

Chapter 5 You Don't Deserve It, Country Bumpkin

"Mom doesn't know your taste in décor, so look around and tell me if you like it. If there's anything you want to add, let me know," Beulah said, opening the door.

The room was decked out in a girly, princess-pink style, but it wasn't Meredith's cup of tea.

Despite this, Beulah gave her an expectant look, so Meredith nodded and said, "It's fine as is..."

She was suddenly shoved before she could finish her sentence, causing her to stumble.

"Get out, this is my study!" James glared at Meredith angrily, like a ticking time bomb about to explode.

"Oh no, are you okay, Merry? Did you hurt yourself?" Beulah was caught in a bind. "James, didn't we agree earlier that this room would be for your sister?"

The younger son suddenly threw a tantrum, making her feel flustered.

All the rooms on the second and third floors of the villa were occupied, leaving only the servant's quarters and guest rooms on the first floor.

Since Meredith was part of the Kane family, she couldn't be stuck on the first floor.

That's why she thought of discussing it with James, asking him to share a study with Gary and vacate his study for Meredith to use as her room.

"She's not my sister! I don't have a sister who came from the countryside!" James shouted and attempted to push Meredith again.

However, Meredith skillfully dodged him this time.

The boy didn't expect her to dodge, so he missed and stumbled, hitting the end of the bed with a loud thud.

"Ah—"

Immediately, the brat's loud crying pierced the silence.

"What's happening here? What happened?" Hearing the commotion, Old Mrs. Kane, supported by Myra, hurried up to the third floor.

"Grandma, save me! That country hick pushed me! Waaaaah..." James rushed into Old Mrs. Kane's arms, crying and complaining.

Meredith kept quiet.

"Don't cry, don't cry; Grandma will make things right for you." Old Mrs. Kane patted his back gently, trying to calm him down. "Let Grandma see, where did you get hurt?"

To her dismay, she saw James with tears streaming down his face, snot running down his nose, and a large bump on his forehead.

"Oh my goodness, how did you hurt yourself so badly? Will it leave a scar?!" Myra exclaimed dramatically.

The mention of a scar only made James cry louder.

"James, come to Mom. Let me take a look. I'm so sorry; it's all my fault for not taking good care of you..." Beulah anxiously tried to step forward and hug James but was pushed away by Old Mrs. Kane.

"Hurry up and call the doctor!" After scolding Beulah, she glared at Meredith and said, "I'll deal with you later!"

Chaos erupted in the villa as everyone rushed to tend to James.

Myra watched Meredith being left aside and felt a sense of satisfaction. Someone like her didn't deserve to be loved or cared for!

In the first-floor living room, James' eyes were swollen from crying as he curled up in Old Mrs. Kane's arms, sobbing uncontrollably. Old Mrs. Kane's heart ached at seeing her grandson's distress.

While scolding Beulah to hurry up and call the family doctor, she urged the servant to quickly fetch a warm heating pad.

A servant quickly brought over a heating pad.

"There, there, don't cry. This will help with the swelling," Old Mrs. Kane said as she reached out to place the heating pad on James's forehead.

But a cold, clear voice stopped her in her tracks.

"Don't use a heating pad. Use a cold compress," Meredith said, standing at the top of the stairs.

She was still dressed in that hideous outfit, carrying a cloth bag over her shoulder. The cold aura surrounding her made it hard to believe she had just come down from the mountains.

"Don't act like you know better! Heating pads will reduce swelling and inflammation," Old Mrs. Kane glared at Meredith.

Ignoring Meredith's advice, she gently applied the heat pack to the large bump on James's forehead.

"Ouch!" James cried out in pain.

"Hold still," Old Mrs. Kane instructed. "We need to keep it warm, or the swelling won't go down."

She called over to the maid to help hold James down.

Beulah watched her son in distress, her heart aching for him. But she didn't dare defy Old Mrs. Kane, so she stood anxiously by the side.

Suddenly, a delicate hand grabbed Old Mrs. Kane's wrist.

"What are you doing?!" Old Mrs. Kane exclaimed, glaring at Meredith.

"I said to use a cold compress," Meredith repeated firmly.

"Get out of my way!" Old Mrs. Kane fumed, shaking off Meredith's hand. "I've seen more days than you have. You don't get to teach me how to handle my grandson!"

She had seen her friend, Mrs. Collier, use this method to reduce swelling on her grandson. How could it be wrong?

Seizing the opportunity, James wriggled free from Old Mrs. Kane's grasp and ran into Beulah's arms, sobbing uncontrollably. His face was streaked with tears and snot, making him look utterly pitiful.

Old Mrs. Kane's anger intensified. Just as the family doctor arrived, she was about to order the servant to bring James back.