom, I don't want to go to jail. I'm scared. You have to help me!" "Ysabelle..."

"Mom, go and beg Josiah. Beg him to help me."

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"I..." Margot knew that this was impossible, but she still nodded to console Ysabelle. She said, "Okay. Don't be scared. I'll go beg him to save you."

Ysabelle was taken away by the police. Margot stood alone by the sealed mansion and fell to the ground, breaking down. After a while, she got up and headed to the hospital. She could not enter Meredith's ward, so she could only wait by the lobby. She finally waited until Josiah's appearance.

She immediately ran to him and said with tears on her face, "Mister Josiah, I beg you...to please let Ysabelle go."

Josiah stopped in his tracks. He coldly looked at her. "What happened to Ysabelle?" "Mister Josiah, don't you know what happened to her? She was taken away by the police!" "Oh, why is that?"

Margot was speechless.

Josiah said, "I'm sorry, she has done so many terrible things. I don't know which one you are referring to."

Margot was struck in tears, but she still had to beg. "Mister Josiah, regarding Leah's incident, Ysabelle did not do it."

"When Miss Leah was being hunted, she called me.

"It was Meredith."

"I used to think so too, but now I don't think so anymore."

"Why? Mister Josiah, you can't just go back on all your opinions because of Nia. This is very unfair to Ysabelle."

"I'm sorry, I was never fair ever. I can't change who I am." It was only that he previously treated Meredith unfairly. He never once listened to her. "Mister Josiah, didn't you say previously, as long as Ysabelle's parents die, you will let her go? Her father has already committed suicide, could you..."

"Yet, you are still here."

Margot's heart sank.

When Josiah was torturing Meredith back then, she had always watched with eagerness. At that moment, when it was on her, she finally realized how cold-blooded Josiah was.

It was not enough that he drove Marvin to death. He was also forcing her to die. Josiah was extremely terrifying when he wanted to be cruel!

She changed her attitude and said, "Josiah, don't forget that Marvin is Meredith's father. Ysabelle is her stepsister."

"So, *what?*"

"*Don't* you know why Meredith went mad? It's because you killed her mother and daughter. *How many* family members does she have? Now, you have also killed her father. Do you still *want to kill off* Meredith's last family member, Ysabelle?"

Josiah clenched his fists. He said coldly, "I didn't kill Edith's mother or daughter."

“Excuses. Console yourself with those excuses, then.” Margot sneered. *“Don’t say I didn’t remind you. Meredith will get better one day. I’ll see how you are going to answer her.”* *“That would be my matter to solve.”* Josiah went past her.

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Margot realized that her tactics did not work. She immediately ran up to plead with him again, “Mister Josiah, Ysabelle is Meredith’s sister, her last family member alive. I beg you not to hurt her.”

“Mrs. Leighton, all Edith needs is me.” Josiah stopped in his tracks and looked at her. “Also, Nia will come back.”

“You...” Margot continued, “can you help her, seeing how she always had feelings for you?” Josiah no longer bothered with her. Margot wanted to chase after him, but she was held back by a few bodyguards. All her grievances and anger formed into one loud bark, “Josiah, you will have your retributions for all the evil doing! You deserved every last bit of it, especially when your wife and child left you!”

The doors of the lift slowly closed, slowly covering Josiah’s cold and handsome face.

Meredith was hugging a bouquet of fresh roses. She was extremely delighted. The sunlight shone in, emphasizing her delighted expression and the roses, making it seem even more beautiful.

Josiah stood by the side watching as if he was admiring a beautiful painting.

Meredith looked up and smiled at him. “Joe, thank you. I like them very much.” “That’s good.” Josiah lifted her off the bed. “Can we go?”

“Where to?”

“Home, of course.” “Home?” Meredith furrowed her brows in confusion. “Where is my home?”

“Of course, it’s our home,” Josiah said with a smile, “Don’t tell me, you have even forgotten where our home is?”

Meredith nodded. “I’m sorry, Joe. I really can’t remember.”

“It’s fine. You’ll see once we get home.”

“Joe, am I stupid?”

“A little.”

Meredith pouted a little.

“But it’s good that you’re stupid. I like stupid.” Josiah kissed her on the forehead. “Let’s go.”

Wesley, his assistant who was standing by the door, shook his head in disbelief. He strongly suspected that his boss had split personalities. At that moment, compared to how he treated Margot, he was extremely gentle with Meredith, while he was ruthless to Margot.

If it was not split personalities, how could he swap characters so easily? Meredith carried the bouquet in one arm while linking arms with Josiah on the other. They came out of the lift. The reporters who were waiting by the entrance immediately picked their cameras up and snapped photos of them. Meredith was frightened by the flashes. She immediately ducked behind Josiah like a timid mouse.

Josiah furrowed his brows. His bodyguards immediately understood what he meant. After they chased the reporters away, Josiah pulled Meredith from behind him. “Don’t be afraid. I’m here.”

Meredith looked at the door in confusion. “Who are they? Why are they taking photos of us?” “They are some random people. You don’t have to worry about them.” Meredith nodded. Then, she smiled and linked arms with him. “Hmm, with you around, I’m not scared.”

The car stopped by the mansion’s entrance. Josiah led Meredith out of the car, looking at the reaction on her face.

The doctor said that familiar surroundings would help her remember quicker. Back then, the first thought he had was to move houses, because he did not want her to get better so quickly.

If losing her memories would make her happy, there was nothing wrong with losing her memories for her entire life.

However, pondering further, the mansion was the place where they lived when they got married. It was the place where they started their lives together. He could not bear to shift houses.

Meredith sized up the huge mansion. Her eyes were calm. Clearly, this was already buried deep among her memories.