

STILL LOVING YOU NONETHELESS

Chapter 4

"Get out!" Josiah ordered coldly.

Glancing at the cold but perfectly-sculptured face of his, Ysabelle secretly swore that like Meredith, she too would make Josiah her husband.

"Alright, I'll leave. Remember to finish the soup," said Ysabelle before she left the room. Instead of drinking the soup, Josiah got ready to visit Yena at the hospital.

Josiah only returned late at night.

Upon seeing Miss Leah, the maid who was cleaning the house, he asked with a straight face, "Has Meredith admitted to her wrongdoings?"

"No. She remained adamant that she did not push Yena," replied Miss Leah whose eyes were red-rimmed, and added, "Sir, will Yena be alright?"

"Don't worry, she will regain her consciousness," said Josiah without saying anything else before heading up to the second floor.

Just when he was about to go up the stairs, he noticed the Tibetan Mastiff who was supposed to be in the backyard.

"Who let it in?" Josiah asked as he furrowed his brows tightly.

Josiah did not seem to notice the fact that he was feeling annoyed that the dog got loose because he knew that Meredith was terrified of dogs.

Miss Leah shook her head and lied, "I don't know. Perhaps it escaped on its own since it did not see Yena today."

Miss Leah obviously knew how Ysabelle had tortured Meredith.

Not only did she know, she desperately wanted to tear Meredith into pieces.

"What did you feed it with?" Josiah asked.

The Tibetan Mastiff had a body of white fur, yet the fur around its mouth had several blood spots all over.

Noticing Josiah's hardened expression, Miss Leah started bawling, "Sir, my poor Yena is in such pain, even the dog had sensed it and wanted to avenge her, oh my poor baby girl..."

Josiah knew right away where the blood came from.

He hesitated a while before heading toward the basement.

The wet and dark basement was dimly lit only by a small wall lamp.

Meredith, covered in blood and mud, was cowering at a corner.

Seeing how she was not moving, Josiah nudged her with his shoes and urged, "Get up!"

Meredith remained still.

Josiah nudged her a little more and hissed coldly, "Meredith Leighton, do you not hear me?"

With his brows furrowed together, Josiah bent over, grabbed the back of her shirt to pick her up from the floor.

He was immediately startled by the burning heat he felt when his fingers grazed across the back of her neck.

Josiah guessed that her body temperature must be over forty celsius.

It was obvious that Meredith had passed out from having a high fever.

"Meredith Leighton, you think you can get away with all that has happened by dying?!" As if he was worried that Meredith would not hear him, he hissed into her ears and went on, "I will not let you get away with this so easily before Yena regains her consciousness!" Carrying Meredith into his arms, he then walked out of the basement in big strides.

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Studying the woman on the bed, Finn Leroy shook his head as he exclaimed, "I must say that Miss Leighton is one hell of a woman. How is she still alive after all these injuries?"

Finn then turned around to look at Josiah who looked grave and went on, "I mean, even if she did push Yena, you could have sent her to jail instead of whipping lashes at her and even letting her be bitten by a dog, right?"

"Jail? That'd be too easy for her, after what she had done," sneered Josiah as he went on, "I need to keep her alive and I will use her blood to save Yena's life. I will make sure her life out here is more miserable than when she's in jail."

"Didn't we take almost a thousand milliliters of her blood yesterday?" Finn asked. When Yena was sent to the hospital last night, Meredith had volunteered to donate her blood.

On average, the maximum amount of blood that one could donate was five hundred milliliters of blood.

"A thousand milliliters? It's not enough," Josiah seethed coldly.