

## Mr Nelson 231

### [Chapter 231 Come Back To Me](#)

Edmund couldn't hide his feelings anymore.

He put down his cutlery and looked at Chelsea with seriousness in his eyes. "Chelsea, I can't hide it anymore."

"What can't you hide?" Chelsea asked, her eyebrows knitting in confusion.

"I want you back," Edmund blurted out.

Chelsea was stunned.

When Edmund rescued her the last time, he admitted that he had fallen in love with her.

But she didn't pay attention to it. She was still in a state of shock because of the kidnapping at that time.

A day ago, he said that he should have kidnapped her and forcefully gotten married to her. She just excused his behavior since he was drunk.

But now that he was clear-headed, he boldly said that he wanted her back.

Chelsea finally calmed down after jarring out from the abyss of thoughts. She then replied indifferently, "I have a boyfriend now."

"So what?" Edmund commented with a frown.

Chelsea stared at him, short of words.

Edmund said exasperatedly, "We were once married, but we got divorced. What makes the relationship between you and Luka any different? You guys can break up sooner or later!"

Edmund didn't give a damn about her new relationship. He intended to put them asunder no matter what. He vowed to do so in his mind.

Chelsea was too irritated to say anything. Although her relationship with Luka was fake, she found it so annoying that Edmund was so sure that they would break up. The nerve of him!

Only a few minutes ago, she had been happy with him because of the present he got her. He spoiled their good interaction by getting on her nerves now. Frowning deeply, she stood up and said unhappily, "I'm done with this conversation. Finish your food and leave!"

Just when she was about to walk out on him, Edmund held her hand and uttered seriously, "I'm dead

serious, Chelsea."

Chelsea got rid of his hold. Staring at him gravely, she said, "Wake up, Edmund! It's high time you think hard about your feelings for me!"

Edmund raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

Chelsea folded her arms and explained, "The way I see it, you aren't in love with me. You are chasing me because you feel what you can't get easily is the best."

Edmund went mute.

Her words were like a thousand knives stabbing his heart. He truly loved her, but she didn't believe him.

Suppressing his hurt, Edmund uttered, "I'm not a child, Chelsea. As a thirty-two-year-old man, how can I not know my true feelings?"

Even though Chelsea didn't say a word, her eyes held the answer: You just don't understand your feelings at all.

When he was about to say something else, Chelsea chirped, "Alas! There's another reason why you are claiming to love me!"

Edmund raised his eyebrows, hinting at her to spill. She took a step back and said vigilantly, "It was a slap in the face for you when I asked for a divorce. Perhaps you still hold a grudge against me. Now you want me back so you can dump me when I least expect, isn't that right?"

"What?" Edmund's complexion became many shades redder. He slapped the table and yelled, "How many movies have you created, Chelsea? Why did you come to such a conclusion?"

This was the most ridiculous thing Edmund had ever heard. If he truly wanted to get back at her, he had a thousand and one ways to do that. Why would he choose to sacrifice his bachelorhood for revenge?

The two exes stared at each other until Chelsea's phone rang.

Diane's voice came from the other end of the line. "Hey, are you free tomorrow?"

Her voice didn't sound as rude as usual. It was clear she was struggling to sound polite.

Chelsea replied tonelessly, "What's wrong?"

Diane sneered, "What's wrong? Don't you know? Mr. Ellis asked me to apologize to you face-to-face. He said you must forgive me. Otherwise, he will inform the public about my company's cheating."

This news took Chelsea aback. She didn't think Roy would order Diane to do such a thing.

Nonetheless, she had to admit that this was what she wanted.

It gladdened her heart to imagine how furious Diane was then and there. She reasoned that she had to thank Roy for giving her the golden opportunity to see Diane so humiliated.

Chelsea replied frankly, "Well, I'm free tomorrow. When and where do you want us to meet?"

Diane grunted in anger. It annoyed her so much that Chelsea was willing to meet with her just to get an apology. She thought Chelsea would refuse to meet her so she could use it as an excuse to get off Roy's hook.

The only response Chelsea got was dead silence. At this time, Edmund wrote the name of a café on a piece of paper and showed it to her. She said, "Since you don't know where we can meet, I'll choose a place. How about Times Coffee?"

Diane cackled evilly as soon as she heard those words. "Do you have any idea how expensive that café is? Can you afford to buy me a cup of coffee there if I agree?"

Diane never let any opportunity to mock Chelsea pass her by. If she had her way, she would stomp Chelsea into the ground until she could never come up again.

Chelsea scoffed. "Is this how you intend to apologize to me, Diane? Besides, when did I say anything about sorting the bill? You are the one that wants to apologize, so why do I need to pay for your cup of coffee?"

Anger made Diane's skin burn hot. She clenched her phone tightly, not uttering a word.

Chelsea knew all about Times Coffee. She had learned the art of coffee making there.

It was all thanks to Yusuf. He owned the café and recommended she study there.

With a faint smile, Chelsea added, "By the way, you seem to have forgotten that I'm working on 'The Crown' and have just taken over the adaption of Mr. Ellis's new book. Money is not a problem for me."

Her proud tone fanned Diane's anger.

She gnashed her teeth and said, "Fine! Let's meet there at ten o'clock tomorrow. Don't even dare keep me waiting!"

Before she could hang up, Chelsea intoned seriously, "You'd better watch your tone, Diane. If you speak to me like this tomorrow, I'll be sure to tell Mr. Ellis that your apology was insincere. The ball is in your court."

"Why does Diane want to see you?" Edmund asked with a frown as soon as Chelsea hung up the phone.

Once he got an explanation, his frown was replaced with a serious expression. "That's good. She indeed owes you an apology."

He then added, "You need to know that Times Coffee is Yusuf's. You can go there whenever you want to meet anyone. The shop attendants there will protect you if things go haywire."

### [Chapter 232 Wild Fantasy](#)

The kidnapping incident made Edmund more concerned about Chelsea's safety. Diane wasn't to be trusted in his opinion.

Squinting her eyes at him, Chelsea asked in disbelief, "All the shop attendants can fight?"

She was confused as to why he was so confident that they could protect her. Only skilled fighters could do that.

"What do you think?" Edmund queried with an ambiguous glint in his eyes.

Chelsea took a deep breath and asked cautiously, "Don't take this the wrong way. But are you doing business legally?"

She had watched many movies of people using normal businesses as a cover-up for their gang syndicate. She had a sneaky suspicion that Edmund and Yusuf were doing the same.

Edmund threw his head back and laughed. "Did you really just ask me that? If I'm not doing a legal trade, do you think I will be ranked as one of the top ten most successful businessmen in Vertoak?"

This made sense, so Chelsea breathed a sigh of relief.

"Every industry has its ugly side. Things can get really dangerous, so we did this for our safety."

"So are you saying that Anne is also good at fighting?" Chelsea inquired curiously.

Anne was the chief barista at Times Coffee. She had taught Chelsea how to make coffee.

Edmund nodded and replied, "She's not only a skilled fighter, but also a boxing champion."

"A boxing champion?" Chelsea couldn't believe her ears. Never in her wildest dreams could she have imagined that a beautiful young woman like Anne was actually a skillful fighter. She thought she was just a barista.

Edmund added, "Actually, I was thinking that you could take some self-defense lessons from her if you

have spare time on your hands. It will give you an edge over your enemies."

This advice sounded like a good idea. Just when Chelsea was about to agree, he looked at her from head to toe and said, "You know what? Learning self-defense won't be enough. I need to hire a bodyguard for you, considering how your body is."

Chelsea's face changed. She looked at her body carefully. "What's wrong with my body?"

She knew she was on the slim side. But that didn't mean she couldn't learn self-defense.

"Oh, no! There's nothing wrong with your body. You actually have a breathtaking figure!" Edmund said with a flattering tone.

Chelsea blushed, a little embarrassed.

Why did he compliment her out of the blue? It sounded like flirting.

Oblivious to what Chelsea was thinking, Edmund lowered his head and resumed eating.

He didn't want to stare at her anymore. He feared that he would rush to kiss her soft lips if he stared for a second longer.

He just flirted with Chelsea and he himself ended up getting horny. Thoughts about making out with her flooded his mind. He remembered how he constantly tore off her clothes and had sex with her in the past.

To prevent himself from doing anything stupid, Edmund left her apartment as soon as he finished eating.

Chelsea let out a long sigh after his departure. Sweet was busy strolling around the apartment as it got used to the place. It only lay at Chelsea's feet occasionally. On the other hand, Arya was still a little shy. It curled up under the sofa. Whenever Chelsea tried to get it out, it would purr endlessly.

Chelsea had no choice but to leave it alone for the time being. She believed it would come out of its shell soon. She kind of saw herself in the little kitten. It was also hard for her to adapt to a new environment and she was wary of people too.

Sitting in the living room, Chelsea put a call through to Roy. She asked after his wife and also thanked him for how he handled the matter between her and Diane.

Roy was as nice as ever. He said, "You don't have to thank me. It's what I should do. I know how it feels when someone steals your work. I have changed my mind about exposing the issue to the rest of the people in the industry. This is because I can predict how Diane will end up. Her company will fold up very soon because of her bad character."

"Yeah, I think so too," Chelsea agreed.

It became obvious why Roy asked Diane to apologize to her. This was the only punishment she could get for now. Her doom was waiting for her, so she would learn a good lesson in the future.

Once they were done discussing work, Roy asked politely, "If you don't mind me asking, how old are you this year?"

Although Chelsea was taken aback by this question, she answered truthfully, "Twenty-six."

"Oh, I see. When exactly is your birthday?" Roy further inquired.

"10th of December," Chelsea replied.

When Roy fell silent, she asked in confusion, "Why do you ask, Mr. Ellis?"

Roy chuckled. "It's nothing. I just wanted to know. I think we were destined to meet."

Chelsea was pleased to hear that. "Thank you."

She also had a good impression of him. Her inexplicable affinity for him surprised her sometimes.

Roy was a good-looking man who was also talented, calm, and elegant. To crown it all, he was a loving and faithful husband who doted on his wife.

Chelsea saw him as the definition of a perfect man.

The two of them said goodbye to each other and hung up.

The following day, Chelsea went to Times Coffee earlier than scheduled. The café was located on the top floor of the building. It occupied the entire floor.

As soon as she stepped in, she saw Diane waving at her from a table by the window.

Chelsea was already pissed off with her. They had set their appointment for ten o'clock. But Diane started bombarding her with calls from nine o'clock.

"Hey, girl!" A lovely young woman suddenly ran out of the counter and gave Chelsea a hug, raising her at the same time.

Chelsea laughed and begged. "Ha-ha! Good to see you, Anne. Please put me down."

She recalled what Edmund said about Anne yesterday. Indeed, this beautiful woman was strong.

The sight of Chelsea hugging the chief barista of this expensive café made Diane jealous. She eyed the two of them, face dark.

### [Chapter 233 The Rival's Faceoff](#)

Rage burned a red rash across Diane's cheek. She couldn't believe that the chief barista, who had treated her coldly when she ordered a cup of coffee, was behaving so friendly to Chelsea.

If she didn't have something important to do today, she would have gone to give Anne a piece of her mind.

Anne patted her chest and said, "Feel free to have anything you like here. It's on the house!"

Chelsea was surprised. "Really?"

Anne replied with a smile, "Yes, it's my treat."

Anne was naturally a friendly and playful young woman. But whenever she was making coffee, she became professional and paid attention to details. Her talent and good work ethic earned her first place in many kinds of coffee-making competitions.

"Thank you, Anne. You can go ahead with your work. Catch you later!" Chelsea said, waving at her.

Diane's anger was skyrocketing at this time.

She previously thought that Chelsea had never been to this high-end café before. The major reason why she arrived early and ordered the most expensive coffee was that she wanted Chelsea to pay for it through the nose. To her chagrin, the barista said everything was on the house.

A huge lump formed in Diane's throat.

As soon as Chelsea took her seat opposite her, Diane said sarcastically, "Well, well, well! Who would have thought that you had strong connections?"

Chelsea scoffed and replied calmly, "What do you mean by 'connections'? Don't you know this café belongs to Yusuf?"

"Of course, I do!" Diane snorted and added, "Sonya and I regularly come here to have coffee together."

She emphasized her last statement just to rub it in Chelsea's face that she had a good relationship with Edmund's sister.

But Chelsea didn't give a hoot about it anymore.

Edmund was nothing to her. So, why did she have to care about his wicked sister?

Flipping her hair back, Chelsea said proudly, "Do you remember that I once took lessons in coffee-making? Well, Yusuf introduced me to this place. It shouldn't come as a surprise to you that I know the people here."

Diane gritted her teeth, staring daggers at her. She knew Chelsea learned how to make coffee for Edmund's sake.

In a serious tone, Chelsea uttered, "Didn't you ask me to meet you because you wanted to apologize? Go on. Make it snappy."

There was a seemingly arrogant expression on her face.

Diane lost her cool immediately. She pointed at her and yelled, "You have clearly overestimated yourself, Chelsea!"

Chelsea slapped her hand away. She leaned back on the chair, looking at her rival dead in the eye. "If I do say so myself, I'm not a proud woman. You are the one that has a superiority complex. You always think that I'm inferior to you. I have never understood why. Tell me, is it because you are from a wealthy and powerful family?"

Diane held her head up high and folded her arms. "And so what? Is your family as influential as mine? I heard that Hilton isn't your biological father. Who knows what your real dad is like? For all we know, he could be worse than Hilton. He might be a pauper who can't even afford to feed himself. He-he!"

These mocking words didn't get on Chelsea's nerves at all. She knew that Diane wanted to see her angry.

Thus, she said calmly, "I'm a talented and capable young woman. Even though I don't get support from any family members, I can fend for myself comfortably by writing scripts, opening a café or restaurant. But what about you? I'm afraid that you are nothing without your father. You might end up on the streets if he stops supporting you.

"Hey!" Diane hit the table in a fit of pique. She wanted to berate Chelsea, but words failed her.

She was shocked that the woman she used to bully before was now satirizing her.

Chelsea crossed her legs. With a smirk, she added, "Diane, haven't you always accused me of stealing Edmund from you through sex? Why don't you do the same thing? What's stopping you?"

Diane's face became as red as a tomato.

Looking down at her beautiful fingernails, Chelsea continued, "I think I know why. It seems you and Edmund never had sex while you were still dating. Even after I divorced him, you failed to make him



have sex with you despite all the seductive tricks you pulled. Now, he dumped you and you will have no chance. Oh, I can imagine how hurt you must feel."

"Shame on you, bitch!" Diane cursed, her veins protruding on her forehead.

"Well, I agree that I'm shameless. But I'm not done yet. There's something else I have to say." With a smug smile, Chelsea tilted her head and continued, "It might interest you to know that Edmund and I had sex every night, except for the times I was on my period. He couldn't get enough of me."

Diane held her chest. That statement pierced her heart like a knife.

She really didn't expect that Chelsea would say such shameless words.

The next second, she wished she had recorded their conversation. It would have been a perfect way to get back at her. She knew Edmund would call her shameless if she told him all that Chelsea said today.

The smile on Chelsea's face suddenly disappeared. A vicious expression took its place. "Diane, this goes on to say that you are a complete loser. You have lost the man you built your whole life around. Get down from your high horse, okay?"

"How dare you?" Diane screamed. She grabbed the cup of coffee in front of her, intending to splash it on Chelsea.

In a flash, Chelsea picked up her own cup of coffee and splashed its content on Diane before the latter could do what she had in mind.

"Ah!" Diane's shrill scream sounded in the café all of a sudden.

### [Chapter 234 People Would Change](#)

Yusuf removed his headphones and scratched his ears while he watched a play on the monitor screen in the café's staff office.

Diane yelled so loudly that Yusuf felt his eardrum nearly burst.

Edmund was concerned that Chelsea came to meet Diane by herself, so he raced here early in the morning after telling Anne to protect Chelsea.

Edmund brought Yusuf as a spectator.

Through the security footage, they had just now witnessed the altercation between Chelsea and Diane.

Chelsea clearly had the advantage the entire time.

Yusuf did not anticipate Chelsea expressly stating that she made love every day.

He ridiculed Edmund by raising his eyebrows and asking, "Having sex daily? Edmund, you are so dynamic."

Edmund's eyes were still glued to the computer monitor, and he didn't even glance at Yusuf when he asked, "Your skill falls short of your desires now?"

Yusuf felt really humiliated.

Why was Edmund's tongue so sharp?

Having heard Chelsea's words, Edmund felt somewhat parched. He could not help but reflect on the three years of their marriage.

Even though he had sex every night at home, it was seldom.

He went on at least a one-week business trip every month due to his excessive workload. He and Chelsea could only engage in sexual activity fifteen days a month due to Chelsea's menstrual cycle.

Therefore, this was not a matter of physical strength for Edmund, but rather the requirements of a typical man.

Chelsea and Diane confronted each other at the table.

Diane raised her hand to her face to wipe off the coffee.

Today, in order to appear superior to Chelsea, she applied delicate makeup, but it was damaged, making her feel ashamed.

Diane yelled with wrath, "Chelsea! I am not through with you!"

After pouring the coffee, Chelsea took a few steps back and maintained a safe distance from Diane, in the event that she rushed over frantically.

Anne also approached, feigning composure.

If Diane attempted to inflict harm on Chelsea, she would immediately intervene.

Chelsea looked at Diane with disapproval and asked, "Diane, didn't you want to pour it on me first? I just retaliated."

If Chelsea had not fought back, she would have been splattered with coffee.

Diane wiped the coffee off her face and pointed at Chelsea. "You..."

"I must remind you that you are here to apologize to me today," Chelsea interrupted promptly.

Diane couldn't even utter a sound.

How could she sincerely apologize to Chelsea now that she had a dispute with her? It would be her greatest act of kindness if she refrained from tearing Chelsea apart.

Exasperated, Diane turned back, grabbed her special edition purse, and walked away in high heels.

Chelsea said softly behind her, "Diane, your options are limited. Just two opportunities are remaining."

Hearing Chelsea's statements, Diane stamped her heels harder and harder.

After Diane's departure, Anne laughed loudly. "I have not seen you for over a year, Chelsea. You've become so powerful now. It's fascinating to observe Diane's failure right now."

Anne had gone overseas to study before Chelsea and Edmund's divorce.

Anne did not anticipate that following her return, she heard that Chelsea had divorced Edmund. In addition, she had moved overseas and changed her phone number, so Anne was unable to contact her.

Chelsea hid her hostile expression from Diane and responded with a grin, "If I continue to be subservient, she will bully me again and again. I apologize for not having contacted you sooner."

She then approached Anne and hugged her.

At the time, Chelsea believed that because she had severed ties with Edmund, she should avoid contacting anyone in his immediate vicinity lest Edmund suspect that she had ulterior motives for approaching him.

Anne patted her generously on the shoulder and said, "It's Okay. I am aware that you have your own challenges."

In the midst of their conversation, Edmund and Yusuf approached from close by.

When Chelsea saw that Edmund was also present, she was initially astonished and then felt so uneasy that she wanted to vanish immediately.

Did Edmund hear her conversation with Diane?

Chelsea took a glimpse in Edmund's departing direction. In such a distant office, the door was closed, so he was unable to hear it.

With this in mind, Chelsea was able to relax.

Edmund asked Chelsea with care as he stood before her, "Are you okay?"

"I'm OK," Chelsea said with a forced smile.

Chelsea felt awful despite the possibility that Edmund did not hear what she had spoken to Diane.

So she answered hastily, "There is something else I must attend to. I am currently departing. Let's talk another day."

She then turned around and was about to depart.

Edmund grabbed Chelsea by the arm and drew her back. He said with displeasure, "Why are you fleeing?"

Yusuf was smiling mischievously.

Chelsea clumsily removed her hand.

Edmund checked the time and said, "Let's eat lunch together."

Chelsea instinctively declined. "No thank you. I must return home to see Arya."

Edmund gazed at her and said, "I'll accompany you."

Chelsea's lips twitched.

Edmund wasn't obligated to do so, was he?

He disliked interacting with animals.

Chelsea, reflecting on this, stated, "Move forth with your work. In any case, you dislike little animals."

Edmund felt humiliated by her repeated refusals. He responded slowly, "I didn't like you before, did I?"

Now things were different. He adored her.

People would change!

With a look of shock and outrage on her face, Chelsea said, "How dare you compare me to an animal?"

Edmund was speechless. As soon as he realized Chelsea had departed, he hurriedly said, "This was not my intent. I only like to stress that individuals will adjust."

Chelsea no longer desired conversation with him. She left immediately after saying her goodbyes to Yusuf and Anne.

Edmund did not hesitate to follow her.

Yusuf and Anne, both standing still, shook their heads and sighed.

Anne grumbled, "Mr. Nelson is not exactly a smooth talker, sir. I fear it will be quite difficult for him to pursue Chelsea."

Yusuf shrugged and stated, "Don't worry. Someone will make him a smooth talker in the future."

### [Chapter 235 Edmund's Pawn](#)

Edmund followed Chelsea downstairs via the elevator.

"Why do you have a lot of time on your hands?" Chelsea asked, looking up at him irritated.

Edmund frowned and replied, "Come on, Chelsea. I got you Arya. Can't you at least let me see how it's doing?"

Chelsea rolled her eyes.

If she had known that he would use the kitten as an excuse to come to her apartment, she wouldn't have accepted it. However, it was too late to return the kitten now.

Chelsea had taken a liking to Arya already. It was so cute.

More so, she felt that its character was very similar to hers. They were both quiet and easy-going.

Chelsea saw her past self in Arya's eyes. It was as innocent and weak as she used to be before. Looking at Arya, she couldn't help feeling sorry for herself.

Since Edmund insisted on seeing Arya, she had no choice but to go with him.

On the way, Edmund suddenly intoned, "I heard everything you said to Diane."

Chelsea's face turned red in an instant.

He chuckled. "I had no idea that you still remembered our past so vividly, especially how we regularly had sex."

The atmosphere in the car suddenly felt hot even though the air conditioner was on. Chelsea wound down the window to cool herself with the wind. After finding her tongue, she said, "I just said all that to

get on Diane's nerves."

Edmund knew that. However, he couldn't let go of the golden opportunity to tease her. He enjoyed seeing how her face flushed when he mentioned sex.

"Anyway, why did you decide to get on her nerves today?" he asked with a hint of surprise.

He had been worried that Diane would pull one of her many stunts to trample on Chelsea today, so he rushed down to the café early in the morning to be on the lookout. When he saw that Chelsea gave Diane a taste of her own medicine, he was stunned.

Chelsea looked down and said indifferently, "I just couldn't stand her anymore."

Diane crossed the line when she stole her work. Chelsea couldn't suppress her anger, so she went all out to annoy her today.

"Don't you feel sorry for her?" Chelsea asked out of the blue.

A deep frown appeared on Edmund's face immediately. Her question annoyed him.

Clenching the steering wheel tightly, he turned his head and glared at her. "You are pissing me off, woman!"

Chelsea shrugged. "Why are you pissed off? You are in love with Diane, aren't you? Why did you refuse to marry her all of a sudden?"

The news of Edmund's upcoming wedding to Diane had been all over the place when Chelsea came back from abroad. She thought it would happen soon. But Edmund suddenly broke up with her.

"I think you are mistaken, Chelsea. How can you say that I'm in love with her?" Edmund queried unhappily.

"No, I'm not! Didn't you date her because you were head over heels in love with her?" Chelsea asked, unsure of the truth now.

Edmund didn't know how to explain.

How could he say that he was never in love with Diane?

At that time, he had thought Diane had all it took to be the matriarch of the Nelson family one day. His parents approved of her, so he decided to be with her.

It wasn't until later he realized that he hadn't been putting his feelings first.

The major reason why he fell for Diane was that he felt she would make a good daughter-in-law, not a good wife.

Edmund was in a fix. He couldn't tell Chelsea the truth. She would see him as a two-timing bastard who was heartless. She would question him if he didn't love Diane that much why he planned to marry her then.

Edmund didn't know what to say at this time.

His head was in a muddle. At this moment, he felt that the problem he was in now was way more complicated than all the problems he faced as a businessman. Why did a simple question like this one give him a banging headache?

It wasn't until Edmund racked his brain that he finally came up with a perfect response. "The thing I and Diane shared wasn't as deep as you think."

Afraid that Chelsea wouldn't take his word for it, he added, "I haven't even had sex with her."

Chelsea's cheeks burned hot. She looked away and commented, "Really? Is that your way of saying you didn't love her deeply?"

Edmund took a deep breath. He then replied slowly, "You know, sex spices up people's relationships. It creates a bond between two people even though they weren't in love with each other in the first place."

This was what happened to him and Chelsea.

Sensing that he was indirectly talking about their sex life while they were married, Chelsea glared at him. She then looked out of the window.

She wondered why he was becoming more shameless by the second.

When Edmund noticed that she was flustered, his lips curled up into a smile.

They soon arrived at Chelsea's residence. Once the front door was opened, Luka's cat sprinted to them.

Sweet harshly meowed at Edmund once it saw him. It was obvious that the cat didn't like him.

The feeling was mutual.

"Hey, cutie pie!" Chelsea intoned, picking up the cat.

Edmund's face darkened. This scene felt as if Chelsea was showing too much care to Luka.

Glaring at the cat, he asked, "When will Luka get back? Doesn't he know that his cat needs him?"

"He won't be back anytime soon," Chelsea responded casually.

This annoyed Edmund greatly.

His instincts told him that Luka had intentionally planned this. He knew that Chelsea liked pets, so he asked her to take care of his cat so their bond would be stronger.

This was war in Edmund's opinion. He was already fighting it since he got Chelsea a kitten so her love and attention would be divided.

To his dismay, Edmund realized that Arya was very timid. He hadn't seen it since he got into the apartment.

"Where is Arya?" he asked, looking everywhere.

"It must be under the sofa." From their little interaction yesterday, Chelsea had a good understanding of Arya's personality.

It was probably timid because the environment was new and there was another cat in the apartment. The only times it came out of hiding was when it wanted to eat, drink, and defecate.

"My goodness," Edmund mumbled to himself. The cat wasn't living up to his expectations. Why did it hide when it was supposed to be getting along well with Chelsea in order to open more doors for its buyer?

Edmund immediately got on all fours, intending to pull Arya out.

#### [Chapter 236 Unable To Go Back To The Pas](#)

"Don't scare it!" Chelsea stopped Edmund in time.

His hand froze for a moment, and although he was a little reluctant, he stood up and looked at Chelsea. "It's always hiding like this. When will it get familiar with you if you let this go on?"

Chelsea pursed her lips and shook her head. "It has to work at its own pace. Why do you want to push its limits?"

Edmund then glanced at the cat in Chelsea's arms and asked, "Or maybe you're just ignoring Arya because you have Luka's cat!"

Feeling offended, Chelsea put down the cat she was holding and looked at Edmund in disbelief. "Do you really see me as this heartless person?"

"Well, I don't know what to think because that's how you treat me. As for how you are with other



people, I have no idea."

Chelsea had divorced him without any hesitation and without looking back, he still hurt from it.

Now Chelsea didn't want to talk to him, and she wouldn't even bother giving him something as simple as a smile.

To her, he was just making trouble out of nothing at the moment, and she wasn't very interested in continuing this conversation with him.

So, she changed the topic and said, "If you want to see Arya, I can help you!"

"No!" he said quickly, feeling panic rise within him.

The truth was that he just wanted to spend time with Chelsea. The cat was just an excuse to see her.

Chelsea then forced a stiff smile on her face and said, "In that case, why don't you go back to the company and take care of your business? You should have more important things to do, right?"

Edmund frowned when she said this.

He had just arrived, and already, Chelsea was kicking him out. She hadn't even offered him a seat.

"What are you going to have for lunch?" Edmund asked as a last resort after checking the time on his watch.

The bowl of noodles he had last time hadn't satisfied him in the least. He wanted to eat Chelsea's food. He wished they could go back to the days when Chelsea used to take care of him.

Chelsea sighed and answered, "I'll order takeout later."

Chelsea didn't really have enough time for other things. Before, all she had to do was concentrate on her writing. But now, she also had to take care of two cats, and that involved playing with them, and most especially building a relationship with the little one, Arya.

Considering this, she simply didn't have time to get into the kitchen and cook herself a meal.

Edmund was unhappy when she said she was going to order takeout.

"Chelsea, you used to like cooking before. What happened? Why are you always ordering takeout now?"

As a matter of fact, he had noticed that Chelsea rarely cooked her own meals since she came back.

"Well, I have work to finish as soon as possible, and I have two cats to care for. As you can tell, I don't

have the time," Chelsea answered curtly. Besides, she didn't see anything wrong with ordering takeout. She wasn't the only one doing it.

However, Edmund was not just unhappy, but now sad about it.

Chelsea had clearly changed.

She now had her own job, and a career of her own to build up. She had none of that when she was with Edmund. All she had to do in that time, was take care of him.

Even if they did get back together, he now realized that it would never be like it was in the past. They had both changed.

He felt conflicted at the moment. He didn't know if he should feel sad or happy for Chelsea.

Suddenly feeling out of place, he gulped and said, "I guess I'll take my leave now and stop disturbing you then."

Chelsea forced that smile again and politely saw him out. If she was being honest, she wanted him gone from the moment he came in.

It looked like Edmund didn't get the hint, because when he stood out of the door, he said, "Shouldn't you invite me for lunch since I gave you a cat?"

Chelsea's eyebrows shot up in surprise. She had never seen anyone like him. He literally asked people to thank him when he gave the person something. How didn't he feel embarrassed when he did this?

Although surprised, Chelsea didn't lose her smile. "I thought you gave it to me as a reward for winning the adaptation right of Roy's new book."

Edmund was speechless.

How did Chelsea become such a cunning person? To be honest, he was a little embarrassed, but he wasn't going to let it deter him.

With an obvious frown on his face this time, he grunted, "Can't you just invite me for lunch?"

Chelsea turned it in her mind for a while and said, "Mr. Pierce said he would come back in a few days for us to celebrate this victory. We'll go together then."

The moment Luka's name left Chelsea's lips, Edmund stopped listening. He just turned and went.

Watching him leave, Chelsea shrugged and closed her door.

For her, being partners and friends with Edmund like they were now was enough.

She didn't want to have anything more to do with him. So even if he was serious about loving her and wanting to chase her, she preferred to ignore it and act like it never happened.

All Chelsea wanted to do now was focus on her career. Added to that, she now had two cats to take care of.

When she finished with the script of *The Crown*, she was going to start with *Find You*. She really had too much on her plate. She simply couldn't afford sacrificing time to talk about love.

After lunch, Luka made a video call to Chelsea. When she told him that Edmund gave her a cat, he went silent for a while. But not able to hold it in, he started bitterly, "Chelsea, I think Edmund... I think he's serious about you this time."

Chelsea just chuckled and said, "I really don't care. Serious or not, I don't have the time to think about that now."

Luka sighed and said, "I'll be back tomorrow to take my cat. You have a new cat at home. I can't submerge you with work and two cats, can I?"

"No, don't worry about it. I can take care of her without any problem," she quickly said.

Luka stayed silent for a while and then said, "I actually have something to do when I get back. A few days ago, Purple called and said she wanted to leave the Peak Entertainment and work for Diane's company. Diane's company has absolutely no future. So I want to meet her and persuade her not to do what she wants to."

"Yeah. There's no doubt that Diane has no morals or ethics whatsoever. If Purple works in Fairyland Culture, she won't achieve great success!" Chelsea agreed.

"You know, when she became famous after that book and play, I already knew she had a lot of shortcomings, but I still helped her get into the film and television industry. I was only doing that because I still nurtured the hope of her learning to improve herself and becoming a famous scriptwriter. But as we've all seen, Purple hasn't made any progress since then. Instead, she acted very smug, boasted, and even did something bad. In the Peak Entertainment, she is afraid of me and can't go very far. But if she goes to Diane's company and works with Diane, then they will make a lot trouble."

The truth was that, Purple had done so many things wrong that even a gentle person like Luka couldn't say anything good about her.

Chelsea frowned after hearing all of what Luka said. She was really worried now.

"If she had been half as humble and diligent as you, she wouldn't have been like this now," Luka added

after a while. "Anyways, I'll do as I planned. I'll try my best to persuade her not to go to Diane's company. But if she doesn't listen to me, I won't be able to do anything about it. I'll just come and get my cat back, that way, you can concentrate more on writing, okay?"

Taking care of a child was almost the same as raising a child. It was definitely not an easy thing. Especially the cat that Edmund gave Chelsea. It was still a very small cat, and it sucked a lot more energy taking care of that type than any other.

Luka hated seeing Chelsea stress so much, so he preferred just taking his cat.

Since Luka had made up his mind, she knew she couldn't change it. So she just shrugged and let him have his way.

### [Chapter 237 She Wanted To Scream Yes](#)

In the evening, Roy rang up Chelsea and asked, "How did your talk with Diane go?"

Chelsea thought it was best if she spoke the truth.

Roy, as expected, was furious. "She dared to bully you like this because she thought you had no background and she had the license to do as she pleased. She bullied the weak and reserved her fear for the strong!"

Chelsea hadn't thought he would be this angry. Putting on a calming tone, she said, "It doesn't matter. I want to give her two more chances."

Chelsea wasn't a child. She knew why Diane and Sonya treated her like trash. Had she been someone with a powerful family background, they wouldn't have dared to bully her.

"You could give her ten more chances and nothing good will come out of it!" roared Roy. "You know what? Her father found me and asked me to show her some mercy. Diane just doesn't want to apologize to you!"

"He found you?" Chelsea was shocked.

Roy snorted derisively and said, "Yes, Diane's father managed to find me through some connection he had."

It turned out Philip wasn't taking Chelsea seriously.

He only cared about what Roy thought of his daughter. He wanted Roy to help him hush this thing up so that nothing would spread in the film and television industry.

Chelsea said apologetically, "I'm sorry. If they are dragging you into this, then I will let the whole thing

go."

She knew social connections were something that every social person could not escape.

Roy was a person of high social status and he had social connections to maintain. She couldn't let Philip bother Roy because of her.

Chelsea didn't know what got into her. But she suddenly wanted to hush the whole thing up.

Roy shook his head in disappointment and said, "Do you think I'm the kind of person who will yield to people like them? They are pure evil! I won't compromise to them even if I'm just an ordinary person, let alone the fact that my family's status in Norrmalm is very high. Diane is wrong. I have only asked her to apologize to you. If I wanted, I could have informed about her evil deeds to the entire industry. I'm already very kind to her!"

One could easily tell Roy was disgusted with Philip's and his daughter's behavior. "It's fathers like Philip who spoil their children, not once bothering to teach them the difference between right and wrong. Their upbringing has brought so many youngsters like Diane in this society."

Roy's family was powerful in Norrmalm. Roy too was rich and powerful. But he wasn't the type to flaunt it and had managed to live a modest life. It was with his own talent that he made achievements in his field. Therefore, he despised people like Philip who used power to get favors from others.

Chelsea didn't know what to say.

Roy continued, "I have a perfect idea. If we execute it, I can not only protect you but also compel Diane to apologize to you."

Chelsea, with a puzzled frown, asked, "What method?"

Roy stammered and one could tell he was a little embarrassed. "After we met last time, I liked you a lot and also appreciated your talent. I discussed with my wife and we concluded that it would be great... It would be great if you agree to become our goddaughter."

Chelsea's mouth was wide open and she thought she had misheard him. "Goddaughter?" she repeated.

"Yes." Roy's words were oozing with sincerity. "As you know, my wife and I have been married for so many years and yet we have no children. We promise to treat you as if you were our own daughter. And you rely on my family if any trouble comes. No one will dare to bully you again in Vertoak or Norrmalm."

"But I..." Chelsea faltered in her speech. She began to let out sobs.

Chelsea felt honored that Roy had considered her capable enough to adapt his new book.

She had thought their interaction would be strictly professional. He had stunned her when he confessed his desire to make her his goddaughter.

Roy knew this would be a tough decision for her. He was prepared to wait. "I am aware I am asking you for something huge. You are free to discuss it with your parents. If you and your family think it's not a good idea, I will be understanding. There won't be any hard feelings. But remember that I want you to be my goddaughter out of pure love and desire to protect you. I irks me to watch you get bullied by people like Diane. We don't expect you to take care of us if that's what you think."

Roy spoke to Chelsea in a very understanding, fatherly tone.

She nodded her head even though he couldn't see her. A lump had formed in her throat. "I know you are not that kind of person. You don't have to say that," she said in between sobs.

If one considered the wealth Roy had accumulated and his powerful family background, he and his wife could hire an amazing nanny. Even if they wanted to live in a fully-equipped nursing home in their old age, that could be arranged within the snap of a finger.

"It's my honor to be your goddaughter, but I'm afraid I am not worth it..."

Chelsea was just an ordinary girl. Maybe she showed a bit of talent in writing but that was all about it. It wouldn't qualify her to become the goddaughter of a big shot like Roy.

She didn't even have a complete family, nor had the slightest idea as to who her biological father was.

The Ellis family was so famous and there would be chaos if they made her their goddaughter. She couldn't care less about people gossiping about her. However, she would be hurt if their lives would be affected by this.

Roy, noticing her hesitancy, went on, "It's wrong to say you don't deserve this. You deserve the world. Our family is also very ordinary. You don't need to stress yourself." It was as if he had read her mind! He added, "I know I have dropped a big bomb and you might need some time to think straight. You can give it some serious thought and let me know your answer tomorrow."

Roy didn't want to make her feel overwhelmed.

"Okay." Chelsea hadn't reeled from her shock yet.

But he was right. She needed time to think.

After ending the call with Roy, Chelsea sat slouched on the sofa, unable to make sense of what had just happened.

Truth be told, she didn't need to think about it, nor did she need to discuss about it with her family.

When Roy said that he wanted Chelsea to be his goddaughter, Chelsea wanted to say yes. Hell, she wanted to scream yes!

Although Chelsea had met Roy only once, she had felt an instant bond. She knew she could trust him and his wife.

And most of all, she knew if she became their goddaughter, she would be truly loved. And love was something that lacked in her life.

### [Chapter 238 Unwelcomed Visitors](#)

Chelsea called her best friend to inform her of the news.

When Zuri heard it, she was even more excited than Chelsea. She kept screaming on the phone. "Whoa! You are the best, girl! You went to Norrmalm and got a famous godfather. I'm so proud of you! Let's see if Diane would dare to bully you again in the future. She'd be doomed if she tries it!"

Philip didn't come close to Roy in terms of power and reputation.

Chelsea sighed with distress.

Sensing her friend's mood, Zuri asked with concern, "Why did you sigh like that? Don't tell me you think you don't deserve it. Of course, you do! Why do you think Roy and his wife chose you to be their goddaughter? It must be because you are a good young woman. Stop selling yourself short!"

Zuri gritted her teeth and added, "Edmund is such a horrible man. He trampled on you so much that it affected your self-esteem. Listen to me, Chelsea. You are the most gentle and talented girl in the world. You deserve every good thing, including becoming Roy's goddaughter. Don't let anything or anyone make you believe otherwise, okay?"

Zuri showered praises on her friend.

Chelsea was amused.

Holding her head up high, she said jokingly, "Yeah, I am the most beautiful and talented woman in the world!"

"That's what I am talking about! You need to be more confident from now on," Zuri uttered, snapping her fingers with excitement.

Chelsea used to be the most beautiful and talented girl while they were in college. Her confidence was out of this world. No one could trample on her. But that changed after she became Edmund's wife. Her confidence was reduced to nothing because of him.

"Thank you, Zuri," Chelsea said softly.

Her mood was uplifted now that she heard those words of affirmation.

"Come on, girl! You don't have to thank me. Anyway, don't forget your best friend when you become rich in the future."

Chelsea crossed her heart and promised. "I'll never forget you. One day, I'll write a story about you. Thank you for being the best friend a girl could ever ask for!"

She couldn't imagine how her life would be without Zuri. She had only been able to pull through despite the many things she faced because of Zuri's support.

"Really?" Zuri was so excited. But the next second, she became sad. "What if I don't have a happy ending with Colin? How will the story end?"

"Not to worry, your story will have a happy ending even if you don't end up with the love of your life. Hopefully, you both end up together. That way, I will just write it in all honesty. Let's keep our hopes up, okay?"

The idea of writing a story about Zuri had come to Chelsea a long time ago. But she was yet to carry it out.

While she was still in that shackle called marriage, she was depressed every day, so she didn't have the zeal to write most times.

Now that she was happier, she didn't have the time because she was busy working on two scripts.

She vowed to start writing the story once she got time to do so.

She knew all about what transpired between Zuri and Colin, so writing the story would be a piece of cake.

Should Zuri and Colin end up together, it would be said that their love was undying since they loved each other since high school.

This kind of love story was the plot of many of the movies and plays that were aired nowadays. If the story was adapted into a movie, she would ask Zuri to be the heroine.

"I love you so much, Chelsea!" Zuri declared happily.

She looked forward to seeing her story put into writing. The thought of it alone made her heart leap with joy.

Chelsea had a good night's sleep.



At the crack of dawn, she got out of bed. She was about to reply Roy when she received two unexpected guests.

It was Edmund's parents! Jaime and Alena didn't look good.

Especially Alena, who looked away with disdain after Chelsea answered the door. She pretended as if she didn't see Chelsea at all.

Chelsea sneered at them and was about to slam the door in their faces.

But when she remembered that it was immoral to do such a thing to elders, she refrained from it.

Jaime's attitude was a little better than his wife's. He uttered, "Good morning, Chelsea. Please can you invite us in? We have something important to discuss with you."

Chelsea reluctantly made way for them. She didn't need anyone to tell her that these two came here to discuss the lawsuit she filed against Sonya.

She was a little willing to hear what they had to say. There was a high chance that they might defend their stubborn daughter as Philip did for Diane.

After they got in, Chelsea shut the door. Her phone suddenly rang as she was about to join them.

It was Edmund.

"Hello, my parents are on their way to your home. Don't open the door for them. Just wait for me," he said in a worried tone as soon as she picked up.

Chelsea glanced at the couple, who had already sat down on the sofa, and replied, "Well, I already allowed them in."

"Fuck!" Edmund cursed. He then added, "You know what? Don't say a word to them. I'll be there in five minutes!"

Chelsea rolled her eyes. She then replied, "You don't have to come over. This is none of your business."

Edmund kept silent for a while and suddenly raised his voice. "How is it none of my business? Those two are my parents! Besides, I said I want you back, so it's my duty to protect you. I'm coming over!"

Edmund couldn't allow his parents to be in the same airspace as Chelsea. They were bullies, so he decided to rush over to her residence once he found out they were on their way there. He wanted to protect her. Why did she ask him not to come?

Chelsea's blood boiled at this moment.

"Edmund, you had your chance to protect me, but you didn't. Stay out of my business. I have got this!" she said in a clipped tone and hung up.

At the time Edmund was supposed to protect her, he sided with her oppressors.

Now that she was no longer his wife and had the support of a powerful man like Roy, he was offering his help. To hell with him!

"The nerve of this bitch," Alena cursed under her breath, murdering Chelsea with her eyes from the living room.

Chelsea had just spoken rudely to her son. Worse still, she hung up on him.

How dare she speak to Edmund in such a reproachful tone?

Just when Alena was about to get up to give Chelsea a piece of her mind, Jaime held her down.

He knew that there was a line they couldn't cross now that Chelsea was no longer their daughter-in-law.

#### [Chapter 239 Godfather's Defense](#)

Chelsea noticed Alena's anger, but she turned a blind eye to it.

She walked over to the living room. Afterward, she sat down on the sofa opposite them with her legs crossed. She then asked indifferently, "How may I help you?"

Jaime responded in a kind tone, "I know that what Sonya did was out of line, so I apologize on her behalf."

Chelsea stared at him without saying anything, waiting for him to continue.

Jaime continued, "Remember that Sonya was once your sister-in-law. I was wondering if you can let her off the hook. Give her a chance to correct her errors."

After he finished speaking, he looked at Chelsea.

There was a hint of warning and pressure in Jaime's eyes although he spoke so reasonably.

Chelsea looked at the couple and then burst into laughter.

Their silly acting wasn't going to fool her. If they were a little more sincere, she would have considered withdrawing the lawsuit. But these two were despicable. They planned to force her into it if she didn't fall for their tricks.

They were no different from Diane and her parents.

It would have been a perfect match if the two families were merged by marriage. They deserved each other.

With her arms folded, Chelsea asked Jaime indifferently, "Did Sonya spare a second to think of our relationship before she did those things to me?"

Jaime was taken aback.

"There's no need to bring up the past. It won't help matters at all. You seem to have forgotten that Sonya never treated me as her sister-in-law. You also didn't take me as your daughter-in-law. So, drop the act!" Chelsea added seriously.

Jaime's face flushed with embarrassment. The Chelsea he used to know was an introverted and dull young woman. Who was this woman in front of him? When did she become so eloquent?

Pointing at Chelsea, Alena yelled angrily, "Don't be so arrogant because we came here to talk things out with you! If you don't withdraw the lawsuit, we will teach you a lesson!"

"Is that so? What's stopping you? Go ahead!" Chelsea fired back. With a chuckle, she added, "You don't have the world in your palms, ma'am."

"Hey!" Alena's body trembled uncontrollably.

Jaime held her hand, preventing her from pouncing on Chelsea. He looked at the calm woman in front of him and said in a serious tone, "We aren't joking with you. I trust you know that we are more powerful than you in this city. You don't stand a chance against us."

"I'm not joking either!" Chelsea fired back again.

"You bitch!" Alena got rid of her husband's grip and sprang up to her feet.

She already knew that Chelsea was exceptionally confident now. That was why she tried to talk Jaime out of it when he suggested that they come over to talk things out with Chelsea. Left to her, she would have hired someone to deal with Chelsea.

Before Alena could do anything to her, there was a knock on the door.

"Open up, Chelsea!" Edmund hurriedly said, knocking hard.

"Don't even dare!" Alena warned Chelsea before the latter could respond.

She didn't want her son in here. In her opinion, something was wrong with Edmund. He had confessed that he was in love with Chelsea. It was obvious he would take her side, not minding his family's stand.

There was a high probability that he would get short with his parents if he was allowed in here. Alena knew that Chelsea would enjoy the scene. And this was the last thing she wanted to happen.

Chelsea elegantly stood up and looked at Alena dead in the eye. "This is my home, so you don't call the shots here!"

Alena's fury squeezed the air in her lungs. She had difficulty breathing.

Contrary to what it seemed, Chelsea didn't intend to open the door for Edmund.

This was her fight. She didn't want his protection, nor did she want to owe him a favor again.

She said calmly, "Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, you must have heard of the man called Roy Ellis, right?"

"So what?" Jaime and Alena knew Roy. They heard that Philip went to see him for Diane's sake.

Chelsea threatened. "Well, I'm his goddaughter now. If you force me to withdraw the lawsuit, I'll tell him!"

Normally, she wasn't someone who would use her power over someone else. But she had to do so now that these two stepped out of line.

They were really getting on her nerves.

Jaime's eyes widened in shock. "What? You are Roy's goddaughter?"

Alena's mouth was agape at this time. Her forehead broke out in cold sweat.

The Ellis family of Norrmalm was way above the Nelsons and Stevensons. How come Chelsea became Roy's goddaughter?

"If you don't believe me, I can make a call to him." As Chelsea spoke, she took out her phone and dialed Roy's number under the surprised gaze of Jaime and Alena.

Edmund was still banging on the door, but Chelsea turned a deaf ear.

After greeting Roy, she said, "Mr. Ellis, about yesterday's proposal, I agree. It's my greatest pleasure to be your goddaughter. Thank you for choosing me!"

"That's great!" Roy's joyful voice came through the phone. "Once my wife is discharged in a few days, we will prepare a big gift and go over to see your parents in Vertoak."

Chelsea hadn't told him about her family. It wasn't something that brought her joy, after all.

She said slowly, "There's no need to prepare a gift. Anyway, I need you to help me deal with something first."

"What is that? Did you encounter any trouble?" With all willingness, Roy added, "Go ahead and tell me what it is. I'm more than willing to help you. Even if I can't help, I'll ask someone to do so."

Tears welled up in Chelsea's eyes.

Few elderly persons had shown her love and care since her mother passed away.

Chelsea cleared her throat to suppress the emotions in her heart. She then told Roy how Sonya kidnapped her and that Sonya's parents came to her home to threaten her.

"What? How dare they threaten you after what their daughter did? Are they courting death? They had better not lay a finger on you. If they do, I'll tear them down!"

Roy was livid. It was obvious he would do anything to protect Chelsea.

#### [Chapter 240 Edmund's Belief In Chelsea](#)

Jaime and Alena were assaulted by Roy's anger. They stared at each other, frozen.

They hadn't expected Chelsea to be the goddaughter of Roy who was from the Ellis family. They were wary of offending him.

Alena had always looked down on Chelsea's family background. However, she suddenly felt inferior to Chelsea, which swelled her rage.

When she realized that Sonya might actually be punished by the law, she grew even more desperate.

Ignoring Jamie's and Alena's looks of shock and surprise, she said to Roy, amidst sobs, "Mr. Ellis, I'm at ease after hearing your words. I'll deal with the issue at hand first."

Roy spoke some more to her on the phone before hanging up.

Chelsea proceeded to open the door.

She'd already frightened Jaime and Alena with Roy, so it didn't matter if Edmund came in.

Edmund came in angrily. His eyes immediately went to Chelsea. He was concerned that she had been wronged by his parents.

Chelsea took a step back and avoided his stare.

"Edmund, this is the good girl you are in love with," Alena said in a vicious tone. "She's so special now. She has become Roy's goddaughter."

Edmund looked at Chelsea, astonished.

When did that happen? Why hadn't he known about it until now?

Chelsea continued to avoid Edmund's stare and didn't try to explain.

Raising her voice, Alena continued in a venomous tone, "Goddaughter? That doesn't sound like the right word to describe your relationship with him. I think you've taken Roy's wife's poor health as an opportunity to climb into his bed!"

Chelsea trembled with rage at Alena's filthy words.

Edmund was even more furious.

Gritting his teeth, he said gravely, "Mom, watch your mouth in front of others. If I hear any rumors about Chelsea, you will suffer the consequences."

Currently, even Edmund's parents quivered in fear at his harshness and domineering aura.

Edmund's warning chilled Alena. Frustrated, she said, "Edmund, I'm your mother. Are you going to go against the whole family for this shameless woman?"

Edmund, seeing Chelsea's pale face, pulled her behind him.

He stared at Alena emotionlessly and said in a cold tone, "The whole family? Does it mean you, my father, and Sonya?"

These were supposed to be the people closest to him, yet they all did everything possible to hurt Chelsea.

Sonya, his mother, and even his father. They all hurt Chelsea with no regard to his feelings.

Alena didn't deny it.

"But Grandpa is on my side," Edmund said in a tone that mirrored his expression.

Alena was dumbstruck.

The power of the Nelson family was in the hands of Edmund and Ethan.

Although Alena and Jaime worked in the family business, they had no real power.

Edmund continued, "If you, my father, and Sonya change your attitude towards Chelsea for the good, I believe she won't make things difficult for you."

Chelsea was gentle and kind. As long as others treated her right, she would reciprocate that treatment.

Unfortunately, neither Alena nor Sonya sincerely wanted to apologize to her or make up with her. They didn't take Chelsea seriously.

Edmund blamed himself for this. He hadn't taken care of Chelsea in their marriage, which had caused his family to look down on her.

"You..." Alena was so angry that she burst into tears midway through her words.

"Stop it. Let's get out of here," Jaime said, stopping Alena from making a scene again.

Once Alena was pulled out of the apartment, Edmund closed the door.

However, Alena could be heard crying and ranting through the door, "None of the men in your family are good."

Edmund was unconcerned about his mother's hysteria.

He turned around to see Chelsea squatting against the wall, her arms around her knees. He couldn't see her face, but her trembling shoulders told him she was crying.

Edmund clenched his fists and said sincerely, "I know you are not that kind of person."

Although he didn't know why Chelsea became Roy's goddaughter, he believed her relationship with Roy was just that and not what Alena had said.

Chelsea raised her head slowly and asked scathingly, "I'm not that kind of person? Didn't you always think that I was shameless and a gold-digger?"

During the three years when Chelsea had been with Edmund, he had often humiliated her with the fact that she had slept with him when he was drunk.

She had tried countless times to explain that she had been framed by Hilton and his son, but Edmund never listened. He had been so sure that Chelsea had no principles, yet now he claimed to believe she wasn't that kind of person.

Wasn't that ironic?

Chelsea felt tears fall down her cheeks again.

Alena must have been well aware of Roy's reputation in the business world.

Chelsea didn't care how Alena slandered her, but she couldn't stand hearing Alena humiliate Roy.