

Mr Nelson 121

[Chapter 121 Resolute Denial](#)

"I'm her father, so it's my right to enjoy her money. Chelsea abandoned me when I was sick in the hospital. Tell me, would you be happy if your daughter whom you suffered to bring up, abandons you in old age? Don't tell me not to expose her wrongdoings anymore!"

Chelsea had just arrived at the door of the conference room when she heard Hilton shouting at Luka.

His sense of entitlement and rudeness fanned Chelsea's anger. But she couldn't help laughing.

Hilton was so shameless. How could he say that he was her father so boldly?

Wasn't he afraid of getting struck by lightning?

It was obvious that Garry and Hilton still thought she was oblivious to the truth. They still tried to bully her not knowing that she knew the truth.

In a calm tone, Luka tried to persuade Hilton. "I get where you are coming from, Mr. Williams. I just want you to calm down a bit. If you continue to make a fuss, both sides will suffer losses. You two will have nothing if Chelsea loses everything."

Hilton shouted angrily, "I don't care! I won't let her get away with this. I'm ready to tarnish her image since she has been unfilial to me!"

Chelsea pushed the door and stormed in.

She had had it up to here with her so-called father and brother. They were the ones that set her up four years ago. As if that wasn't enough, they were out to ruin her reputation when she was just getting her life back on track.

As soon as Hilton and Garry saw her, they rushed to her aggressively.

"Chelsea, how dare you show up now?" Hilton raised his hand, intending to slap her.

In a split second, Luka rushed over and pulled Chelsea behind him. He then snapped at the raging men, "Don't you dare raise your hands on her here. If you do anything ridiculous, I will order the security guards to throw you out!"

Luka hadn't expected them to be so nasty to the extent that they tried to hurt Chelsea. He decided not to take things easy with them now.

His ferocious roar and the blazing glint in his eyes freaked Hilton and Garry out. They stepped back immediately.

After recovering from the shock, Garry suddenly squinted at Luka and uttered with a sordid smile, "Wow! Mr. Pierce, why are you protecting my sister in this manner? Are you also in love with her? That's great! Anyway, she's still intact even though Edmund slept with her for three years. But I'll give her to you at a discount. What do you say?"

Rage burned a red rash all over Luka's face at this moment. He stared at Garry in disbelief. Never did it cross his mind that Garry would make such a proposal.

It was not only an insult to Chelsea, but also an insult to him.

Luka was so furious that his hands shook uncontrollably.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pierce." Chelsea's so-called brother's words didn't shock her at all. They had sent her to Edmund's bed, so it wasn't surprising that they wanted to sell her off to another man.

Nevertheless, her heart ached severely.

After putting on a defiant mask, Chelsea walked out from Luka's protection and fired at Hilton. "Why should I give you money? I'm not related to you by blood!"

Luka's jaw dropped when he heard this.

Hilton and Garry were also stunned. After a while, Hilton yelled, "What the hell are you talking about? What do you mean by you aren't related to me by blood?"

Garry echoed, "Exactly! Chelsea, do you have a screw loose or something? How can you say that you are not dad's daughter just because you don't want to give him money?"

"Stop! Don't even try to gaslight me and make me look stupid. Mom told me the truth before she died!" Chelsea was utterly disgusted as she stared at their faces.

She wished she had the result of the paternity test with her so she could throw it at their faces. That way, she would be able to prove her claim.

Hilton and Garry shared panic glances at this time. However, the former continued to deny it. "How can you believe her? She was talking nonsense!"

"No, she was not! And you know that I'm telling the truth. Anyway, how about we do a paternity test?" Chelsea uttered fiercely.

Hilton snorted. "Why do we have to do that? You are the fruit of my loins, Chelsea. You are my daughter, and that's final. Don't shy away from your responsibility. Give me money!"

[Chapter 122 Sensitive Question](#)

Chelsea knew that Hilton would vehemently deny it, so she took the initiative to do the paternity test.

Garry seconded his father yet again, "It makes no sense that you are bringing this up now. Blood is not the only thing that makes people family. Even if you are not my biological sister, our father suffered so much to raise you since you were a baby. Shouldn't you repay him for that? Why do you want to abandon him after all he did for you?"

Chelsea sneered. "I should repay him? He raised me, so what? Besides, didn't you guys collect a lot of money from Edmund while I was married to him? You should have invested the money in the right places so you two can live comfortably for the rest of your lives. But what did you do? You squandered it all on irrelevant things. How dare you insinuate that I haven't paid him back?"

In the face of Chelsea speaking facts, Hilton and Garry couldn't utter a word. They could only stare at her.

Chelsea continued, "You are both addicted to gambling, drinks and women. You wasted the money, not me. I don't have to give you a dime now!"

"Don't bother to talk to them anymore!" Luka, who had been listening to the conversation all along, was livid now.

He pulled Chelsea back and sharply looked up at the two men. Pointing at the door, he said, "Get out of here now! You have the option of leaving on your own accord. Or do you want me to order the security guards to throw you out?"

"Shut up, man! This is none of your business. Why are you interfering?" Hilton snapped.

Luka fired back in disgust. "Tsk, tsk! You have got this all wrong, Mr. Williams. You are in my company, so it's my business. I only tried to be civil with you because I thought it was just a tiff between a father and his daughter. Now that it's obvious that you are shamelessly harassing Chelsea for money, how can I stand by and watch without doing anything? I don't want people like you here. Get out now!"

Keeping a stiff upper lip, Garry threatened Luka brazenly. "Oh, I see that you are still on Chelsea's side. Tell me, are you really just her boss? It seems you guys are doing some things behind closed doors. Do you know that I can expose your abnormal relationship to the public?"

"It's silly of you to think that I would be shaken by your threat. I have been in the entertainment industry for so many years. What kind of storm haven't I seen? You can go ahead and speak to the media or anyone who cares to listen. I don't give a hoot!" After calling Garry's bluff, Luka called on security.

Some hefty security guards soon showed up and dragged Hilton and Garry, who continued to shout, out of the company.

"Thank you, Mr. Pierce." Chelsea was not in a good mood, but she quickly expressed her gratitude to

Luka.

Afterward, she said apologetically, "I'm sorry that they came to cause trouble here. Had I known that they were going to do this, I would have stopped them."

Luka fetched a glass of warm water and motioned at one of the seats. "You don't have to apologize. Have a seat."

Chelsea took the glass and sat down. Luka continued, "What happened is not your fault. At first, I thought that it was just a normal misunderstanding between family members, so I called you. Had I known that they were in the business of harassing you for money all the time, I would have thrown them out as soon as they arrived."

Chelsea replied in a low voice, "Although I didn't expect them to come here, I knew that they would make trouble for me sooner or later. I planned to go meet them myself after getting the paternity test result. I wanted to give them some money at that time. But after what they did today..."

Chelsea lowered her head. She regretted being softhearted towards them all these years. "Honestly, I wouldn't have thought of severing all ties with them if they treated me a little well and stopped harassing me for money."

"Those two just illustrated the selfishness of humans. What an entitled pair!" Luka sighed, massaging his temples.

"I reckon that they caused a huge scene before you brought them in here. Will this incident have a negative impact on the company?" The reputation of the company was what Chelsea was worried about the most.

She made her well-being take the backseat for now. She could always get the paternity test result to tell Hilton and Garry off. But what would happen to the company? Would Luka be in trouble because of her?

Luka responded with a comforting smile, "No, it won't have that much of an effect on the company. I say so because you aren't a celebrity and you did absolutely nothing wrong. Even if anything serious arises, I'll handle it. You can go back and continue working on the script."

A tight knot loosened in Chelsea's heart once she heard this. She held her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Mr. Pierce."

Luka smiled gently. "You're welcome."

Chelsea was taking a sip of water when Luka suddenly asked in a low voice, "Chelsea, have you ever thought of finding a new home?"

Today's incident made Luka realize that Chelsea's messy divorce from Edmund was just the tip of the

iceberg. He learned that her life was bumpier than he previously knew. His heart went out to her now.

He couldn't suppress his emotions anymore. The urge to keep her away from any harm became stronger than ever before.

[Chapter 123 Luka's Confession](#)

Chelsea almost choked on the water she was drinking. Luka's question had left her utterly stunned.

When she met his sincere eyes, she came to her senses at once. It wasn't just her imagination, he had really asked her that.

She couldn't believe that Zuri was actually right. Luka had a crush on her.

Chelsea had always thought that Zuri was making up drama like she always did, but now, as she looked into Luka's eyes there was no doubt about it.

She placed the glass down uneasily, not sure what to say. "Mr. Pierce, I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Luka confessed again, "Chelsea, I like you very much."

The feeling of it was just so overwhelming that Chelsea was so scared. She was close to running away.

The last time someone confessed their feelings for her was so long ago that she didn't know how to react. As soon as she graduated from university, she had gotten married to Edmund. She had fully thrown herself into her marriage and hadn't kept in touch with any of her classmates or friend except Zuri. It was as if she had been isolated from the world. She had done everything possible to avoid causing any worry for Edmund.

Noticing her uneasiness, Luka slowed down and said softly, "At first, I was just attracted by your talent in writing. Later, as I got to know you more, I discovered that you are so kind and gentle, making me want to cherish and take care of you."

Chelsea wanted to interrupt Luka but he didn't let her. "Mr. Pierce..."

"Please let me finish. I know you don't want to be in a relationship right now. And I just wanted to protect you silently at first and just be by your side. But I don't want to hide my feelings anymore, not after I found what Hilton and Garry did to you."

Looking at her, Luka said sincerely, "I just want to stand by your side and be able to make sure that you are not hurt by anyone."

Chelsea admitted that she was moved by his words especially now that she was in a complicated situation.

But the more she was moved, the more rational she became, and that only added to her fear. She couldn't hurt Luka just because she moved by his sincerity.

She said in an apologetic tone, "Mr. Pierce, thank you so much for your appreciation. But I believe you will meet a better girl in the future. Someone better than me."

She was divorced and had too much going on in her life to really care for him. Luka deserved more than that.

A perfect man like him was supposed to be with someone who thought of him as their whole world.

Of course, Luka knew why she said that. He told her, "You shouldn't belittle yourself like that. You're great. You are beautiful and have an excellent ability."

Luka tried his best to make Chelsea let go of the things she was obviously worried about. "My family is very ordinary. And my parents are ordinary people. If you agree to be with me, you won't have to bear any pressure of social rank."

Chelsea's heart ached a little because she hadn't been a perfect match for Edmund. Alena and Sonya had hated her from the bottom of their hearts, so the three years had cast a big scar on her. One that wasn't going to fade for a long time.

Chelsea could feel that Luka meant everything he said, but she still lowered her eyes and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Pierce..."

She had loved someone before and knew how it felt to love a person. How that one person became the center of all her thoughts and emotion.

But none of the feelings she had for Luka at that moment came close to that.

The sparkles in Luka's eyes dimmed and his disappointment was clear, but then he smiled gently. "I might have known that you would refuse."

One year ago, after she divorced Edmund, she focused all her determination on developing her career. Luka could see that she still wasn't ready, so he didn't say anything more.

If it weren't for the accident that day, he would have waited patiently for her to open up to him.

"Let's go. I'll take you home." He stood up and held out his hand.

Chelsea hurriedly refused, "No, thanks. I can go back by myself."

But Luka insisted on driving her back. "I will only worry about you if you go back by yourself alone. You don't have to feel pressured for my sake."

Chelsea had no choice but to go with him. When they walked out of the meeting room together, the other employees kept looking at Chelsea, probably thinking she was a heartless person who didn't care about her parent at all.

[Chapter 124 Character Assassination](#)

After entering the elevator, Luka comforted Chelsea. "I'll explain the issue to everyone on your behalf when I get back. Don't worry about it."

He tapped his chin for a while and added slowly, "Don't hesitate to call me if you experience any difficulties. Remember that I'm always willing to help."

"Okay, I will. Thank you." Chelsea was grateful for Luka's willingness to help. However, she didn't want to be a burden to anyone. Luka had already done a lot for her, so she decided to sort things out herself.

She reasoned that she had everything covered. Once she got the paternity test result, she was going to show it to Hilton and Garry. And then, she would make a clean break with them.

Never did it occur to her that they were several steps ahead of her. The news spread in the city before she could even get the paternity test result.

An internet celebrity posted a new video at noon. He had interviewed Hilton.

In the interview, Hilton wept so profusely that his snot drooled to his lips. He accused Chelsea of being cold, insulting him, and abandoning him on his sick bed. He also emphasized that he suffered to bring her up, but she wasn't a good daughter now.

The internet celebrity had millions of followers on Twitter. He was known for breaking the juiciest gossip. Recently, his posts had been about family issues. As a result, the latest video caused an uproar on all social media platforms.

Many netizens began to berate Chelsea. They rained curses and described her with the harshest words.

Chelsea felt dizzy when she saw the nasty comments.

In the past, she had witnessed several celebrities get dragged on social media. People bullied them without hearing their sides of the story. Never did it occur to Chelsea that she would be at the receiving end of cyberbullying one day.

Although Hilton hadn't mentioned her name in the video, the social media users immediately turned to detectives. They dug up her identity in a matter of minutes.

One of them even shared a photo of her. The post was followed by a strong wave of abuse.

Based on the way she looked in the photo, it was obvious that it was taken secretly recently.

Chelsea's heart ached as she continued to read the comments. She was also furious. After a while, she took deep breaths to stay calm.

It took her a great deal of time and energy to finally get a grip on herself. She then dialed Hilton's number. Without beating about the bush, she asked, "What do you want from me?"

"Bold of you to assume that I want anything from you now. I gave you a chance, but you threw it away. I no longer want anything from you, so I went to the media to tell the world who you truly are!" Hilton yelled with a raspy voice.

"I'll be ruined if you continue doing this. How would that make you feel?" Chelsea asked.

Hilton let out an evil chuckle. "You never cease to amaze me. You should know by now that I don't give a damn about your reputation. Since you made me and Garry unhappy, we won't let you live a good life. Remember, it takes two to tango."

Hilton and Garry didn't want money from her anymore. Someone had already given them money.

Not long after they got thrown out of Peak Entertainment, they received a call from an anonymous person who said that they would get a whopping sum of money as long as they slandered Chelsea.

It was such a juicy offer, so they grabbed it immediately. The person recommended the internet celebrity they needed to speak to, so publicizing the slanderous comments was much easier.

Chelsea was fed up now. Rubbing her forehead, she said, "I have got the paternity test result. Everyone will know the truth very soon!"

"A paternity test result? How... When did you do that?" Hilton drawled.

He couldn't remember giving Chelsea his sample for the test, nor did he think that she would do that.

Earlier that day he vehemently denied that Chelsea was not related to him by blood because he wanted to fish more money from her with the title of her biological father.

Unwilling to back down, Hilton roared, "It doesn't matter what that result says. A father is different from a sperm donor. I raised you, so I'm your father. You have to repay me for everything."

Sensing that Chelsea would mention the money Edmund previously gave them, Hilton tried to turn the table. "Don't even try to point out that Edmund gave me a lot of money years ago! Do you have any evidence to back your claim? I guess not! I'll deny receiving any money from him. You can't get Edmund to testify in your favor, can you? That guy hates you with every fiber of his being. If you think that he would testify in your favor, you are in for a big disappointment!"

Hilton's comment on how Edmund felt about her made Chelsea's heart ache.

It was a kill shot because she felt that Edmund indeed hated her. Would he even be willing to testify in her favor? If he did that it would get their past marriage exposed.

It would be a big shame for him. Of course, the answer to this question was a big no in Chelsea's opinion.

[Chapter 125 Physical Bullying](#)

Chelsea knew that reasoning with Hilton was like talking to a brick wall, so she hung up the phone.

She was getting bashed online because of Hilton and Garry. They painted her in a bad light even before she could make a name in the entertainment industry. For this, the last bit of love she had for them disappeared.

One thing Chelsea learned from getting oppressed by them was that it was time for her to stand up and fight back. If she continued to be lenient, they might drive her crazy.

Chelsea immediately went to the hospital to get the paternity test result.

Once she arrived, she took the elevator to Chris's office.

The hospital was a big one, so it was always overcrowded. She moved to the corner of the elevator to make space for others. The woman who was standing beside her stared at her for a long time. Afterward, she whispered to her companion, "Psst! Look at this woman. She looks a little familiar, doesn't she?"

Another woman leaned forward and glanced at Chelsea. The next second, she asked with a high-pitched tone, "Isn't she the unfilial daughter who refused to take care of her biological father?"

"Yes, she's the one!"

Everyone in the elevator turned to look at Chelsea after hearing the women's statements.

They instantly recognized her. Some of them pointed at her and looked at her with disgust. Their words couldn't be any harsher.

In the face of the cruel curses from these strangers, Chelsea's face slowly turned pale and tears welled up in her eyes.

Since she was a little girl, she had never made mockery or insulted anyone. She always treated everyone with kindness, so she was utterly stunned that people could be so mean to her now.

Never had she experienced getting hounded by anyone. It was a first-time experience for her, so she was shocked that cyberbullies could confront her in reality. When she read the harsh comments online, she had been angry. Now she was not only angry, but also embarrassed and terrified.

Once the elevator stopped at one of the floors, she wriggled away from the crowd and fled out even though this wasn't the floor where Chris's office was.

Someone in the elevator took the hatred for her too far. She was pushed just when she was about to walk out, so she tripped and almost fell flat on the floor. Her eyes turned red with anger immediately.

In a trice, she turned around, intending to give the person that pushed her a piece of her mind. But she couldn't tell who it was. Everyone in the elevator was staring at her with disdainful expressions. Some even made mean faces at her before the doors swooshed shut. She was treated as if she was an unpardonable sinner.

Chelsea didn't dare to take another elevator. Walking in the midst of several people was out of the question because she would be setting herself up to be bullied again if more people recognized her. With her head lowered, she ran to the staircase and called Chris. She asked him to send the report down.

Chris was confused on the other end of the line. "Why do you want me to send the result down to the fifth floor? Why don't you just come up?"

"I can't explain now. Just help me bring it down. It's urgent!" Chelsea pleaded with a choked voice. When Chris noticed this, he grabbed the result and went downstairs immediately.

"What's wrong, Chelsea?" Chris immediately questioned her worriedly after he located her at the spandrel of the staircase. He then pulled her to a quiet spot at the end of the corridor.

With her head still lowered, Chelsea filled Chris in on what was going on. He was so angry that he snapped, "People are becoming more and more senseless by the day. How can they believe such lies without hearing your side of the story? Cyberbullying is really eating deep into the society. Brainless lots!"

Chris was appalled by people's reactions to what was happening. How could they be so unfair?

"My heart goes out to you, Chelsea. Let me drive you home." Chris feared that more people would hound her if they saw her in public, so he offered to take her home himself.

"Okay, thank you." Chelsea immediately agreed, still quivering with anger.

On the way, Chris asked Chelsea, "You need to shut down this slanderous rumor. How do you intend on doing that?"

"Well, Mr. Pierce has said he would help me do that in the name of the company. I'll also make use of the paternity test result," Chelsea honestly replied.

Luka called her as soon as the video went viral. He told her to go get the test result, while he did all he could by stating the company's stance on the matter.

He had said that the photo a tweep posted was taken when she was waiting for the elevator. Thus, it was obvious that the person who took the photo worked in the same building where Peak Entertainment was located. There was also a high probability that it was one of the employees.

Chris coughed and asked in surprise, "Luka is going to help you?"

[Chapter 126 An Unqualified Ex-husband](#)

Although Chelsea had no idea why Chris reacted that way, she explained, "Yes, someone found out that I'm an employee of Peak Entertainment. Some people are calling for my sack, so Mr. Pierce wants to put out a statement declaring support for me. That way, people will know the company's standpoint on the matter. It would also help kill the rumor to some extent."

Chris didn't know what to say when he heard this.

His friend, Edmund wasn't in the picture now that another man was about to help Chelsea.

Why wasn't Edmund doing the same? Didn't he know that now was the perfect time to start making amends to her? How could he be so oblivious?

Chris felt that Edmund was supposed to be by Chelsea's side as she fought off the people against her.

Unbeknown to him, they had gotten into a fight because Chelsea refused to accept Edmund's friend request on Facebook. Their sore relationship was worsening by the day.

In a bid to help his friend and satisfy his curiosity, Chris asked, "Why aren't you asking Edmund for help? After all, you were once married to him and he knows all about how Hilton and Garry have been pests. You need to go all out in fighting them. If Edmund takes sides with you, it will give you the upper hand over them."

In Chris's opinion, it would be an easy kill if Edmund came out to testify that he gave Hilton and Garry a lot of money in the past few years. After all, hadn't he done that for Chelsea's sake?

Would he have spoken to them at all, let alone put up with their excesses if it weren't for her?

Chelsea pointed at her chest and uttered with self-mockery, "You want me to ask Edmund for help? He would never help me. He hates me so much."

The bad blood between them had gotten thicker after that night when he drunkenly asked her why she refused to accept his friend request on Facebook.

Chris opened his mouth to speak, but words failed him.

He didn't expect that Chelsea firmly believed that Edmund hated her. It dawned on him that his friend must have hurt her so much for her to still be carrying the psychological scar even after a whole year.

After dropping Chelsea off, the first thing Chris did was call Edmund.

"Hey, Chelsea was at the hospital earlier to get the paternity test result. Unfortunately, she bumped into some cruel people who hounded her in the elevator." Chris came straight to the point as soon as the line connected.

Edmund, who was sitting at his desk in the office, sprang up to his feet. "What?"

"You heard me right, man. Some lowlifes bullied her today. She was so scared that she had to hide in the dim stairwell. It took great effort for me to take her out of there. She was really traumatized," Chris remarked.

Edmund was short of words.

He was aware that Chelsea was getting bashed online. Fay informed him about the development after the interview was recommended to her on Twitter. He had ordered her to act fast to kill the rumor.

The process was coming along well, so Edmund was certain that the matter would be dead soon. To his dismay, the issue was affecting Chelsea's daily life.

He imagined how scared she had been when she hid in the staircase. The mere thought of it made his heart break. As he thought of the ruthless fellows that harassed her, his blood boiled.

Just when he was about to say something, Chris added, "What are you going to do? This matter is serious. Anyway, Chelsea said that Luka is helping her to clear the rumor."

This news made Edmund a little relieved but very jealous. He rolled his eyes and asked, "Since she has already received help, why did you call me?"

Chris sighed deeply before responding, "Come on, man! You know exactly why I called you. From my conversation with Chelsea, I realized that she has a very bad impression of you. I told her to ask for your help. Do you know what she said? She said no on the basis that you hate her so much."

After a short pause, Chris continued, "Well, I think it's safe to say that... That you are an unqualified ex-husband."

As soon as Chris finished speaking, he hung up the phone. Edmund was so irritated that he almost threw his phone against the wall.

Was he that scary?

Why did Chelsea think that he hated her? Hadn't he been good to her since she returned?

Why was she judging him based on what he did in the past? He wouldn't refuse to help her now.

All she had to do was ask. He was more than willing to help her out.

"Gosh! What a judgy and troublesome woman!" Edmund grumbled, plopping down on his seat. He stared blankly for a while. Afterward, he dialed Fay's desk line.

[Chapter 127 The Bad Guy](#)

Soon, Fay came in. "I want you to pass the account record I had asked you to prepare to Chelsea," Edmund said, his voice icy cold.

Fay found his words quite contradictory. "But didn't you say that you would give it to her in person?"

The current account record that Edmund was referring to contained details about every penny that Hilton and his son had taken from Edmund. When Edmund learned they were stirring trouble for Chelsea, he asked Fay to ask the financial department to print the record.

Edmund had been well-prepared earlier to attack back. Even before Chelsea had seen the storm that was coming on her way.

He had requested Chelsea on Facebook and said that he had an important document to send to her. This was what he had been referring to!

But Chelsea had to reject his request!

Edmund glared at Fay and thought she talked way too much! She had to keep her curiosity in check.

Feeling his threatening gaze, Fay immediately took the order and said, "Okay, I see. I'll arrange it right away."

After Fay left, Edmund was lost in thought.

It occurred to him that Chelsea didn't ask him for help. However, he couldn't resist offering it to her.

He had sworn not to care whether she lived or died. But here he was, making the first move again!

He didn't know why, but he felt the urge to help her. Most importantly, he didn't want Chelsea thinking

he was the bad guy.

When Fay sent the document to Chelsea, Chelsea was trying to persuading the Internet celebrity through Twitter.

She tried her best to sort it out in the gentlest way but her attempts were in vain.

If the Internet celebrity could delete the post on Twitter, which was not in accordance with the fact, Chelsea would be relieved.

However, the person who ran it had a bad attitude and wouldn't listen a word she said!

Instead, he responded back calling her an immoral person and said she deserved to be exposed before the world!

Chelsea was writhing with fury.

When Chelsea told about this to Fay, she put on a contemplative face and then finally said, "He must have been bought by someone. Why else would anyone slander a person for no reason at all?"

When Edmund set up Nelson Group's film and television department, Fay had had the privilege of going to public relations department for a period of time. She dealt with a lot of public opinions, so she knew how things worked there.

The internet was swarming with Internet celebrities, and most of them needed only money. If someone offered them that, they would release the news according to that person's orders. They cared nothing about the truth.

Chelsea looked at Fay incredulously and asked, "He was bought? Do you mean that someone offered him money to slander me?"

Fay nodded and said, "Yes, that's exactly what I mean."

Chelsea frowned slightly and said, "But Hilton and Garry don't have much money to pay someone for such a thing."

"Maybe there is someone behind Hilton and Garry." Fay thought her friend had a point and began speculating it.

A name suddenly appeared in Chelsea's mind. Purple.

She recalled the posted picture where she was shot waiting for the elevator in the Peak Entertainment. Chelsea couldn't help but suspect Purple had a hand in this.

But at the end of the day, it was simply a hunch. There was no actual evidence to corroborate it.

Chelsea tried to dismiss these thoughts. Turning to Fay, she asked, "Why have you come back at this hour?"

Fay handed the file bag she brought for Chelsea and said, "Mr. Nelson asked me to give it to you."

Quite confused, Chelsea asked, "What's this?"

By the time she was done skimming through the document, a look of shock was plastered across her face.

[Chapter 128 How To Thank Him](#)

Chelsea had to admit that the current account was useful to her. She practically couldn't do without it. But she couldn't stop herself from wondering why Edmund would willingly give it to her without her even asking.

It was true that he had helped when she was targeted by Diane and Sonya before. But she had always believed that he did it for his own interests. He had something to get out from it for sure.

But this time around, she couldn't say the same thing.

When the silence had dragged on for some time, Fay said, "Mr. Nelson wanted to befriend you on Facebook because he wanted to give you this."

Chelsea choked for a while and then cleared her throat to ease the embarrassment. She clearly hadn't expected that.

She had no idea that Edmund wanted to give her the document till now. Of course, if she had known, she would have never refused his request so thoughtlessly and rudely.

"Mr. Nelson has always been well prepared for any eventuality. With just a glance, he can see through Hilton and his son. He can easily tell what they were up to. That's why he asked me to prepare this for you to use in case you might need it."

Fay was right. With his age, experience and status, Edmund was rigorous and had a very good eye in doing things. What Chelsea found surprising, was the fact that he cared about her.

She couldn't refuse this when she knew she needed it. So she lowered her eyes and said to Fay, "Thank him for me."

Immediately after, she looked back up at Fay and shook her head. It wasn't right. "Scratch that. I'll personally call him and thank him."

Yes, she didn't want to have any contact with Edmund, but she had to thank him for his help. It would be ungrateful of her if she didn't.

With a smile, Fay said, "I think if you befriend Mr. Nelson on Facebook, he will see how sincere and grateful you are."

Chelsea pursed her lips and thought about it a little.

"Okay, that's it. I just came to give it to you, so I'll go back to work now. Don't forget to call me if you need help with anything. At anytime, okay?" Fay said firmly with a trace of worry in her tone before she turned to walk out.

Chelsea nodded and said, "Okay, go back to work."

As though she just thought of something, Fay paused in her tracks and said, "Actually, why don't you ask Mr. Nelson for help? After all, you used to be a couple. There's no way he'll turn you down. In fact, I think he will be eager to give you a hand."

That being said, Fay believed that she had done everything she could for her boss.

When Fay was gone, Chelsea stared at the document in her hand for a long time, before she finally made her decision. She took in a deep breath, let it out slowly, and dialed Edmund's number.

"Mr. Nelson, I've seen the document you sent through Fay. Thank you," Chelsea said in her soft voice. She was sincerely grateful, and she wanted him to know it.

However, it was as if he hadn't heard her, because Edmund didn't make any sound.

Chelsea waited for a long time for him to say something, but when he didn't, she quickly took her phone away from her right ear and looked at the screen.

She was surprised to see that the call was still going through. Why then was Edmund not saying anything if he hadn't hung up?

Getting impatient with whatever game he was playing, Chelsea was about to say something when Edmund finally said in a clearly dissatisfied voice, "Is that all you can say? Thank you?"

Chelsea paused for a moment, sincerely confused. After a while, Edmund said again, "Chris only did a paternity test for you, but you decided that he deserved to be treated to dinner. I on the other hand, have helped you so much and all I get is a lame 'thank you' through the phone?"

Chelsea's mouth almost dropped open. She hadn't expected this.

But now, she finally understood why he sounded so displeased earlier. He wanted her to thank him

materially.

The only issue was that he couldn't compare himself to Chris. She had no problem treating Chris to dinner since he was single. Dinner with him wouldn't cause her any trouble.

Edmund was a whole different story, and he had to know it. If Diane found out that Chelsea had taken her man out for dinner, she would put Chelsea through hell, and she wanted to avoid this at all costs.

So Chelsea thought of another way she could thank him and said, "I get your point. I'll make it up to you."

She was going to buy him something and send to him to express her gratitude. In this way, she wouldn't have to meet him.

Maybe she could get him a pen. It was formal, respectful and not intimate.

When she said this, Edmund smiled and said in a much lighter tone, "I like the sound of that. That's more like it."

In Edmund's opinion, Chris didn't really have the right to ask Chelsea to cook for him. Instead, he felt like it was more reasonable for him, Edmund to make that type of request. He definitely didn't see things from Chelsea's point of view.

[Chapter 129 Edmund's Idea](#)

The former couple was oblivious to the fact that they had completely different thoughts from each other.

On one hand, Edmund felt that Chelsea's so-called arrangement meant that she agreed to treat him to dinner. He even imagined that she would personally cook for him to show her sincerity.

Unbeknown to him, Chelsea actually didn't have cooking him dinner in mind. She felt that he wanted her to express her gratitude materially.

Now that they supposedly reached an agreement, they stopped talking about it and went on to the main subject matter.

"I heard Luka is going to defend you by putting out an official statement stating the company's standpoint on the matter," Edmund suddenly said.

While Chelsea was wondering how he heard about that, he added, "Well, I have a suggestion for you. Don't leave everything to Luka to handle. You can defend yourself on Twitter."

Chelsea was skeptical. "I should defend myself on Twitter? Will it work?"

Edmund explained with certainty, "Trust me, it will. There's only a little that Luka can do to help you. After all, you aren't the only employee in his company. If he puts out a statement and fights tooth and nail with the public, it may tarnish the image of the company. This would affect the interests of other employees. In the long run, your haters would increase. Do you get me?"

Chelsea nodded slightly. She had to admit that he had a point there. This idea never crossed her mind before.

She murmured, "Yeah, I understand. It sounds good."

Chelsea hadn't wanted Luka to defend her in the first place. She felt that he was helping her too much, so it would be practically impossible to pay him back. She also didn't want to be a burden to him.

Like the competitive person that Edmund was, he didn't show all his cards now. His suggestion wasn't only because he was afraid that more people would turn against Chelsea. He actually wanted to get in the way of Luka, who he suspected to be doing everything to get close to his ex-wife.

Edmund suspected that Chelsea would feel more indebted to Luka, so she would offer to repay him.

He feared that Luka would seize the opportunity to ask her out. Having known the kind of person that Chelsea was, Edmund feared that she would agree because she didn't want to hurt Luka's feelings.

As a man, Edmund could see through Luka's mind. What Luka was doing was exactly how a man behaved when he was interested in a woman.

Burning with the zeal to disrupt Luka's plans, Edmund asked Chelsea, "Do you have a personal Twitter account?"

"Erm... Yes," Chelsea answered with difficulty.

She did have a Twitter account, but most of the tweets she made were about Edmund.

The contents there had to do with her constantly changing feelings—the joy and tears that came from loving him while they were married.

Her page was like an online diary at that time.

The account was practically anonymous. She never posted her pictures or tagged any real people on her posts. No one knew who she truly was, so she was rest assured that her tweets would never be traced to her.

Since she was a scriptwriter, she occasionally made some movies and TV plays reviews. She had a way with words, so several people liked the kind of content she put out. Her articles won her more followers and loyal fans.

Her followers were only about three thousand.

The last tweet she made was over a year old. It came when she got divorced.

It went thus, "Three years of marriage is over just like that. It's as if I just woke up from an unrealistic dream. My heart is broken into a thousand pieces. But like a phoenix, I would rise from the ashes. Life goes on."

Many comments trooped under this tweet as soon as she made it. All of them were positive and encouraging.

"Chin up, dearie. A failed marriage is not the end of the road. Your life would get better and you might just meet the right man for you in the future."

"I can tell that you are a gentle and virtuous woman. The divorce is his loss, not yours. He would realize that he was too stupid not to have cherished you."

"You would make a good writer, Miss. It's such a pity that you didn't take it up as a career full-time. I hope now that you are starting a new life, you will pursue a career in that field. I'm personally rooting for you."

Chelsea shed some tears after reading the comments. It warmed her heart that total strangers were this supportive. She planned on deleting her old tweets about love later on. She didn't want others to find out about her past and make a fuss about it.

[Chapter 130 A Trip Down Memory Lane](#)

The last thing Chelsea wanted was for Edmund to see her tweets. More so, her username on Twitter was "Love E". Now that she thought about it, goosebumps popped up on her skin.

How stupidly in love was she previously that she went as far as adopting such a user name? She beat herself up for doing that.

Noticing the awkwardness in her tone, Edmund asked, "Why was it so hard for you to answer that question? Are you hiding something? Could it be that your Twitter page is filled with nasty secrets?"

Although Chelsea was pissed off with his statement, she didn't dare to get short with him. After all, she was indeed hiding her secrets there.

Heedless of her possible irritation, Edmund continued, "What could you be hiding, Chelsea? Your account has existed for a long time, right? Could it be that you had another man in your heart while we were married? Oh my! Did you cheat on me at any point?"

Chelsea was so furious that she couldn't keep quiet anymore. She fired at him. "Look who is accusing

someone else of cheating. Why do you care? After all, you did the same!"

Edmund raised his voice too. "What the hell do you mean? I have no idea what you are talking about!"

"Bah! Don't even try to play dumb now, Edmund. You know exactly what I'm talking about. While we were married, you constantly frolicked with Diane in public. The media was always reporting news about you two!" Chelsea was livid. He was the one who cheated, but he was trying to reframe the story to make her seem like the villain. How dare he?

"Stop talking nonsense, Chelsea. Don't make something out of nothing. Diane is signed under my entertainment company. Isn't it normal that I take part in all kinds of activities with her? It's not my fault that the media is fond of twisting stories to drive traffic. I'm not guilty of the accusations!"

"What! You are not guilty? Did you just say the media twisted stories? The night of the day when we got legally married, you went to the hotel and stayed with Diane till the next morning. Tell me, does it make sense to you that a married man spends the night with another woman on his wedding night? Did journalists make that up too?" Chelsea laid out the facts with irritation.

The news of Edmund's cheating on his wife with Diane was a mainstay in the media. However, Chelsea never confronted him. She never even spoke about how he abandoned her on their wedding night.

She had kept everything bottled up for so long, so she was surprised at herself for speaking up now.

Perhaps it was because Edmund was accusing her falsely.

"On our wedding night?" Edmund's mind bore no recollection of what she was speaking about. Chelsea's eyes turned red in an instant.

"Well, thank you for your help today, Mr. Nelson. I have to hang up now." Chelsea hung up the phone, sparing him no chance to speak.

His infidelity was a very sensitive topic for her. Her heart was yet to heal. Since they didn't get wedded in a church, it was assumed that the day they got their wedding certificate at the registry marked the first day of their marriage.

Chelsea had waited expectantly for him to come home. She wanted her wedding night to be blissful. Contrary to her expectations, she slept alone and woke up to the news of her husband being spotted at a hotel with Diane. It was a rude shock for her.

Edmund didn't bother to speak about the news. He completely ignored it. And now, he was playing dumb.

Chelsea's heart broke just like it did over four years ago. Tears rolled down her eyes as soon as she hung up the phone.

It turned out Edmund didn't care about her at all, thus him deny cheating and hurting her over and over again.

Meanwhile, Edmund had just remembered what Chelsea was referring to. He wanted to explain. But she hung up before he could utter a word.

He grunted as he clenched his phone tightly in anger. This was the umpteenth time she was hanging up on him so rudely.

"She really has no manners now!" he remarked furiously.

The day he legally got married to Chelsea, Diane had attempted suicide.

Diane's parents and Alena called him and asked him to comfort her.

Her blood would be on his hands if he had refused to do as they said, so he had no choice but to go to the hotel she was in.

Edmund was able to dissuade her from committing suicide, but she came down with a fever before he could leave. He had to stay back to take care of her. Nothing intimate happened between them that night.