

Mr Nelson 181

[Chapter 181 Visit The Patien](#)

Fay took lunch to visit Chelsea. When Chelsea saw the logo on the food pack, she was surprised. "Why did you buy such an expensive lunch?"

Chelsea was aware that Yusuf was the proprietor of this eatery. It was well-known in Vertoak for both the exorbitant cost and the great meals it served.

Smiling, Fay answered, "Mr. Nelson paid for it. He said you only sprained your ankle last night because of him."

"Thank him for me." Chelsea could only say that in politeness.

After placing the meal on the table, Fay asked, "How's your foot?"

"It's much better. The swelling subsided after the medicine was sprayed on it."

"That's good. If you need any help, let me know."

"Okay."

They made small talk as they ate. The lunch was soon over.

After lunch, Fay got up and said, "I have to get back to work. Do take your rest."

Chelsea nodded and said, "My foot is okay now. You don't need to bring me food."

The implication was that she didn't want to owe Edmund any more favors.

"Okay." Fay agreed readily.

Her presence wasn't needed again. Her boss would come himself.

After Fey had taken her leave, Chelsea made a cup of coffee and went to work on the script. Soon, it was night.

The doorbell rang. Chelsea thought it was Zuri.

However, to her surprise, it was Edmund at the door.

He was holding the same expensive food boxes as the one Fey brought, staring at her with a blank expression on his face.

"You..." Before Chelsea could complete her words, Edmund walked inside the apartment.

"Have you had dinner?" he asked.

"No..." Except for the aroma of the coffee she had drunk, there was no smell of food in the apartment. She couldn't lie.

Edmund placed the food on the table and said, "I've brought some food. Let's eat together."

Chelsea was at a loss for words. She didn't anticipate Edmund being so cheeky. She should have thanked him for bringing her dinner, but she didn't feel at ease with him.

She couldn't drive Edmund away now that he'd sat down, so she washed her hands and sat down next to him.

They were both quiet during the meal.

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They were both quiet during the meal.

When they were married before, they got along very quietly, except when they were having sex.

She couldn't figure out why Edmund, who was normally so apathetic, had changed so drastically whenever they had sex. Every time his passion made her cry out for mercy.

Chelsea had no idea why she had suddenly remembered these scenes. Her face flushed unexpectedly. She coughed quickly to hide her embarrassment.

"Why is your face so red? Are you running a fever?" Edmund asked, as he put out his hand to touch her forehead.

Chelsea, frightened, quickly leaned away. Edmund's hand stopped in front of her.

Chelsea hurriedly answered, "I'm fine. I'm just a little hot."

Edmund awkwardly withdrew his hand, looked at her, and said, "It's only a meal. What's the deal with your blushing?"

Chelsea was speechless.

Of course she couldn't make Edmund find out what she was thinking, or else he would think she was playing hard to get.

She felt angry, thinking of Edmund's arrogance and his conceited look before.

[Chapter 182 Sudden Complimen](#)

Chelsea's chest heaved countlessly as she thought about the past Edmund. Her anger soon got rid of her appetite.

When Edmund noticed that she wasn't eating well, he helped her pick up some prawns and vegetables for the first time in his life.

Chelsea's jaw dropped as she watched him mount food onto her plate. She blinked to make sure this wasn't a dream.

As far as she could remember, Edmund had never done anything for her on his own accord.

Edmund waved his hand at her eye level. "Hey, what are you doing? Eat up, okay?"

"Oh, thank you," Chelsea muttered, snapping out of her thoughts.

She lowered her head and shoved a spoonful into her mouth. Her appetite was strangely restored. She ended up eating too much.

After they were done eating, Chelsea began to think of a way to usher Edmund out. It was then he stared at her intently and asked, "Please can you make me a cup of coffee?"

The first response that came to the tip of Chelsea's tongue was a big no. But she bit it back and declined politely. "Drinking coffee at night is not good. The caffeine would keep you awake."

"Oh, that's great then. I have to work overtime anyway."

Was this his way of insisting on drinking coffee here?

Chelsea frowned slightly. However, she had no choice but to go into the kitchen.

She unarguably made the best coffee among the people around her. This was because she always made cups of coffee for Edmund when they were married. Zuri's mind was always blown whenever she drank the coffee Chelsea made. She always suggested that Chelsea open a cafe.

Perhaps she would have done so if she didn't love scriptwriting and got that good opportunity right after the divorce.

Chelsea stared blankly at the freshly made cup of coffee for a while. She then used the cream to draw a flower on it.

This wasn't to please Edmund. She just wanted the coffee to look more presentable since he was a guest.

Edmund didn't hesitate to take a sip once he received it. The familiar scent assaulted his taste buds and instantly lit up his mood. He had finally tasted Chelsea's coffee after what seemed like ages!

Chelsea saw the emotion on his face. Seeing him drink the coffee she made resurrected a thousand unwelcome thoughts about their marriage.

She didn't want to continue thinking of that, so she came up with an excuse. "I have to finish my work, so I will leave you to enjoy your coffee."

Edmund wasn't a child. He knew she told a lie just to be away from him. However, he didn't stop her. He just got comfortable on the sofa and sipped away.

Chelsea absentmindedly spent several minutes writing a single line of the script. Just as she tried to get herself to focus, Edmund knocked on the door of the study. "I'm leaving."

She quickly came out to see him off. "Drive safe. Goodnight!"

When they got to the front door, Edmund suddenly halted in his tracks. He turned around and muttered her name, "Chelsea."

As Chelsea looked up at him with one of her eyebrows raised, he added in a low voice, "Actually... You are a good woman."

Perhaps she would have done so if she didn't love scriptwriting and got that good opportunity right after the divorce.

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Edmund had no idea why he suddenly blurted out those words. Perhaps it was because of the coffee. Nostalgia had swept over him after drinking it.

Chelsea used to stay by his side obediently, caring him in the past.

He barely took notice or appreciated her kindness at that time. But now, he realized that she had been good to him.

"Thank you." Chelsea had been dying to get complimented by him during their marriage. But since it came now, she felt complicated.

She would never have divorced him if he had said such words to her before.

Once Chelsea saw Edmund off, she immediately called Zuri and told her about what happened. Zuri was surprised. "Does he regret all he did? Why did he compliment you out of the blue?"

This was unlikely in Chelsea's opinion. She immediately refuted, "I don't think so. Edmund is a stubborn man!"

"And so what? Stubborn people are humans too. They can realize their mistakes. Edmund must be regretful. Otherwise, how do you explain why he brought you food, asked you to make him a cup of coffee, and then complimented you?"

Zuri let out a long hiss the next second. "Well, it's too late now!"

Chelsea chuckled. Why was Zuri so sure that Edmund was filled with regret?

Even if he had broken things off with Diane, he could have any woman in Vertoak at the snap of his fingers. Why would he regret losing her now?

[Chapter 183 Unacceptable Truth](#)

Chelsea thought that Edmund sending her dinner was just a one-time thing. But he showed up at her door the next evening.

When she opened the door and saw him holding takeout bags, she didn't want to let him in. "Mr. Nelson, I appreciate your kindness. But you don't have to do this anymore. My foot has recovered."

"No, it hasn't, Chelsea. You got hurt because of me. I won't rest assured until you completely recover," Edmund said calmly, walking past her into the apartment.

Chelsea had no choice but to eat the food he brought with him. Afterward, she made him a cup of coffee like the night before. The night went on peacefully and Edmund left for his house.

The third evening, Chelsea wasn't at home when Edmund arrived.

He rang the doorbell for a long time before he finally decided to call her. Chelsea said from the other end of the line, "Good evening, Mr. Nelson. I'm sorry. I am currently not at home."

Edmund frowned and asked immediately, "Why did you go out? Has your foot fully healed? The doctor said you should stay put!"

Chelsea replied seriously, "I've been applying the ointment judiciously for the last three days. The

swelling is gone and the pain has subsided, so I can move freely."

Edmund let out an exasperated sigh. He then inquired, "Where are you?"

"Out of town," Chelsea replied briefly.

It was obvious she didn't want to tell him her exact location. Edmund gritted his teeth and said reluctantly, "Okay, take care."

"You too, Mr. Nelson."

The call ended on an awkward note. Edmund's heart sank for some weird reason. Staring at the takeout bags he brought, he lost his appetite.

He strenuously had a good appetite for the last two nights when he had dinner with Chelsea.

His appetite had been very bad after the big health scare he had the last time. None of the foods he normally ate appealed to his taste buds. But with Chelsea, he ate just about anything.

Edmund took the food back to his residence. As he nibbled on it, he called Fey and asked her if she knew Chelsea's whereabouts.

Fey answered in the negative. She didn't even know that Chelsea went out of town.

Lost in thought, Edmund tapped his phone screen after hanging up. He then called Zuri.

Zuri immediately became mischievous when she heard his question. "Of course, I know where she is!"

"Where is she? Tell me!" Edmund hurriedly asked.

"She's at Luke's hometown," Zuri replied truthfully, placing emphasis on the last two words.

A pang of pain plagued Edmund's heart when he heard this. "What? Why did she go there?"

"Well, you already know the answer, so I won't bother answering you. You just have to stop living in denial," Zuri intoned with a provocative voice.

Edmund almost blew a short fuse when he heard those words.

He did have an answer in mind, but it was unpleasant. He didn't want to accept it.

Luke's mother was sick. Since Chelsea went to his hometown, she definitely went to visit her. And that meant only one thing.

She cared about Luke so much that her concern extended to his family members. There was a high probability that they might start dating officially soon.

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After Zuri didn't get any response from Edmund, she continued, "Mr. Nelson, you have to understand that it's normal for Chelsea to seek love."

Edmund couldn't hold back anymore. He blurted out angrily, "But she said she loved me. Is this how she shows her love? Chelsea divorced me and vanished into thin air. And now that she's back, she threw herself into another man's arms!"

Zuri cackled on the other end of the phone. She then said mockingly, "Mr. Nelson, you seem to be

forgetting something. You and Chelsea have no vows binding you together anymore. So, she didn't throw herself into another man's arms as you claim. A whole year is enough for a woman to get remarried and even get pregnant for another man after divorce. But Chelsea didn't even give love another chance until now."

These words made Edmund even more depressed. He hung up the phone without uttering another word.

It hurt him so much to learn that Chelsea had decided to move on with another man. However, he didn't want to accept it.

After a few minutes, he picked up the phone, intending to ask Chelsea if what Zuri said was true. But his hand froze. It dawned on him that he had no right to pry into her private life. They were already divorced. Chelsea hadn't agreed to patch things up with him, so she didn't owe him anything.

The fact that she refused to disclose her exact location was enough to indicate her stand.

She wanted to keep him at arm's length no matter what. This went on to say that she wouldn't entertain any questions from him about her love life.

[Chapter 184 Fake Relationship](#)

Edmund was so depressed that he abandoned his food on the dining table. He went upstairs, pulling off the tie on his neck. He fell to the bed as soon as he entered his room.

His mind was in a muddle as he lay motionlessly on the bed. When his eyes fell on the chandelier hanging down from the ceiling, his mind traveled to the past.

Chelsea had bought this chandelier. Edmund vividly remembered that they had just had hot sex when she whispered to him about changing the light in the bedroom. The former one used to be a heavy metal-styled light. According to her, it looked too depressing.

He agreed readily. Such things didn't matter to him. Besides, he always granted her requests if she made them after he fucked her.

Edmund didn't want to think about the past anymore. He looked away only for his eyes to fall on the curtains on the French window. Chelsea bought them too.

In fact, almost everything in this villa was Chelsea's idea. Before he married her, the villa was furnished to his taste. But she changed most of them little by little.

Edmund never took notice of the changes while they were married. It wasn't until after the divorce that he realized Chelsea had made the house look more like a home.

"My goodness!" Edmund raked his fingers through his hair at this moment. He wanted to dispel the

thoughts. Why was he inexplicably sad after their marriage ended over a year ago?

It was true that Chelsea and Luka were in a relationship. However, Zuri hadn't told Edmund the entire truth. She deliberately kept an important detail away from him.

Although Chelsea was with Luka now, they were only pretending to be a couple.

Luke's mother was gravely ill. Her greatest wish was to see her son get married and settle down. Only then could she be at peace.

Thus, Luke called Chelsea and asked her for a huge favor. He wanted her to pretend to be his girlfriend so his mother could rest in peace.

Chelsea readily agreed.

Luke had been nothing but kind to her right from the first day they met. He gave her another shot at life by employing her. More so, he always came to her aid whenever she was in trouble.

Thus, Chelsea went to his hometown to help him.

When Edmund called her earlier, she had just gotten picked up by Luke at the bus stop of his hometown.

With his eyes fixed on the road, Luke asked inquisitively, "Was that Edmund?"

Chelsea nodded. "Yes."

"Does he know about this?" he inquired gently.

"No, he doesn't. I didn't tell him. There's no need for him to know," Chelsea responded, shaking her head.

Luke sighed and continued, "I heard he brought you dinner and showed you utmost care in the last few days. Is that true?"

"Yeah, that's true. I guess he's doing it because he was the one who caused my injury." Chelsea had pondered about why Edmund suddenly became doting. She could only come to one conclusion: he did it because he was sorry.

After all, she wouldn't have sprained her ankle if he hadn't pulled her forcefully that night.

Chelsea reasoned that he would most likely not show up again now that her ankle was healed.

While Chelsea was out helping Luke, Zuri was teunting Edmund the best wey she could. She refused to tell him the entire truth surrounding her friend's trip because she wanted him to be jealous and depressed.

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While Chelsea was out helping Luka, Zuri was taunting Edmund the best way she could. She refused to tell him the entire truth surrounding her friend's trip because she wanted him to be jealous and depressed.

Chelsea had warned her to keep her mouth sealed. Although it was a fake relationship, she didn't want the word to get out to the public. She felt that the news would probably get to Luka's mother since gossip usually spread like wildfire due to social media. She didn't want to make the old lady sad if she found out the truth. That was the last thing she wanted to happen.

Luka checked Chelsea into the best hotel in town. After she freshened up and changed her clothes, he took her to the hospital to see his mother.

He parked the car in the underground parking lot. On the way to the elevator, he suddenly held Chelsea's hand.

She yanked off her hand instinctively. Still looking as calm as ever, Luka explained, "I'm sorry for making you uncomfortable. But I have to hold your hand when we go into my mother's ward. I just wanted you to adapt to it in advance."

Chelsea immediately understood why he did that. She smiled faintly and apologized. "Sorry, I was just startled."

This gesture startled her because she wasn't used to holding hands with a man. Edmund seldom held her hand in the past.

"Not to worry. I'll put on a good show later!" Chelsea vowed, clenching her fist determinedly.

Luka chuckled and remarked, "I believe you. We just have to put up a show in front of my family. We are just ordinary friends while away from my mother and the rest of my relatives, okay?"

He meant to say that he wouldn't do anything inappropriate to Chelsea even though they were acting as a couple.

"Okay." Chelsea nodded, trusting him fully.

[Chapter 185 Do You Want To Find Your Biological Father](#)

Chelsea had known Luka for four years, since she'd first gotten the position of scriptwriter at Peak Entertainment.

She didn't know much about Luka in her first three years of working part-time. At that time, she had studied scriptwriting under Eugene's guidance and was close to him only.

However, that didn't affect her understanding of Luka. He had been in this circle for years and had never been involved in any scandalous issues. He was trustworthy.

Judging by what Luka said, his parents were easy to get along with.

Chelsea found them to be kind after meeting them.

Although his mother, Ella Pierce, looked emaciated because of illness, she wore a warm smile.

Lifting her hand to hold Chelsea's with difficulty, she said, "At first glance, I knew you were a gentle and kind young lady."

Chelsea, who had been mocked by Alena countless times, felt warmth at Ella's praise.

Smiling, she replied, "Thank you for the compliment."

Ella said, "You're a good match for Luka. My age has made me a good judge of people."

Chelsea sat at the edge of Ella's bed. They both conversed with each other in a low voice.

Ella asked, "How did you and Luka get together?"

Chelsea and Luka had previously discussed this topic, so she responded naturally, "We've known each other for several years. We used to be friends. However, we didn't get together until I returned from my trip abroad."

Ella nodded in understanding. She took Chelsea's hands and said sadly, "Luka has never had a girlfriend. This has led to many rumors claiming he doesn't like women. Those rumors made me uncomfortable."

Chelsea could understand how Ella felt. Most of the male stars the same age as Luka had gotten married and had children, but Luka hadn't been involved in any romantic relationship. This brought about the rumors saying he liked men.

When he'd heard the fact that the men kept his chastity became a point to be gossiped about by others?

"Well, now that you're with him, I have nothing to worry about." Ella's hardened face seemed to regain its vigor when she said these words. She was really happy.

Taking Ella's frail health into consideration, Chelsea took her leave.

After Luke had sent Chelsea back to the hotel, she asked him, "Why don't you take your mother for treatment in Vertoek?"

"It's pointless," Luke said sadly, shaking his head. "The doctor said she has only two months to live. I don't want to bother her anymore."

Chelsea's eyes suddenly became teary when she heard this. "You can spend more time with her," she said.

Seeing her sad, Luke comforted her gently, "It's okay. She's been in poor health these days. We've

prepared ourselves mentally for her demise. Although we are sad, we will survive this."

Chelsea nodded slightly.

She had experienced her mother's death. She was young at the time, but it felt like her whole world had collapsed around her.

She still had regrets till now. Her adoptive mother had been kind to her, but she had died before Chelsea could repay her kindness.

A thoughtful expression appeared on Luke's face, and he asked, "Have you ever thought about searching for your biological father?"

Luke was aware that her biological mother had died not long after she was born, but the whereabouts of her biological father were unknown.

Chelsea shook her head and said, "There are so many people in the world. Where would I even start from?"

When she first found out that Hilton was not her biological father, she wanted to find her biological father.

When had the fact that a man kept his chastity become a point to be gossiped about by others?

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But she had neither the money, nor the capacity, nor any connections.

Later, however, she had gotten married to Edmund, who had both the power and the connection, but she didn't dare tell him her secret because of how he treated her.

Luka gently caressed her face and said, "Don't be discouraged. I'll help you find him."

"Thank you," Chelsea said, surprised. She was touched.

Luka replied with a smile, "Don't mention it. Get some rest. I'll go to the hospital."

After a moment's thought, she stopped Luka and asked, "Does your mother have any favorite dishes? I want to cook them for her."

Luka's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Of course. It's the least I can do to make her happy."

Luka and his mother had treated her kindly. She had to repay that kindness.

Luka thought for a while and said, "My mother is not going to be in the hospital much longer. She should be discharged in two days. You can come over to my house to cook. It'll be more convenient."

"Okay," Chelsea agreed. She then saw Luka off.

When she returned to her room, she made herself a cup of coffee, and then took out her laptop to continue working.

However, before she could write a few words, she was interrupted by the phone. It was Zuri. Laughing gleefully at the other end of the phone, she said, "You and Mr. Pierce are the trending topic now."

Chelsea was surprised. "Really?"

She had just been to the hospital with Luka. How could they have been photographed so soon?

Zuri replied, "Yes. Someone photographed Mr. Pierce holding your hand at the hospital."

Before Chelsea could utter a word, Zuri continued, "Are you guys really together? You even hold hands now!"

[Chapter 186 Heartbreak](#)

"It's not true," Chelsea explained immediately. "We were pretending to be a couple. We went to the hospital to see his sick mother. Did they get my face?" Chelsea inquired, worried.

She was recently caught up in the vortex of public opinion. She'd be damned if people found out she was the one holding hands with Luka.

Although Luka didn't have much onscreen presence these days, he was still very popular. His fans would come for her.

Fortunately, Luka had anticipated the situation, and he had her taking precautions in advance.

She had worn a bucket hat with a wide brim and had put on a mask to cover herself.

"You were all covered up. No one took a picture of your face," Zuri reassured her. "I could tell it's you from your back, but no one else knows you as well as I do."

"That's good," Chelsea said, full of relief.

Zuri then inquired about the health of Luka's mother. Chelsea didn't hide anything from her.

Zuri felt sympathy for Luka's mother. "Why do we have to see our loved ones die? It hurts."

"Edmund called me to inquire about your whereabouts. I deliberately implied to him that you were with Luka," Zuri added.

"Why did you say that?" Chelsea asked.

"Because he is a jerk," Zuri snorted.

"Don't let him know you and Luka are not real lovers."

"I won't do that," Chelsea said.

She knew Edmund would think she was still interested in him if she told him the truth.

It was a good thing he assumed she and Luke were together. It would help to create a barrier between them.

Zuri gloated. "He got so mad at hearing what I said that he instantly hung up the phone without saying a word."

"He is always arrogant and often hangs up the phone midway through the call, but you're probably wrong about him being angry," Chelsea said thoughtfully.

Zuri disagreed. "My instincts have always been good about things like this. Believe me. Edmund was really angry."

"Don't mess with him anymore," Chelsea said.

"Fine," Zuri agreed.

They hung up the phone after some light conversation. Chelsea then checked on the news of her affair with Luke.

The subject had become a hot topic. Luke was clearly still popular.

The headline of the news was Luke's mysterious girlfriend.

The headline read that a mysterious woman had visited Luke's sick mother.

After thorough analysis, it was concluded that Chelsea was Luke's girlfriend. She wouldn't have shown up at the hospital at such a time otherwise.

The accompanying photo showed Chelsea holding hands with Luke. Fortunately, the brim of her hat obscured her face, so she wasn't recognized.

Chelsea put away her phone and went back to work without reading the comments.

She didn't care what others thought because they weren't a couple.

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The headline of the news was Luka's mysterious girlfriend.

The headline read that a mysterious woman had visited Luka's sick mother.

After thorough analysis, it was concluded that Chelsea was Luka's girlfriend. She wouldn't have shown up at the hospital at such a time otherwise.

The accompanying photo showed Chelsea holding hands with Luka. Fortunately, the brim of her hat obscured her face, so she wasn't recognized.

Chelsea put away her phone and went back to work without reading the comments.

She didn't care what others thought because they weren't a couple.

Edmund came out of the bathroom after a shower and found he had multiple messages from Yusuf in a group chat on WhatsApp.

The group had four members: Edmund, Yusuf, Chris, and Brayan. The group was named Flowers of Vertoak.

It was Yusuf's idea. The first time Edmund saw the group name, he was tempted to quit the group.

"Have you seen the news?" Yusuf asked. "Chelsea is with Luka?"

"Yeah," Chris said.

"I guess so," Brayan echoed.

"I should not have promised Edmund to assist Chelsea in sending out my lawyer's letter. She's not worth it," Brayan added.

"I've been waiting to see how Edmund would get his ex-wife back. However, I never expected she'd get into a new relationship first," Yusuf quipped.

He finished by sending a series of laughing emojis. Edmund was infuriated to no end. He felt like smacking Yusuf.

"I read the news, but I don't think it's true," Chris said.

"Come on, you've seen the pictures of them holding hands. Why do you still doubt it?" Yusuf asked.

Edmund swallowed his shock and read the news after scanning their chat history. The picture of Luka holding hands with Chelsea stunned him so much that he slumped down on his bed at the sight of it.

He zoomed in on the picture, and saw they were indeed holding hands.

He felt a sudden stab of pain in the chest. He couldn't even breathe properly.

[Chapter 187 Stubborn Man](#)

Perhaps it was because Chelsea had loved Edmund too much that he never thought that she would move on with another man after they parted ways.

To his disappointment, Chelsea was holding hands with another man.

There was a painful lump in Edmund's throat at this moment. He grunted and went to the balcony to smoke.

A few messages continued to pour into the WhatsApp group chat. Yusuf texted comfortingly, "Edmund, are you okay?"

"I don't know if he's okay or not. But I am not. How could this happen?" Chris replied, accompanying it with a sad emoji.

He still couldn't accept the fact that Chelsea, who once loved Edmund with all her heart, had moved on with another man.

Since he was sad by the current development, Edmund was most definitely sadder.

After taking a big puff of his cigarette, Edmund sent a message to the group chat. "Why are you guys so bothered? It's not a big deal. Stop stressing!"

Edmund still put up a strong and unperturbed front even though he was dying inside.

Yusuf's next message read, "I'm glad you are taking this well. Anyway, since you are now single and your ex-wife has moved on, how about I introduce you to another woman?"

"I'm not interested," Edmund replied straightforwardly, biting his cigarette.

No one knew the right words to say after Edmund's resolute response. The group went silent for a while.

By the time Edmund finished his cigarette, he proposed, "How about we go out for a drink?"

"Do you want to drown your sorrows with alcohol?" Yusuf asked immediately.

"Of course not!" Edmund replied.

"Okay, then. See you at our usual spot!" Yusuf replied after cackling for a while.

Chris was on night duty at the hospital, so he couldn't go out for a drink. Breyen, who seldom hung out with the guys because he was married, showed up this time.

It was obvious that Edmund's friends were worried about him. As far as they were concerned, he was heartbroken and badly in need of their comfort and companionship. They could all see through his facade.

The three of them gathered at the private lounge in their usual bar. Once they all settled down, Yusuf asked Edmund, "Dude, can I give you some friendly advice?"

"What is it about?" Edmund inquired with a frown as he poured himself a glass of wine.

Yusuf shrugged and responded, "It's about the way you can win Chelsea back."

Edmund uttered crossly, "And why would I want to do that? Chelsea is already dating Luke! Do you want me to break their relationship?"

Breyen spat out a mouthful of wine as Edmund's sudden roar made his heart skip a beat.

The next second, he burst into laughter. Breaking a relationship wasn't befitting Edmund's status at all.

"Why would I want you to break their relationship? Actually, I want you to profess your love to Chelsea. They haven't got married, have they? Even if they did, they could get divorced." Yusuf didn't realize his

words had struck a nerve until he finished speaking.

Trying to save the situation, Yusuf muttered, "I mean they won't last long..."

No matter what he said afterward, Edmund was still sad.

At this moment, Edmund realized that he was stupid not to have cherished Chelsea while she was still with him. Their marriage had ended because he didn't make any effort to reciprocate her love at that time.

Chris was on night duty at the hospital, so he couldn't go out for a drink. Brayan, who seldom hung out with the guys because he was married, showed up this time.

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At this moment, Edmund realized that he was stupid not to have cherished Chelsea while she was still with him. Their marriage had ended because he didn't make any effort to reciprocate her love at that time.

When Yusuf saw Edmund's gloomy face, he changed the topic immediately. "You know what? Let's not

talk about love or relationships. We should just drink and relax!"

Yusuf took away the wineglass in front of Edmund and handed him a bottle of fresh juice.

Although they were fond of making fun of each other, they all had each other's well-being at heart. Edmund's health was one of the things Yusuf took seriously. He always made sure his friend didn't have too much to drink so he wouldn't land in the hospital again.

Edmund took a sip of the juice. It was sweet, but it didn't meet his needs now.

He needed something that could relieve his pain now. And alcoholic wine could do the trick.

He angrily pushed the glass of juice aside. Afterward, he poured himself another glass of wine.

Brayan kicked against it immediately. "Come on, man! You know you shouldn't be drinking like that. If you fall ill again, Chelsea won't be happy with you."

Edmund's hand froze.

For good measure, Yusuf chipped in, "That's right. Chelsea once took good care of you. Now if you won't stay away from alcohol, how could you repay her?"

These threatening statements worked like magic. Edmund surrendered the glass of wine, intending not to take another sip.

Yusuf and Brayan shared a knowing glance and sighed helplessly.

The mention of Chelsea's name had been effective to stop Edmund from drinking. However, he still refused to admit that he cared about her.

He was so stubborn.

[Chapter 188 Ethan's Rage](#)

The night was far spent by the time the three friends went to their respective homes. Edmund lay in bed, but he couldn't sleep a wink.

His mind was filled with images of Chelsea and Luka holding hands everywhere they went. He then thought of them making out passionately. When an image of them having sex popped up in his head, he sat up immediately.

Edmund tried to wave off the thoughts. However, they kept coming. He tossed and turned on the bed until it was dawn.

With a heavy heart, Edmund got up and put on his workout outfit. He then went out to exercise. He

wanted to sweat out his sorrows and rid his mind of all the nasty and uncomfortable thoughts.

More than an hour later, Edmund came back home from his morning run. He had just taken a shower and felt a little better when his grandfather's call came through.

"Come over right now!" Ethan's roar almost burst Edmund's eardrum as soon as he picked up the call.

His grandfather rarely got this angry, so Edmund figured that he had probably seen the news of Chelsea dating Luka.

"Okay, I'll be there in a jiffy," Edmund said calmly. He threw on some clothes and drove straight to Ethan's house.

A book flew toward Edmund's face as soon as he stepped his foot into the house. He had expected to be attacked, so he instinctively dodged the incoming book.

This annoyed Ethan greatly. He briskly walked up to Edmund and hit him with his crutch several times. While at it, he shouted, "You naughty boy! How dare you dodge that book?"

The picture of Chelsea and Luka holding hands had almost given Ethan a heart attack when he saw it in the news this morning. He clenched his phone tightly until his knuckles turned white.

Although he previously told Edmund he was going to set up Chelsea with another man, he only did that because he wanted his grandson to come back to his senses. He still wanted Chelsea as his granddaughter-in-law. He had thought Edmund would realize he was actually in love with her soon.

After Edmund stood up for Chelsea in public and provided proof to shut down the rumor online, Ethan thought his plan was gradually working, so he was happy. Edmund even wanted to send the troublemaker Sonye abroad.

He felt that it was only a matter of time before they got back together. But he was wrong. Chelsea moved on with another man!

After receiving several painful whacks, Edmund held Ethan's crutch and said, "Grandpa, please calm down. Don't beat me to a pulp. I have to go to the company later."

"Shut up! And let go of my crutch now!" Ethan was even more pissed off.

He wondered where Edmund got his naughtiness from. Definitely not from him!

Ethan wanted to beat some sense into him since he was behaving stupidly. He would have let him go once he completely vented his anger.

However, Edmund behaved as if nothing had happened. For a moment, Ethan thought that his grandson

deserved to be abandoned by Chelsea. After all, which women in her right mind would want to be with such a man?

Sensing that the matter was getting out of hand, the butler cut in, "Sir, you should probably calm down a bit. Getting worked up will do no good to your health."

The butler walked up to them and took the crutch from their hands. Ethan glared at his grandson for a while before he went to sit on the sofa grumpily.

"I'm famished. Is there anything to eat?" Edmund asked the butler, rubbing his belly.

"So, you still have the appetite for breakfast? How gluttonous of you!" Ethan berated him furiously.

"Of course, I have to eat. Remember that my stomach is still recovering. It's inadvisable to skip the most important meal of the day," Edmund responded calmly.

He was hell-bent on having breakfast despite his grandfather's anger.

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He was hell-bent on having breakfast despite his grandfather's anger.

Ethan grunted and looked away sharply. He questioned why God had to give him such a clueless young man as a grandson. He badly wished he could exchange him for a more obedient one.

The butler said to Ethan, "Sir, would you like to have breakfast now?"

"No!" the old man roared ferociously.

As a result, Edmund was the only one that dined at the big dining table.

From the living room, Ethan watched him as he enjoyed the food leisurely. When his anger got the best of him, he stormed to the dining room and took the seat opposite Edmund. He then said disappointedly, "You need to stop slacking off, boy! It has been more than a year since you parted ways with Chelsea. I thought you would be pursuing her by now! All you have to do now is to get close to her and make her see that your feelings are genuine. She once loved you, so she would readily agree to patch things up with you."

Edmund stopped eating and stared at his grandfather.

Ethan continued, "But what are you doing? You are still behaving arrogantly. Even though you didn't put in any effort, you just assumed that Chelsea would come back to you. She's with someone else now. And you will be miserable for your entire life."

"How are you so sure that I will be miserable?" Edmund asked, squinting at him.

"How can I not know? I'm older than you, so I know things that you don't. You will bite your finger in regret one day!"

When Edmund resumed eating, Ethan uttered in a calm tone, "I could take you to a diviner. What do you say?"

"Why do I have to see one?" Edmund inquired, raising his eyebrows.

Ethan replied gently, "We need to find out if Chelsea would ever give you another chance. That way, you would know whether to give up or press on."

Ethan was just pulling his legs now. But Edmund put down his cutlery and pondered for a while. "Fine, let's go."

[Chapter 189 Divination Resul](#)

Ethan was taken aback by his grandson's positive response. He had mixed feelings about this.

Edmund disliked tarot card divination. But why did he agree to go with him? His agreement was a pointer to the fact that he was eager to know how he and Chelsea would end up.

It took him four years to realize her importance to him. Ethan was happy to learn that his grandson was still interested in Chelsea.

However, when he remembered that she was dating someone else now, his heart sank. He feared that she wouldn't accept Edmund back into her heart.

But on second thought, he cheered up and said, "You know what? Don't go to the company today. Come with me."

"To where?" Edmund asked, looking puzzled.

"To the diviner's place, of course!" Ethan replied immediately.

"Oh..." Edmund sighed helplessly.

They soon left to see the fortune teller.

The whole place was eerie when they arrived. When they got into the divination room, they saw that it was dimly lit. A woman with long hair was sitting at a table.

Edmund looked around with a frown on his face. Coming here didn't sit right with him. However, he had no idea why he agreed.

It was rather weird to have one's fortune foretold by an unknown woman. He wanted to leave, but he forced himself to sit down after his grandfather shot him a glare.

The fortune teller nodded her head after Ethan explained the purpose of their visit. She shuffled a deck of tarot cards and spread them on the table. She then asked Edmund to choose one.

He hesitated before he picked one.

The fortune teller tut-tutted as she stared at the card. Showing it to Edmund, she said, "Young man, this represents bad luck. It seems you are not destined to be with that girl. Stop disturbing her. Move on with your life."

A cold sweat broke out on Ethan's forehead when he heard the diviner's statement. He took the card and stared at it for a long time.

"Bullshit!" Edmund cursed and sprang up to his feet. He spun on his heels and stormed out of the room without looking back.

He regretted coming here.

Who was that woman to tell him how he and Chelsea would end up? As far as he was concerned, that was up to him.

Ethan called out to him, "Hey, you spoiled brat! Wait for me!"

Edmund turned a deaf ear and walked out of the door.

"Bad luck, my foot! That tarot card reader doesn't know jack!" Edmund cursed under his breath.

He vowed never to step foot in this eerie place again.

When Ethan finally caught up with his grandson, he gave him an eerie look. "Why did you storm out of there like an angry lion? You never liked Chelsea, did you? Since you threw her love away, why are you so pissed after being told that you two aren't destined for each other?"

This chestisement fanned Edmund's anger. After grunting for a while, he asked, "I'm leaving now, are you coming?"

"No, leave me alone. I won't go with you!" Ethan yelled at him.

Edmund frowned and hopped into the car without looking back. He then told the driver to take him to the company.

Throughout the whole day, he couldn't focus on work. The words that the fortune teller said echoed in his head.

Fey and Leo noticed that he was in a bad mood. They had also seen the news of the relationship between Chelsea and Luke. It had taken them by surprise.

Fey had called Chelsea to confirm if it was true, and she had admitted it.

This recent development dampened Fey's mood. She had been rooting for Chelsea and Edmund to get back together.

But she couldn't interfere now because Chelsea had already made her choice.

The news of Luke being in e relationship spread like e wildfire. The next morning, Luke issued e stetement via the compeny. It reed, "The president of Peek Entertainment is well ewere of the recent news about his love life. However, he won't be entertaining eny questions. His mother is currently ill, so he's esking the public for privecy during this trying time. Thank you."

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When Ethan finally caught up with his grandson, he gave him an earful. "Why did you storm out of there like an angry lion? You never liked Chelsea, did you? Since you threw her love away, why are you so pissed after being told that you two aren't destined for each other?"

This chastisement fanned Edmund's anger. After grunting for a while, he asked, "I'm leaving now, are you coming?"

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This recent development dampened Fay's mood. She had been rooting for Chelsea and Edmund to get back together.

But she couldn't interfere now because Chelsea had already made her choice.

The news of Luka being in a relationship spread like a wildfire. The next morning, Luka issued a statement via the company. It read, "The president of Peak Entertainment is well aware of the recent news about his love life. However, he won't be entertaining any questions. His mother is currently ill, so he's asking the public for privacy during this trying time. Thank you."

Luka didn't deny being in a relationship with the mysterious woman, so it automatically meant that the rumor was true.

Chelsea stayed in Luka's hometown for three days. She got ready to leave after his mother was discharged from the hospital.

The agreement was that she would only make Ella believe that they were dating. She had done just that, so she could leave now.

Chelsea had to attend a book launch in Vertoak. The writer of this book was one of her favorite authors. His name was Roy Ellis. And Zuri had gotten her a ticket to the book launch.

Since her college days, Chelsea had been a fan of Roy's books. She read all his novels in the school library. All of them had been adapted into TV series. Reading the books didn't stop her from watching the series. They were brilliant.

Not only did she like Roy's works, but she also liked his personality. He kept a low profile even though he was loved by many.

This new book was the first he had released after many years. And this was why Chelsea looked forward to attending the book launch.

According to Zuri, her friends in the industry told her that Roy went on hiatus because his wife was sick. He was her major caregiver as she battled for her life, so it took him four years to release a new book.

Chelsea respected him even more when she heard this information.

In her eyes, a real man loved his wife and put her needs first no matter what.

Chelsea cooked many delicious dishes and set the dining table at Luka's childhood home.

Moved by this, Luka's mother Ella held Chelsea's hand and praised her, "Who would have thought that

there was such a good woman in the world? You are beautiful, kind, and a good cook. My son is so lucky to have you in his life. Thank you."

As Chelsea blushed uncontrollably, Luka chipped in, "Mom, you forgot one thing. Chelsea is very talented too. She succeeds in everything she does."

Ella said, "Oh, pardon me. That detail completely skipped my mind. Chelsea, Luka told me that you are very good at scriptwriting. I'm looking forward to watching the next play. Keep up the good work, okay?"

Chelsea felt warm in her heart. Ella was such a kind-hearted woman. No wonder Luka turned out to be such a sweet and easy-going young man.

[Chapter 190 Ferocious Boss](#)

On the top floor of the Nelson Group, in Edmund's office, Fay went over his schedule for the next day.

"Roy is holding a book signing event on the first floor of Fresh Bookstore at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Your meeting with him is scheduled for half past nine. So, you have about thirty minutes to discuss with him."

All of Roy's novels were bestsellers. They had been adapted into TV series, and each was popular among viewers.

Edmund planned to pitch a proposal to Roy to adapt his latest book into a play. He tried to beat everyone else to it by meeting him that early. More so, he was going to offer Roy a good price.

After Edmund nodded attentively, Fay continued, "By the way, I have to say that Chelsea is actually a big fan of Roy. She enjoys reading his books. I heard that Zuri got her a ticket for the event tomorrow, so I believe she will be there."

Edmund sat up on his chair at the mention of his ex-wife's name. He asked doubtfully, "Are you sure about this?"

He had no idea that Chelsea was a fan of Roy. But he knew that she was a bookworm. She always read books during her leisure time.

Fay answered with certainty, "Yes, I am very sure. He's one of her favorite authors. She once mentioned that she looked up to him. She hopes to be as successful as Roy in the scriptwriting field one day."

Edmund was speechless.

He reasoned that Chelsea was rather weird. Other young women were crazy about handsome actors and singers. But she was into a writer.

Edmund leaned back on his chair and thought for a while. He finally inquired, "Is she back yet?"

Fay replied, "Not yet. I think she's taking this night's flight."

Edmund nodded without saying anything. To ease his mind, Fay added, "They aren't married yet. Chelsea doesn't have to be around him and his family all the time."

Edmund's heart skipped a beat when he heard the word "married". He lowered his eyes.

Fay suddenly exclaimed, "Oh my! Is there a possibility that they will get married legally soon just so Luka's mother can breathe her last without any worries?"

Unbeknown to Fay, the whole relationship thing was just an act. She thought Chelsea had been moved by Luka's sincerity and agreed to be his girlfriend.

Her mind had been messed up by the series of soap operas she binged on. As a result, she feared the worst now.

The words Fay said made Edmund more worried. His pulse galloped like a runaway train.

His forehead broke out in cold sweat. The pen in his hand shook uncontrollably. He had never panicked like this in his entire life.

He thought there was a high probability that Luke and Chelsea would get married quickly.

After all, he had done the same thing. Ethen was gravely ill over four years ago. The surgery he had to undergo had a very low survival rate. Everyone in the Nelson family was told to prepare for the worst.

On his sick bed, Ethen ordered Edmund to get married as soon as possible. It was around this time that Hilton and Gerry set him up by sending Chelsea to his bed.

They even took her to the hospital to see Ethen the next day. Once Ethen heard what happened, he insisted that Edmund marry Chelsea immediately.

Edmund's heart belonged to Diane even though she had just broken up with him. More so, he hated Chelsea for climbing into his bed without his consent. He vehemently refused to marry her.

Nevertheless, his grandfather forced him to marry her, insisting that she would make a good wife and he would rest assured even if the surgery wasn't successful.

History was repeating itself now. The only difference was that Edmund wasn't the male protagonist.

He knew that he wouldn't have a chance to win back Chelsea's heart if she got married to Luke.

When Fay noticed that Edmund was down in the dumps, she quickly said, "Pardon me, Mr. Nelson. I was

just guessing."

"If you have nothing else important to say, you can leave now," Edmund ordered, his head still lowered.

Fey did a slight bow and walked out quietly. In the corridor, one of the female employees stopped her.

She pulled her aside and asked inquisitively, "Is the boss in a better mood now?"

Although Fey and Leo were Edmund's assistants, they had dozens of people working under them because the workload was too much for them to handle alone.

Everyone in this department stared at Fey eagerly.

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It occurred to Fay that they had sensed that Edmund was in low spirits today. Perhaps his gloomy state had even put a strain on their mental health.

Despite this, she decided not to hide the truth from them. "I hate to break it to you, but the worst is yet to come. You all have to be extra careful at work, so Mr. Nelson won't transfer aggression to you."

The entire office was filled with wails and grumbles the next second.

The first female colleague said sadly, "The hardship has already begun. I forgot to print out an important material for today's meeting, so Mr. Nelson ordered me to copy it by hand. Where do I start from?"

A male employee bemoaned too. "I accidentally yawned in Mr. Nelson's presence. He said that I'm too lazy due to a lack of exercise. He took me to the company's gym and ordered me to run on the treadmill for over an hour. My bones and muscles are still aching badly."

Someone else quipped, "I received my own share of his anger during lunch break. I was speaking to my girlfriend on the phone while sitting at the open-air bar on the rooftop when I suddenly felt a chill on my back. When I turned around, I saw Mr. Nelson staring daggers at me. Is it a crime to call one's girlfriend in the company? If I recall correctly, there's no rule that bans employees from having a love life or making personal calls during lunch break."

Fay smiled knowingly. She guessed that Edmund had gotten jealous when he witnessed his employee speaking so sweetly to his girlfriend while his love life was in shambles.

The female subordinate suddenly held Fay's hand and pleaded. "Fay, you and Leo are closer to him than the rest of us. Please find a way to cheer him up. We can't continue to walk on eggshells around him. Our anxiety is preventing us from working well."

Fay rubbed her forehead and replied, "I sincerely wish we could help. But we can't. This matter is way beyond us."

Usually, Fay and Leo always took it upon themselves to cheer Edmund up whenever he was depressed

or facing troubles relating to work. But Edmund was distressed about love now. There was nothing they could do to help him out.