

Still Loving You NonethelessEN by Snow de Eira Chapter 421

Chapter 421

Eight to ten years was definitely not a short time.

"Yeah, I didn't expect that Josiah would love you this much, to the point that he was willing to put Maeve in hell just to protect you." Quinley wiped away her tears and said, "I went to see Maeve the other day and she broke down and even got on her knees, begging me to save her.

She said she was wrong and would never make rash decisions anymore."

Quinley then secretly observed Meredith's reaction. Meredith paused a while before responding, "For a young lady, eight to ten years is indeed a bit too much."

"Yes, and that is why Maeve broke down and even got onto her knees," Quinley added, "but of course, she was not begging me for mercy, she was begging you instead."

"Me?"

"Yes. It was Josiah who put her in jail, and aside from you, who else could help her? And Maeve knows of this, of course. But she could not see you so she asked me to help her and talk to you instead."

Quinley held Meredith's hands tightly and said, "Meredith, for the sake of our old times, help her out, won't you?" "But...how could I possibly help her?"

"Josiah loves you a lot and he listens to you as well. I'm sure he'll let Maeve go if you put in a few words for Maeve," Quinley stole glances at Meredith's reaction before going on, "Meredith, Maeve only did what she did because she cares about you, and she wanted to help you get back your memories." Quinley did not feel bad for Maeve nor did she care about how spending eight to ten years in jail would affect Maeve.

She only did Maeve a favor as she was worried that Maeve would do as she threatened her back then – coming clean about everything to Josiah.

She was doing it for herself.

Meredith paused and said, "Okay, I'll try to talk to Joe."

"You will?" Quinley exclaimed, "Are you really willing to help Maeve? I'll go bring her the good news right away. I'm sure she'd be really happy and grateful."

"I'll see what I can do."

"Okay," The smile on Quinley's face faded a little as she said, "but. Meredith, can you please not let Josiah know that I was here today? He doesn't want us near you." "Okay." Meredith hesitated and said, "But I'm not allowed to be interacting with outsiders, and if I do bring up Maeve, he'll know right away that I've met with you."

"Ah you're right, what should we do?" Quinley bit down hard on her lips and said, "What if we

tell him that Maeve's mother came to find you and had asked you for help?"

"Okay."

"You're a kind person, Meredith," Quinley held her hands tightly in hers and said, "the next time you need our help, Maeve and I promise to do everything that we can to help you."

"Don't worry. You said it yourself, didn't you? That Maeve only did what she did for my sake?" "I'm glad that you think that way, Meredith." Quinley was worried that people would start talking if she stayed around longer. "I should leave now. I'll see you soon, Meredith."

"Sure." "Meredith, I'll buy you a meal some other time. Let's have Maeve join us too," Quinley went on, "and don't worry, we will not bring up a word about the past." "Okay."

"I'll get going now." Quinley walked away but stopped to turn and look toward the garden. There, Meredith started picking up the paintbrush and started to paint. She was back to being calm and peaceful.

Inwardly, Quinley thought, 'Women who receive a lot of love seem as if they do not have any worries.' And just like that, jealousy started welling up in her chest.

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Noon came and Meredith returned to the mansion with Caden. She prepared some fruits for Caden and left him in the living room as he watched the TV. Meredith then started making dinner in the kitchen.

As usual, she had prepared Josiah's favorite dishes and had waited for Josiah to get home from work before having dinner. She then served some pasta onto his plate and made sure Josiah had settled down at the dining table.

After all of that, she then immediately rushed to Caden.

"Caden darling, here are some beef meatballs. Try some and see if you like it," She put two pieces of meatballs onto his plate and went on, "I'll make more next time if you like them."

It was the same sentence again. Josiah reminded her, "Meredith, you have been saying the same thing repeatedly every time we have dinner."

"Because I'd only make them again if you like then, if not I won't," Meredith was puzzled, "is there anything wrong with that?"

"Mm...not really."

Meredith continued feeding Caden and only started eating after Caden had finished eating.

But she roughly took a few mouthfuls of the pasta and got up from the dining table.

Josiah grabbed her by her wrist and stopped her from leaving. "Why are you eating so little?" "I'm done eating. I want to keep Caden accompanied." "Edith, there's something that I need to talk to you about," said Josiah.

"Let's talk after I put Caden to bed. I too have something to talk to you about." Meredith then walked out of the dining hall.

Josiah was speechless.

Josiah concluded that Meredith only said words like 'you are the most important to me' to please him. He actually had to wait until Caden went to bed before Meredith would

talk to him. Josiah could not bring himself to spend days like this anymore. He quietly finished his dinner and headed upstairs to continue on with his work. Back then when he worked on his study, Meredith would visit him to check on him. But after Caden showed up, he hardly even saw Meredith anymore.

The urge to send Caden away snowballed even more. By the time Meredith got back to their bedroom after putting Caden to sleep, Josiah had almost fallen asleep waiting for her.

“Joe, you’re still up?” Meredith was surprised. Josiah looked up from the magazine in his hands and glanced at her. “What a good wife you are, to keep your husband waiting for you.”

“Were you waiting for me?” “What do you think?” “Why haven’t you showered then?”

“I was waiting for you.” “Waiting for me to shower together?” “It’s been a while since we last showered together. Would you not want that, Mrs. Shelby?”

Meredith suddenly got shy under his heated stare. “I..”

Josiah put down the magazine in his hand, walked toward her, and lifted her chin so that she was looking at him. “What do you plan to say? If you knew better, you would have taken off your clothes and waited for me there.”

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He then lifted her in his arms and walked into the shower room.

Wrapping her hands around his shoulder, she suddenly thought of something. “Right, didn’t you say that you have something to talk to me about? What is it?” “We can talk after showering.”

“What is it exactly?” Meredith got even more curious. Josiah put her down on the floor, removed her clothes, and put her into the bathtub that was already filled with a tub of warm water. He then realized that Meredith was staring at him, still waiting for his answer.