

Still Loving You Nonetheless

Chapter 977

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Meredith did not get off the floor immediately. She only got back onto her feet when Kimberly dragged her up forcefully.

But before she even stood up straight, Kimberly suddenly fell face down onto the floor.

"Ouch!" Kimberly let out a painful cry and scolded Meredith, "Meredith, how could you pull me when all I wanted was to help you get up? It's so painful..."

Kimberly covered her forehead with her hands and whined, "Charlie, my head hurts a lot. Help me check if I'm bleeding..."

She removed her hand to see a blotch of redness on her forehead.

Meredith stared blankly at her.

She did not expect that Kimberly would go to such lengths just to accuse her. Meredith thought that Kimberly was just like Yena.

"Meredith Leighton, you're just despicable!" Seeing the bruises on Kimberly's forehead, Charlie raised his hand and slapped Meredith across her face.

Meredith was stunned. Startled, she stared at him. "Charlie, you're hitting me because of an outsider?"

She was deeply shaken to her core.

Back then when Charlie was not crippled, he adored and loved her, and he had never once laid a hand on her. But when he lost his legs, Charlie hurt her over and over again, but Meredith knew that Charlie did not mean it.

This was the first time that Charlie hit her because of another woman.

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"Let me say this again. I will never forgive you for laying a hand on Kimberly!" Charlie taunted.

Looking at the coldness in his eyes and how he sounded cold, Meredith was gravely disappointed.

She clenched her hand tightly into a fist, trying to hold herself back from exploding.

Kimberly mocked, "What are you doing still standing here? Get out and let Charlie eat in peace!"

Meredith ignored her. With tears welling up in her eyes, Meredith stared at Charlie and said, "Charlie, do you know why I didn't blame you for pushing me off the stairs back then? Because I know you didn't mean it. But this...today...I am really disappointed. I will remember what happened today!"

Charlie's eyes were bloodshot. It was as if he did not care that Meredith was angry and he simply hissed, "Get out!"

And Meredith walked out of the room.

In her room, Meredith smiled bitterly at herself in the mirror.

She was asking herself how Charlie ended up this way.

She wondered if it was her problem with Charlie's and if she was the reason why Charlie ended up like this.

If she did not suggest moving abroad, and if the accident did not happen, would any of these not have happened?

Could Charlie then be able to do what he likes and love who he wants to love? Instead of not being able to differentiate right from wrong?

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Meredith thought that it must be it.

It was her fault that Charlie ended up this way.

She had no right of being disappointed in him and neither did she have the right to be angry at him.

Meredith tried to gather herself and she was finally able to calm down.

She checked the time and guessed that Charlie should already be done with breakfast.

When she showed up in front of Charlie again, Meredith was especially calm.

Charlie stared at her coldly and seethed, "What are you still doing here? Do you need me to call security to throw you out of the house?"

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