

Still Loving You Nonetheless

Chapter 970

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Meredith cleared her throat softly and lowered her voice, "Nia, I won't be able to come home for the time being."

"Huh? Then when will you be able to come home?" Nia sounded utterly disappointed.

"Not sure yet." To avoid Charlie overhearing her, Meredith lowered her voice even more, "Nia, make sure you listen well to your Daddy and Lily okay? Mommy will come home to see you sometime later. It's getting late now, you should go to bed soon."

"Mommy, Daddy says that he wants to talk to you."

"I'm really busy now and I don't have the time."

"Oh, alright then," a thoughtful Nia then went on, "Mommy, you should rest early too."

"Mm, I will, darling," slightly touched, Meredith said, "goodnight, Nia."

"Goodnight, Mommy."

Meredith was of course heartbroken that she had to leave Nia so suddenly. But for Charlie's sake, she had to do what she had to.

After ending the call, Meredith composed herself in front of the mirror before stepping out of the washroom.

On the bed, Charlie had his eyes closed, it looked like he was already sleeping.

Meredith walked quietly toward his bed, adjusted his covers, and she stood there to look at him for a moment before getting into the bed that was beside Charlie's.

The next day, Kimberly showed up again at the hospital and she had even prepared breakfast for Charlie.

At the sight of Kimberly, Charlie's straight face softened a little.

"Charlie, guess what I made for you today?" Smiling, Kimberly asked.

Charlie replied, "Cream of asparagus soup."

"How did you know?"

"You mentioned that cream of asparagus soup is good for recovery," Charlie replied with a smile on his face.

"Seems like you remembered what I said last time," Kimberly looked glad.

Kimberly poured the soup into a bowl and started feeding Charlie like she did last night.

And Meredith read the room and gave the both of them space.

After all, Charlie was still recovering and it was a good thing that he was willing to eat. Hence, Meredith did not want to bother them.

After being hospitalized for a few days, Charlie was finally allowed to get discharged from the hospital. As always, Meredith went to the florist and wanted to get a bouquet of sunflowers for Charlie.

When she returned to the ward with the flowers in her hand, Kimberly was already a step ahead of her. She too had gotten sunflowers for Charlie. Kimberly was beaming brightly just like the sunflowers.

"Charlie, sunflowers are your favorite and I hope that you'll be like the sunflowers - optimistic and happy

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all the time."

Looking at the flowers in her hands, Charlie tugged at the corners of his lips, pulling them into a bright smile. "Have I always liked sunflowers? I don't remember it anymore."

"Yeah, you did. Back then when you had performances overseas, I would always give you sunflowers when you got off stage." Smiling, Kimberly went on, "I remember that there was one season where I couldn't find sunflowers anywhere and I had to fold one using a yellow color paper. You were really happy when you received them."

"Really?"

"Mm-hmm. Folded ones are much better than the ones from flower shops."

"Then why didn't you fold one for me today?"

"Because I think that a fresh sunflower is more meaningful."

Staring into the room, Meredith unconsciously tightened her grip around the sunflowers in her hands.

The truth was, it was Meredith who folded sunflowers for Charlie because the flowers were not in season and she could not get them anywhere.

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