

MR. NELSON WINNING HIS EX-WIFE'S HEART

Chapter 2 Getting A Divorce

Edmund's words shattered her last hope.

Everything she did to win Edmund's love went down the drain. It was as if she had made a fool of herself for three whole years.

"I see." With these words, Chelsea released herself from his grip and walked out of the bathroom dejectedly.

Her shoulders were slouched and her walk was unsteady. However, there was a trace of determination on her teary face. Edmund took a step forward, feeling pity for her subconsciously. But his eyes darkened the next second. He remembered what Chelsea did to him three years ago, so he became cold again.

The other members of the Nelson family were already at the dining table by the time Chelsea got downstairs. She was in a bad mood, so she didn't have the appetite to eat. She wiped her tears and concealed her emotions. Afterward, she told Ethan Nelson, Edmund's grandfather to ask the driver to take her home.

A thousand conflicting thoughts ran in Chelsea's head on the way home. She didn't know whether to give up or to continue fighting for her husband's love.

Edmund was clearly in love with Diane. Now that he was expecting a child with her, Chelsea suspected that he would ask for a divorce because he didn't want the child to be labeled as an illegitimate one.

After calculating all the odds against her, Chelsea decided to give up. She didn't want to continue wasting her time and efforts on someone who didn't

love her.

When she got home, she took a shower and fell asleep.

Deep in her slumber, she felt someone bite her lips hard. It was as if the person was lusting after her and punishing her at the same time.

The room was dark, so she couldn't see who it was. However, the breath was familiar. It was Edmund. Why was he back tonight? Shouldn't he be with his lover?

And then it struck her. Since Diane was currently pregnant, it would be inconvenient for her to satisfy Edmund in bed.

The thought of being his second choice angered Chelsea. She pushed him away, turned on the

bedside lamp, and got off the bed.

Chelsea straightened her messy pajamas and stood barefoot on the floor. Looking at Edmund, who was sitting on the bed sulkily, she said, "Edmund, I want a divorce."

"Enough already!" Edmund's eyebrows were knitted. He looked so displeased and impatient.

He had been on a business trip for several days. He was so horny that he wanted to relieve himself immediately.

He couldn't help kissing Chelsea when he saw her on the bed. Her instinctive moan had increased his desire. He was just about to take things up a notch when she pushed him away. Now, his groin was aching so badly.

In Edmund's eyes, she only refused him to play hard to get.

The bitterness in Chelsea's heart was simmering up to the surface. But she took a deep breath to push it down. She said firmly, "I'm serio

us, Edmund. Let's get a divorce!"

Edmund's face darkened.

He adjusted his position by leaning on the headboard of the bed. He squinted at her and asked, "Are you sure?"

Chelsea pursed her lips and stared back at him in silence.

"Chelsea, did you think this through at all? Have you suddenly forgotten that the company your father and

brother have been running is on the verge of bankruptcy? If not for the timely intervention of my family, it would have been long gone. Do you have any idea how much I've invested in that company?" Edmund raised his voice.

His angry tone made Chelsea's heart skip a beat. Her body shook and her face flushed with shame.

As much as Chelsea hated to admit it, Edmund was right. Her father had sent her to his bed three years ago because the company was facing a serious crisis.

It wasn't her intention to trick him into marrying her. She had tried to explain things to him in the past few years. However, Edmund didn't give her a listening ear. She was guilty in his eyes.

"I don't give a damn about the company anymore. I've served you like a slave for three years just so you can

continue to help them. If the company crashes now, they deserve it." Chelsea put on an indifferent expression.

A storm suddenly gathered in Edmund's eyes. "Are you trying to tell me that this marriage was only a deal to you?"

"What else is it?" Tears welled up in Chelsea's eyes. She patted her chest to prevent herself from breaking down. "There has never been love in this marriage of ours. You love someone else. You never look at me except when you want to have sex with me. I'm just a pleasure tool to you. What else is this marriage if not a deal?"

"Okay. Fine!" Edmund gnashed his teeth in anger.

"Are you really willing to give up this comfortable life? I gave you everything a woman could ever need

except love. Is love more important to you than survival?"

His contempt and ridicule made Chelsea's blood boil. Indeed, he had taken care of all her expenses for the past few years. But that didn't mean she couldn't survive on her own. Biting back the insults she badly wanted to say, she flashed him a gentle smile and looked straight into his frightening eyes. "Thank you for the reminder. But as you can see, I'm not disabled, nor am I stupid. I can take care of myself. No matter what I won't starve to death."

The years she spent as a part of the Nelson family were hell. None of the family members liked her except for Ethan.

Chelsea was determined to get back on her feet after divorcing Edmund. After all, she had graduated from a top university before becoming a housewife.

Edmund sneered and rolled his eyes. "Have it your way then. I'll call the lawyer and tell him to prepare the divorce agreement. Let's sign it at half past eight tomorrow morning."

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