

MR. NELSON WINNING HIS EX-WIFE'S HEART

Chapter 11 Declined Gesture

Chelsea was indeed having dinner with a young man named Orlando.

However, it wasn't a date. They actually met for another reason.

Zuri had starred in an urban rom-com. The drama was about the love life of a career-driven woman. This woman was supposed to fall in love with a young handsome man. An actor for the hero role hadn't been cast early.

There was a sea of young male stars in the industry, so it was hard for Zuri and the crew to choose. She had asked Chelsea, who was still abroad at that time, to help her choose one.

Picking the right actor for a role was one of Chelsea's

fortes as a scriptwriter.

In the end, Chelsea chose Orlando for the role. His acting was nothing short of perfect. He completely owned the role. The drama was a success as soon as it hit the screens. The viewers rated it highly online and spoke well of it offline. It was also nominated for many awards.

Orlando's career shot to the roof because he got many acting gigs afterward. To express his gratitude to Chelsea, he decided to treat her to dinner as soon as she arrived in Vertoak.

Oblivious to the fact that her ex-husband's best friend had seen her when she went upstairs, Chelsea enjoyed her meal and chatted with Orlando happily. In the middle of the meal, a waiter knocked on the door of the private dining room and walked in carrying a platter of steak in his hand.

Orlando looked at the waiter in confusion. "All the dishes we ordered have been served, haven't they?"

"Yes. This steak is our signature dish. Mr. Nelson ordered it specially for this lady," the waiter explained with a smile.

"Mr. Nelson?" Chelsea's face darkened once she heard that name.

She pursed her lips and glanced at the steak. Was it from Edmund? Why was he here?

What a small world! Their paths never crossed for the entire year that she was abroad. But on the day that she returned, they met twice.

This seemingly harmless gesture didn't sit right with Chelsea. They had ended things on a bad note. Why

did he send her this steak as if all was well between them?

Chelsea didn't want to have anything to do with Edmund asides from work. As a result, she decided not to accept the steak.

With a faint smile, she said to the waiter apologetically, "I'm sorry, I can't accept it. First, I don't know the Mr. Nelson you speak of. Second, I'm allergic to beef and mutton. Please take it back. Thanks."

The waiter had no choice but to leave with the steak when he heard her reasons.

In this line of work, he had met people with severe food allergies. The workers here were obligated to listen to the diners whenever they said that they were allergic to some foods.

Sadness glistened in Chelsea's eyes as soon as the waiter left. She lowered her head and continued to eat just to hide her emotions.

Since she was a child, she was allergic to beef and mutton. She avoided them like a plague. If she mistakenly had them, red rashes would appear all over her body.

Edmund was a lover of beef and mutton. He ate them in almost every meal. While they were married, Chelsea had cooked them for him even though they irritated her. But she never had a bite.

The fact that Edmund had no idea of her food allergies even though they had been married for three long years further proved one thing. He didn't care about her at all during those years.

Noticing that Chelsea was a little uneasy, Orlando couldn't help asking, "Are you all right, Chelsea? Who is Mr. Nelson?"

Although the messy divorce between her and Edmund had made headlines a year ago, only a few people knew what Chelsea actually looked like. The former Mrs. Nelson that the public knew was the elegant lady who had given a strange speech during the anniversary celebration of the Nelson Group. No one could tell that this humbly dressed woman and that elegant woman were the same.

In Orlando's eyes, Chelsea was just a scriptwriter.

"I don't know him. I guess this is a case of mistaken identity," Chelsea replied perfunctorily.

She had planned to keep Edmund buried in her past. Before returning, she hoped to kick-start her career

without having to worry about him. She didn't expect that their paths would cross on her first day.

What bad luck!

This was the only logical explanation Chelsea had in her mind. What else could she call this if not bad luck?

Meanwhile, Edmund was having a drink with Yusuf in another private dining room. It was at this time that the waiter came back with the steak and told Edmund what Chelsea had said.

Yusuf spat out a mouthful of wine and coughed.

Wiping his mouth with a serviette, he asked, "Tell me I didn't hear him right. Did Chelsea really say that she doesn't know you?"

A peal of laughter echoed in the room the next

second. Yusuf held his belly and laughed hard for a long time. Edmund could only stare at him coldly.

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