

# Still Loving You Nonetheless

## Chapter 958

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The next morning, Meredith woke up as expected.

Perhaps it was because she had slept for too long, she was in a dazed state when she woke up.

Staring at the familiar ceiling, she tried to recall the fragmented bits of her memory. The more she tried to recall, the more her body started shivering in fear.

Charlie had committed suicide...it was not a dream, but it did happen.

Meredith sat up abruptly from her bed and wanted to get off the bed when she was startled by the man in front of her.

It was Josiah Shelby!

He was in his room all this time?

"You're awake, Edith," Josiah called out to her gently.

Of course, he was going to be by her side knowing that she was going to wake up today.

That was why Josiah had been in her room since early morning.

"How are you feeling? Do you feel uncomfortable?" Josiah walked toward her, put his hands on her shoulders, and studied her carefully.

Josiah was worried that the sleeping pills might have side effects on Meredith.

Ignoring his question, Meredith grabbed his arms and asked, "Where is Charlie? How is he? Has he regained consciousness?"

A look of disappointment flickered across Josiah's face. "Edith, is Charlie all that you care about?"

"Answer me, Josiah Shelby! Is Charlie okay?" Meredith shouted frustratedly at him.

"He woke up yesterday morning."

"Really?" Meredith finally felt relieved.

"Yes, and his condition is much stable now."

"That is good. Charlie is fine. That is great news!" Meredith almost teared up.

But she quickly realized something. Staring dazedly at Josiah, she asked, "What did you say? He woke up yesterday?"

She clearly remembered that Charlie was sent to the ER last night, so how would it be possible for Charlie to have regained consciousness on the same day?

"Are you lying to me, Josiah? You are lying to me, aren't you?" Grabbing Josiah's shirt in her hands, she fumed, "Charlie is gone, isn't he? Tell me!"

"Calm down, Edith," Josiah held her hands in his and reassured her, "I'm not lying to you. Charlie really woke up yesterday morning. And you've slept for a whole three days, do you know that?"

"What did you say? I slept for three days?"

"Check for yourself if you don't believe me."

Josiah took Meredith's phone and showed it to her.

Looking at the date and time on the screen of her phone, Meredith finally realized that three days had

gone by.

She really did fall asleep for three days.

"I must go see Charlie at the hospital now," Meredith was about to get off the bed again.

Josiah stopped her. "Wait..."

Rage gripped Meredith instantly. Pushing him away as she growled, "What are you planning to go again, Josiah? Can you just stop getting in my way?"

Josiah furrowed his brows as he looked at the scratch on the back of his hand.

Even though the scratch was not deep, Meredith was slightly taken aback. Feeling rather guilty, she said, "Just leave me alone."

Unbothered, Josiah put away his hand and said to her, "Edith, you're the one who threw a fuss the moment you woke up. How is this my fault?"

He glanced at her and said, "Think about it, will you? What are you going to do, going all the way to the hospital? You're probably going to annoy my aunt or be kicked away by Charlie, isn't it?"

Recalling how Charlie's mother reacted when she saw her, Meredith thought that Josiah was right.