

## Mr Nelson 111

### [Chapter 111 Not Related](#)

Chelsea frowned slightly, "Hospital? Did something happen? What's wrong?"

The last time she checked, Hilton had been healthy and had rarely been to the hospital.

Hilton snorted, "You'll know when you get here. I'm seriously sick and need a lot of money."

Chelsea saw through his act at once. He only wanted money from her so he had come up with the perfect excuse. He probably was not sick at all.

But she still played along. "Okay, which hospital are you in? I'll come over."

Hilton gave her the name of a hospital without skipping a beat. It was the hospital where Chris worked. A smile appeared on Chelsea's face when she realized that.

She could ask him for a favor then.

After hanging up, Chelsea dressed up and went out. The first she did when she got to the hospital was to find Chris.

Seeing her, Chris was surprised. "Chelsea, what can I do for you? Is something wrong?"

Chelsea went straight to the point and said, "My father is in this hospital. And I need you to help me find out what on earth is wrong with him. I'm afraid that he's scheming with his attending doctor and they will lie to me on purpose."

Chelsea knew Hilton's personality. Shame was not something he was aware of. If Hilton wanted money from her, making up a serious illness was something he was capable of doing.

Chris agreed to help her. And after offering her a seat, he called one of his colleagues to inquire on the matter.

As he hung up, Chris shrugged while internally questioning the audacity some people had. "It's just like you suspected. Well, he is indeed sick. But it's just a common disease in the elderly. He doesn't need to be hospitalized from what I heard, but his attending doctor said that he insisted on it and there was nothing he could do."

Chelsea nodded. "Okay, I see. Thank you so much."

Chris smiled and replied, "No need for that."

Chelsea kept silent for a while and hesitated a bit as she said, "Umm, there's actually one more thing I

want to ask for your help with."

"What is it?" asked Chris curiously.

Chelsea spoke up. "Since he's already in hospital, I was hoping you could arrange a paternity test for me and him."

"Paternity test? Do you suspect that he is not your biological father?" Chris' eyebrows shot up in surprise at the plot twist.

Chelsea shook her head and replied, "No, not suspecting. I'm sure. I just need solid proof."

She had never understood why Hilton and Garry didn't treat her as part of the family, and hadn't been close to her at all while she was growing up.

Their eyes had been full of disgust everytime they looked at her. Never once had there been a single ounce of love in them.

Then she finally found out that she was not Hilton's biological daughter and it all made sense.

Even her deceased mother was not her real mother.

Her mother had told her everything before she died. That day, she said to Chelsea with difficulty, "I'm so sorry my darling. I can't protect you anymore, but I have something important to tell you. A secret."

"Mom, what do you mean? What secret?" Chelsea cried bitterly at that time, fully aware of what was happening.

"After my death, they will definitely plan to extort money from you, they might even sell you. You don't have to be polite to them, and you don't have to listen to them because of family affection you hold. Don't be afraid of them. Because you are not related to them in any way. Not by blood and certainly not by family bonds."

That was when Chelsea got to know that she was actually the child of her mother's friend back when she was young. The girl fell in love with a man, but she couldn't get married to him.

After she gave birth to Chelsea, she got severely depressed and passed away after entrusting the baby to someone else.

That was why Hilton and Garry disliked her so much. Because when they looked at her they only saw a burden. They probably thought of how much it would cost to raise one more child.

But fortunately, her mother was gentle and kind.

Even though she was not her real daughter, Chelsea had never felt it. Her mother raised her as her own.

As he heard that, Chris was stunned. He had never known what Chelsea's background was like, and presumably Edmund didn't know either.

### [Chapter 112 Hilton's Bad Acting](#)

Staring at her in confusion, Chris asked, "Since you already know what the result would be, why do you still want to do the paternity test?"

"Well, I just want to have proof for future purposes. If he ever pesters me to give him money under the guise that I'm his biological daughter, I'll get him off my back by showing him the result," Chelsea replied, smiling bitterly.

Chris nodded and commented, "That's a good idea."

Lowering her eyes, Chelsea said dejectedly, "I'm fed up with their excesses. The money I gave them in the past is enough to repay them for raising me since I was little. Besides, Edmund gave them a lot of money while I was married to him. That's enough."

For their sake, Chelsea had spent three of her youthful years in a toxic environment.

They failed to sit up while she was slaving away in the Nelson family household for them. They squandered all the money on useless things. She was done living her life for them.

Chris nodded again and commented, "I like the way you think, Chelsea. Not to worry, I'll get someone to do the job. Hilton won't notice at all."

Chelsea handed a ziplock bag containing her hair to Chris and said, "Thank you, Chris. I'll treat you to dinner someday to show my gratitude. See you later."

Chris replied with a smile.

After leaving Chris's office, Chelsea went to Hilton's ward.

It wasn't a private one. When she pushed the door open and entered, she met Hilton sitting up on the bed and chatting heartily with other patients.

Once he noticed Chelsea's presence, he immediately rolled his eyes. He held his chest and put on a mask of pain. "Oh, my heart. I'm so weak."

"Dad, what's wrong? How bad does it hurt? Should I call the doctor?" Chelsea immediately asked and rushed up to him, pretending not to see through his bad acting.

Hilton immediately flipped the switch. He opened his eyes and said, "No, there's no need. It's just a

slight chest pain. I feel better now."

"Oh, okay. Anyway, I just spoke to your attending doctor and he said your illness is serious. According to him, you would have to stay in the hospital for a long time," Chelsea said, standing by his bedside.

She intentionally changed the topic so he could ask her for money.

Rising to the bait, Hilton sighed heavily and said, "Yes, I might need to have an operation to get better. My dear daughter, an operation would cost a lot of money. I'm poor. How do I pay for it?"

The eyes of all the patients and their families were fixed on Chelsea once they heard Hilton's statement.

Chelsea ignored the awkward gazes and took out her phone. She said, "Dad, you know I just got back and I haven't been working for long. My salary is barely enough for my living expenses. I saved up some money for my rent, but you can have it. I will transfer it to you now."

Chelsea intentionally spoke about her financial status to the hearing of everyone present. She wanted to make it clear so no one would accuse her of not taking care of him in the future. After all, she was about to empty her savings for him.

Hilton's eyes lit up. He stared at her phone and asked, "Really? How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," Chelsea answered simply.

A deep frown appeared on Hilton's face immediately. He uttered with displeasure, "Only twenty thousand? That's not enough!"

Chelsea's eyes turned red in an instant. "What do you mean it's not enough? This is my entire savings. I'm inconveniencing myself for your sake. I only went into the labor market a while back. I don't earn much. How much do you think I have? Besides, I gave you more than one hundred thousand dollars a year ago after I divorced. What did you do with it?"

A patient, who felt that Hilton was being too hard on Chelsea, cut in immediately, "Come on, Hilton. Cut your daughter some slack. Money is hard to come by these days. If you ask me, twenty thousand is enough to cater to your expenses for a long period."

Another man echoed, "Yes, your daughter recently got divorced. She's still trying to gain a foothold in the labor market. Life must be hard on her already. Don't make things more difficult for her."

Hilton felt embarrassed, so he had to say, "All right, I'll manage that amount. Transfer it to me."

Half a loaf was better than none, so he decided to make do with what he was offered. Besides, he wasn't sick. He planned to leave the hospital soon and gamble the money away.

He firmly believed that he would hit a jackpot one day since he had been gambling for so many years.

### [Chapter 113 Chelsea's Ploy](#)

In the presence of Hilton and several other patients, Chelsea transferred twenty thousand dollars to Hilton.

A greedy smile played on Hilton's face as she did this. Noticing this, repulsion rose in her heart. She began to choke with tears and uttered, "Dad, I only have the money for meals now. I did my best but this is all I could do."

Having said that, Chelsea put on a good show of wiping the tears from the corners of her eyes. There was something about her that aroused pity in other people's hearts.

When Hilton was about to say something, a family member of one of the patients said, "Look, your daughter is doing her best for you."

Another man chimed in and said, "Hilton, didn't you say that you have a son? Why hasn't he showed up?"

All the patients echoed his opinion. "You can't let your daughter pay all the money."

Hilton had to swallow what he wanted to say.

He had been on the verge of asking Chelsea to buy him some fresh pair of clothes and good food.

She had disappeared for more than a year. He couldn't let her be after getting only twenty thousand dollars!

He thought he had to come up with a plan to blackmail Chelsea.

But he had to think of another day to do that. After all, people were around today. He consoled himself saying now that he had found her, he would be presented with plenty of opportunities to ask her for money.

In the end, he finally said, "Okay, I know you are busy. You can go back now. I am fine and don't need anyone to take care of me."

Chelsea pretended to be grateful. She nodded her head and said, "You must take good care of yourself. Call me if you need anything."

Chelsea put on a facade of a good daughter. However, as soon as she was out of their sight, she took out her phone and blocked Hilton's number.

She knew Hilton was probably thinking of ways to milk money out of her. But little did he know she would no longer be at his mercy!

Hilton had no idea that this brief conversation would be the last one he would have with her. When they would meet again in the future, she would act as if he was a mere stranger.

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Once Chelsea left, the first thing Chris did was inform Edmund about her background.

Edmund was quite surprised by the details. "Do you mean to say that Hilton and his wife are not her biological parents?"

Chris replied, "Yes. Chelsea wouldn't lie about this kind of thing. I get the feeling that she feels trapped. She intends to use this opportunity to completely sever the relationship with Hilton and his son."

Edmund pressed his lips, deep in thought.

He thought this explanation made sense. From what he knew, Hilton was the sort of man who would keep Chelsea in his clutches since they had found her.

Moreover, with her current economic ability, how could she afford to satiate the greed of Hilton and his son?

He had planned to talk to her and ask her if she needed his help to keep the father and son at bay.

He could think of a million ways to stop them from harassing her. However, it seemed like she didn't need his help.

Edmund thanked Chris and was about to hang up.

Before he could do so, Chris added, "By the way, she said she would treat me to dinner to express her gratitude."

Listening to this, Edmund was momentarily rendered speechless.

After all, he had also helped her a few times since she came back. Why did she bestow this special treatment only on Chris?

Chris couldn't help but sigh. "Speaking of treats, I really miss the food that Chelsea used to cook for me. But I don't think it's appropriate to tell her, so I will just wait till she offers."

Edmund sneered with contempt. "Since you know it's not appropriate, you better not mention it to her."

After saying that, Edmund hung up the phone, writhing with anger. Chris burst into laughter, satisfied to have ruffled his feathers.

On the other side, Chelsea left the hospital soon after the interaction with Hilton. Hilton asked Garry to go through the discharge formalities for him.

When Garry was taken to the police station last time, the police had given him a warning but let him go.

Garry arrived at the hospital, hungry for details. "How much did she give?" he asked eagerly.

#### [Chapter 114 Gold Mine](#)

Hilton leaned against the passenger seat and announced proudly, "Twenty thousand dollars!"

Garry winced at the amount. "Only twenty thousand? It should have been at least two hundred thousand dollars."

Garry often took money from Edmund who was very generous when it came to giving him money. When he heard the amount Chelsea had given, a look of disappointment crossed his face.

Hilton was annoyed by his son's lack of patience. "What's the rush? There will be plenty of opportunities to milk money out of her, don't you think so?"

Hilton continued, "She gave me the money without much hesitation, so I'm guessing she has a lot of money with her. I don't believe she divorced Edmund without taking a penny from him.

After all, she has married such a wealthy man. Why wouldn't she make use of this opportunity? Only a fool would come out of such an alliance empty-handed.

I don't think time has changed her much. She seems pretty weak even now. We could easily bully her into giving us money." When Hilton envisioned a future where Chelsea would lavishly give him money, his mood suddenly brightened up. "It looks like we made the right choice by keeping her in our family. Who would have thought she would turn into a gold mine?"

Garry burst into laughter when he heard this.

Yes, Hilton was a miser. He was hesitant to take in the newly born Chelsea because that would mean he had to spend more money on his family.

But Garry's mother, who was a kind-natured woman, insisted on keeping Chelsea.

Now it seemed that her decision had finally started to pay off.

Hilton and Garry ran out of this twenty thousand dollars soon. Chelsea knew sooner or later they were going to contact her for more money.

Although she had blocked their phone numbers, she knew they would call her through some other number.

Sure enough, she received a call from an unknown number.

She picked it up calmly and heard Garry shouting, "Chelsea, where are you? Why aren't you at home?"

"I'm at my friend's home. What's the matter?" Chelsea asked feigning innocence.

Garry said crossly, "We have spent all the money you have given us for dad's medical purpose."

"Hello? Hello?" Before Garry could go on any further, he heard Chelsea pretend like she couldn't hear him. Sounding a little depressed, she said, "Garry, what did you say? Could you repeat it for me? I can't hear you clearly because the signal here is terrible. "

Garry was furious and was overcome by an urge to scold her. However, he reminded himself he had to be patient with her if he wanted her money.

Before he could say anything, Chelsea replied, "I'm sorry, Garry. The signal here can't be helped. Let's talk about it another day."

After saying that, she quickly hung up the phone. When Garry called her again, he was told that the phone was switched off.

Garry gritted his teeth. He finally understood that there was nothing wrong with her signal. She was just trying to get rid of him.

It was pretty evident she wasn't going to pay them another penny.

Hilton, who had thought it would be a piece of cake to get money from Chelsea, was quite confused at Garry's frustration. "What's wrong?"

After Garry told Hilton what had happened, Hilton was seething with rage as well. "Is she going to continue to hide from us?"

Garry snorted derisively and said, "Apparently."

Hilton wasn't the kind of man who would give up easily. He came up with a solution. "It doesn't matter. Isn't she a scriptwriter in a film and television company? Let's go to her company to make a fuss and see if she would show up.

If she still refuses to see us, we will make it impossible for her to work there properly. If she still doesn't give in, we will make her lose her foothold in the script writing field."



As soon as Hilton said this, Garry quickly brightened up. "Dad, you are really something. Why didn't I think of brewing trouble in her company?"

We had supported her all these years. It is all going to be in vain if she refuses to give us some money!"

But in truth, all of Chelsea's expenses in the Williams family were paid by her deceased mother, and Hilton had never spent a penny on her.

### [Chapter 115 Quit Caring About Her](#)

In the past, Edmund had sent Chelsea a request on Facebook but she had rejected it.

Today, she received a friend request from him and yet again she chose to do the same thing. His request was followed by a message stating he wanted to give her a file.

Chelsea thought it was quite unnecessary and there was no need of using social media as a means of conveying such messages. She felt no remorse about rejecting his request.

After a while, Fay, who was busy working, rang her up and said, "Chelsea, why don't you add Mr. Nelson on Facebook?"

Chelsea thought it was an odd thing to say. Frowning, she said, "I don't really see the need for us to be friends there."

Fay's voice was almost a whisper when she next spoke. "Mr. Nelson does have something important to give you," she said.

"Then you can do me the favor of taking it from him and passing it to me. Or if it's something that can't be given, take a printout of it."

Chelsea was firm in her resolve and she highly doubted his motives. She couldn't help but think he was bluffing about the important file.

They had been divorced for more than a year. What information could he give her?

Their divorce had been pretty straightforward and there was nothing to be discussed.

Fay let out a silent sigh. She understood Chelsea wouldn't change her mind about adding him.

In spite of that, she thought of giving it another try. "Mr. Nelson is always the one who refuses to add others. I never thought a day would come when someone else would reject his request."

Ever since Edmund created a Facebook account, he had been receiving requests from women. He only let a few people in.

Fay knew only a handful of people were there on her boss's friend list. He wasn't the sort of man who added just anyone.

And those who were there were either his relatives, friends or assistants.

At this, Chelsea gave a little chuckle and said, "In that case, you need to ask him what made him reject all those friend requests. And when he gives an answer to that, tell him I rejected his request for the very same reason."

Fay had no choice but to give up on her pursuit. She returned to Edmund's office.

One could only imagine the fury Edmund felt at being rejected twice!

When Fay entered the office, he asked coldly, "So what did she say?"

Edmund had sworn that if Chelsea didn't add him this time, he would quit caring about her. Whether she lived or died would be none of his concern. He wouldn't disgrace himself by going after her.

"She refused to accept your request so I told her you are the sort of man who rarely added people. She laughed and told me that she is rejecting you for the same reason you reject others." Fay saw no point in hiding the truth.

Edmund's fury had reached its peak. He could barely conceal it.

The reason he rejected other people was because he didn't want to converse with them and was quite disgusted by their desperation to contact him. All in all, he was least bothered about them.

So did this mean she wasn't interested in him and he had no value in her life?

Edmund took deep breaths to calm himself. He couldn't lose his temper in front of Fay.

Fay said tentatively, "Can I... Can I print the details and take them to her instead?"

Edmund gave a snort of contempt and said with finality, "No. Since she doesn't need my help, I am not going to try to help her."

He had clearly told Chelsea the matter was important yet she refused to talk to him. This clearly meant she wasn't looking for any help. He saw no reason to take the initiative to help her out.

Fay nodded and said, "Okay, I see. Then I'll get back to work."

After Fay left, Edmund threw his pen angrily, venting his pent-up embarrassment and anger raised by Chelsea's refusal.

When Fay was about to get off work in the afternoon, she called Chelsea and said, "Chelsea, don't cook for me tonight. I have a social engagement with Mr. Nelson."

"Okay," Chelsea replied readily.

### [Chapter 116 Unwanted Embrace](#)

Fay's job demanded that she followed Edmund to his business meetings and social gatherings, so she had to dine out constantly. Chelsea was aware of this because Edmund constantly refused to eat dinner at home when they just got married. He always said that he was full.

He only began to eat at home after the big health scare he had due to a severe stomachache. She adjusted his diet carefully. Since then he cut down the number of social gatherings and meetings he had outside.

She couldn't help but wonder if he still drank a lot in such gatherings after their divorce. "Gosh! That's none of your business, Chelsea!" she said to herself, doing a facepalm.

After having a simple dinner alone, Chelsea continued to write the script in front of the computer.

The clock chimed eleven and Fay was still not back yet. Chelsea sent a text to her, asking when she was going to come back and if she needed her to prepare some honey water for her.

A few minutes passed before she received a voice message as a response. Fay said, "Hey, Chelsea. I'm drunk. Please can you come and pick me up?"

Chelsea agreed without hesitation. She arrived at the hotel where they were in a flash.

As soon as she got out of the taxi, she saw Edmund walking out with several men. Fay was on their heels.

Chelsea noticed that she was trying so hard to stay awake and walk. Her eyebrows were furrowed and her steps were very unsteady.

The group spoke to each other as they stood outside the hotel. Chelsea only knew Edmund and Fay out of the crowd. She wasn't in the mood to meet new people, so she stayed afar and waited patiently.

Once the men left in their respective cars one after the other, Chelsea walked up to Fay and held her gently. She asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

Fay didn't utter a word. She just leaned against Chelsea. It was obvious that she was wasted.

Chelsea hurriedly helped her to the taxi she had arrived in, completely ignoring Edmund who was standing close by.

She didn't bother speaking to him. She also concluded that he could take care of himself. They had locked eyes a couple of times while she was waiting for him to finish speaking to those men. It was hard to tell if Edmund looked in her direction intentionally or not.

After carefully assisting Fay to sit in the back seat, Chelsea bowed her head, intending to get into the car.

"Chelsea! Stop!" Edmund called out to her.

Chelsea didn't spare him a backward glance. Nonetheless, she could tell from his lazy tone that he was drunk.

She had nothing to say to him, so she pretended as if she didn't hear him and tried to get into the car.

She had barely gotten her left foot in when she felt something cold grip her hand. A strong force pulled her a second later. Before she knew what was happening, she was in Edmund's arms.

"What are you doing?" Chelsea tried to fight him off. However, Edmund leaned in. His breath reeked of alcohol. Staring deeply into her eyes, he drawled, "Why didn't you accept my friend request on Facebook?"

He suddenly let out a belch that made Chelsea twist her nose in disgust. Before she could say a word, he continued firmly, "Why? I won't let you go until you tell me the reason. Answer me!"

"Your breath stinks, Edmund. Why did you drink so much?" In a bid to change the topic, Chelsea didn't notice the concern in her tone.

He just got out of the hospital some days ago, didn't he? Why did he take alcohol again? Worse still, he drank a whole lot. Didn't he care about his health? Chelsea thought, looking at him with glittering eyes.

A wicked smile appeared on Edmund's face. He pulled her closer to himself and asked, "So you still care about me even though we are no longer married, do you?"

Chelsea let out a peal of mocking laughter. How did he conclude that she cared about him?

Besides, she wasn't stupid enough to do that when he didn't even care about himself. He was so full of himself.

Chelsea tried to push him away and said, "I can see that the alcohol has gotten rid of your senses. Let go of me now!"

In her opinion, it was inappropriate for them to be in such a position in public since they were divorced.

[Chapter 117 Associated With A Married Man](#)

Chelsea had no desire to argue with Edmund especially since he was in this drunken state. However, he held her waist tightly and showed no signs of letting her go. Instead, he insisted, "You haven't given me a reason yet."

Chelsea raised her head and looked at the man before her. His deep-set eyes were brimming with inquiry.

There was something quite not right about this. Edmund wasn't the sort of man who would pester his ex-wife.

He looked wasted. Chelsea had no way of knowing why he was here. She told herself it was the alcohol making him behave in this manner.

She stared at Edmund and said indifferently, "You want a reason? Okay, I'll tell you."

It seemed that Edmund was all ears. Taking a deep breath, she said calmly, "I don't want to be associated with a married man unless it is for work purpose. And hence I thought it was best if we didn't become friends of Facebook."

Edmund, who was drunk beyond his senses, looked incredulously at her and demanded, "Who the hell is a married man?"

Chelsea gave him a forced smile, as if to say he was the man she was referring to.

She remembered how Diane was all over the news lately. She was caught shopping at wedding and jewelry shops. Just about everyone knew this! How could Edmund not know?

This seemed to indicate that their marriage would take place in the near future. It was obvious that Edmund would be a married man in no time.

However, Diane hadn't explicitly admitted it yet. When the reporters congratulated her, she would put on a cold face and dismiss them by saying she was simply taking a stroll. She denied this having anything to do with Edmund.

If it was in the past, Diane would have acquiesced sweetly.

Although Diane denied it, everyone still understood that she and Edmund were getting married.

Why would anyone visit a wedding shop if a wedding wasn't brewing?

Edmund tightened his grip on Chelsea's waist. With a cold face, he demanded, "Then tell me when I married her."

Chelsea was still very calm. Clearing her throat, she said, "Although you aren't married at present, you

have her in your heart. For me, that's a good enough reason to keep a distance from you. I already consider you a married man."

Fury rose in Edmund's heart as he heard these words.

What was wrong with her?

There was nothing going on between him and Diane yet she labeled him a married man!

When Edmund was about to say something, Chelsea flashed him a disapproving smile and said, "It looks like both you and your father enjoy keeping more than one woman."

Edmund's father, Jaime, had an affair a few years ago. Back then, rumors about Edmund's affair with Diane had been one of the most heated discussions.

And now, Edmund seemed to be following his father's footsteps. Right before getting married to Diane, Edmund was making an attempt to reconnect with his ex-wife. With some bitterness she realized that the father and son had a lot of similarities.

Chelsea's words made Edmund sober up a little, and his hand around her waist involuntarily loosened.

He didn't expect that Chelsea would steer this topic and drag his father in. In the past, he had disliked her father and brother but now it looked like Chelsea too had terrible opinion of his family.

There was nothing he wanted to say in Jamie's defense, so he was silent for a while.

"Sir please drive." When Edmund was distracted, Chelsea took the opportunity to push him away and enter the car.

She knew that it was inappropriate for two people to attack each other's parents when they quarreled. But now, Edmund had tested her limits by not letting her go. He had made her furious and she spoke without thinking.

She blamed Edmund for everything. He had made her lose her cool!

Why couldn't he accept the fact that they were divorced? Why would he hug her without her consent? What sort of a woman did he think she was?

### [Chapter 118 Fay's Vulnerability](#)

People would label Chelsea as the mistress who destroyed Edmund's relationship with Diane if the word got out that he was still in contact with her.

Diane had played the role of mistress while they were married. Anyone in her shoes would have loved to give Diane a taste of her own medicine, but Chelsea was not cut out to play such a game. She would

never stoop so low as to be a third wheel even if it meant spiting her enemy.

This was why she kept a distance from him since the divorce.

Unfortunately, Edmund's actions just now sought to render all her efforts useless.

Complicated emotions filled Edmund's heart as he stared at the taxi speeding away.

Once Chelsea arrived home, she tucked Fay in bed. She was about to leave for the kitchen, intending to go get a cup of water when Fay held her hand tightly and burst into tears.

Chelsea was utterly shocked. She didn't think that Fay, who was always calm and tough, could cry like this. She had never seen her act this vulnerable, let alone shed tears.

"What's wrong, Fay?" Chelsea sat on the edge of the bed and held her.

"Why does love hurt so much? Is it compulsory for my heart to ache after falling for a man who is way out of my league?" Fay wailed in Chelsea's arms.

It was as if a sharp knife pierced through Chelsea's heart when she heard these questions. She swallowed hard and murmured, "Yes, love indeed makes the heart hurt. I can say that for a fact."

Fay geared up her wailing. She cried so hard that her tears soon dampened Chelsea's clothes. Holding on to her, Chelsea could feel her sadness.

She had been there and done that, so she said comfortingly, "This guy might be out of your league. But the journey of love would be much easier for you if he loves you too. Two of you can brave the storm together."

Having suffered the dire consequences of one-sided love, Chelsea knew that it was best to fight against all odds only if the feeling was mutual.

Fay chuckled suddenly. "He needs to love me back?"

Her words dripped with self-mockery and sadness. "How can such a man love me back? He always makes fun of me. If anything, he hates me."

Chelsea stroked her hair and said, "Don't say that, Fay. You never can tell. Anyway, you need to lie down now. I'll get you some water."

Chelsea didn't bother to ask who this man was. She reasoned that this wasn't the best time to ask such a question since Fay was in so much pain because of him. More so, she didn't want her to feel embarrassed when she woke up.

Who would have thought that the iron lady, Fay was in love? She even got drunk because of her unrequited love.

Love was indeed a beautiful thing. It was the source of people's happiness, but also the reason for many people's sadness.

Shortly after Chelsea rocked Fay to sleep, she received a video call from Zuri.

"Hey, have you seen what Purple posted on Twitter?" Zuri asked as soon as the call connected.

"No, what did she post?" Chelsea had been busy working, so she hadn't checked Twitter today.

Zuri immediately responded, "That annoying bitch posted a video of her getting interviewed. In the interview, she said that a lot of unspeakable things go on behind the scenes in the scriptwriting industry. She complained that people who work in the industry no longer rely on their talents. Most importantly, she added that some scriptwriters now get jobs by selling their bodies or greasing people's palms in exchange. I suspect that she was referring to you."

Chelsea rolled her eyes, not taking offense at all. "Come on, Zuri. She didn't mention my name. Why are you breathing fire already?"

Zuri snorted and replied, "Allow me, please. She had better not mention your name. If she does, I will show her that no one comes for my friend and goes scot-free!"

"You are an actress, not a gangster, Zuri. Stop getting worked up over gossip. And mind the way you speak," Chelsea uttered, smiling.

Zuri was a loyal friend. She was ready to take up arms for her friend's sake. And Chelsea knew this.

But what could she do if Purple was actually referring to her? Accusing her of slander would be far-fetched since she mentioned no names.

Chelsea couldn't post something similar on Twitter either.

She didn't have time for that. She would rather invest her spare time in making sure the script was perfect.

"Anyway, I suspect that she's up to something. You need to be careful," Zuri added.

"Well, thanks for your concern and advice. I'll try my best not to quarrel with or contact her." Chelsea still couldn't wrap her head around why Purple was jealous of her. After all, she wasn't a big name in the industry. This script was the first she was working on solely in four years.



Could it be that Purple had wanted to be chosen for the script? Was she angry that Luka chose Chelsea instead?

### [Chapter 119 Unforeseen Battle](#)

Chelsea couldn't help making her confusion known to Zuri, who said without mincing words, "I'm dead sure that Purple is jealous of you. People like her always hate others and try everything they can to sabotage others' successes. And that's why I suspect that she's up to something."

"How can you be so sure, Zuri? There are many scriptwriters in this industry. It's possible she's talking about someone else, not me," Chelsea said, still giving Purple the benefit of the doubt.

Zuri snorted yet again. "Spare me all that, Chelsea. You need to wake up and smell the coffee. It's not your fault that Luka bypassed her and saddled you with the responsibility of writing the script. If she confronts you, tell her to go settle things with Luka. It makes no sense that she's taking a jab at you now when she's so incompetent and lazy!"

Zuri suddenly let out a chuckle and added, "Oh, I get it now. You haven't heard this, have you? Rumor has it that Purple has a crush on Luka. I guess she hates you even more because he favors you constantly."

"Eh? She has a crush on Mr. Pierce?" Chelsea couldn't believe her ears.

Zuri continued to bemoan. "Yeah, you heard me right. The rumor was all over the place a while back. She's in to get heartbroken. Doesn't she know that she has a smelly attitude that men don't tolerate? How can Luka fall for someone like her?"

Zuri's statement wasn't coming from a place of hate or dislike. What she said was true. Purple had a bad reputation amongst other scriptwriters.

She had allowed her fame and slight success to get into her head. She constantly gossiped and idled away while looking down on others.

Chelsea knew that Purple wasn't a good person. But she never had anything against her because she didn't think she would one day become a target.

Now that Zuri pointed out that Purple disliked her, Chelsea couldn't help remembering how hostile Purple was after Eugene agreed to mentor her.

She hadn't read any meaning to Purple's hostility at that time because her mind was on Edmund and their family. She didn't have the luxury of time to bother about who liked her and who didn't.

Chelsea took a deep breath and said slowly, "I guess I have a lot of work to do more than I envisaged. Not only do I have to integrate myself into the society, but I also have to battle with enemies in the workplace. The thought of it alone stresses me out!"

"Chin up, Chelsea Williams. You've got this!" Zuri cheered her up, raising her fist high.

Chelsea couldn't help laughing.

It wasn't until the next morning that Fay finally woke up and got out of bed.

After taking a seat at the dining table, she greeted Chelsea and asked, "Last night, did I... Did I say or do anything weird?"

Chelsea smiled gently. "No, not at all. You are a good drinker. You dozed off as soon as you got into bed."

"Okay..." Fay breathed a sigh of relief.

She feared that she told Chelsea of her secret love in her drunken state. It would have been so embarrassing.

Her love for Yusuf was unrequited, so she wanted to keep it to herself.

Last night at the dinner, the news about his potential marriage to a woman whom his family arranged for him had hit Fay like a bolt out of the blue. Her heart broke into many pieces there and then.

Although Fay knew that it was impossible for Yusuf to be with a mere secretary like her, she was unhappy that he was about to get married to someone else. She had hoped he could remain single whilst she continued to have a crush on him secretly.

Her tiniest chance of winning his heart would be gone if he ever got married.

Fay was so depressed that she couldn't help drinking a lot.

Unfortunately, it was useless to drown her sorrows with wine. Her reality was still the same after she woke up.

Without showing a superfluous expression, Chelsea fetched Fay a glass of milk. "Have some milk. It will help with the hangover."

"Thank you." Fay buried her sadness with a faint smile and took a sip of milk.

After they had breakfast, Fay left for work. Chelsea did the chores and finally sat down to work. It was then Luka's call came through. He uttered with a tone of urgency, "Good morning, Chelsea. Are you available now?"

"Yes, is there anything you want me to do?" Chelsea asked.

After a short pause, Luka replied, "Can you come to the company now? Two men are here to see you..."

"Two men? Are they... Are they my father and brother?" Chelsea had a bad feeling immediately.

Luka replied seriously, "Yes. I told them that you aren't on seat, but they began to cause a scene here. They said that you are unfilial and that you took all the money from them."

"What! I'll be right there!" Chelsea said, trembling with rage.

### [Chapter 120 New Resolution](#)

Chelsea didn't know that Hilton and Garry could be so shameless that they could make a scene at her workplace. It dawned on her that she had underestimated them.

Those two could do anything for money. They didn't even use their brains or care the consequences. Making trouble for her in the company would wreck her reputation and even make her lose the job. As a result, they wouldn't get a penny from her. Was that what they wanted? Chelsea's blood boiled at the thought of this.

After hanging up the phone, she went to the bathroom and washed her face. She stared at herself in the mirror and took deep breaths to calm down. Afterward, she hurried out.

She had planned to speak to Hilton and Garry after getting the paternity test result.

It never occurred to her that they would squander the twenty thousand dollars and start demanding for more money in a trice.

They were able-bodied men. How could they shamelessly depend on her while she was working her ass off?

On the way to Peak Entertainment, Chelsea called Chris to ask if the paternity test result was out yet.

"Oh, I was just about to call you. I asked my colleague about it just now. He said it won't be out until this afternoon. You have to be a little patient," Chris replied quickly.

"Okay, I see," said Chelsea, sounding a little disappointed.

Chris asked with concern, "Did they make trouble for you again?"

"No, not at all. I was just curious." Chelsea decided not to open up to Chris. He was Edmund's friend, so she feared that he wouldn't keep shut about it.

"Okay, that's good to know. Don't worry. I'll send the result to you once it gets out," Chris said softly.

"Okay, thanks." Chelsea then hung up the phone.

When she arrived at Peak Entertainment, she was told by her colleagues that Hilton and Garry had been ushered into the conference room by Luka.

Without wasting a second, she took the elevator to Luka's office. She coincidentally bumped into Purple and her assistant, Mia Gordon as soon as she got out of the elevator.

Chelsea's mind was set on going to see her troublesome relatives, so she lowered her head and tried to bypass the two women in front of her.

But they had other plans. They didn't intend to let her be even though she wasn't asking for trouble.

In a sarcastic tone, Mia quipped, "I wonder how a daughter can be so unfilial and wicked to her father. She didn't bother to visit him or even pay for his upkeep. Instead, she stole his money."

It didn't come as a surprise to Chelsea that Mia knew what was going on. After all, Hilton and Garry had been behaving like rascals before she arrived. There was no doubt that all the employees here had already known about it.

Nevertheless, Chelsea had to admit that Purple was as scheming as Megamind.

She never satirized the people she disliked in public. Instead, she got Mia to do it for her.

One would think that she had no hand in her assistant's behavior. But Mia would never speak rudely to her superiors or colleagues without Purple's orders.

Chelsea was already in a bad mood due to the issue on the ground, so she wasted no time fighting back now.

She looked up at Mia and retorted, "It's such a shame that an educated adult jumps to conclusion without bothering to find out the truth first. It's a known fact that people like this always land themselves in trouble. Oh, I look forward to seeing that day!"

"You..." Mia was too stunned to speak. She hadn't expected Chelsea to retort.

Chelsea had something important to do, so she just eyed the two of them and walked away.

Last night, she had done a great deal of soul searching after her conversation with Zuri.

Life was about survival of the fittest. However, Chelsea was always gentle even though most people didn't treat her right. It was morally right to be a good person, but it wasn't wise to continue enduring oppression.

Her gentle attitude was the reason why she got bullied by the Nelsons, Diane, Hilton, Garry, Purple and a host of others she had met in the past.

It was high time she became ruthless.

She was fed up with getting trampled on, so she decided to only reciprocate good people with kindness.

If anyone dared to step on her toes, she was going to pay them back in their own coin.