

Mr Nelson 211

[Chapter 211 Alena Can't Accept Failure](#)

Then Alena was sent to the hospital for gastric lavage treatment. As Edmund expected, she was soon out of danger.

He stood in front of his mother's sickbed and stared at her face. He felt a series of strange emotions watching her.

Since when did his mother and sister become so bad?

Was it really because of Chelsea?

His thoughts wandered off on another tack. He was convinced it wasn't Chelsea's fault.

Sooner or later, they would quarrel with him over something. It was in their nature to pin the blame on others when they were the culprits.

The reason why Edmund and Alena hadn't quarreled in the past was because they had a similar standpoint then.

As Alena wanted, Edmund excelled both in his studies and career.

When Edmund was with Diane, Alena was overjoyed.

Later, Edmund married Chelsea and there was a stirring of trouble. However, when she came to learn Edmund didn't love his wife, she was quite satisfied.

But all hell broke loose when Edmund said he wouldn't marry Diane. This wasn't what Alena had planned for her son.

Edmund considered himself an independent man who had the right to make his own choices. How could he be expected to live his life as his mother pleased?

Having worked in the business circle for so many years, Edmund never thought his biggest enemies would be his own family.

The next day, when Alena woke up, Edmund was still beside the bed.

He took good care of his mother but wouldn't mention Chelsea or the lawsuit.

It was Alena who couldn't avoid the topic. "Don't you care about me?" she asked, her voice husky with

anger.

Edmund turned around and poured her a glass of water, pretending as if nothing had happened. "If Chelsea was really raped by those two men that day, Sonya would be in big trouble."

Alena's face flushed with rage, and she roared, "But she is all right, isn't she?"

Edmund stopped pouring water. How could his mother sound so casual about someone else's life?

Neither Sonya nor Alena thought other person's life was of any value!

"Yes, she's fine because the police arrived in time. Lucky for Sonya, she won't be sentenced for a long time." Edmund was very disappointed in Alena and nothing she said or did could surprise him.

Alena's emotions see-sawed from anger to fear. "Why is my life so miserable? My own son doesn't care to make my life good!"

Edmund was tired of her outpour of emotions. With a tinge of impatience, he said, "Since you are awake and fine, I am leaving. I have something important to deal with in the company."

Then he turned around and left, leaving Alena crying.

Chris was waiting for Edmund outside. He had managed to hear what was happening inside. He couldn't help but sigh, "Why does your mother take things too personally? She shouldn't have picked a fight with you. It might be hard to fix things if it goes like that. At the end of the day, she needs your support. Moreover, you haven't done a thing to hurt Sonya. You are simply trying to make sure she learns her lesson. How else can she become a better person?"

Hearing the wailing in the ward, Edmund sneered and said, "It's not that she takes things personally. She's dissatisfied that I haven't done what she wants me to do. She enjoys dictating other people's lives. It is her desire to control me."

After a pause, Edmund continued, "Besides, once Sonya is sentenced in jail, the whole world will come to know about the upbringing she has given her daughter. My mother is a strong woman. She can't accept failure, so she is trying to avoid it."

Hearing Edmund's analysis, Chris was momentarily stunned. Edmund had managed to analyze Alena's mind correctly.

[Chapter 212 Mistake It For Weakness](#)

After thinking about it for a while, Chris suggested, "Should we find a psychologist to help her? I'm afraid that your mother's condition will get worse with time if this goes on."

"Well, this is a nice idea but do you actually think she will agree to it?" Edmund knew it would be

impossible to convince her.

From what he knew of Alena's personality, she would probably end up kicking the psychologist.

After Chelsea was discharged from the hospital, Luka went back to his hometown to accompany his mother. It was believed that he had postponed all his work apart from the preparatory work of The Crown.

As for the company's management, it was handed over to Luka's partner who had never appeared and was referred to as N.

Since Luka's partner was still abroad, he would hold a teleconference on every Monday, listening to the reports of the people from the various departments. He gave proper instructions on relevant affairs.

No one knew the real name of Luka's partner and they could only speculate the reason behind him using the name "N".

Most of them agreed that this man wanted to remain a mystery.

What was more surprising was that this man used a voice changer in the telephone meeting. In spite of these peculiarities, no one dared to deny that this man was very capable. He often pointed out things that nobody else could. His extraordinary leadership skills were evident to everyone.

Before leaving, Luka told Chelsea that Edmund proposed that she try to be the scriptwriter of Roy's new book. Chelsea was shocked to hear that.

When had Edmund started to think so highly of her? Why was he proposing such a big thing?

Luka, understanding her confusion, said encouragingly, "I think it's a good opportunity. You should give it a try."

Chelsea had no desire to cooperate with Edmund. However, here they were talking about Roy's new book. It was a big deal and quite tempting. She had dreamed of working with Roy since forever.

And now Luka too was persuading her to do it. In the end, Chelsea gave in and decided to try it.

She reminded herself that her draft wouldn't pass probably. But it was still worth a shot.

Zuri had no work recently so she paid Chelsea a visit often. She had her meals at Chelsea's apartment ever since she was discharged from the hospital.

Chelsea could tell her friend was doing this out of genuine concern.

The two of them didn't disturb each other and stayed out of each other's way. When Chelsea was working, Zuri would sit on the sofa and watch a play by herself. Other times she would study the script of her new play.

That morning, as soon as Zuri entered Chelsea's apartment, she exclaimed, "Shit, I heard that Edmund's mother attempted suicide."

Chelsea, who had been busy making coffee, was stunned. "What?" she asked, unable to believe her ears.

Alena had committed suicide?

After kicking off her shoes, Zuri came in and handed the news screenshot to Chelsea. "Yes and it is all over the Internet."

Zuri surfed the Internet all day long. Hence she was up to date with everything.

"Here is a picture of Edmund with disheveled hair, taken in the middle of the night from the hospital. Someone confessed to hearing Edmund and his mother quarrel over his sister's matter. It was deleted immediately. Fortunately, I took a screenshot in time."

Zuri continued to say, "I guess Alena must be dissatisfied with Edmund's indifference to Sonya. That's probably what led to this quarrel."

Zuri realized Chelsea hadn't said a word and she had done all the talking. Turning to Chelsea, she said, "Don't tell me you feel sorry for Edmund!"

Without waiting for Chelsea's response, Zuri said with a note of warning in her voice, "I'm telling you, don't be softhearted and withdraw the lawsuit. You need to sue Sonya for what she did. Alena is doing all this in the hope that you would give up. Sonya, that bitch, deserves to be punished!"

Chelsea regained her senses. Shaking her head, she said, "Of course I won't withdraw the lawsuit. I'm surprised Edmund isn't trying to please his mother and sister this time. I was expecting him to threaten me into withdrawing the lawsuit."

Zuri snorted and said, "How dare he! If he continues to protect his family, I won't let him go!"

With a smile, Chelsea handed a cup of coffee to Zuri and asked, "Is Alena fine?"

Taking a sip of the freshly brewed coffee, Zuri sighed with relish and said, "Don't worry. How could someone like Alena really hurt herself? I guess her suicide is just a show. People like her can only torture others brutally. When it comes to themselves, they are very careful. She won't leave the world so soon."

Zuri spoke ill of Alena with a fierceness.

Chelsea said nothing but continued to sip her coffee, mulling over something.

Even though she didn't admit it, Alena's suicide attempt had made her waver in her pursuit to get justice.

She had a kind heart and wouldn't want anyone to be harmed because of her. She almost told herself she should forgive Sonya. And she wouldn't be regarded as the one creating a rift between Edmund and his family. After all, at the end of the day, she was neither harmed nor raped. Wasn't it fine to let it go?

Once these softer emotions faded, she shook her head and told herself that it wouldn't be fair. Sonya could do something like this again in the future. It would be wrong to let her walk freely.

If Chelsea withdrew the lawsuit, Sonya could mistake it for her weakness and perhaps think she was easy to bully. Then she might attempt something more extreme in the future.

Taking a sip of coffee, Zuri was reminded of something. Turning to Chelsea, she said, "Did you hear that Diane terminated her contract with the Nelson Group? She has set up her own film and television company."

[Chapter 213 Go On A Business Trip Together](#)

"Yeah, I know," Chelsea said. It was impossible not to be informed about it when the news was everywhere.

A few days ago, it was exposed that Diane had been hyping her relationship with Edmund. After that, she announced that she was going to terminate the contract with the Nelson Group. She also went ahead and announced the establishment of her own film and television company, called Fairyland Culture.

Coming from Diane, it wasn't much of a surprise. Besides, she had nothing to worry about financially since she had a strong capital from Philip.

Instead of staying in the spotlight as a star and receiving insults from the public, she preferred to set up her own company where she was going to be boss.

"I heard that she had been poaching people like directors, scriptwriters and stars. If an evil person like her led a company, it will definitely become a bad one in the entertainment circle, and will cause trouble for everyone," Zuri said with a frown.

Chelsea nodded in agreement. "You're right. If she doesn't do things right, then her company won't hold out for long."

Zuri nodded and added, "I heard that Diane also wants to buy the copyright of Roy's new book. She's

going to make the scriptwriters of her company participate in the competition for the right of adapting."

Chelsea frowned slightly when she heard this. She hadn't heard about this particular fact, but she had a bad feeling about it.

She wasn't sure why she was feeling this way about it, but it was making her anxious. She sipped at her coffee, hoping it would help with her uneasiness.

Since it was a trial test and Roy only wanted the best, he chose the most complicated part of his book and sent to film and television companies for the scriptwriters to adapt.

It only took Chelsea one day to finish adapting the extract that Roy sent. When she was done, she e-mailed it to Luka and Edmund.

After reading it, Luka called Chelsea. When she came in, he said with a smile, "This is great work! Both the plot and the language are excellent. I'm sure you'll win."

"Thank you," she answered shyly.

Edmund just replied, "Good work."

"Thank you," she texted him.

After that, they didn't exchange any other words.

Two days later, Chelsea received a call from Fay. Roy had chosen several companies after the work they handed in, and wanted them to go to Norrmalm where he was going to take his final decision. Fay just wanted to inform Chelsea that she would be going with Edmund.

As expected, Chelsea wasn't pleased to be going on a trip alone with Edmund. As a matter of fact, it unsettled and upset her.

Their relationship was in a very complicated and embarrassing state. Going on a business trip together wasn't going to help the situation in any way. She didn't even want to be in the same room with him, what more of being alone on a long trip with him? "Why don't you go? Why does it have to be him?" Chelsea pouted although Fay couldn't see her.

Fay chuckled and said, "Who exactly do you think I am in this company? I'm not qualified to negotiate such a big project. Mr. Nelson has to be there personally to take care of it."

"Okay then. When are we going?" she asked with a helpless sigh.

Fay couldn't help but laugh at Chelsea's reaction. "You know, Mr. Nelson has changed a lot. You have no reason to be nervous."

Chelsea just sighed. She wasn't nervous or scared. She just felt embarrassed, but there was no need correcting Fay.

If only Edmund had kept his mouth shut and kept his thoughts to himself that day in the warehouse, then she wouldn't have had any problem being in his presence. Why did he have to tell her that he still loved her?

Fay just shook her head and continued, "Mr. Nelson has booked flight tickets for Norrmalm and the plane takes off this afternoon. You will be able to rest after you arrive, since you'll be meeting Roy tomorrow morning. So, pack your things now. The driver will come to pick you up soon and take you to the airport."

"Okay." They hung up, and Chelsea started packing.

Forty minutes later, the car Edmund had arranged came to pick Chelsea up. During the whole ride to the airport, she didn't see any sign of Edmund, and he didn't contact her either.

Since he didn't show up throughout the ride, she sincerely hoped that he would be late, and then miss the flight. That way, she wouldn't have to go with him.

However, Chelsea's hope was shattered when she got into the VIP lounge and saw Edmund.

He stood there looking elegant in a black suit and talking on the phone. He didn't even realize that almost everyone was looking at him with admiration.

With a dejected sigh, she pushed her suitcase and went in.

Edmund glanced at her from the corner of his eyes and continued talking on the phone as if he hadn't seen her.

Deciding to ignore him, Chelsea went in and chose the farthest seat from Edmund.

Settled in her seat, Chelsea took out her phone and was about to put it on when she saw a shadow cover the light above her.

She closed her eyes as if praying for courage, and then looked up to find Edmund arrogantly sitting on the sofa beside her.

"Mr. Nelson," she greeted with a forced smile.

Edmund nodded, and then made a barely audible sound in his throat in reply.

Chelsea was relieved that he wasn't going to talk to her, but a few seconds later, he said, "Why are you sitting so far away from me? Are you scared of me?"

"Of course not! I just didn't want to interrupt your call!"

Edmund snorted and said, "You know, you are really good at lying."

Chelsea rolled her eyes and tried to keep her calm.

Why did he have to expose her like that?

Couldn't he be well-mannered and try maintaining a respectable relationship with her?

[Chapter 214 Carry Her Bag](#)

Chelsea stared down at her phone after hearing Edmund's statements and decided she no longer wanted to talk to him.

At this moment, there was a sharp sound of high-heeled shoes and a delightful scent. Diane entered the VIP lounge, swaying.

Chelsea turned her head and saw Diane. She seemed somewhat surprised.

Gerry, who Chelsea knew well, was standing next to Diane.

Chelsea couldn't be more thrown off! Was Diane going to Normalm for Roy's interview? With Gerry?!

Gerry was known as a director, but it was common knowledge that many directors also had a knack for writing.

Before Chelsea could regain her composure, Gerry had already walked up to Edmund and said, "Hello, Mr. Nelson."

Gerry handed Edmund his business card. "Because of you, Mr. Nelson, I'm now a scriptwriter rather than a director. Here is my updated business card."

Hearing Gerry's words was quite upsetting. When he said that he was no longer a director because of Edmund, what exactly did he mean?

At the time, Gerry was blacklisted. Didn't he deserve what he got for being such a horrible person?

Why did he now accuse Edmund?

What a brazen individual he was!

Chelsea realized that her expression was getting a touch out of hand at the time.

Edmund was unfazed and hesitantly took Gerry's business card.

He gazed down at the business card with an invisible iciness in his eyes, but no one noticed.

When Gerry reached for another business card to hand to Chelsea, Edmund cut him off and warned, "Stay away from her."

It wasn't clear to Gerry what was going on. In a sneer, Edmund said, "You don't deserve it."

Gerry's facial expression was far worse than being sick.

Even Diane was fuming with rage. Gerry was now a scriptwriter for her firm. Edmund's mockery of Gerry was a smack in the face for her as well!

What's more, it really pained Diane that Edmund openly sided with Chelsea.

What was it about Chelsea that drew Edmund's attention to the point of obsession?

Diane ground her teeth in venom.

Then, in a level tone, Edmund suggested to Chelsea, "Let's get something to eat."

After that, he got to his feet and walked out. Chelsea did not have time to resist, so she hurriedly pushed her suitcase and followed Edmund.

To avoid the disgust of sharing a room with Diane and Gerry, Chelsea preferred to stay with Edmund.

Together, they departed from the VIP lounge. Chelsea inquired, "Is it lunchtime or dinnertime now?"

Edmund looked at her but did not speak. He whirled around and pushed his suitcase forward.

Chelsea, however, kept her position since she could tell from Edmund's eyes that he was making fun of her folly.

Obviously, he was just trying to get out of the lounge.

Chelsea gritted her teeth and debated whether to follow him and decided to anyway.

Both of them sat in a cafe and placed separate coffee orders.

"It's way worse than what you've prepared," Edmund commented after taking a sip.

Chelsea felt powerless. After only one drink, was it right to say the coffee wasn't good?

Not deterred, she politely thanked him and got to work on her computer.

Since Edmund was fixated on her face, this was also an attempt to divert her attention.

She sat at her computer for a long time, acting calm. She finally snapped and asked him, "What's with my face?"

"Nothing." Edmund denied it and turned his gaze away.

Edmund was ashamed to acknowledge that he'd been glancing at her just now because it had been days since they'd seen one another.

Even though he was aware that Luka had returned to his hometown and was not with her, he did not visit her. Because of Sonya, he feared Chelsea would look repulsed when she saw him.

He now saw why Chelsea couldn't continue to fight for their marriage back then.

Being treated coldly all the time could wear a person down emotionally and physically.

When Chelsea noticed that Edmund had turned away, she felt a sense of relief. She lowered her gaze to the computer and kept writing The Crown's script.

She had accomplished a great deal in a short amount of time and had written well over half of the piece.

However, she was aware that the work was substantial, so she hastened to do it.

Edmund took advantage of Chelsea's concentration on her task to steal another glance at her. Inexplicably, he felt joy when he looked at her straight nose, long eyelashes, facial features, and disposition.

Edmund finished his coffee in silence, sometimes casting a glimpse at the pretty woman in front of him.

A newfound appreciation for the aesthetic value of beauty dawned on him today.

When the boarding call sounded, Chelsea quickly shut down her computer and followed Edmund into the plane with her luggage.

As soon as she left the cafe, she felt that the heavy weight on her hand had vanished. Edmund, it turned out, had taken the bag from her grasp.

When she went out, she preferred to carry a large bag since she could easily fit her computer and other

little items inside. But it was quite heavy to move around with the bag.

Chelsea, however, did not think Edmund would offer to assist her in carrying the bag. Edmund then took her suitcase too.

As a result, Chelsea's hands were empty, whilst Edmund pushed their suitcases with one hand and held Chelsea's bag with the other.

Chelsea regained her senses and raced to catch up with Edmund, saying, "Well, I can handle it myself..."

The caring of Edmund was something she just could not afford.

[Chapter 215 Leave Angrily](#)

Without changing his mind, Edmund walked towards the gate. Chelsea let him take the luggage since she didn't want to squabble in public. They saw Diane when they entered the cabin. Since they were all in business class, they met Diane and Gerry. Diane was sitting close to Chelsea and Edmund.

As the flight proceeded smoothly, Chelsea pushed her chair back and put her eye mask on to sleep. This way, she wouldn't have to talk to Edmund and Diane. Edmund didn't try to rest. He just sat there and concentrated on work. Diane tried to strike up conversations with Edmund several times, however, he didn't even spare her a glance. She was furious and quietly gritted her teeth.

It wasn't a long flight and they soon landed. Chelsea and Edmund took a car to the hotel. However, when they arrived at the hotel to check in, they met Diane and Gerry again. Was this really a coincidence at this point?

It was clear Diane had checked Edmund's hotel address, so she booked the same hotel to meet them on purpose. She had also checked the flight they took. There was no way Edmund wouldn't notice when even Chelsea had figured it out. However, he didn't want to talk to them. After collecting the room card, he showed Chelsea to her room. "You can rest now. We will have dinner later."

Nodding her head, Chelsea did as he asked. She hadn't expected Edmund would ask the hotel restaurant to send food to her room for dinner though. Standing at her room door, Edmund asked, "Do you want to have dinner in my room or yours?"

Chelsea's mouth opened, but she couldn't form an answer. She felt it was inappropriate to eat in the room of either of them.

"It's late now. We can either have dinner in one of our rooms, or in the restaurant downstairs. Do you want to head downstairs and meet those two again?" Edmund asked. He knew what she was thinking. Not waiting for her answer, he beckoned to the waiter to push in the food trolley.

Chelsea could do nothing now that he had made the decision. She washed her hands and sat down at the table to have dinner with Edmund. She was able to stay in such a luxurious suite thanks to Edmund.

The waiter placed the dishes on the table and left. Edmund ordered a bottle of red wine as well, but Chelsea obviously wasn't interested in having any. Edmund poured her a glass and asked, "Why not have some? I know you can hold your liquor."

"I'm going to be busy tomorrow, so I can't drink. I don't want to get a hangover." Truthfully, she simply didn't want to drink with Edmund. She felt it was inappropriate to drink with her ex-husband at a hotel in the nighttime.

"I think you can drink as much as you want. It won't be a big deal if you down this bottle," Edmund said, holding her gaze.

Chelsea was uncomfortable. Was he praising her or being sarcastic? She took a sip of wine in order to get him off her back. Her phone rang just as they began to eat. It was a call from Luka.

Chelsea got up and walked over to the bedroom, leaving Edmund at the table. Edmund immediately became upset. He had been so happy to be with Chelsea, however, Luka's call reminded him that Chelsea was now Luka's girlfriend.

"Had dinner yet?" Luka asked Chelsea on the phone, his voice full of tenderness. Luka was aware that Chelsea and Edmund were on a business trip together. Chelsea had told him about it before they left. It was business, so Luka understood and wasn't unreasonable.

Chelsea told everything after thinking for a while. "I'm eating. Mr. Nelson and I are having dinner in my room," she said, being honest.

Luka chortled. "You don't have to give me the details, Chelsea. I'm only your boyfriend in name after all. I trust you won't do anything with Edmund."

Chelsea was touched by Luka's trust and tolerance. They discussed the negotiation she would handle the next day after that. Luka reassured her and said she would succeed for sure. There was a smile on her face when she returned to the table.

Edmund's heart hurt at the sight. She didn't smile at him all the way from Vertoak till that very moment. Yet she was smiling so happily now. It seemed Luka made her happy. Edmund turned away and downed the wine in his glass.

Chelsea was surprised to find the wine bottle empty as she put her phone away and sat down. "Did you really drink the whole bottle?" She was shocked.

He hadn't eaten his food, but he drank all the wine. Had he forgotten he had a stomachache? He wasn't supposed to drink too much.

Edmund didn't bother pretending. "I am in a bad mood. I didn't realize when I drank it all."

Chelsea was powerless. What made him seem so sad? Was it Luka's call? Chelsea decided to ignore him and finish her meal. She picked up the knife and fork and continued to eat.

Seeing Chelsea's indifference, Edmund's mood worsened. He took the glass he had poured for her and downed that as well. Chelsea almost jumped from the shock of his sudden movement. Why did he drink her wine? It was an indirect kiss!

Seeing her anger, Edmund explained as if it wasn't a big deal, "You weren't drinking anyway."

Having enough, she finally answered him, "I already had some though!"

Edmund's brows raised. "So what?"

Chelsea was angry enough to laugh. What a shameless man! As she was fuming, Edmund got up all of a sudden. "I'm done eating." He then turned around and left.

Chelsea was perplexed. Shouldn't she be the one who was angry? Why was he the one going off in a sulk?

[Chapter 216 A Happy Foe](#)

After Edmund left in a huff, Chelsea lost her appetite.

Then she realized she was torturing herself because of an insignificant person.

In order to have the stamina to handle tomorrow's interview, she needed to have a good night's rest and a healthy meal tonight.

She returned to her seat at the table and resumed her meal.

The hotel's gourmet fare was a highlight of their stay. Chelsea's stomach was so full that it had begun to protrude.

Additionally, her negative feelings were digested. After some consideration, she reached for her phone and texted Edmund. "Mr. Nelson, would you want to eat something?"

Tomorrow, they were scheduled to talk with Roy face-to-face. She was scared that if he became sick from stomach pain, she wouldn't be able to manage it on her own.

Edmund swiftly responded, "Why are you so concerned about me?"

Chelsea exhaled deeply and responded, "So that tomorrow's work goes off without a hitch."

Chelsea's door was promptly knocked on by Edmund after she had sent the message. She opened the door and asked him inside.

Edmund gazed at the table's empty plates. He could not resist inquiring, "Did all these go into your stomach?"

"Yes," Chelsea said honestly.

Edmund clenched his teeth and muttered, "You are a fantastic eater!"

Just now, he was so upset that he refused to eat and then left. How could she eat with such joy?

In all honesty, he had to concede that he was completely powerless over Chelsea at this point.

Chelsea was rendered speechless.

Not any woman would like to be told that way. She was no exception.

It explained why he was married and afterward divorced. He earned it immensely.

"Have fun." This was the last time Chelsea wanted to speak with him. She retreated to her bedroom.

Out of sight, out of mind.

Edmund departed after supper, as it was no longer early.

They left for Roy's house early the next morning. His residence was lavish, and it was situated in the prominent area of Norrmalm.

For Chelsea, it was her first visit to such a place. With a sense of wonder in her eyes, she took a glance around. She suddenly heard Edmund question, "Do you desire such a villa?"

Without hesitating, Chelsea said, "No, I don't."

She was only curious and wanted to peek. Why would she want it?

Edmund gave her a thoughtful look and added, "Do you not have a boyfriend? Just tell him what you want, and he'll get it for you."

Chelsea's anger was so great that she clenched her teeth. Edmund was laughing at Luka's talent for making money.

Edmund belonged to the affluent Nelson Group. He could have bought such a property easily, but Luka lacked what appeared to be the financial wherewithal to do so.

She couldn't place her finger on what gave Edmund his arrogance. Did money make the world go round?

She deliberated for a bit, then said, "Money may not purchase everything."

Even though Chelsea had anticipated an unfavorable response from Edmund, he surprised her by saying, "Indeed."

Chelsea gazed at him but remained silent.

The two of them ran into Diane and Gerry as they followed Roy's assistant through the entrance hall.

Diane and Gerry exhibited complacency. It seemed they had had a good conversation with Roy.

Diane remarked to Edmund with a broad grin on her face, "Mr. Nelson, wish you good luck."

Edmund left with Chelsea while ignoring her.

Diane's teeth were gnashed and she no longer had a grin on her face. Gerry gave her reassurance, "They will be crying later. What's the point of stooping to their level?"

Diane grinned triumphantly once again as she imagined what Edmund and Chelsea would be facing.

Edmund was wealthy and Chelsea was gifted, but was this advantageous? They weren't as scheming as Diane. How could they have an upper hand?

[Chapter 217 Plagiarism](#)

Edmund and Chelsea entered the living room from the entrance hall. The living room was flooded with light from the French windows. It exuded a calm and pleasant atmosphere. Chelsea sighed softly, thinking of how pleasant the life here could be.

Imagining she would live here, there wouldn't be a shortage of ideas for her writing with so much peace and beauty surrounding her every day.

Roy exited the room. He had maintained a steady demeanor. However, he lost his composure as his eyes landed on Chelsea. "You!"

Roy's peculiarity went unnoticed by Chelsea. She offered an honest and timid bow before introducing herself. "Mr. Ellis, it's a pleasure to meet you. My pen name is Winter, and my name is Chelsea."

The introduction pulled Roy out of his trance.

He soon regained his composure and extended his hand while saying, "Hello, Chelsea."

He then shook Edmund's hand and said, "Mr. Nelson, please come in."

Edmund bowed his head slightly and then stepped inside Roy's study with Chelsea.

Chelsea was too enthralled just now to see Roy's shocked expression, but Edmund saw it.

Edmund believed that Roy ought to be a self-controlled individual. Unexpectedly, he suddenly lost his composure when he saw Chelsea. Why was that?

This was not the moment to be concerned about such specifics, though.

Edmund and Chelsea were asked to sit on the sofa by Roy. The servant served them coffee.

Roy found himself looking at Chelsea again.

He saw a familiar face in the girl before him.

"Let's get started, Mr. Ellis." Edmund was the first to speak up.

Roy might have been an esteemed senior writer, but he was still a man in the end. When he looked at Chelsea once again, Edmund was hostile.

Was it possible that Roy acted lovingly toward his wife only to fool people, but he was actually a nasty guy with a penchant for young, attractive women?

Roy retracted his gaze and focused on his task.

When Roy turned the conversation to business, he got quite serious. Taking a glance at Edmund and Chelsea, he asked, "Have you seen Diane and Gerry who just left?"

They affirmatively nodded their heads.

Roy stared at them with a puzzled expression and answered, "To be honest, the draft you presented is the same as the one they provided me."

"What?" Edmund and Chelsea inquired in astonishment.

On top of that, Roy said, "They sent me half an hour before you."

It implied that Chelsea had stolen the idea from Gerry.

"That's not possible!" Edmund was clear in his denial.

Chelsea's adaptation of the screenplay had a distinct style.

Also, Chelsea had no interest in engaging in such activity.

Angry, Chelsea's eyes became crimson. "What is going on here? I painstakingly wrote the copy I gave you word for word."

As a writer, Chelsea had always detested plagiarism the most.

Unfortunately, she was now being accused of copying other people's work. She felt furious and helpless now.

Edmund could not resist gently grasping her hand as a signal for her to calm down after seeing that she was so enraged.

He'd be there to assist her.

In response to their closeness, Roy lifted one eyebrow.

He couldn't figure out what was wrong with him. He felt uneasy when Edmund and Chelsea were so close, to the extent that he even disliked Edmund.

Edmund let go of his hold. He turned around and softly questioned her, "Have you recently received any odd emails on your computer? Did you read them?"

The only explanation, according to Edmund's analysis, was that Diane and Gerry had hired someone to break into Chelsea's computer using a computer virus.

When Edmund brought it up, Chelsea had a thought. "There were a few e-mails I got. In most cases, I review them to determine if they are necessary and remove the unnecessary ones."

Edmund realized that Diane had likely taken her writing in this method.

Chelsea's PC was being remotely watched. She did not immediately send it to Roy after finishing writing. Instead, she forwarded it to Luka and Edmund to review and awaited feedback.

Here, Diane and Gerry took advantage of the situation by sending the stolen draft directly to Roy. They were, therefore, half an hour ahead of Chelsea.

It was not Chelsea's fault. Diane was, to put it bluntly, overly cunning. The innocent Chelsea was never her match.

[Chapter 218 Prove Herself](#)

No wonder they had happily wished them good luck. They were already sure of their victory all the way here from Vertoak.

Were they proud of winning in such a dirty and unworthy way?

Edmund clenched his fists and tried not to think of Diane and Gerry. If not, his anger towards them would make him do something crazy. So, he looked at Roy and said, "You should have eliminated us if you suspected us cheating. Why did you make us come all the way here?"

"After our meeting last time, I immediately saw that you were a respectable man. I couldn't believe that you would pirate someone's work without any shame. Instead of doing something so shameful, you'd rather pay the scriptwriter to work for you, even if you have to pay more than what he is worth. Unless of course, I was wrong." Roy tilted his head and looked back at Edmund in amusement.

"You're right!" Edmund quickly answered, glad to hear that.

Roy then focused his gaze on Chelsea again and said, "Also, when I saw this girl today, I just knew who had done this. She couldn't have done anything. These eyes of hers can't lie." Roy smiled down kindly at her to make her feel more comfortable.

But Chelsea was in so much pain after what happened that she couldn't return his smile. Roy's words only succeeded in making her burst into tears.

In between sniffs, she said, "Thank you so much for trusting me."

After being slandered and dragged down in front of everyone, having someone that believed and supported her moved her very much. She was really grateful.

When Chelsea had calmed down, Edmund said, "Mr. Ellis, I'm grateful that you believe her. But honestly, it'll be great if you let her prove her innocence and get rid of this shame."

Chelsea quickly nodded vigorously in agreement with Edmund.

She was a little surprised because she never expected Edmund to understand her and the need for her to prove her innocence.

She hated being accused of plagiarism, and although Roy believed her, she still wanted to provide proof. What she hadn't expected, was for Edmund to speak out her exact thoughts.

"Well... Why don't you tell me how you want to go about it?" Roy said after a while.

Edmund thought about it for a while and then looked back at Roy. "I'm hoping you can choose another part for adapting, then announce to everyone that we were all good, but you want us to do one last trial."

He then looked at Chelsea. "Your computer should be infected with a virus now. So, when we go back, you can use my computer to write. And then, as soon as you're done, I'll send it to Mr. Ellis. However, you'll write another version on your computer, okay?"

Since they hadn't removed the virus from Chelsea's laptop, those who had stolen her work would definitely tamper with it again.

And if they did try to steal it, and send it to Roy, then it would be clear as day that they were the culprits from the beginning.

Understanding Edmund's plan, Chelsea nodded. However, she was still worried. So she said in a worried voice, "That means the script of *The Crown* I had in my computer has been stolen too, right?"

Edmund sighed and said, "Don't worry about it. If they dare steal it, I will let them pay dearly."

Chelsea took a deep breath and nodded.

Suddenly, Roy said, "I have a better idea. Why don't you use my computer this time? It's safer, don't you think?"

Surprised by this suggestion, Chelsea asked nervously, "But won't I be in your way?"

"No, no. Don't worry about it.

To be honest, I only had an appointment with two companies. After reading it once, I was satisfied with the adaptation, and I didn't want to look for another company. That was until you gave me the same draft. I got a little bit confused after that. I didn't want to make the wrong decision and be played for a fool, so I had to make you come here and meet me face-to-face."

Since Chelsea wasn't refusing his offer, Roy then stood up and said to her, "Come on, let's go. I'll take you to my writing room."

Chelsea turned to look at Edmund as if asking for his approbation. When he nodded slightly, she smiled faintly and stood up.

As they walked to his writing room, Roy said, "My wife isn't doing too well, so I took my computers and other things to the first floor. That way, I won't disturb her when I write."

Hearing this, Edmund asked, "Isn't Mrs. Ellis at home today?"

"No, she has been visiting the hospital a lot recently. I'll go and spend time with her in the hospital after you're done writing," Roy said with a trace of sadness in his voice. The topic was a little serious and sad, so no one mentioned it again.

[Chapter 219 Chatting](#)

There were three computers and various reference books in Roy's vast writing room.

When he looked up from his desk, he could see the landscape outside. It was a good sight.

Roy booted up the PC for Chelsea. "You're free to use it as much as you like. Don't worry, Mr. Nelson and I are going out for coffee and won't be a distraction while you write."

"Alright." Chelsea nodded, her spirit brimming with energy.

She would make every effort to demonstrate her prowess to the plagiarist.

Then, picking up the book he had just published, Roy flipped to a chapter and said, "Adapt this part."

Roy and Edmund then left. While heading for the door, Edmund turned back to have a look at Chelsea.

Chelsea was taken aback when she read the encouragement in Edmund's expression.

According to Chelsea, Edmund was a proud guy. He never cared and comforted people.

Now, though, Edmund was giving Chelsea silent eye contact of encouragement. After being startled, Chelsea hastily averted her gaze.

They sat down in the living room once Edmund and Roy had left. They chit-chatted while drinking coffee.

"Mr. Nelson, if I may ask, how are you related to Chelsea?" Roy asked first.

Although he felt a twinge of shame, Edmund said, "Chelsea is my ex-wife."

Roy gasped and choked on his coffee when he heard this.

"Exactly what caused you to end your marriage? What brings you two together after the divorce?"

Roy followed up his initial inquiry with a second one. Despite his apparent composure, Edmund's inner repulsion was unparalleled.

Was Roy's gossiping about others permissible?

When Roy saw that Edmund wasn't interested, he gave him a kind grin and added, "Do not feel obligated to respond if you do not feel like it. Please blame me."

Roy couldn't pinpoint what was wrong with him. His curiosity about Chelsea and Edmund who he had just learned were once a couple, was piqued the moment he learned that fact.

Edmund sipped his coffee and said, "The divorce was her idea. She was exhausted because she felt unloved by me. I didn't first realize that she is a scriptwriter and that I had invested in a play written by her firm, which is why we work together after our divorce."

Roy was suddenly and unexplainably enraged after hearing this. "You two were married for a good long while. But you didn't know she was a scriptwriter?"

Edmund was rendered speechless.

It was true that he was embarrassed in front of others because of that, and he was unaware that Chelsea did not eat beef or mutton. And it proved without a doubt that he didn't care about her at all.

He was so desperate that he finally broke down and said, "I honestly didn't love her before."

Roy felt much more loathing for Edmund.

Chelsea appeared to be a sweet and mild woman. Those who were lucky enough to marry her were very fortunate.

Roy replied to Edmund, "But looks like you like her a great deal now."

Those with keen vision could read the emotions between men and women at a glance.

Regardless of the history of the relationship between Edmund and Chelsea, it was now clear that Chelsea had no interest in talking to Edmund, who was constantly eager to please her.

Edmund did not dispute after being unrelentingly exposed by Roy. "You know what? You're right; I really do like her now."

Roy snorted, "Then act on. You should pursue her if you are attracted to her. If you don't, you'll deeply regret missing out on her in the future."

Roy's expression after that got somewhat complicated.

Then, after taking another gulp of coffee, Edmund remarked, "It's too late now. She is dating someone."

[Chapter 220 Strange Understanding](#)

There were a lot of things Edmund wanted to do to win back Chelsea, but he had to keep a distance because she was dating Luka now.

Roy was stunned at first. But the next second, he commented, "Serves you right!"

"Why are you so mean to me, Roy?" Edmund asked, holding his chest.

Pointing at himself, Roy replied, "I'm mean to you? Far from it, Edmund. I'm just defending Chelsea."

Edmund was short of words.

He had nothing to say to that.

It didn't come as a surprise that Roy was on Chelsea's side. After all, she had a calm temperament and gentle face that elicited people's sympathy.

The men went on to discuss other things.

The first one was the alleged stagnation of the film and television industry. They spoke about how the industry had progressed in the past few years and the challenges that currently weighed it down.

Roy became a scriptwriter when his first novel was adapted into a TV series. He knew about the ins and outs of the industry.

Thus, they both had a good conversation.

Even though Roy disliked the way Edmund handled his personal affairs, he admired how insightful he was in other aspects.

They were so engrossed in their conversation that they forgot the time. Meanwhile, Chelsea was typing away on the computer in the writing room.

Two hours later, she printed out what she put down and walked out with it.

Roy was held spellbound by the piece. When he was done reading, he looked at her with a smile. "Bravo! This is what I'm talking about! You are excellent, Chelsea."

He had a whole lot more praises to shower on Chelsea. Her writing style was very similar to his when he was young.

This was one of the reasons why he appreciated her so much.

Chelsea's worry evaporated when she heard his praise. She couldn't help blushing.

Edmund, who was beaming with smiles, suddenly got up from the sofa. "In that case, we will take our leave now. Let's go on with the arrangement as planned. And you can go to the hospital to see your wife now." Edmund and Chelsea didn't forget that Roy's wife was still in the hospital.

Roy didn't keep them any longer. "Okay, you can contact my assistant to sign the contract and get the copyright later."

When they got to the front door, Roy continued, "By the way, I will let everyone in the film and television industry know what those two despicable people did, so they will be wary of them. I don't think anyone will be willing to work with them after this. Drive safe!"

Roy was very influential in this circle because he was one of the most famous scriptwriters. He knew that Diane and Gerry would have a hard time getting work in the industry if he exposed them.

However, Diane might find a way around it due to her father's influence and wealth.

On the way back, Edmund glanced at his watch and asked, "How about we go have lunch?"

It was almost noon."

"No, I'm not hungry." Chelsea leaned her head on the window as she looked down at her fingers with a sad look on her face.

There was a lump in her throat at this moment. Although she was happy that she passed Roy's test, she was sad about what Diane and Gerry did.

Diane offended her for what seemed like the thousandth time. Chelsea couldn't wrap her head around why someone could be so shameless and cruel. How dare Diane steal her draft and accuse her of plagiarism? How low can she go?

Fortunately, Roy was insightful and lenient enough not to have convicted her of plagiarism.

If it weren't for him, Chelsea would have lost the chance to work with him and her reputation would have been ruined.

Edmund could tell why Chelsea was in a bad mood. She was an easy-going woman who was intentional about her career.

It was an insult that Diane stole her work and still had the audacity to accuse her of plagiarism. Even though she had proved her innocence, this didn't stop her from being annoyed.

Edmund was somewhat surprised at himself for understanding his ex-wife so well. Perhaps he wasn't able to do that before because he wasn't in love with her.

But it was different now because he was currently head over heels in love with her.