

Mr Nelson 221

[Chapter 221 A World Of Her Own](#)

Edmund opened a bottle of water and handed it to Chelsea. He said casually, "You need to get over what happened. Brooding over it won't turn back the hands of time. Look on the bright side. You finally proved to Roy that you are the best for the job."

Chelsea sharply turned to look at him with a look of surprise. How did he know what was on her mind?

Edmund smiled at her and continued, "You need to focus on the future, Chelsea. I'll ask Chris to repair your computer and upgrade its security to the highest level."

"What? Chris knows how to fix computers?" Chris was a medical doctor to the best of Chelsea's knowledge. It was surprising to hear that he could fix computers.

Chelsea didn't really know much about computers. She only used hers for work. Anytime she wanted to watch movies or dramas, she used the television. In her opinion, it was more interesting that way.

This was a habit she picked up during her marriage to Edmund. There was a huge video room in his villa that was well-equipped. It was extremely comfortable to watch television there.

Although she no longer had such a video room, she was still addicted to watching television.

Edmund replied, "Yes. He has two degrees. One in medicine, and the other in computer engineering."

"Wow! Chris is a genius!" Chelsea remarked.

Medicine was a difficult field of study on its own. Medical students always had a hard time in college, so it was surprising that Chris could carve out time to study computer engineering without forgoing one for the other. Only a genius could do that!

Edmund gazed at Chelsea. When she noticed it, she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he replied awkwardly, looking away.

Edmund was a little jealous after she praised his friend. He wanted to say he was also a genius. He badly wanted to brag that he was also a double degree holder, who majored in finance and media communications.

Despite Chelsea's earlier refusal to have lunch, Edmund took her to a fancy restaurant in Norrmalm. They had lunch together.

Between mouthfuls, Edmund suddenly commented, "They must be waiting for you at the hotel to laugh at you. Just let them wait a little longer."

It was the intention of Diane and Gerry to see Chelsea and Edmund fail. There was a high chance that they were anxiously waiting at the hotel lobby, intending to make a mockery of them once they returned.

It was fun to make them wait for a longer time.

When they were about to finish lunch, Chelsea received a call from Luka. He inquired about the outcome of the meeting with Roy. She responded softly, "Everything went well. He loved my piece. We also got the right to adapt the book."

Luka had been very troubled lately. Chelsea didn't intend to tell him about what Diane and Gerry did at this moment.

He was overjoyed to hear the good news. "That's great! You are the best, Chelsea! I knew you would succeed. This calls for celebration. We will hold a party after I come back."

"Okay, that will be great," Chelsea replied softly.

Luka continued, "Actually, there's another reason I called. I want to ask you for a favor."

"What favor?" Chelsea inquired, her eyebrows knitting.

Luka took a deep breath and uttered with embarrassment, "Please can you take care of my cat for me?"

Chelsea was a little surprised. "Your cat?"

Luka explained, "Well, I dropped it off at a pet care store on the basis that I will go back for it after a few days. But the grace is about to expire. Since I am not yet back, I was wondering if you could help me by discharging it and taking care of it."

"No problem. I can do that," Chelsea said with a smile.

Luka said apologetically, "Really? I hope it won't be a bother. If you don't like pets, I can ask my other friends to take care of it instead."

Chelsea quickly said, "No, it won't be a bother. I actually love pets. Cats and dogs are so lovely, and I have always wanted to have one—"

Chelsea suddenly paused. The man who prevented her from having a pet was right in front of her.

She was an animal lover, so she wanted to get a pet after she got married. She mentioned it to Edmund.

But how did he react?

He gave her a blatant NO. For this reason, she had to give up the idea of owning a pet.

Chelsea could do whatever she wanted now that she was single. However, she was yet to buy a pet because she had been preoccupied with work lately.

She loved both cats and dogs.

Now that the opportunity to take care of one came, she grabbed it without thinking twice.

"Great! Thank you." Luka was relieved.

He went on to fill her in on the cat's likes and dislikes. Chelsea also asked him a few questions about it. She smiled from ear to ear as she thought of playing with the fluffy cat soon. Her joy was so much that she forgot that Edmund was still sitting opposite her. She was in a world of her own.

[Chapter 222 Lose Himself For Love](#)

After facing the plot of Diane and Gerry together, Edmund and Chelsea's relationship was expected to strengthen significantly as far as Edmund was concerned.

He was taken aback when Chelsea answered a call from Luka with such laughter and dismissive disregard for his own existence.

What made those cats and dogs so appealing eluded Edmund.

He never found them endearing and hence avoided them. Just because of that, he flatly rejected Chelsea's suggestion that they have a pet.

But the softness in Chelsea's eyes made him reconsider.

Even if it meant presenting her a pet in exchange for her grin, he told himself he could do it.

After finishing up with Luka, Chelsea turned her attention to Edmund, who was still seated directly across from her.

Chelsea believed he was mad at her since they had been on the phone too long, and she hastily apologized when she saw that he didn't seem to be okay.

Edmund waved his hand. Chelsea was on the phone with her lover. No matter how down he was, he couldn't hold anything against her.

Because of this, Edmund had to act composed and inquired, "Why did you not inform him about Diane and Gerry?"

Truthfully, Chelsea answered, "He's in over his head now. I'd rather he not be concerned about me."

Edmund was dumbfounded after hearing her remarks. She was thoughtful about her boyfriend.

After dinner, they settled the bill and left. On the way back to the hotel, Edmund asked Chelsea unexpectedly, "Do you love little animals?"

Chelsea's face immediately took on a protective posture as she recalled Edmund's refusal to allow her to have a pet. If she answered yes, she knew he would mock her again.

Edmund observed that she had been staring at him in silence for some time, and he was amused with rage.

Just now, he asked her if she liked little animals.

She must have thought he was going to devour her, right?

He stated indignantly, "I'm asking you."

Chelsea deliberated for a moment before responding, "Sort of."

The best Edmund could do was to remain silent.

Just now, when she discussed cats with Luka, her demeanor suggested that she had a strong affinity for animals, but now she only told him "sort of".

Why did she withhold the truth from him?

He had no idea that the way he had treated Chelsea previously cast a long and dark cloud over her emotions.

Her heart had initially been open to him, and she had thought he would enter.

Then, at some point in time, she began to close her heart, and with time, it was entirely shut.

If she really liked animals, how could she possibly tell him that?

After staring at her for a second, Edmund started the chat group with his pals and remained silent.

"Do you know of any pet stores in the town?" Edmund asked.

Yusuf said, "Is this just a typical joke? Do you want to take care of a pet? Don't you dislike animals such as cats and dogs?"

Chris remarked, "He probably wants to purchase Chelsea a pet."

Yusuf commented, "Even if he desires to purchase it for Chelsea, I find it implausible. Until now, I had assumed Edmund would never bring up pets in conversation."

Brayan questioned, "Does Edmund love her so deeply that he is willing to compromise himself for her?"

Edmund was so offended by Brayan's statements that he considered leaving the group chat.

How could Brayan claim that he had lost himself for love?

It wasn't that he intended to raise the animal himself but more that he wanted to get Chelsea a pet.

Yusuf said, "Edmund, I am sure that you are thinking to yourself in your heart that you won't raise a pet. But I must warn you that if Chelsea takes in a pet, it has to do with you in some way."

If he was unable to get Chelsea back, then it didn't matter if she had 10 cats or more.

However, Edmund would have to adapt to sharing his home with pets in the future if he got her back.

Edmund was speechless.

Why did he get the impression that they didn't want to assist him but rather mocked him?

"Whatever." Edmund was feeling a bit enraged.

Brayan responded, "In my home, I have a German shepherd and a golden retriever. Obviously, I am familiar with the greatest pet store in Vertoak."

Then, Brayan gave Edmund the phone number of the pet store's owner. "You may call him."

Edmund responded, "Thank you."

Brayan said, "You don't need to thank me. Don't forget to invite me to your wedding once you bring Chelsea back in the future."

As soon as Brayan completed his sentence, Yusuf instantly reiterated it. "Chris and I have been really helpful. Invite the whole gang when you get her back."

Chris remarked, "Edmund, when you later get her, hold a wedding. You have not given Chelsea a wedding worthy of her."

Chris's reminder caused Edmund to remember that he had simply acquired the marriage certificate with

Chelsea, and no one had suggested a ceremony.

"Okay," in the chat group, Edmund responded.

While doing so, he promised himself that he would marry Chelsea in style and give her a defined role in his life.

He inadvertently proceeded online to look for a wedding dress after having this thought.

Chelsea straightened up and desired to stretch. She gave his phone's display an unintentional glimpse. The photos of bridal gowns on his phone stunned her.

She could not stop thinking about her wedding to Edmund. There had been no celebrations of any kind. He hadn't even made a public announcement of her position in his life. To this day, there were still many individuals who were unaware that Edmund had married.

She had always imagined herself wearing a pure white wedding gown when she wed the guy of her dreams.

However, she eventually learned a valuable lesson owing to what she saw in the real world. Her wedding lacked a bridal gown, as well as affection.

Zuri once claimed that Chelsea and Edmund's marriage was nothing more than a product of her imagination.

Chelsea acknowledged that although Zuri's words were upsetting, they might serve to awaken her.

[Chapter 223 Pick A Hole](#)

Chelsea had no idea why Edmund suddenly wanted to choose a wedding dress. Nonetheless, it upset her.

Her face was void of any emotion. She just sat there and looked out of the window.

The reason why she maintained an expressionless face was that she didn't want to keep thinking about their past. Holding the grudge only made her sadder.

The ride back to the hotel was a quiet one. None of them said a word to each other. When they walked into the hotel lobby, they saw Diane and Gerry waiting there.

Although they pretended to be having coffee and chatting leisurely, they constantly looked at the entrance. It was obvious they were growing anxious.

Once Gerry saw Chelsea and Edmund, he sprang to his feet and walked over. "Where have you two been? What took you so long?"

Gerry stared at them intently. He didn't want to miss any emotion on their faces.

With a sneer, Edmund put his arm around Chelsea's waist and said, "We went on a date!"

Chelsea's eyes widened immediately.

How could he say that? Was this a trick to get on these connivers' nerves? Anyway, did he have to hold her in this manner?

Gerry's jaw dropped at this moment. He was too stunned to speak.

Never did it cross his mind that they had something going on.

Although Edmund had supported Chelsea during that incident in the past, Gerry thought it was only because he and the assistant director had gone too far.

But it seemed not to be the case now.

Diane, who had heard that statement, was so furious. Her face turned red.

She didn't expect Edmund to fall in love with Chelsea. This was someone he used to hate with every fiber of his being. Why the hell did he fall in love with her now?

The two allies stared at the exes for a long time. Edmund scoffed and left, still holding Chelsea around her waist.

It wasn't until they went out of sight that Diane finally regained her senses. She remembered that she hadn't criticized Chelsea as they planned. She stamped her feet and grunted loudly.

Turning to Gerry, she yelled, "Snap out of it, you idiot! Why are you gawking like a moron? Can't you say something?"

Gerry came to his senses and apologized. "I'm sorry, Miss Stevenson. What happened just now took me by surprise."

When he saw that Diane looked angry rather than surprised, he asked, "Aren't you surprised that they are close?"

"Why should I be? There's nothing surprising about that. Chelsea is a whore. Although she acts as if she's a pure angel, she's actually a bitch who jumps from one man's bed to the other!" Diane remarked crossly.

She bad-mouthed Chelsea deliberately. Unbeknownst to Gerry, Chelsea was actually Edmund's ex-wife.

He snapped his fingers and seconded her, "You are right, Miss Stevenson. I think she also dated Orlando once. And now she's with Mr. Nelson. What a whore!"

With a sullen face, Diane went back to the sofa she previously sat on. She then inquired, "What do you think is on Roy's mind since he asked for another test?"

Gerry was a dubious man who had no intentions to work for what he wanted anymore. "It doesn't matter what he's thinking. What matters now is spoiling Chelsea's chances of working on the project. We just have to steal whatever she writes. And then, we are good to go! It will be easy to end her career. The only script she has written single-handedly is that of the play, *The Crown*. The project hasn't been released yet, so she doesn't have the much-needed clout. Why would Roy choose someone like that?"

Diane nodded thoughtfully. The tension in her chest eased up a bit. "Speaking of the script for *The Crown*, we need to act fast since we already have the draft that bitch wrote."

If they could shoot the play and release it first, Luka and Chelsea would be accused of plagiarism. They wouldn't be able to stand the storm that would come for them!

"That's a good idea! Actually, I have already asked someone to revise the script. It will be ready soonest," Garry responded immediately.

They had got the script from Chelsea's computer. To avoid suspicions, Gerry gave it to someone to put finishing touches to it.

This was the same thing they did to the script they had submitted to Roy. They tweaked it a little despite maintaining Chelsea's initial thoughts.

Nonetheless, it was still plagiarism. There was very little difference between the two works. Every individual had a unique style of writing. Changing a few words meant a thing. Roy was an expert, so he knew what went on.

Once Chelsea got into the elevator with Edmund, she shook off his hand and moved away from him.

Edmund spared her a glance. He acted as if nothing unusual had happened.

This annoyed Chelsea greatly. After thinking about the incident, she blurted out, "Why did you say that we went on a date?"

"Are you really asking me that? Didn't you see how effective those words were?" Edmund uttered, shrugging indifferently.

Chelsea frowned at him. She reasoned that it was necessary to make it clear. "Just so we are on the

same page, don't ever do that again. I have a boyfriend now. Don't you know that someone could have taken a picture of us and posted it on social media? People will call me a bitch for dating two men at once. Worse still, Mr. Pierce is a famous figure. His girlfriend dating another man would affect his public image!"

Edmund almost got pissed off by her words. Why did she care so much about Luka?

Just as he was trying to calm down, he picked a hole in her statement. "Why did you just call your boyfriend Mr. Pierce?"

Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. She wondered why he was so attentive that he could notice such a mistake.

Putting on a defiant expression, she asked, "And what's wrong with that? Is there a law that says I can't address my boyfriend like that? I just like to call him that. Why does it bother you?"

Edmund suddenly moved to her. He leaned towards her and stared deeply into her eyes. Afterward, he said, "You can call him whatever you want. I just think that title is a little too formal since you both are supposedly dating."

[Chapter 224 Writing Makes Her Happy](#)

Chelsea had no idea how she'd cope with Edmund so close. She turned away to avoid Edmund's gaze and tried to relax her nerves. "We just formed a relationship."

Without a word, Edmund straightened up and stared straight ahead. He wanted to ask Chelsea if she'd kissed or had sex with Luka. He was barely holding back.

The elevator arrived at their floor pretty quickly. Before Edmund headed to his room, Chelsea asked, "Now that we're done with the business, when will you be leaving for Vertoak?"

"Tomorrow morning," Edmund answered. "One of my friends is aware I'm in Norrmalm now and arranged a party for me tonight."

Nodding, Chelsea said, "Alright, then I'll leave first."

Dissatisfied with that conclusion, he asked, "Can't you hold on for me? Let's head back together tomorrow morning."

Chelsea felt his words weren't reasonable. "You are not a child, Mr. Nelson. Why do you want me to wait for you? Let's leave individually."

"I'm worried about you. Who can tell what else Diane and Gerry would do?"

Chelsea fell silent at that. She couldn't fault his logic there. She'd been more careful since the

kidnapping.

Edmund went on, "You can focus on writing while we're at the hotel, and you can use my computer. If you get bored of that, you can come with me to the party tonight."

Chelsea waved her hands at this and said, "No, no. I'd rather wait for you in the hotel." Was he insane? Why would he want his ex-wife to accompany him to his friend's party?

"I'll get my computer for you." Edmund turned around after saying that and stepped into his room after swiping the room card.

A few minutes later, he came out with the laptop and handed it to her. "The password is my birth date."

Chelsea had no idea what to say. Was she still supposed to remember her ex-husband's birthday one year after their divorce? Or was she supposed to forget? Edmund raised his eyebrows, then he placed the computer in her arms and turned back to his room.

Chelsea returned to her room with the laptop. She turned it on after sitting down at the desk and inputted his birth date in silence. She used to celebrate it every year. How could she forget his birth date?

However, even though Chelsea had turned Edmund's computer on, she wrote another version of adaption with her own computer and waited for the bait to be taken by Diane and Gerry. She used Edmund's computer to go on writing the script of the story, "The Crown."

Edmund knocked on her door by six. He had changed into casual clothes. "I'm leaving now. I'll be back by ten," he said.

Chelsea didn't see why he had to tell her that, so she just responded nonchalantly, "Have fun." He had never let her know of his schedule when they were married. What was the need of doing that after the divorce? It was still fresh in her mind how she'd spent every night while he'd returned home late. She had spoken to him about it when they were married. He'd looked at her coldly at the time and sneered, "Who do you think you are, Chelsea? Asking about my schedule, you have no right. Know your place clearly and don't make me sick!"

The reason she'd wanted to know when he'd be returning was that she wanted to prepare him honey water after he'd drunk wine. Inevitably, Chelsea's mood was affected a little when she thought of those things. Edmund didn't notice. "Are you sure you won't attend with me?"

Chelsea shut the door in his face. Edmund paused for a while outside the door then said in a low voice, "I'm sorry." He, too, knew he'd brought back bad memories in her heart by reporting his plans to her.

Chelsea stood in silence at the door. She had no idea what to say. How could an apology heal the wounds in her heart that'd been there for years?

Since she didn't respond, Edmund went on, "Someone will get your dinner to you later."

"Thank you," she said.

Edmund paused, then he added, "I told someone to check Diane's and Gerry's schedule. They headed back to Vertoak this afternoon."

"Alright." She heard his footsteps recede after that.

Chelsea went back to her desk and continued to write. She'd learned to control her mood with work after the divorce. She spent a lot of her day writing, whether she was happy or not. Writing made her happy and gave her no time to think of the bad stuff. She'd also taken over adaptation of Roy's new book, which caused her to be more motivated. She had to be done with the script of "The Crown" quickly, so she could focus on the adaptation of Roy's new book.

Roy's new book was called, "Find You". It was the first time he was attempting to tell a love story in a popular way. The hero in this story was a famous CEO. Faced with the sudden disappearance of his lover, he threw his all into finding her and ended up revealing many secrets. At the end of the day, he got his lover back. There were a lot of complicated cases and mysterious characters in the story. The plot was tight and exciting. At the same time, there were a lot of sweet and moving romantic parts.

She had to give it to him. Roy was one of the best in his industry. He could write whatever he wanted and do a good job. Chelsea discovered from Edmund at lunch that Roy wrote this book to make up for his regret because he couldn't get back the woman he loved when he was young. Those dreams that couldn't be attained were only attainable in the stories he wrote now.

[Chapter 225 Drunk Episode](#)

From the background of Roy's book, Chelsea had him all figured out. She could tell that he was a man who valued human feelings. Although he didn't end up with his first love, he didn't let his heartbreak affect his subsequent relationship. He treated his wife like a queen and lived a happy life with her.

Perhaps this was the right attitude to love. People needed to let go and move on if a relationship didn't work out.

Chelsea learned something from Roy's experience; it was best to let bygones be bygones.

Night came and she was still writing at her desk. At about nine o'clock, she heard the door of the next room creak open. She muttered confusedly, "Is Edmund back already? The time is just nine o'clock. Why did he return so early? Did something happen?"

Waving her worry aside, Chelsea went on with her writing. She reasoned that there would be nothing wrong with Edmund since he had been back.

All of a sudden, someone started banging on the door of her suite.

She hurriedly went to the door only to see Edmund through the peephole.

In confusion, she opened the door. Edmund fell on her immediately. Chelsea staggered as she painstakingly held his heavy body.

"I want some water," Edmund murmured drunkenly, still leaning against her.

As Chelsea tried to push him away, she asked breathlessly, "Isn't there water in your room? Why didn't you drink from there?"

"I want warm water. Give it to me." Edmund fell towards her again after mumbling.

"For Pete's sake!" Chelsea was unhappy. However, she had no choice but to bring him to sit down on the sofa.

Once she plopped him on the sofa, she stretched her aching back and struggled to catch her breath.

Staring daggers at him, she yelled furiously, "Edmund, what's wrong with you? Have you forgotten that you have stomach problems? Why the hell did you get wasted again?"

Edmund's eyes peeled open. "I honestly didn't want to drink. But I found myself downing alcohol because I'm sad."

Chelsea sighed helplessly and went to get him some warm water.

She was about to leave after feeding it to him. But he grabbed her hand.

"Chelsea, I regret it. I regret divorcing you."

Chelsea looked down at the drunken man without uttering a word. She tried to yank off her hand, but his grip tightened.

"I also regret accepting the fact that you are now dating Luka," he added with a sad expression.

The next second, he gritted his teeth and uttered viciously, "I should have kidnapped you and forcefully gotten married to you again."

Chelsea was speechless.

She was about to explode with anger.

He treated her like shit while they were married. And now, he was angry that she moved on. How dare

he say that he should have kidnapped her instead of letting her date someone else?

Chelsea scoffed, her face turning red. She forcefully pulled out her hand and turned to leave.

Unexpectedly, Edmund lunged forward and hit his head on the small table in front of the sofa.

Chelsea quickly squatted and tried to help him up.

"Edmund? Are you okay?"

Her eyes fell on a new red mark on his forehead.

"Leave me alone! I can sit up myself!" Edmund drunkenly got rid of her grip and pulled himself up.

Guilt overwhelmed Chelsea at this moment. After biting her lower lip, she apologized to him. "I'm sorry, Edmund. I didn't think you would lose your balance."

A thought crossed her mind all of a sudden. It was possible that he fell on purpose to trick her. But she soon waved the thought aside.

Without uttering a word, Edmund snorted and lay on the sofa.

Chelsea let out an exasperated sigh. Tapping him, she said, "Since you have already drunk warm water, you should go to your room to sleep."

Edmund lay prone without moving a muscle. Chelsea bent down to pull him up. But when she saw the red mark on his forehead, she was overwhelmed by guilt again.

She went to the bathroom and came back holding a towel that was wet with cold water. Afterward, she pressed the swollen spot on his forehead gently.

She repeated this three times.

By the time she was done washing the towel, she came out to find Edmund fast asleep on the sofa.

For a second, she gawked at his handsome face. But she soon gritted her teeth in anger. "What a naughty man! How can you fall asleep after giving me a hard time tonight? Worse still, you left your luxurious bed to sleep on my sofa. Tsk, tsk!"

In a fit of pique, Chelsea marched to her bedroom and locked the door. She lay down on her bed after changing into her nightdress.

She had a good night's sleep.

The next morning, Chelsea got out of bed and walked out of the room in a daze. When her vision became clearer, she saw a man sitting on the sofa. She rushed back into her room. It skipped her mind that her ex-husband spent the night on the sofa.

Chelsea was so embarrassed. She had nothing but a silky nightdress on.

After changing into casual clothes, she walked out again.

"Why are you still here?" she asked Edmund, looking at him with a frown.

His expensive shirt was so wrinkled now.

His hair was ruffled and he had new stubble on his chin.

"I'm sorry for what happened last night," he said in a remorseful tone, looking at her with glittering eyes.

"It doesn't matter. After all, I'm not the one who got hurt." Chelsea had the urge to laugh as she stared at the conspicuous red mark on his forehead.

Edmund slowly reached out and touched his forehead. "Ouch!"

He stood up from the sofa and said, "You can go ahead to freshen up. I'll be on my way downstairs to have breakfast. Roy called to inform me that he received a draft from Diane and Gerry. He said that it's just like the one you casually wrote, so it's obvious they plagiarized your work."

Chelsea nodded. Diane's new company was at a disadvantage now.

It served her right. She shouldn't have gotten her hands dirty.

Chapter 226 Apologize To Chelsea In Person

At Fairyland Culture.

Early in the morning, Diane walked into her new office with a delicate makeup on and high heels. She stood gracefully in front of the French window, enjoying the magnificent view of the sea and drinking a cup of coffee. She was in such a good mood this morning that she knew nothing could ruin it.

Her newly established company was just next to the Nelson Group's building.

She only chose this building because it was taller than the Nelson Group's building, and it made her feel like she could suppress and surpass them.

She was just so happy that Philip had bought the whole floor for her. So she had nothing to worry about.

She had never thought that she could be her own boss. The feeling of being her own boss was so

amazing. It was definitely more pleasant and satisfying than being an actress.

As the boss of her own company, she could control the fate of the employees and make the final decisions on every project. This was the type of power she was looking for.

Suddenly, her phone rang and interrupted her thoughts. When she saw that it was a call from Roy, she put down her coffee and answered the call with a smile.

"Hello, Mr. Ellis." Diane's voice was pleasant. She was clearly expecting good news.

However, her joy was ripped away when Roy said, "I'm sorry, Miss Stevenson, but after the trial, I've decided to work with Winter, the scriptwriter proposed by the Nelson Group."

"What?" Shocked by what she just heard, Diane shouted in disbelief.

This time, she had been a hundred percent sure of winning. She had never entertained the thought of Roy choosing Chelsea.

After having nurtured her hope for so long, Diane couldn't just accept Roy's decision like that. She had to understand why. "Why?"

"I think you know why, Miss Stevenson. Do you think I'm a fool? Or that Edmund and Chelsea are fools? The two drafts were exactly the same. Did you think I wouldn't realize it or what exactly did you have in mind?"

Diane's face turned pale as she realized that she had been caught. But of course, she would never admit it. "Are you trying to say we plagiarized? Do you have any evidence to prove what you're saying?"

Roy shook his head and said, "I know that you and Gerry hired someone to hack into Chelsea's computer and steal her draft."

After this, Diane was so disturbed that she didn't filter her words before spitting them out. "Mr. Ellis, I don't understand why you're protecting Chelsea this way. Did she also succeed in getting into your bed?"

Roy couldn't believe what she just said. She had gone too far.

"Damn it! You'll regret ever saying that!" Roy spat out in anger.

Then, he took a deep breath, calmed down and said, "You wanted evidence, right? Well, how's this for evidence? The story I later on asked you to adapt, was written by Chelsea for the sole purpose of seeing who was stealing her work. If that isn't proof of your plagiarism, I don't know what is."

Diane gulped. That was indeed irrefutable evidence. Frustrated, she slumped into her seat and tried to

make sense of her thoughts.

This couldn't be happening.

Roy and Edmund had joined hands and tricked both her and Gerry in their own game.

"Diane, your behaviour was not only insulting to me, but to Chelsea too. You stained the whole film and television circle. People like you should be kicked out of this industry. So, I'm telling you upfront what I'm going to do. I will expose your company and make everyone in the industry see who you truly are. You are not honest people, and they will know about it."

"No, don't!" Diane shouted hysterically and stretched out a hand as though he was in front of her. "Please Mr. Ellis, don't expose us. I know we should have never done that. It was very wrong, and I promise you that it will never happen again. We will take our work very seriously. We only went to such an extent this time because we really wanted to get the right of adapting your work."

Diane kept begging him to forgive them and have mercy. Roy wasn't only a famous writer and scriptwriter, but he was also a veteran in the film and television industry. If she became his target, then her company would be destroyed before she knew it.

Roy already knew what to say since he had expected this grovelling. "If you don't want me to expose your company's ways to everyone, then you and Gerry will have to apologize sincerely to Chelsea, and she has to forgive you. If not... Also, you and Gerry have to write a statement of repentance if you're truly sorry."

"What? You want me to apologize to Chelsea personally?" Diane grunted out through gritted teeth.

She couldn't do it!

She just couldn't!

She would rather die than apologize to Chelsea!

Over the years, she had always been very arrogant in front of Chelsea, and even rude too. How could she humble herself and apologize to her? She couldn't!

"I'm sorry, Miss Stevenson, but am I asking too much of you?"

You are free to refuse of course. Just know that I'm going to make sure everyone knows what you did."

Just as Roy was about to hang up, Diane gritted her teeth and said, "Fine! Fine, I'll do it! I'll contact Chelsea and apologize in person. And as you said, I will write a statement of repentance. Just please, don't do anything to put my company in danger."

Her company had just been established. She couldn't let it fall to the ground when it hadn't even begun.

She was only agreeing to Roy's request to keep him calm, but she had no plans of doing that. She would have to figure out how to get out of it.

"Okay then. I'll give you three days to get it done," he said firmly and then hung up.

Diane threw the phone against the wall in anger. Her assistant heard the noise from outside and quickly ran in. "Miss Stevenson, what happened?"

"Get out!" she shouted, pouring all her frustration on the assistant.

Scared out of her wits, the assistant quickly shut the door.

Diane was going crazy. Just the thought of going to apologize to Chelsea made her mind tick not in a good way.

Damn Chelsea!

It was all her fault! That bitch had embarrassed her and she was going to regret it.

[Chapter 227 It's Strictly For Work](#)

Soon after Gerry sat in the office, Diane's assistant knocked on the door and called for him. It turned out that Diane was in a bad temper and he was needed to see her as soon as possible.

Gerry had a bad feeling about this. He couldn't help but wonder if something was wrong with the draft they had given Roy.

He was clutched by guilt.

Without wasting another second, he hurried to Diane's office. After Diane narrated to him the conversation she had with Roy, Gerry's face turned white as a sheet.

If Roy exposed this matter, they were undoubtedly in trouble. With sweat forming on his forehead, he said, "Then let's not waste time and apologize to Chelsea."

Diane's eyes widened in disbelief and she shrieked, "That's impossible! I can't apologize to Chelsea. You can never get me to apologize to that wretched woman."

Gerry was quite confused. "What else is there for us to do if not apologize? Are you okay with being criticized in public?"

Diane gritted her teeth and remained silent for she had no answer to this.

Gerry, who couldn't tell why she was being so stubborn, asked, "Why do you hate Chelsea so much? What has she done to you? Can't you just apologize and get over this?"

Diane's face was contorted with anger. Gritting her teeth, she said, "She is Edmund's ex-wife. If it weren't for her, I would have married Edmund!"

Gerry was shocked at this revelation and his mouth was wide open. Chelsea was Edmund's ex-wife! This was news to him.

Gerry couldn't help but feel betrayed. Diane had never told this to him.

If he had known that Chelsea was Edmund's ex-wife, he wouldn't even have entertained the idea of harassing her.

But he also understood why Diane hated Chelsea so much and couldn't apologize to her. Giving this issue some thought, he implored, "Miss Stevenson, you need to put aside the feud you have with Chelsea. The current situation is indeed unfavorable to us. We can't confront her head-on. The Fairyland Culture has just been established. If we get criticized before building a reputation, I am afraid we won't be able to take part in any movie or play in the future. Aren't we at loss here?"

Gerry tried to knock some sense into Diane.

If Fairyland Culture went bankrupt, he would lose his job again.

"I'll think about it," she said finally. Diane knew she couldn't say no. After all, she had no other choice. Slightly relieved, Gerry left her office.

At this moment, Chelsea and Edmund were on the plane back to Vertoak.

The two remained silent throughout the journey. Edmund had arranged for Leo to pick them up.

After getting off the plane, he and Chelsea walked towards the parking lot carrying their luggage. To his frustration, he couldn't spot Leo. Instead, they saw a black car slowly stop in front of them.

The window of the car was rolled down, and Jaime's face appeared in front of them.

Chelsea wasn't well-acquainted with her former father-in-law, Jaime.

In fact, she had only seen him three times and those brief meetings were during Christmas dinners. The two of them had only shared a handful of words with each other.

But Chelsea knew that like Alena, Jamie also disliked her.

Seeing Jaime again, Chelsea flushed with embarrassment. After all, she and Edmund had divorced.

Edmund was expressionless when he saw his father. Jaime had been abroad all these years so he knew his visit had to do with Sonya's case.

Edmund turned to Chelsea and said, "You can go back home with Leo."

Relieved, Chelsea nodded her head. When she was about to turn around, Jaime said, "Since I am here, I could give you a lift, Chelsea. Do come with us."

Before Chelsea could reply, Edmund said, "No need. That will be quite unnecessary."

Then Edmund put the suitcase into the trunk and got into the car.

Thankful for Edmund's intervention, Chelsea hurried to the parking lot and spotted Leo's car.

As soon as Edmund got in the car, Jaime said indifferently, "Why did you not let her join us in the car? Are you under the impression I will eat her?"

Edmund, when he replied back, had the same indifference as his father. "She doesn't know us well. It won't be comfortable for her."

He was sure Jaime had deliberately appeared here to pressurize Chelsea. After all, it was Chelsea who had decided to sue Sonya.

Jaime raised his eyebrows in amusement and asked, "If she is not familiar with you, why are you on a business trip together?"

"It's strictly for work," Edmund replied.

Jaime was rendered speechless.

When had his son learned to lie through his teeth?

Sonya had told him on phone that Edmund was madly in love with Chelsea. But now, he was trying to downplay it and act as if Chelsea was merely a workmate.

Jaime was too angry to speak. The two of them looked out of the window, and neither of them made an effort to break this silence.

Jaime hadn't spent much time with his children. Now he lived abroad all year round, so the relationship between him and Edmund was quite strained.

Truth be told, it wouldn't be exaggerating to say Edmund only had a blood relationship with Jaime. Neither of them genuinely cared for each other.

Therefore, seeing that Jaime came back and tried to interfere in Sonya's affairs, Edmund felt a stirring of annoyance.

He wouldn't allow Jaime to interfere!

[Chapter 228 Meeting Him Again At Workplace](#)

Chelsea went back by Leo's car. The two of them had a nice conversation on their journey.

Although Leo and Fay were twins, they were the polar opposites of each other. Leo was talkative while Fay was quiet.

After Chelsea got home, she got a call from Chris who said he would come soon to check the computer. It was a pressing matter that Chelsea was eager to have resolved.

Twenty minutes later, Chris arrived. Wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, he looked like an elite class member.

After operating the computer skillfully, Chris proudly announced to Chelsea, "Now your computer is very secure. It will be just about impossible for hackers to invade it. You can rest assured and concentrate on your work."

Chelsea nodded her head and said, "Thank you very much. By the way, I want to invite you and Zora for dinner some other time."

It was Chris who had recommended Zora to her. She gathered they must know each other well. As a consequence, she thought he would be thrilled to join them.

To her utter surprise, Chris refused, "No! Don't make me stay with her."

Chelsea, quite confounded by his behavior, asked, "What's wrong? Aren't you colleagues? If I am not wrong, you recommended Zora, didn't you?"

"Well, you are wrong. I barely know her and we aren't well-aquainted," said Chris, resentment building inside of him.

Chelsea knew better than to push him. "Well, all right. In that case, I'll invite her alone."

As Chelsea said this, she took her bag and said, "Let's go. Thank you for helping me fix my computer. I'll treat you to dinner alone."

However, Chris said awkwardly, "When are you going to have dinner with her? Let me see if I have time. You don't have to invite us separately. I am aware you have a busy schedule."

Sudden change in Chris made Chelsea burst out laughing. "What's your relationship with Zora? I can't quite put my finger on it. However, I get the feeling you care about her very much."

"Who cares about her! Don't utter nonsense!" Chris denied all allegations against him liking her.

After a short pause, Chris added apologetically, "I heard that you have taken over the adaptation of Roy's new script. I am simply trying to help you. You call her and ask if she is available. I have a tight schedule and I tend to overwork every now and then."

Hearing what Chris said, Chelsea took out her phone and dialed Zora's number.

Zora answered the phone immediately. In response, she said, "There's no need for you to invite me to dinner. After all, I haven't done anything new. It's my responsibility to serve patients. However, there is something you can do for me. I heard you are familiar with Orlando. Would you be kind enough to get me his autograph?"

Chelsea agreed readily. "No problem. I'll be more than happy to get one for you."

Before Chelsea could finish her words, her phone was snatched away by Chris. Her mouth was agape with shock.

With a furious look on his face, Chris said, "Zora, don't you feel ashamed since you are a thirty-year-old woman? How can you be crazy about a twenty-year-old young boy?"

Chelsea was rendered speechless.

She had always taken Chris for someone who was sweet and gentle. This harsh side of him stunned her.

But Zora showed no anger. Chelsea vaguely heard her reply to Chris in her usual tone, "Why should I be ashamed? Some old men take a liking to young girls. This is no different."

"Ha ha!" Chris's fury was so evident that his face flushed red. He sneered and hung up the phone.

Chelsea raised her hand and rubbed her temples. Upset, she said to Chris, "Chris, you have treated Zora in a very inappropriate manner just now. Besides, she has only asked for Orlando's autograph. What's so vulgar about it?"

Still fuming with rage, he said, "Do you think she just wants his autograph? Oh no, trust me, she is going to chase after him."

"Even if she does, it's okay. From what I know, she is a single woman, isn't she?" Chelsea said in her defense.

Hearing Chelsea's question, Chris simply looked at her.

Chelsea wouldn't give up so easily. She went on, "Do you happen to like her?"

"I'm leaving now. Go ahead with your work." A trace of embarrassment flashed across Chris's face.

She went after him and asked, "What about the dinner?"

"No, thanks." After saying that, he rushed out in a hurry. Chelsea had no energy to follow after him.

Since Chris had refused to have dinner with her, Chelsea decided to stay back home and order take-out. She wasn't in the mood to step out of her apartment anyway.

Before the takeout was delivered, Chelsea called Zora again.

She explained, "Zora, I'm so sorry. I didn't expect that Chris would grab my phone and say those awful things to you."

"It's all good. I am fine," said Zora shrugging her shoulders.

Chelsea didn't want to sound nosy but her curiosity got the best of her. "Has anything happened between you and Chris?"

Zora wasn't the type to conceal stuff. "I had sex with him several times when we were studying abroad. I had already forgotten it, but he still seems mad at me about it."

Chelsea opened her mouth in surprise and couldn't speak for a while.

Seeming to notice Chelsea's surprise, Zora explained with a smile, "Back then, I hadn't had sex with any man. When I saw Chris, I chose to have sex with him. However, that's it. There is nothing more to it. I never anticipated meeting him again at my workplace."

"I see." Chelsea nodded in understanding.

It turned out Zora had no genuine feelings for Chris and had casual sex with him. But for Chris, it meant something and he was still thinking about her.

[Chapter 229 A Gift From Edmund](#)

Zora added apologetically, "I'm sorry that we bothered you. Not to worry, I'll make things clear to him later."

"Okay." Chelsea didn't want to speak on the matter since it was none of her business.

However, she felt that if Zora told Chris that he was only a sexual partner to her, he would lose his mind.

After a quick lunch, Chelsea took a taxi to the pet store and took Luka's cat home.

This cat was named Sweet and it had snow-white fur. Its healthy appearance was an indication that Luka had taken good care of it. Sweet also behaved like its owner. It had a slow and elegant gait.

At first, Sweet was wary of Chelsea when she met it at the pet store. But after she played with it and fed it some delicious cat snacks, it softened up to her.

Animals were like humans. They felt safe in a warm and kind environment. Perhaps Sweet realized that Chelsea was as warm as its owner, so it cuddled up in her arms and never left.

Chelsea patted its head and stroked its fur. Her heart was so full that she didn't feel like working anymore.

"I wish I could stay like this forever. Alas! I have to work," Chelsea thought out loud.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Chelsea carefully put Sweet down and went to answer the door.

The face she saw was that of her ex-husband. Before she could speak, her eyes caught sight of the cat carrier in his hand. There was a cute kitten inside it. It was meowing sweetly.

The timid look of the kitten melted Chelsea's heart immediately.

She reverted her eyes to Edmund's face and asked in confusion, "Where did you get that? And why did you bring it here?"

"I got it for you," Edmund replied uneasily, holding out the carrier towards her.

He was a man of his word. Once he made the decision to get her a pet, he didn't hesitate to contact the pet store, picked a cat, and came to deliver it to her himself.

He had specifically chosen this cat because it reminded him of the timid gaze of Chelsea.

This was how she looked at him during the early stage of their marriage.

Chelsea opened her mouth to say something, but she was tongue-tied.

It seemed like a dream that Edmund, the man who previously prevented her from having pets, got her a cat.

When Edmund saw that she was speechless, he went into her apartment with the carrier.

To his surprise, a white cat leaped out of the sofa and meowed at him and the kitten harshly.

The kitten jumped in the carrier with a frightened look on its face.

Chelsea rushed to pick Sweet up and comforted it gently. "Be a good girl, Sweet. This is our new friend."

Chelsea brought it closer to the cat carrier, and lifted its pink paw to greet the new kitten.

The fact that Chelsea referred to the kitten as their new friend meant one thing: she intended to accept it.

Edmund's heart leaped with joy. However, he made sure not to show his excitement for fear that she would change her mind.

A realization suddenly struck him. Pointing at the cat in Chelsea's arms, he asked unhappily, "Is that Luka's cat?"

"Yeah, its name is Sweet," Chelsea replied with a nod.

Edmund snorted. "You acted so fast."

Setting the cat carrier down, he asked, "What about this one?"

With a grateful smile, Chelsea replied, "I'll keep it. Thank you."

She put Sweet on the floor and squatted to open the cat carrier. Waving her hand, she greeted the kitten excitedly. "Hello, little cutie."

The kitten let out a soft meow. It looked at Chelsea with timid eyes and walked out of the carrier.

Chelsea reasoned that it might get scared again, so she didn't touch it. She looked up at Edmund and asked, "How old is it?"

"Four months. It has been vaccinated already and it's very healthy," he replied, holding her stare.

"Does it have a name?" Chelsea inquired.

To pull her leg, Edmund lied, "Yes, its name is Money."

Chelsea was speechless.

Did she hear it wrong?

Did he just say its name was Money?

"Are you kidding me, Edmund? Were you the one that gave it such a ridiculous name?" Chelsea queried, her eyes narrowing to slits.

Edmund shrugged innocently. "What's ridiculous about the name? It's perfect for the kitten. Besides, I thought it will bring us good luck."

Chelsea was rendered speechless yet again.

His awful taste never ceased to amaze her.

The kitten was close to her now, so she reached out her hand and said softly, "Nice to meet you, Money Nelson."

Edmund's face changed immediately. "What did you just call it? You know what? Just call it Money. No need for a surname!"

Affixing his surname to a kitten's name didn't sit right with him. It felt as if the kitten was his blood relation. How ridiculous!

Chelsea looked up at him innocently. "Why do you have a problem with that? You bought it, remember? It's only right that it gets your surname. Besides, Money Nelson sounds just perfect!"

Edmund sensed that Chelsea was pulling his leg now.

This was the first time she was joking with him since their divorce. It gladdened his heart.

The next second, he put on a satisfied expression and nodded. "Well, you have a point there. The pet I gave you has my surname. That's great!"

It was Chelsea's turn to feel awkward. His statement made it seem as if this kitten was their child.

Chelsea tilted her head and pondered for a while. "Forget it. I'd better give it a new name. How about Arya?"

[Chapter 230 Jealousy](#)

Chelsea bowed her head to Arya and murmured to it. Even though the kitten was unfamiliar with this setting, it did not exhibit excessive nervousness and unease.

Edmund turned his gaze to Chelsea, who was squatting on the ground. Chelsea was extremely soft at this point. The thought crossed his mind, "If we had a kid, would we still be splitting up?"

Chelsea must be kind and patient with their child.

Regrettably...

What was Edmund's state of mind at the time? Why did he imply Chelsea did not deserve to be a parent of his children? Now Edmund desired to have a child with Chelsea, but Chelsea would refuse.

Stopping thinking, Edmund replied again, "I have cat food, cat sand, and other cat supplies in my vehicle. I'll go fetch them."

Chelsea gave a small nod. "All right, thank you."

Edmund intended to speak but refrained after a second thought. He then walked downstairs to retrieve the items.

He hadn't eaten lunch yet because he'd been occupied for so long. He desired Chelsea's cooking. He was uncertain whether Chelsea would grant his request.

Edmund descended the stairs twice before he moved all the items he had acquired from the pet store to Chelsea's home.

He prepared so many items because he feared Chelsea would be in a rush after receiving the cat as a present.

Chelsea proceeded to unpack with only the two cats in mind. She was totally oblivious to Edmund's existence.

Edmund was too hungry to sit in silence for a long time, so he said, "I haven't had lunch yet."

Chelsea, who was squatting on the ground and busy establishing relationships with the two cats, asked Edmund, "Didn't you eat supper with your father?"

Edmund said crossly, "No, I left after sending him home. I harbor no sentiments for him. We are not required to eat lunch together."

Chelsea was aware that Edmund and Jaime had a strained relationship, but she remained silent. In any case, it was now their concern, and she had nothing to do with it.

She politely recommended, "I've already eaten lunch, and there's nothing to eat at my home. Why don't you eat out?"

Clearly, Edmund was dissatisfied with Chelsea's response, so he immediately entered the kitchen. He took a bag of noodles from the refrigerator.

He took the noodles and inquired Chelsea, "Are there no noodles?"

Chelsea appeared somewhat helpless. "Can you get full by eating only noodles?"

Indifferently, Edmund responded, "Yes."

Chelsea was at a loss for words after hearing what Edmund said. She rose up, cleaned her hands, and then proceeded to the kitchen to make noodles.

In any case, Edmund had just given her a kitten that she adored. She was willing to prepare pasta for him. After preparing the noodles, Chelsea thought for a bit and took the beef she had previously prepared from the fridge.

Today was the day that Edmund could finally taste Chelsea's noodles, which he had been craving for a long time.

Edmund, gazing at the beef in front of him, inquired indifferently, "Aren't you allergic to beef? Why do you have some in your home?"

In reality, Edmund asked this question because he anticipated a compliment from Chelsea, such as "the beef has been cooked for you".

"I don't eat, but someone enjoys it."

Given that Zuri liked beef, Chelsea always had some in her fridge.

As soon as Chelsea completed her sentence, Edmund's immediate thought was that the food was cooked by Chelsea for Luka, causing him to have an unpleasant taste.

Chelsea felt only confusion upon observing Edmund's face abruptly darken. What mistake did she make?

Chelsea stepped up and stated, "If you don't eat, I'll clean up," after observing that Edmund had not moved the tableware for an extended period of time.

Edmund instantly resumed eating after realizing Chelsea was going to clean it up.

However, after a few bites, Edmund whispered, "I thought you cooked the beef for Luka."

Chelsea was without words.

It transpired that Edmund was upset as a result of this.

Edmund asked, "Do you cook for Luka frequently?"

Edmund felt dreadful at the notion that Luka might possibly enjoy the same treatment he had previously had.

Recently, he grew increasingly restless, and the urge to monopolize Chelsea grew greater in his heart.

"No," Chelsea replied. Edmund exhaled deeply in relief.

Chelsea said the very next second, "It was actually him who cooked for me."

Edmund was without a voice.

He would not have posed this question if he had anticipated receiving this response.

Edmund was made more frantic by the fact that Luka cooked for Chelsea. Because it appeared he was not as good as Luka.