

# Still Loving You Nonetheless

## Chapter 964

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On the outside, she sounded calm and composed, yet on the inside, she felt as if her heart was being torn into pieces.

Even though what she said made sense, it was hard for her to let go of Nia. It was nearly impossible for her to give up on Nia.

She would definitely be in pain if she were to be separated from Nia.

Nia was her family but Charlie was her responsibility. In the end, she had chosen to give up on Nia and go back to Charlie. It took her a lot of courage to come to this decision.

She simply hoped that Charlie would recover quickly so that her efforts would not go to waste.

She knew that she had hurt Charlie deeply and there might be a chance that he would not believe her nor agree with her decision.

But, Charlie, on the other hand, said flatly, "Are you done talking? Can you please tell me who you are now?"

Meredith was stunned.

Meredith's eyes widened in shock. After a few seconds, she grabbed his hand and asked, "Charlie, you..."

"You're right, I don't remember you. So, would you mind introducing yourself?" Charlie pulled back his hand from her grip again.

Charlie seemed distant.

"Charlie, do you really not remember me at all?" Aghast, Meredith went on, "I am Meredith, Meredith Leighton. Your wife."

"My wife?" Charlie frowned as he studied her.

"Yes." Meredith nodded.

Judging by his response, could it be that Charlie had lost his memories?

But how was it possible?

He injured his wrist, not his head.

"But I've got a girlfriend," Confused, Charlie replied.

Meredith did not know what to say.

He had a girlfriend?

What was happening exactly?

Did Charlie lose his memories or was he simply confused?

"Charlie, listen to me..." Meredith reached out her hand, wanting to hold his hand but Charlie avoided him.

Meredith's hand froze mid-air. But she went on, "You don't have a girlfriend but you have a wife. And that is me, Meredith Leighton. Do you remember now?"

Charlie shook his head, indicating that he remembered nothing.

He then closed his eyes slowly. "I'm feeling a bit tired and want to get some rest."

Looking at Charlie who had his eyes closed, Meredith did not know what to say.

Charlie had lost a lot of weight and the patient gown looked extra loose on him. Meredith felt heartbroken seeing him in this state.

Meredith had made up her mind again to stay by Charlie's side.

She helped to adjust his blanket before walking out of the ward. She went to meet Charlie's mother who was in the lounging room.

Meredith found her sitting on the sofa as if she was waiting for her.

"Mrs. Larson, did Charlie lose her memories?" A confused Meredith asked.

"I wasn't sure and that is why I called you here," Charlie's mother replied coldly.

Meredith replied, "It seems like he did lose his memories. But why? He clearly only injured his hand."

"I've hired someone to hypnotize him," Charlie's mother replied coldly.

"What did you do?" Aghast, Meredith stared at her and asked, "You made Charlie lose his memories?"