

MR. NELSON WINNING HIS EX-WIFE'S HEART

Chapter 12 The New Chelsea

With a deep frown, Edmund asked the waiter, "Did she really say that she was allergic to beef and mutton?"

The waiter nodded vigorously. "Yes, sir. Having an allergy to beef and mutton isn't very common. The mild symptom is the sudden appearance of red rashes all over the sufferer's body. But if it was serious, the person could suffer a shock and almost die."

The waiter's words caused Edmund's face to freeze for a few seconds. Yusuf, who had finally stopped laughing, shot the waiter a glare.

Why did the waiter have to say something like that?

Did he intentionally want to make Edmund unhappy?

This new revelation really made Edmund unhappy. He had been in a bad mood for the whole day. But now, it was worse.

In a bid to hide the emotion in his eyes, he lowered his head and played with the lighter in his hand.

Yusuf asked the waiter to put down the platter of steak and leave. He then lit a cigarette and began to smoke it. He leaned close to Edmund and asked with a teasing tone, "Why do you look so sad? You and Chelsea were married for three years. Did you really not know about her allergy?"

Edmund couldn't bring himself to answer those questions. His mind transported him back to when he was still married to Chelsea. He remembered that beef and mutton were always served whenever he ate at home. They were his favorite, so Chelsea always

cooked them.

What he didn't know until today was that she was actually allergic to them. She had never told him about this. It was a slap in the face for him that he didn't notice such an important detail about her. He realized that he had been blind to the things related to her well-being.

Orlando was at the peak of his career. The play that he acted with Zuri was currently being aired on TV. Every drama lover knew him. The media also wanted to get stories about him. If the paparazzi saw him with Chelsea in this restaurant, they would take dozens of photos of them and accompany them with deceptive headlines the next day. To prevent this from happening, Chelsea asked Orlando to leave first after dinner. She stayed in the private room for a while

before leaving.

Much to her surprise, she saw the last person she wanted to see as soon as she walked out of the restaurant. It was Edmund. He was standing on the roadside with Yusuf. Their appearance made it impossible for Chelsea to have missed them.

Edmund had ditched his suit jacket and tie at this time. He was now wearing only a white shirt and pants. The first two buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned. He looked like an arrogant but dashing king. Yusuf was wearing a floral shirt. He looked like an elegant, noble and unruly man.

Both men had cigarettes between their fingers as they waited for their drivers to arrive.

Chelsea looked away and walked to the other side to avoid them.

"Hey, Chelsea!" Yusuf suddenly called out to her, making her heart skip a beat.

Keeping her shock and displeasure on lockdown, Chelsea stopped and put on a smile. "Hello, Mr. Collins."

Talking to Yusuf was the last thing Chelsea wanted to do now. She didn't want to have anything to do with Edmund, including relating with his best friend.

However, Yusuf was one of the important men in Vertoak. She couldn't afford to ignore his greeting. She might need his help in the future. After all, the wealthy and powerful in this city ruled its affairs.

Yusuf walked up to her with a charming smile. "I see that you are leaving now. I'm leaving too. How about I give you a ride?"

"No, thank you. I already ordered an Uber. It will arrive soon." Chelsea refused politely, without sparing a second to think.

Edmund had thrown his cigarette and walked over to them at this time. He squinted at Chelsea unhappily and asked, "We meet again, Chelsea. You saw me standing right there, but you didn't bother to say hi to me. Why is that? Is it because you are pretending not to know me?"

Chelsea was unfazed by this question. She looked at him with an alienated smile and retorted, "I really don't know you. Why should I say hi to you?"

An icy expression beclouded Edmund's face once he heard this. He said with a sneer, "Chelsea, don't tell me you suffered from amnesia during your stay abroad. We were married for three years. How can

you claim that you don't know me?"

Chelsea's expression turned colder than his. Staring dead into his eyes, she fired back at him. "Spare me all that nonsense. Did you ever know the real me? Since we were once married, why didn't you know that I couldn't eat beef or mutton?"

Edmund's mind went blank. He didn't know how to respond to her question. He could only stare at her as she left without looking back.

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