

## Mr Nelson 131

### [Chapter 131 Indirect Apology](#)

Edmund admitted that he was wrong not to have explained things to Chelsea after he spent the night with Diane. He reasoned that he should have done better instead of making her sadder than she already was.

Several pieces of gossip about him and Diane were spread far and wide after that incident. Although he knew that it was Diane's handiwork, he turned a blind eye to it. He wasn't perturbed that Chelsea was scorned at that time due to his alleged infidelity.

Even though he knew that he wasn't supposed to be doing that, he did it anyway. He derived joy in hurting her.

This was because he loathed her so much at that time. Hadn't she tricked him into marrying her? He was stuck with her in that marriage, so he was hell-bent on making her suffer for tricking him.

Being indifferent, ruthless and rude to her was a way of getting back at her. He wanted to see how she could bear the incessant suffering.

Perhaps he would have stopped doing all that if she had cried her eyes out and confronted him.

All he wanted was to see her sad and in pain.

It was the only way the anger in his heart could dissipate.

Much to his dismay, Chelsea never cried in his presence or asked him to love her during their marriage. It seemed like she wasn't sad at all. Thus, he geared up his ruthlessness toward her as the days went by.

It wasn't until now that Chelsea accused him of cheating on her that he realized that she had been bottling up her hurt for so long.

His heart went out to her at this time. He had wanted to explain things to her. But after she hung up on him for what seemed like the thousandth time, his heart became hardened again.

It was rather odd that Chelsea had called to express her gratitude, but they ended up arguing.

After hanging up the phone, Chelsea got a grip on herself and logged on to Facebook to send Edmund a friend request.

Mild regret tugged at her heart now. She felt that she shouldn't have hung up in that manner. After all, he had come to her aid today. But she couldn't swallow her pride to call him to apologize. Sending him a friend request was a way of showing that she was sorry.

She planned to send him an apologetic message via Facebook messenger, so they would be cool.

Chelsea sent him a friend request. It was pending because Edmund's approval was needed.

However, several minutes passed and he didn't accept her request. Chelsea was a little stunned. Didn't he always want to be her friend on Facebook? Why didn't he accept now? Was it because he was still angry?

"Humph! What a childish man!"

Chelsea rolled her eyes and logged out of Facebook since there was no point waiting for so long. She logged into her Twitter account and began to delete her old tweets about her love life.

It would be strange if she deleted her tweets in their entirety, so she left the articles about movies and TV plays reviews, and pictures of delicious foods.

Afterward, she called Luka to inform him that she would rather defend herself on Twitter via her account.

Luka, who wasn't surprised at all, thought it was a good idea. "Okay, you can do that."

He then added, "I actually thought you weren't on Twitter. That's why I decided to use the company's official account to defend you since it already has a lot of followers. Anyway, your idea is good."

Chelsea said gratefully, "Yeah, I'm aware of your kindness, Mr. Pierce. Thank you so much. But I think it's best I defend myself via my account. There are many popular actors signed with Peak Entertainment. Their careers would be at risk if the public decides to boycott the company. I don't want anyone to suffer losses because of me."

Chelsea went on to tell Luka that Edmund had given her a record of his cash transfers to Hilton and Garry over the years.

Luka exclaimed, "Wow! That's great. You are sure to win this battle with that evidence. I guess I misjudged Edmund. He doesn't seem like a ruthless man."

It was at this moment that Luka finally understood why Chelsea changed her mind out of the blue. Edmund must have given her that idea.

This wasn't the first time Edmund was disrupting his plan. What was his deal?

Why was he so concerned about what went on in his ex-wife's life? Why didn't he want other men to woo her? Luka pondered deeply.

[Chapter 132 Love Story](#)

"Maybe it's because I come across as a pitiful woman," Chelsea said with a tinge of self-mockery.

She couldn't make out what had caused Edmund to become so kind all of a sudden. In the end, she thought he simply felt sympathy for her.

"Then you can post it on Twitter. I believe you can clarify the misunderstanding." Luka made no mention of Edmund to Chelsea anymore. He would figure out Edmund's intentions in private.

After hanging up the phone with Luka, Chelsea began to consider how to edit the tweet to clarify herself.

She changed to use her real name on Twitter.

Having done that, she blurred the remitter of the bills because the remitter was Edmund's private account. She couldn't expose herself as his ex-wife. If she did so, another uproar would ensue.

Diane and Edmund were about to get married. If she was found to be Edmund's ex-wife, the spotlight would be on her. The last thing she wanted was to be blamed for stealing Diane's thunder!

Her sole intention was to prove that she had been kind to Hilton and Garry. There was no reason for her to drag other people into this.

Chelsea edited a long tweet and attached the details of each money transfer. Each transfer consisted of no less than five hundred thousand dollars. A lot of them were over a million! It was indeed a huge sum.

She declared that Hilton and his son milked money from her ex-husband's family.

Then, Chelsea attached a picture of the money she gave them after her divorce, as well as the twenty thousand she gave Hilton a few days ago. This would prove she wasn't guilty of not giving them money.

As for the fact that she had no blood relationship with Hilton and Garry, Chelsea attached evidence at the end. If she wanted, she could mention all the dirty and terrible things Hilton and his son had done to her. But she wouldn't stoop so low and thought it was best to let it go.

Within a few minutes, people were retweeting Chelsea's tweet.

At the end of the tweet, she requested the internet celebrity to delete his post as she had given him enough evidence to prove his theories wrong. She also pleaded with everyone to stop attacking and abusing her. Otherwise, she would be compelled to sue them for exploiting her rights by abusing her without a solid reason.

Her post had been very articulate, and the public bought it quickly. Their opinion about her seemed to have changed drastically.

"I've told you since the beginning that in such issues, the truth is completely different from what we see. Now you know you have been wrong, don't you?"

"I've read her previous tweets. She is a kind person who is nice to everyone. I was certain she wouldn't do such bad things."

"Hilton Williams, you have crossed all the limits. You have taken so much money and then you had the audacity to make a false countercharge! How can someone be so shameless?"

"Damn it! I have calculated the amount of money those greedy men milked out of her. The final amount is shocking to say the least."

"Yes! Such a large sum of money is enough for us live a carefree live till we grow old. How could the father and son squander it so quickly?"

"I support you to sever the relationship with that father and son."

"You have done your best. You know they are not your biological father and brother, but you had the humanity to serve them. You are amazing!"

"I'm curious about this mysterious ex-husband. He gave so much money to his father-in-law. This goes to show he must love her a lot!"

Someone else replied to that comment, "That was exactly my thought! Please find out who her ex is."

"I want to know the reason why you divorced such a loving man?"

The comment took a completely different route and now her love life was the topic. "I am eager to know the love story between you and your ex."

Chelsea, who had been sipping on her coffee while reading the comment, spat it out and choked.

Why were these people claiming Edmund loved her a lot? Was giving money enough reason to jump to such a conclusion?

And the worst part was, they wanted her to narrate their love story!

She couldn't help but think they would be in for disappointment if they listened to their story. Their marriage had no love story, it was a stupid mistake!

### [Chapter 133 The Disappointed Enemies](#)

Never did Chelsea think for a second that things would turn out this way. She had only wanted to prove to the world that she did everything humanly possible to please Hilton and Garry in the past. However, the people's attention was diverted to the story of her and her ex-husband.

The drastic shift from her fight with Hilton and Garry to her failed marriage happened so quickly. The netizens only condemned Hilton and his son briefly. Then tons of tweets about her marriage flooded Twitter.

Chelsea's heart sank to her stomach as she read them. She couldn't know whether to laugh or cry. But some people were pissed off by the changing of the topic so soon.

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In Purple's apartment.

Chelsea's latest tweet was seen by Purple and Mia as soon as it dropped.

Purple had been playing games on her phone when Mia was following the whole scandal.

After reading through the entire thread, Mia let out a peal of mocking laughter and said, "My goodness! Chelsea is such a fool. She just told everyone that she was once married. She's spoiling her image with her own hands. Tsk, tsk!"

"What! She's a divorcee?" Purple exclaimed in surprise, but her eyes were still fixed on her phone.

Mia replied, "Yes, she is. I used to think she was pure and untouched. Who would have thought that she was already used? So much for pretending to be elegant! I'm sure Mr. Pierce has no idea that she was married before. If he knew, he wouldn't have fallen in love with her."

Mia doubled as Purple's confidant, so she could read her boss's mind well.

Purple had a huge crush on Luka. She was always thinking about him and fantasizing about being his woman.

Her obsession with Luka started way back when he starred in a TV series that was based on the novel she wrote while she was still a freelancer.

After she joined Peak Entertainment, she learned more about him. She grew more obsessed.

She gave him several green lights in a bid to get him to ask her out. But Luka never took the hints. She was just a colleague in his eyes. Purple was a plain Jane. She wasn't beautiful, nor did she have a good figure. To crown it all, her character was nothing to write home about. The only thing good about her was her little talent. She didn't deserve Luka at all.

Despite all her failed attempts to get Luka to notice her, Purple continued to have feelings for him. She hated and was jealous of all the women that were close to him.

Chelsea was one of such women.

It wouldn't have been that much of a big deal to Purple if Luka was in love with a glamorous actress. Her jealousy would have been suppressed a little.

But she was infuriated that Luka took a liking to Chelsea. In Purple's eyes, Chelsea had nothing on her. They were both scriptwriters. More so, she had a more successful career. What was so special about Chelsea?

Now that she discovered that Chelsea was a divorcee, her joy knew no bounds. Divorced women were treated as second-class citizens in the society, so Purple reasoned that she had the upper hand now in the fight to win over Luka's heart.

The two vile women had just laughed their hearts out when Mia exclaimed, "Oh my! Chelsea just... She..."

"What happened? What did she do?" Purple curiously asked, still not looking up.

Mia was too stunned to speak.

She held her breath and took a closer look at the computer screen. She checked the numbers on the cash transfer record carefully. "Chelsea's ex-husband is filthy rich!" she blurted out in astonishment.

"You are joking right?" Purple's attention was still on the game she was playing on her mobile phone.

She didn't believe that Chelsea could marry a wealthy man.

"No, I'm not. See for yourself," Mia responded, still in shock.

She pushed the laptop in front of her boss. Purple finally broke her gaze from her phone and looked at the current account record that Chelsea posted. The next second, her jaw dropped and her eyes bulged out from the sockets.

The cash transfers were all whopping sums. Only someone who was filthy rich could afford to give out such amounts of money.

Why was Chelsea so lucky to have married a wealthy man?

Purple's jealousy shot to the roof at this time. Her body trembled. She yelled angrily, "Even after I invested so much time and energy to wreak havoc on this bitch, she still hasn't lost anything. Aargh!"

Mia immediately comforted her. "Please calm down. This is not over yet. Chelsea would be disgraced very soon. Something tells me that she got married to an old man. No young man in his right mind would want to marry a woman like her. She is just a normal girl from an ordinary family. She has a pair

of spendthrifts as relations. I'm sure she married her ex-husband for money. The news of her being a gold-digger will come out very soon!"

#### [Chapter 134 Want To Make It Public](#)

Mia's tone was resolute. After thinking a while, Purple thought it was plausible. With how Hilton's and Garry's personalities were, they must have used Chelsea to get money from her ex-husband. And who except a lecherous old man would accept such a deal?

Noticing that Purple's face softened a bit, Mia eagerly said, "Well, let's make things more entertaining. I'll post comments saying her husband is old and ugly." Purple looked at the phone a second time without saying anything. Mia instantly got what she meant and collected the computer to edit comments. She had multiple accounts and good connections with many small media companies.

In no time, public opinion on the internet changed again. People started deriding Chelsea for marrying an old man. It never crossed Chelsea's mind that Edmund would be made fun of online in no time. To be precise, her ex-husband was being mocked. Everyone was making assumptions that her ex-husband must be old and ugly. Some even said that she divorced him because he had been too old to satisfy her sexual needs. They also even said that she abandoned him since he was no longer useful to her.

They were more capable of making up stories than her, the real scriptwriter, Chelsea thought as she looked at the comments. Just as Chelsea was at a loss on what to do, a notification tone rang from her phone. She looked at it and discovered Edmund had agreed to her friend request on Facebook. Before she could think of how to apologize to him, Edmund video called her first. Chelsea got so petrified that she almost fell off the chair.

Three years, she and Edmund had been married, and they had never made a video call. They occasionally reached each other through Facebook. They would call each other if they had something to talk about and end up with a few words. So, now that Edmund called her all of a sudden, she was really scared. Her fear eased, but she didn't want to answer it. She felt too awkward at the thought of her and Edmund, a divorced couple, being face-to-face on a video call.

While Chelsea was still contemplating whether or not to answer the phone, Edmund stopped calling. Chelsea sighed in relief. However, Edmund immediately sent a message. "Pick up the phone!" With trembling hands, Chelsea instantly called back. It was only a call. She could do this.

Edmund spoke impatiently as soon as the call was connected. "Why did you erase my account name from the bills?"

It was due to Chelsea's purposeful mosaics that no one knew he was her ex-husband. Now people on the internet thought he was an old man! An old, ugly, fat man! Even his sexual ability was debated. Many people had the idea that he could only have sex for a few seconds, which really put his nose out of joint.

"You want me to publicize our relationship?" Chelsea was a bit stunned. Despite the fact that his

account name was on the bills he sent, Chelsea honestly believed that he would not let her publicize it. She felt like she was a big stain in Edmund's life, which should be the last thing he wanted to admit.

"When did I say you were not allowed to publicize it?" Edmund was very angry now, she could tell.

"I did this for your sake," Chelsea explained after a surprised pause. Since he and Diane were getting married, she felt his last marriage shouldn't be posted online. Wouldn't that make Diane upset? She didn't want to provoke Diane anymore.

Edmund's voice got louder as he said, "I don't believe you did that for my sake, Chelsea. You simply feel I would embarrass you, isn't that it?"

Chelsea had no words.

### [Chapter 135 Embarrassing Photos](#)

Chelsea was never ashamed of Edmund. There was nothing to be ashamed of about him.

She had never hinted or said that she was ashamed to show him to the world, so she didn't know where he got that notion from. It was actually the other way around in Chelsea's opinion. She felt that he always put her on the sidelines because he was ashamed of being linked to her. This happened while they were married.

After Edmund got no response, he became angrier. He ordered firmly, "You must set the record straight now. Old and ugly? I don't want to see those words again. At least, not when they are talking about me!"

Chelsea was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea.

It turned out that Edmund didn't mind if she exposed his true identity to the public. But she didn't want to do that now.

All eyes were currently on her. She knew that many women in Vertoak were crazy over Edmund. If she revealed that he was her ex-husband, they would make her their enemy. Some might go as far as sending her death threats.

More so, Diane had a toxic fan base. They wouldn't hesitate to bash her online.

This matter was serious, so Chelsea did something rare. She called him by his first name. "Edmund, please listen to me. I'm not in any way ashamed of you. It's just that I..."

"Spare me your silly excuse, Chelsea. I don't want to hear it!" Edmund cut her short in a fit of pique.

The next thing Chelsea heard was a disconnect tone. He had hung up the phone on her. She instantly suffered a banging headache.



She wished he gave her a listening ear. At least, she would have made it known that doing his bidding wasn't the perfect thing to do in her current situation.

Chelsea didn't understand why he was allowing people's comments to get to him. After all, none of the things they said about him was true even though they were unpleasant.

He was neither old nor ugly. He was a tall and handsome man. More so, he was good in bed. Everything about his physical body was perfect.

No one even knew he was the one they were satirizing. Why was he angry?

Chelsea was still caught between the two decisions as she skimmed through the comments of tweeps satirizing her ex-husband.

Edmund wanted her to make her ex-husband's true identity known to the public at this time. No! She couldn't bring herself to do that.

Just as she was at her wit's end, a tweet centered on a different opinion popped up on her feed.

The Twitter user defended her and said that Chelsea's ex-husband was actually a fine young man.

Chelsea held her face and breathed as if she was about to pass out due to embarrassment.

It was obvious that this person was an ardent follower of her tweets on the app. The tweet read, "As a silent fan of hers, I can't stand it that people are propagating rumors about her. She's a lovely and gentle young woman. For your information, her ex-husband is not old, ugly, or fat. I can say for a fact that he's handsome and young. Why? Because she posted a picture of him in the past. His figure is just like that of a model. He has broad shoulders, a wide back, and great height."

The tweet was followed by a picture. It was the same one Chelsea posted years ago.

The picture captured a back of a man, who was wearing a well-cut white shirt. He was standing by a window with a cell phone in one hand and his other hand in his trouser pocket.

His face wasn't visible, but his perfect figure was more than enough to tell that he was good-looking.

Chelsea had taken this photo secretly. At that time, she was head over heels in love with him.

Her heart was particularly warm that day because she had just made love to him. When she saw him standing in that position, she first gawked at him before taking a photo of him to keep the memory forever.

The words Chelsea edited on the picture were still there. "I really really love him."

An electrifying energy swept through Chelsea's body as she remembered how she had been crazy over him. It gave her goosebumps all over.

Chelsea blushed even more now. She was sure that Edmund would see this picture soon. It was so embarrassing.

Many comments flooded the thread immediately.

Another supportive one read, "I'm also a fan of hers. You are right. Her ex-husband is very tall. I can vividly remember that she previously tweeted that her neck was almost sprained because she always has to stretch to kiss him. She once posted a photo of her waiting for the elevator. In the picture, she looked like she was about 5ft 4 inches tall. So her ex-husband must be at least 6ft tall."

The tweep posted a photo too. It was a screenshot of Chelsea's previous post.

"Oh my goodness!" Chelsea cried out, holding her chest. She wanted to weep. But her tear ducts failed her now.

#### [Chapter 136 Kiss Discussion](#)

Social media users never ceased to amaze Chelsea. How come they were able to save such things for that long?

Chelsea had thought that her previous tweets would never see the light of day after she deleted them earlier on.

To her dismay, her weird username and details about her love story were out for the whole world to see.

Not only was Chelsea embarrassed, she feared that Edmund would be disgusted when he saw those things.

She wanted all these to stop, but comments that refuted the claim that her ex-husband was an old man kept flooding in.

One of them read, "Yes, I'm sure he's a fit young man. She once posted a picture of his hands. They are slender and perfect. No old man would have such a perfect pair of hands."

Another picture was posted. Chelsea was rendered speechless.

It never crossed her mind that her followers would save the pictures she posted. For a moment, she thanked her stars that she only posted a few.

Another follower also shared screenshots of her previous tweets that were centered on love. The first

one read, "How does it feel to love someone? This is one of the most asked questions now. Well, being in love feels great. Whenever I see my man, it feels as if countless flowers are blooming in my heart. Love is indeed a beautiful thing."

The second one had crying emojis in it. "Today is the first day of his business trip. I don't want to be away from him. I miss him already."

It came as a surprise to her that her followers were this invested in her life. More so, to the extent that they made screenshots and saved pictures she posted many years ago.

Nonetheless, Chelsea was grateful for their support. It was a thing of joy that they stood up for her while millions of people were against her at this time.

Her good image was gradually getting restored as their positive remarks came in. They had bailed her out of a dilemma jail just when she was confused about whether to reveal her ex-husband's true identity to shut down the rumor.

Chelsea was deeply touched.

She was becoming a little teary-eyed when she suddenly received a few screenshots from Edmund. They were all captured from the supportive comments made online.

Chelsea couldn't help but wish she were blind now. Although she wanted to ignore the message, she mustered the courage to respond, "I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson. I shouldn't have put out those tweets and pictures. At that time, I was young and naive. I probably had a screw loose in my head or something. It never occurred to me that they would come back to bite me in the ass in the future. I'm sorry that they disgust you. Please accept my sincerest apologies."

As far as Chelsea was concerned, Edmund was extremely disgusted by her posts that were unearthed. She suspected that he would have strangled her if she was anywhere near him now.

She reasoned that it was stupid on her part to have shared such things.

To save her life, she swallowed her pride and apologized to him without thinking twice.

Instead of responding to her message, Edmund called her. Chelsea bit her fingers nervously before she answered the call.

"Did you just say that you had a screw loose? And that you were naive? What makes you think I'm disgusted?" Edmund bombarded her with questions from the other end of the line.

With a shaky voice, Chelsea replied, "Yes... Yes, it's all my fault. I was so stupid at that time."

"Is that what you really think of your younger self?" he asked, his voice raised.

Chelsea was confused. She could tell that Edmund was in a bad mood.

Why did he get angrier even after she apologized?

After an awkward silence, Edmund tut-tutted and said coldly, "I never knew that your neck almost got sprained because you always stretched your body just to kiss me. Humph!"

Chelsea's face immediately turned red like a cooked lobster. Why did he bring that up now? What did he have in mind? This topic was inappropriate for them, wasn't it?

Now that they were divorced, there was no point talking about how they used to kiss each other.

Sensing that he wasn't going to get any response, Edmund sneered. "How is it my fault that your neck almost got sprained? You are so short. If you didn't want to suffer neck pain, you should have grown taller!"

Chelsea was almost pissed off.

She couldn't help but wonder how she managed to put up with his nonsense for three whole years. It was a miracle that she didn't kick the bucket or run mad due to excessive fury.

#### [Chapter 137 Purple's Defeat](#)

Chelsea was so furious. But Edmund was not in a good mood, either.

He had already been angry when the netizens said he had to be old and ugly. Later, the Twitter posts from long ago were released on the Internet, which made him feel better.

He hadn't expected that she had considered their marriage life that way before. He smiled as he read through them.

But she had deleted all the original posts. He could only see the screenshots that others had taken all those years ago.

Although there were only a few, he couldn't help but read them several times.

Through the few words that Chelsea had used to describe him, he could clearly feel the love that she had for him when she wrote it.

What he didn't expect was for her to later use the words "a screw loose, disgusting" to describe her past tweets. To Edmund, that meant that she completely denied the past she had shared with him.

No matter what had happened, even after the divorce, he never ignored their marriage of three years and had never denied the fact that he got married and divorced.

Edmund was so angry that he mocked Chelsea for being short. Which led to another fight.

The two of them went at it until the call was cut short by another one on Edmund's side.

Chelsea threw her phone aside and regretted befriending Edmund on Facebook. It was all his fault.

Now, everyone's attention had returned to her tragic love story.

Yet still, no one had come out to abuse Chelsea and all the comments seemed to support her instead.

Occasionally, there would be one or two bad ones, but they were submerged in an instant.

Perhaps it was because the evidence that Chelsea had was concrete enough that Hilton and Garry couldn't say anything against it.

Or perhaps it was because the love story she had shared with everyone had just been too beautiful that they were all attracted. No one could resist a dream-like romance that was innocent and pure.

All in all, the cyberbullying had been deliberately planned by someone. And so it could not withstand any of the counterattacks that had come from the rest of the netizens. So naturally, it stopped.

On the other side, Purple was so angry that she threw the phone away and couldn't stop herself from panicking.

"What is so good about her that she gets to marry such a perfect man?" Looking at the back of Chelsea's ex-husband that had been posted on the Internet, Purple was sure that it wasn't someone ordinary. Not with such a physique.

What's more, the man had given Hilton and his son so much money, which proved that he was not only rich, but also powerful, young, and handsome.

Mia was also angry. "I didn't expect that so many fans would protect her. She only has a few followers on her Twitter."

Mia used a lot of anonymous accounts and even contacted several small media companies, which caused the whole ruckus of Chelsea's ex being scolded as old and ugly by the netizens. She had never expected that Chelsea's fans would easily place her and her ex on a pedestal by uploading a few old tweets that showed them to be the perfect couple.

Moreover, the chaos on the net had attracted a lot more fans to Chelsea. Their plan had failed epically and they could only be angry.

After they finally calmed down, Mia looked at Purple and asked, "What should we do now?"

Purple gritted her teeth. "What else can we do? If things go on like this, we'll have to spend another sum of money."

The internet celebrity that interviewed Hilton was from We-Media which Purple had been working with and she had paid them the money. Moreover, she also paid to bribe Hilton and his son.

She only did all that just to kick Chelsea away from Luka. Then, The Crown would be handed over to her. It was a huge project. She would not only gain fame but also a lot of profit from it.

That was why Purple hadn't thought about the cost of her plan. Now that she had failed, she also lost so much money in vain.

Mia comforted Purple, "Let her go this one time. We still have time. We have plenty of opportunities to make her leave Peak Entertainment forever."

### [Chapter 138 Lawsuit Threa](#)

Purple agreed without a second thought. She had worked in Peak Entertainment for so many years. Chelsea was just a nobody who came out of nowhere, but she was enjoying many benefits. Purple wanted to wreck her career and everything that had to do with her. Even though she failed this time, she was confident that she would succeed if she tried again.

Just as she was clenching her fist with determination, her phone rang. She picked up the call and soon found out that it was from the internet celebrity.

He sounded a little flustered. "I just received a lawsuit letter from Chelsea's lawyer. They are threatening to sue me if I don't take down the video and apologize to her sincerely. What do I do?"

"Are you dumb? Is that why you are shaking like a chicken? You should just pretend not to have received it. You aren't a newbie in this field. This should be easy for you to handle. You need to post more videos. Don't mind Chelsea. She's just bluffing. Trust me, she can't do more than an ant," Purple quipped confidently.

Receiving lawsuit letters was a thing now. Most celebrities and even ordinary people that overstepped their boundaries were threatened by whosoever they offended. But the thought of getting sued was so frightening.

It wasn't a new thing for bloggers to get threatened, so Purple didn't understand why he was so flustered.

The internet celebrity argued fearfully. "Chelsea can't do more than a fly, but her lawyer can! I have received such letters in the past, but this one is different because of the kind of lawyer that sent it. I can't afford to offend him. No one in Vertoak ever remained the same after battling with him in court. I don't want to be ruined!"

Purple's face suddenly changed. "What?"

"I really don't know how she got to know that big shot. He's a top gun in the legal field. I almost fainted when I saw his signature on the letter!" the internet celebrity explained, his voice trembling even more.

Purple was shaken up by what he said. With a slightly trembling voice, she asked, "Who is this lawyer you speak so fearfully about?"

"His name is Brayan Collins," the internet celebrity immediately replied.

This name made Purple's heart skip a beat. She bit her lower lip hard. She didn't know what to say now.

Brayan was the most popular lawyer in Vertoak. None of the other lawyers were worthy enough to even touch the hem of his garment. Word on the streets was that he was very arrogant and difficult to approach. Even some rich people weren't able to hire him.

How come Chelsea, an upcoming scriptwriter, was able to do that?

When the internet celebrity got no response from Purple, he said, "I have no idea why you are targeting Chelsea. And I don't even want to know why. I want out now. I'll delete the video and apologize to her."

He grunted and added more firmly, "Just so we are clear, you will bear all my losses if I land into trouble because of this."

Fear had completely gripped him now that Brayan was involved in this matter. A voice in his head told him that he wasn't going to go scot-free.

The internet celebrity didn't know why he was so unlucky this time. He had cooperated with Purple to slander many people in the past and every single one went smoothly. Why was Chelsea's different? He never imagined that he would get a lawsuit letter from such a scary lawyer this time.

Purple blew a short fuse. "You can quit if you want to. I don't give a damn. I already paid you in full, didn't I? Whatever happens next has nothing to do with me!"

Purple satirized him further. "Don't try to act like a saint. You have been making a lot of money by spreading fake rumors about people, haven't you? How dare you ask me to bear your losses? Please don't make things too embarrassing!"

The internet celebrity was ashamed and angry at the same time. "You need to tread carefully. If I go down, I'll take you with me. Believe it or not, I will tell the whole world about how you used me to destroy many people's reputations in the past. Mark my words!"

When Mia sensed that the argument was getting out of hand, she signaled Purple to calm down and

Speak less.

Purple was unwilling to get into a stalemate abruptly. Otherwise, she would be at the losing end.

"Let's not argue about this. Go ahead and deal with the lawsuit threat first," she said simply. After hanging up the phone, she ran wild. She picked up all the throw pillows on the sofa and threw them to the floor angrily.

Things were going downhill for her. It was a shame for her that the video was about to be taken down and her ally had to apologize.

She had lost on all sides.

### [Chapter 139 The Brain Behind I](#)

Mia, who was still shocked and confused, asked curiously, "Did the lawsuit letter come directly from Brayan? How did Chelsea get to know him, let alone afford his service?"

Purple immediately transferred all her aggression to her assistant. "Are you dumb? Do you really not know the answer to that question? It's possible that she got to know Brayan through her ex-husband since he's so rich!"

Oblivious to the fact that her boss was venting her anger on her, Mia still asked in surprise, "But they are divorced now. Why would her ex-husband help her?"

"Aargh! Since you have so many questions, why don't you go and ask her yourself? Don't disturb me!" Purple shouted. It was at this moment Mia realized that she was now the punching bag instead of Chelsea. Thus, she closed her mouth.

Purple suddenly pointed at the door and drove her away impatiently. "I want to be left alone. Leave now!"

She then stormed off into the study and slammed the door behind her.

Mia bit her lower lip out of frustration. She grabbed her bag and left immediately.

Adult life wasn't easy. Working made it harder than it already was. Mia was unlucky to have a boss like Purple. However, she had no choice but to continue working in order to put food on the table.

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Chelsea had no idea that Brayan sent a lawsuit letter to the internet celebrity for her sake. She was still on Twitter when the video suddenly disappeared and the internet celebrity made a public apology to her. This came as a surprise to her.



Bloggers were usually stubborn. They would never admit their mistakes or even apologize just for the sake of money. In the past, bloggers refused to backtrack their words or actions irrespective of if what they said was true or not.

There had been many instances when their accounts were taken down on different social media platforms. But they always registered new accounts and started all over.

Fay came into the apartment all of a sudden. Chelsea looked at her in surprise and said, "Hey, why are you back so early? I haven't prepared dinner yet. Had I known you would come back this early, I would have started cooking earlier than usual."

Since she started to live in this apartment, Chelsea took it upon herself to make dinner for Fay whenever the latter wasn't going out for business meetings with Edmund.

Fay usually came back late in the evenings even on the days she didn't go out with her boss. She always had her hands full at work, so she worked overtime.

But today, she came home even before it was the normal closing hour of the company. This was strange.

Fay said with a smile, "I came home early because Mr. Nelson asked me to get off work and go home to keep you company."

Chelsea was speechless.

Why did Edmund do that?

Why did he think that she needed someone to keep her company? Did he think she was weak-minded?

Chelsea shook her head disappointedly. She hated that Edmund clearly underestimated her now. After all, she had endured the pain of a toxic marriage and a messy divorce. Getting bullied online was nothing compared to what she suffered in the past.

Fay added, "Thank goodness I didn't have much work to do today. I came back after I finished it. Anyway, you don't have to cook tonight. I have already ordered takeout."

This arrangement was fine by Chelsea. At least, it saved her the stress of sweating in the kitchen.

After they both sat down on the sofa, Chelsea told her about the internet celebrity's apology. Fay uttered curiously, "Don't you know why? Well, Mr. Nelson was the one who asked Brayan to send the internet celebrity a lawsuit letter."

Fay had thought Edmund would tell Chelsea about it. However, it turned out that he hadn't said a word since Chelsea was still so confused.

Such a big favor was a perfect way for Edmund to get closer to Chelsea. Fay couldn't understand why he refused to blow his trumpet. She also couldn't tell what he had in mind.

For a moment, Chelsea was too stunned to speak. She didn't understand how Edmund was able to do that. And then it struck her.

Brayan was actually Edmund's friend and partner. Of course, it would be easy to get him to do such a thing. Moreover, Brayan was the one that took care of all the legal affairs of the Nelson Group.

It turned out that the internet celebrity had chickened out immediately after he got served a lawsuit letter by such a top gun in the legal field.

But... Why did Edmund help her?

It was rather odd that Edmund was being of great help to her in clearing this scandal off. Not only did he provide his cash transfer records, but he also made sure that the video was taken down.

"Edmund..." Chelsea's heart was moved. She felt highly indebted to him. Her mind began to go back and forth at this moment. She had to come up with a perfect gift to show her gratitude to him.

When Fay noticed that Chelsea was moved, she seized the opportunity to say, "It might interest you to know that Mr. Nelson cares about you a lot."

#### [Chapter 140 A Gift For Him](#)

Chelsea was shocked by Fay's revealing about Edmund's kindness. She lowered her eyes and said with a smile, "Maybe he is just scared of this issue affecting me so much that I wouldn't be able to complete the script on time."

Fay shook her head and said helplessly, "I'm going to change into more comfortable clothes. We can have dinner when the take-out is delivered."

Immediately Fay left her alone, Chelsea took out her phone and sent Edmund a message to thank him. It read, "Mr. Nelson, Fay told me that you asked Brayan to send a lawsuit letter on my behalf. Thank you very much."

Just as soon, Edmund sent a reply. "Rather than using words, why don't you show me how grateful you are?"

He was subtly implying that she planned a dinner date for them as soon as possible.

"Okay, I'll do that!" Chelsea replied ignorantly.

She sighed dejectedly as she thought of how she was going to get him that pen. Fay was her best option right now. She couldn't go out with everything that was going on.

Fay came back into the room just as the take-out was being delivered. She opened a bottle of wine and sat down to chat with Chelsea while eating.

Suddenly, Chelsea said, "You know I can't go out now, right? Can you help me buy a pen?"

"Huh? A pen?" Fay's eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"Yes, a pen." Chelsea nodded seriously. "Mr. Nelson has helped me a lot recently. I have to give him a gift to express my gratitude for all his help. After thinking about it for a long while, I've decided that a pen is the best thing I can give him right now."

Fay almost spat out the wine that was in her mouth when Chelsea said this in all seriousness. She tried swallowing the liquid with difficulty and ended up choking on it.

When her coughing fit had died down, she looked at Chelsea with red, teary eyes and said, "Well... Chelsea... I don't think this is what Mr. Nelson will be expecting as show of gratitude from you."

Chelsea's knitted eyebrows showed how distressed she was by this issue. "What else do you expect me to do? Knowing the type of person Diane is, I'd better stay away from him and not even try to have dinner with him if I love peace. I've thought about it, and the best thing to do is to give him a gift. Trust me, it's better this way for everyone."

Fay pursed her lips and then sipped on her wine. She didn't know what to say to that.

It wasn't as though Chelsea was totally wrong. She had reason to worry about Diane's reaction, especially considering how hostile the woman had been towards Chelsea lately. If Chelsea so much as got close to Edmund in any way, Diane would never let her be until she was satisfied with her suffering.

Fay knew very well that the relationship between Edmund and Diane hadn't really been a close-knit one recently, but she couldn't say anything about that to Chelsea. After all, it wasn't really her business. As an outsider, she wasn't supposed to know that detail about her boss' personal life.

With all these facts coming into place in her mind, Fay knew she had to agree with Chelsea on this one. "Okay, I'll buy it for you tomorrow morning."

"Great, thank you!" Chelsea said gratefully, and her face finally relaxed.

They were silent for a while, and then Chelsea added, "I know the brand of pen he often uses. You'll go to that shop and get it. When you buy it, you can go and give it to him directly."

Yes, Edmund had a very high taste in everything. Even the pen he used was luxurious and expensive. But Chelsea had to sacrifice and get it for him.

She had to consider the fact that Edmund had a high social status. If she gave him an ordinary pen, it wouldn't show how grateful she was. In fact, the message it would pass on would be that she wasn't sincere.

Fay nodded with a straight face on although she really wanted to laugh.

She couldn't wait to see how Edmund was going to react when he saw the pen. She could already imagine herself dying with laughter.

After the internet celebrity deleted the video and publicly apologized to Chelsea, the horror came to an end, and Chelsea was no longer slandered everywhere. It was now safe for her to go out.

Now, everyone was against Hilton and his son. Some people even found out that they were both addicted to gambling and usually hid crimes and all sorts of bad things for their profit. To the public, both of them were horrible people that didn't have the right to walk freely.

Hilton and his son had just got some money and were about to go and have some fun when they saw what was going around on the internet. They couldn't go out with everyone hating them, so they stayed at home and waited for it to pass.

Garry was so pissed off. "How did the situation suddenly change? And why the hell did we end up being the ones on the receiving end of their hatred?"

Hilton fell on the couch with a heavy sigh and said, "Brayan sent a lawsuit letter. Edmund must have a hand in it. He's the only one that can do this type of thing so quickly."

Garry shook his head and hissed angrily, "What is Edmund trying to do? Haven't he divorced Chelsea? So, why is he treating her even better than he did when they were still married?"