

## Mr Nelson 31

### [Chapter 31 Big Shocker](#)

Edmund snatched the piece of paper without hesitation. Instead of leaving, he said with a smirk, "Who would have thought that you had good eyes for talent? I have to hand it to you, you are a big risk-taker for sparing no effort to train a newcomer."

Now that Edmund suspected that Luka had a crush on his ex-wife, he couldn't help satirizing him. He felt that Luka only sent Chelsea abroad because he liked her.

Like the intelligent man that he was, Luka read the underlying meaning in Edmund's words. He shook his head and smiled. "Mr. Nelson, I hate to say this, but it seems you don't know your ex-wife at all. It's not that I am a big risk-taker or a good judge of talent. Chelsea is just too excellent that I couldn't help giving her a chance. You know, talented people need the platform to show what they're capable of. Otherwise, they would remain undiscovered like diamonds in the ground."

"Oh, really?" Edmund scoffed and stared at Luka with his eyebrows raised.

"It might interest you to know that when Zuri first introduced Chelsea as a part-time scriptwriter, I casually gave her the script I was working on and asked her to write an outline as a test. To my greatest surprise, she did marvelously well. Her work was the best I had ever seen from new scriptwriters. Mr. Lewis even selected it at first glance. I can never forget how ecstatic he was when he came and asked to be her mentor."

A trace of surprise flashed through Edmund's eyes. It was no news that Eugene never liked to mentor anyone. He had broken the hearts of many upcoming scriptwriters who wanted to be his mentees. Thus, it was shocking to learn that he personally asked to mentor Chelsea.

Noticing the surprise in Edmund's eyes, Luka added, "You may not know this, but Chelsea has been fond of literature since childhood. Throughout her school years, she won various prizes for her literary pieces. She was also the best graduating student in her class at the university. You could say that she breathes literature."

Edmund's head was full. It dawned on him that the woman who he had been married to for three years completely deceived him. If he didn't know better, he would have thought Luka was showering praises on a completely different person.

Luka continued to blow Chelsea's trumpet in her absence. "Chelsea is so gifted that I think she would have still taken the screenwriting world by storm even if Mr. Lewis didn't mentor her. It's such a pity that she didn't kick-start her career full-time immediately after graduation. If she hadn't gotten married to you, she would have been famous by now."

To remain a diligent wife, Chelsea had made her career take the backseat. She could only work part-time even though it was her dream to work full-time like every other career woman.

It was crystal clear that Luka was saying that Edmund had prevented Chelsea from living her dreams. This indirect insult made Edmund's blood boil. He glared at Luka for a few seconds, while squeezing the paper in his hand. Afterward, he stormed out without saying anything more.

Chelsea was not only the best graduating student in her class, but also the first person Eugene ever offered to mentor. It was so annoying that he had to find out important details about his ex-wife from an outsider. Intense sadness mixed with irritation settled like a boulder in his gut.

It was a slap in the face that he didn't know that Chelsea was this excellent although they once lived under the same roof and shared the same bed.

Just because Edmund felt that she and her father had set him up, he hated her so much and didn't even bother to get to know her. She was just a shameless gold-digger in his eyes.

The only way he could vent his anger was by torturing Chelsea in bed. Her body gave him pleasure and her cries were pleasant to his ears.

Months passed before his anger reduced. He no longer loathed her as before, but he couldn't bring himself to treat her right. He continued to treat her as if they were just housemates. On no occasion did he bother to get to know her. In this way, Chelsea remained a familiar stranger to him until their divorce.

Gloom was written all over Edmund's face when he stormed out of Luka's office. Diane walked to him and held his arm. She asked lovingly, "How did your discussion with Mr. Pierce go? You look pissed. Did he say anything wrong?"

"Let's go. I'll take you home," Edmund said, ignoring her question.

Diane rested her head on his arm and acted cute. "My home is boring. I want to spend time with you today. How about we go on a date?"

"No. I told you yesterday that I have a lot of work on my hands currently," Edmund said, looking down at her with a slight frown.

Sensing his brewing irritation, Diane knew it was best not to be pushy. She suggested, "Okay, I'll go home. But how about we have dinner later tonight? You know, we haven't dined together in ages."

"Okay, I'll tell Leo to make a reservation for tonight and inform you about it." Edmund gave in.

Still acting cute, Diane suggested, "I want to have steak tonight. How about making a reservation in that Italian restaurant we frequently go to?"

Edmund stopped dead in his tracks. For some weird reason, the smell and sight of steak irritated him

ever since he discovered that Chelsea was allergic to beef and mutton. He didn't want to have it tonight.

### Chapter 32 Lovers' Argumen

"I have been experiencing stomach upset lately, so I don't want to eat steak today. I'd rather have a plate of salad or something else that's easily digestible." Edmund turned down Diane's suggestion indifferently.

A glint of sadness leaped into Diane's eyes. She was a lover of steak, just like Edmund. They always had steak whenever they were eating together. Their love for steak was one of the few things they had in common.

Although it sounded as if Edmund didn't just want to dine with her, Diane managed to convince herself that he was indeed suffering from a stomachache. She ditched her sad expression and put on a concerned one. She touched Edmund's side and asked, "Does it hurt very much now?"

"Uh-huh!" Edmund nodded as he walked. His stomach upset had been recurrent in the past year. Almost everything he ate made him feel uncomfortable.

Most of the meals he ate during his marriage were cooked by Chelsea. He always had three full-course meals every day at that time.

Chelsea had made his diet one of her top priorities. She always reminded him not to eat any kind of food outside in order not to have a stomach upset. He used to be irritated by her constant reminder. But after they divorced, he realized that she was right all along.

Since he ate just about anything to satisfy his hunger recently, his stomach was always upset.

Diane sighed and said, "I've told you times without number that you need to cut down on your alcohol intake, quit drinking coffee, and also stop smoking, but you have refused to listen to me. Now, see what's happening."

There was a hint of displeasure in Diane's voice. She couldn't help gritting her teeth when she remembered how Chelsea used to make coffee for Edmund every morning.

It annoyed her that Edmund didn't like the coffee she made for him now. She had thought she was good at it. But he always frowned after taking a sip. He'd then dump it.

Not only did this break her heart, but she was also mad at Chelsea for making Edmund's taste buds only comfortable with her coffee. She was fed up with wasting her efforts, so she decided to make him quit using his stomachache as an excuse.

This was the only way she could make sure Edmund never compared her with Chelsea in terms of coffee making.

Edmund didn't utter a word, nor did he nod in agreement. It was pretty obvious to Diane that he wasn't going to take her advice.

After the two of them got into the car, Diane asked tentatively, "By the way, what do you think of the script today?"

"It's not bad," Edmund replied simply.

Diane gritted her teeth and asked, "Don't you think the ending is strange?"

"Strange? What's strange about the ending?" Edmund inquired in reply.

After breathing to prevent herself from showing her angry side, Diane explained, "I think it's rather strange that the woman who the prince hated was the same one he stayed married to and lived with happily ever after. On the other hand, the princess of the neighboring country, who was his first love, died in the end. The genre of the play is romance. But the princess's death is a tragedy. Don't you think it's unreasonable for it to end that way?"

Anger bubbled in Diane's throat. She had wanted to bang the table in fury when she listened to the script outline a while ago. If Chelsea wasn't the one who wrote the script, she wouldn't have taken offense. However, she felt that Chelsea had written the script based on the love triangle between the three of them.

The prince had been forced by the king to marry a woman that he didn't love. He was already in love with a princess from a neighboring nation. He wanted to marry her but the king kicked against it.

Why did the storyline seem so similar to their lives?

The only difference was that the prince's first love died and his wife became his new love. Edmund's own marriage had ended and he was now with his first love. Could it be that Chelsea sought comfort in writing this script because she couldn't have him? Did this mean she still hadn't gotten over him?

Several thoughts went through Edmund's head after Diane pointed out the so-called discrepancy in the script. He agreed that the similarity was uncanny. However, he didn't see anything wrong with the ending. It was unusual but excellent.

"Things changed as the story progressed. Only the protagonists that were still alive could end up together. I don't think the ending is unreasonable." Edmund expressed his thought.

"Why did the story have to progress like that? The play is about true love. The love the prince and the princess shared was also important. They should have ended up together!" Diane didn't change her point of view. The tempo of her voice increased as she argued.

"The prince's wife had gone through a lot for him. She had seen through all the plots from the court, battlefield, and church. She took good care of him when he was in danger. Without her help, the prince would have never become king. The best reward he could give her for her loyalty was to love her back. Don't you think it would be unfair if he had walked out on his marriage after all they went through together? Think about it. For me, the ending is perfect."

Edmund thought he had made a good point. But Diane still didn't see reasons with him. His explanation only fanned her fury.

### [Chapter 33 Genuine Worry](#)

Diane stuck to her opinion. She didn't want to accept that the script was perfect.

The only reason why she brought it up was that she wanted Edmund to see reasons with her and to push for the script to be revised since he was an investor.

In the past, Edmund satisfied her every whim. She didn't expect that he would say that the script was perfect even after she made it obvious to him that she didn't like the ending.

"Edmund, I still think..." Diane was about to say something.

"Drop it, Diane. I know exactly what I'm saying. I'm the one investing in this play. So when I say that the script is good, don't counter my words!" Edmund interrupted her seriously.

He didn't want to argue with her anymore. As far as he was concerned, the script was perfect and there was no need to tweak it at all.

Diane was taken aback by his words. She could sense the irritation in his voice. He had indirectly accused her of pointing out a problem when there was none. Her eyes blazed with fury as she looked at him.

Of course she knew that he had the final say. She had never interfered with his work in the past. This situation was only different because Chelsea was involved. She had interfered because she thought Edmund would be displeased with the similarity just like she was.

"Okay then." Although Diane badly wanted to throw a fit, she could only suppress her anger. She feared that Edmund would break up with her if she nagged him any further. She had come a long way with him. She had to take good care of it.

Continuing the argument would make it obvious that she was poking holes in the script because it was written by Chelsea. She had put on a sweet and free-minded attitude just to make sure Edmund continued to love her. She knew that he would stop loving her if she showed him her true colors.

Diane bit her lower lip and sneered in her heart. Since her argument with Edmund had reached a dead end, she decided to ask someone else to raise issues concerning the script later on.

The director played a pivotal role in production too, didn't he?

The project would not go on if he wasn't satisfied with the script. Chelsea was answerable to him, so he could be of help.

Diane concocted a plan. She had made a lot of connections while she was still in the entertainment industry. It would be easy for her to crush a new scriptwriter like Chelsea with the help of her connections.

More so, she still had Sonya on her side. She would make sure Sonya got a role in this new play.

Diane planned to instigate Sonya to poke holes in the script during production. Chelsea would surely have a hard time.

Edmund didn't say a word to Diane for the rest of the ride. He was annoyed with her. Even after she got off the car and kissed him goodbye, he didn't say anything. He just drove off. Diane stared at the car, gritted her teeth, and walked into her home.

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As Edmund drove at a high speed, he was lost in thought.

What annoyed him wasn't Diane's interference in his business, but everything he saw after reading her mind.

It was obvious that Diane became insecure after she found out that Chelsea had returned and was now working as a scriptwriter. After all, she wouldn't have accompanied him if she didn't know.

For the longest time, Diane had been against Chelsea. But she pretended to be an unproblematic woman in front of him.

Her two-faced nature angered him to the core.

Edmund wondered why she became such a despicable person. She used to be honest and calm, not pretentious and troublesome.

When he returned to his office, he stared at the paper that Luka had given him. It wasn't until thirty minutes later that he finally mustered the courage to call Chelsea.

"Hello, who's on the line?" A female voice wafted into his ear once the line connected.

Did she just ask that question?

How could she? Did this mean she deleted his number? Could it be that she forgot it? Or was she just

pretending?

Anger simmered in Edmund's heart. With a sharp tone, he said, "Chelsea, did the sky fall this morning? Don't you take your work seriously? How dare you miss such an important meeting?"

There was a short silence on the other end of the phone. After a while, Chelsea scoffed and replied, "No, Mr. Nelson. The sky didn't fall. I just had a car accident."

"What?"

"I didn't stay away intentionally. I'm sorry for not showing up. If you aren't satisfied with my work, you can ask Mr. Pierce to replace me with someone else."

Chelsea hung up the phone immediately, sparing him no chance to speak.

Edmund stared at his phone with his mouth agape. The only thing he picked from the conversation was that Chelsea had a car accident.

The gory scene of a car accident he once saw in a movie flashed in his mind. Edmund's heart began to race as he thought of Chelsea being in such a life-threatening situation. He regretted speaking to her rudely just now.

#### [Chapter 34 Another Shocker](#)

Now that Edmund realized that Chelsea didn't show up for the meeting because of a tangible reason, he beat himself up for speaking to her in that manner.

After thinking of the right words to say, Edmund called her again to apologize. But the calls disconnected after the first ring. It was obvious that Chelsea was declining his calls.

Edmund came up with another idea. He summoned Leo and ordered, "Send the driver to the suburban hospital to pick up someone."

"Okay." Leo nodded and asked curiously, "Who exactly should he pick up?"

"Ahem!" Edmund cleared his throat and said with great difficulty, "Chelsea."

Leo's eyes widened in surprise. When he saw his boss's frown, he bowed slightly and turned to leave.

"You know what? I've changed my mind. You should go pick her up instead," Edmund said, stopping Leo in his tracks.

He thought it was best to send Leo since he was a calm and reliable assistant who had been working with him for many years.

Hazarding a guess as to why Edmund assigned such a task to him, Leo nodded. He then suggested, "Mr. Nelson, I'd gladly do that, but would you like to pick her up yourself?"

"No, that's why I'm sending you instead." Edmund refused with a frown.

It didn't sound like a good idea to him because Chelsea had been giving him the cold shoulder since she returned. If he went there, she might dislike him even more.

Leo immediately did as he was told. Forty minutes later, he made a call to Edmund.

"Hello, Mr. Nelson. I tried all I could, but Miss Williams refused to get in the car. She got in Mr. Pierce's instead and left with him," Leo said awkwardly.

This report made Edmund's blood boil. His fingers tightened around his phone. He queried, "Are you trying to tell me that Luka was there?"

Earlier today, Edmund had marked Luka as one of his rivals. The fact that Luka went to pick Chelsea up fueled his suspicion. After all, bosses never served as chauffeurs to their employees no matter what happened.

"Yes, Mr. Pierce was already here when I arrived," Leo responded.

Edmund was speechless.

Leo added hesitantly, "Before Miss Williams left, I asked her if she had any injuries. She has a small scratch on her arm. I also conveyed your sincere apology to her. Ermm... She asked me to relay a message to you..."

"What did she say?" Edmund asked, his voice louder than usual.

After coughing awkwardly, Leo said, "She said she doesn't give a damn about your apology. She also said that your rudeness to her wasn't unexpected. After all, whatever she does is always wrong in your eyes."

The disdainful expression Chelsea had when she gave Leo the message appeared in his mind. It made him realize that his boss must have been so cruel to her in the past.

Those words pierced through Edmund's heart like a knife. He was so hurt that he didn't know what to say. After a while, he finally said, "Come back."

"One more thing, Boss. Miss Williams actually went to the suburb to visit her mother's tomb. Today is her death anniversary!" Leo quickly added.

"What?" Edmund was shocked yet again.

"I said that today is the anniversary of her mother's death. She went to the suburb yesterday evening. After visiting her mother's tomb, she took the first bus coming to Vertoak. Unfortunately, the bus had an accident on the way. She was then sent to the hospital."

Her mother's death anniversary was today? What the hell!

Edmund suffered a banging headache in a split second. His hand that was holding the phone became sweaty.

Although he knew that Chelsea had lost her mother many years ago, he didn't know the location of her tomb or the date of her death anniversary.

There was a high possibility that Chelsea mentioned it to him before and he never bore it in mind. It was also possible that she never told him because he always treated her badly.

Despite Chelsea's grieving state, she had made a concerted effort to come back in time for the meeting. She obviously had the right attitude to work. But he had accused her of being unserious without listening to her first. Edmund almost pulled his hair out at this moment.

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Meanwhile, Chelsea was sitting in the front passenger seat of Luka's car. Her eyes were slightly red.

She wasn't sad because Edmund scolded her. On the contrary, she was angry with him.

Edmund's behavior was getting on her nerves. He was giving her a hard time even though she was out of his life. On second thought, Chelsea realized that she wasn't completely out of his life. He was the investor for the new play, so she was his employee in a way.

Investors were regarded as gods in the entertainment industry.

They could hire and fire anyone at any point in time. As a result, Edmund had the right to question her for being absent today.

Now that Chelsea realized that her anger was unwarranted, she became remorseful. She looked at Luka, who was driving beside her, and asked worriedly, "Mr. Pierce, do you think Edmund will be mad at me for what I did today? I was wrong, right?"

A trace of disappointment flickered in Luka. Trying to sound as casual as he could, he asked, "Why are you so worried that he will be mad? Do you still care about him?"

### [Chapter 35 Willingness To Apologize](#)

"No, I don't care about him! I'm just worried that he might decide not to invest in this play anymore because I told him off today. If that happens, I'd never forgive myself. I just hope he doesn't."

Chelsea had a worried expression as she denied Luka's guess.

The disappointment Luka felt disappeared immediately. He sighed once Chelsea made it clear that she no longer had feelings for her ex-husband.

Smiling brightly, he said, "So you are worried about the funding? Don't worry. Edmund is not that petty and he's a good businessman. Investing in the play will bring him great profit. I'm sure he wouldn't give up such an opportunity because you were rude to him."

Chelsea held her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. She muttered, "Thank God."

Luka and the other members of the production team were looking forward to shooting the play and releasing it. If they lost Edmund's investment, it would shatter them all. Chelsea couldn't bear to see them go through that.

She didn't plan to speak to Edmund in that manner. However, when his call came through, she still hadn't gotten over the shock of the accident. She cursed at him and even sent a rude message to him via his assistant in a fit of pique.

It wasn't until she calmed down and thought it through that she realized she had overreacted.

"What if... What if he's actually angry?" Luka teased her, keeping his eyes on the road.

"If he's really angry, I'll go and apologize to him," Chelsea answered without hesitation.

"Really?"

Nodding her head, Chelsea replied, "Of course I have to! I was wrong anyway to offend him and I have to bear the consequences."

Judging by the way Chelsea spoke about apologizing with ease, Luka sensed that perhaps it wasn't a big deal to her.

All of a sudden, Chelsea remembered something. She asked, "That reminds me. You mentioned that he was satisfied with the script."

"Yes, he was. During the meeting, he listened attentively as I read out the outline that you sent to me. You needed to see the look on his face. Not only did he look satisfied, but he also looked utterly surprised!" Luka replied excitedly.

"Are you kidding me? That's a first! I actually thought he wouldn't like it." Chelsea lowered her eyes as soon as she said that.

She knew Edmund to be a man who was hard to please. His employees had a hard time working with him. Countless times, she heard him lose his temper in the study because of what his subordinates at work did.

Sensing the change in her mood, Luka said gently, "As I said some days ago, you need to believe in yourself, Chelsea. You have studied abroad and got your skills honed. Stop belittling yourself because of Edmund or anyone else."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pierce." Chelsea came back to earth after hearing those encouraging words.

Being married to Edmund had shattered her self-esteem. People often commended her, but she sometimes found herself feeling inferior. Her past experience with Edmund was why she feared that he would hate her work.

"By the way, Diane wasn't satisfied with the script," Luka suddenly added.

"Diane?" Chelsea's eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Luka glanced at her and explained, "Well, she accompanied Edmund to the meeting today."

Chelsea rolled her eyes in disgust. After a short silence, she said, "I know exactly why she wasn't satisfied with it."

She had put two and two together. Since the play was about a prince who lived happily ever after with someone he didn't love after his first love died, it wasn't surprising that Diane felt that Chelsea had written it according to their love triangle.

But that was far from the truth. Chelsea had written the ending according to the suggestions Luka and Eugene made when they had a discussion. They had thoroughly examined the climax and anti-climax of the plot.

Chelsea felt that the ending was perfect and she didn't want to change it. Staring at Luka's side profile, she asked curiously, "Do you think Edmund would ask me to rewrite the script just to please Diane?"

### [Chapter 36 Courting Death](#)

While Chelsea wrote this script, the story didn't seem to have a connection with what was going on in her life.

She was a rational and thorough scriptwriter who left no stone unturned with respect to putting different interests into consideration.

"Well, it boils down to how important Diane is in Edmund's heart," Luka said in a calm voice.

Chelsea lowered her eyes. Then she replied, "If you say so."

At that instant, the thought of rewriting the script flashed through her mind.

She knew that Edmund and Diane were about to get married. Of course he would pander to her every whim.

Both Edmund and Diane attended the meeting earlier today. They went together. So, he must have acquiesced in her involvement in the script.

Diane wasn't expected to act her role anymore after being married into the Nelson family. It would be very inappropriate for her to do so. There was a high chance that she would be transferred backstage. She may even become a movie producer. And Edmund might just be the one to pave the way for her this time.

"You should go back and have a good rest. I'll call you if I get any news." Luka looked at Chelsea. He could tell that she was upset.

In response to what he said, Chelsea nodded her head slightly. From experience, she was very sure that a scriptwriter couldn't resist investors.

Even a master like Eugene wasn't immune to being drawn to capitals sometimes. Compared to him, she was just a newcomer.

When Chelsea got home, she took a shower and had a good sleep. It was quite clear that she wasn't in the best of moods.

Today was the anniversary of her mother's death. She was involved in a car accident. As if that wasn't bad enough, Chelsea had to deal with the crisis in her career as well. Rewriting the script was a very daunting task. The mere thought of that contributed to her physical and mental exhaustion.

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Edmund was in a low mood. He had been that way since Chelsea came back from abroad.

He and Diane were having dinner together. But the two of them didn't talk much in the process.

At some point, she handed him a bowl of cream mushroom soup. Then she asked, "Didn't you say that you have a stomachache?"

He was yet to say a word when she added, "Have some of this. It will help."

"Thank you very much." Edmund took the bowl of soup from her.

"You are welcome. Tonight, I went..." Diane wasn't done talking when a phone rang. So she stopped

shyly. The words she had been meaning to tell him were soon suppressed. Meanwhile, Edmund put down the spoon in his hand and went out to answer the call.

Anger seethed within Diane. Her fists clenched under the table. She wanted to tell Edmund that she went to his place that night.

Since Chelsea coaxed Edmund to marry her after having sex with him, then Diane could do just that, or so she thought.

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The call was from Yusuf. He spoke in a gossipy tone. "Have you seen the news?"

"No, I haven't," Edmund answered. "Is anything the matter?"

"The fact that the popular star, Orlando, showed up in an old apartment is making the rounds," Yusuf replied. "In fact, the news was just released. But it is a top trending topic as we speak."

Without waiting for Edmund's response, he continued to talk. "As far as I know, Chelsea lives in that apartment. Reporters and an excited crowd have since rushed there. They have surrounded the building. Due to this development, I'm afraid that Orlando won't be able to get out. You can imagine what would happen if he spends the night with her, can't you?"

Immediately Edmund heard that, he clenched his teeth. He thought that Yusuf was courting death!

### [Chapter 37 Robbing The Cradle](#)

"Are you idle?" Edmund asked in an impetuous manner before ending the call.

There was no denying the fact that Yusuf's words got to him. It was as if his emotions were tampered with.

His mind couldn't get over the fact that Orlando and Chelsea could be in the same room for an entire night. The thought of that felt like a pain in his side.

Edmund checked the news on his phone as quickly as possible. He soon saw pictures of Orlando. He was dressed in a low-key way. There was a big bag hanging on his shoulder. It seemed like he was going to visit someone.

Only his back and the side of his face were photographed though. But they were clear enough for him to be recognized.

Chelsea was in need of someone's company after the accident she encountered earlier today.

Even if that was the case, it was unseemly for him to visit her at such an ungodly hour.

She was twenty-six years of age while he was only twenty. Did it not occur to her that she may be accused of robbing the cradle?

Wasn't Chelsea scared of the young man's teeming fans given his popularity? Some of them may be crazy enough to rip her to shreds for going close to him.

With each passing second, Edmund's mood became more and more complicated. He heaved a sigh before calling Luka in a very calm tone. After that, he turned back to the private room and said to Diane, "Sorry, I have got to leave immediately. Something came up at work that requires my attention."

"What?" Diane couldn't believe her ears. She was both shocked and disappointed. "But you are yet to finish your meal!"

"That doesn't matter right now," he replied. Then he turned around and left.

Diane stood still in a daze despite feeling so aggrieved. Her eyes became teary. She felt that in the past year, her relationship with Edmund was becoming alienated by the minute. Especially after she tried to give herself to him.

But why was that so? He and Chelsea had been divorced for a long time now. Her mind went back to a day when Edmund had too much to drink at a party.

When she noticed what was going on, she took advantage of the situation. After she succeeded in taking off their clothes, Edmund still pushed her away.

Despite being hell bent on having her way with him, he didn't budge. He resisted her severally. Her figure was alluring. It definitely wasn't the cause of what was happening between them. She really couldn't tell exactly what it was.

Shortly after Edmund left, Diane became bored. So she picked up her bag and exited the restaurant.

While outside, she could tell that his car just zoomed off. So she waited for a minute or two before driving after him. Diane wanted to ascertain where he was going.

She held the steering wheel tightly as thoughts rushed through her mind. Everything would be okay if he was actually leaving for work. But all hell would break loose if this had anything to do with Chelsea.

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Meanwhile, in the study, Chelsea turned on the computer. After contemplating for some time, she had decided to start modifying the script. There was no point waiting for Edmund to tell her to rewrite it.

Of course, it would be better if he didn't mention that to her. Nonetheless, whether or not he did, she had nothing to lose in getting ready beforehand.

It was not an easy task for every scriptwriter to make a complete script. They treated like a loving parent cherishing their child.

Just then, she heard a sound. It was a knock on the door.

Chelsea went to get it only to find Orlando. "What on earth are you doing here?" she asked him.

He entered the apartment before he began to speak worriedly. "I heard from Zuri that you were involved in a car accident. So I rushed back from where I was to see you. Are you okay?"

His words were heartfelt. But she replied quickly, "I'm fine. I just had a little scratch on my skin, that's all."

After looking at her arm and confirming that it was a minor injury, Orlando said apologetically, "There's something else I have to tell you. I'm afraid it's unfortunate news."

"What is it?" There was an expectant look on Chelsea's face. She was also alarmed.

Orlando touched his nose awkwardly and said, "When I entered the building just now, several fans recognized me. I think they may have blocked the way downstairs."

His words came to Chelsea as a shock. For a moment, she was rendered speechless.

### [Chapter 38 Edmund Asked Her To Report To Work!](#)

Chelsea was yet to come to terms with what Orlando said. But she was aware of how famous he was. If one of his fans happened to post the news about his whereabouts on social media, then there was a high chance that a crowd had formed downstairs.

The mere thought of that left her on the verge of breaking down. She rushed to the window and opened the curtain cautiously. As expected, she could see bebies of beauties already gathered.

As soon as Chelsea saw them, she became overwhelmed with a feeling of helplessness.

She closed the curtain and turned to Orlando. "What should we do now?"

He lay lazily on the sofa and crossed his long legs. His calm demeanor showed that he wasn't anxious.

"I'll just stay here," Orlando replied with a smile on his face.

"But it's inappropriate for both of us to stay in a room just by ourselves." Chelsea pulled her hair with bated breath. "We are single!"

Despite being touched by his heartfelt concern for her well-being, Chelsea was skeptical about letting him stay overnight. She hoped that they could come up with an idea to sneak him out without his followers finding out. Else, she would be in serious trouble.

"There are many people living in this building aren't there? No one will know that I'm here," Orlando said reassuringly.

"You know what? Contact your agency. Tell them to send some members of their staff to come and ask the crowd to leave." Chelsea suggested. "After they are all gone, you'll follow suit!"

Instead of doing as he was told, Orlando grabbed a pillow and held it in his arms. Then he said pitifully, "I came to see you from a long distance. I'm tired and sleepy. Do you think driving me out is the right thing to do?"

When Chelsea heard his question, she heaved a sigh and cast a stern gaze at him. "You have to go. Otherwise, you will be ruined if rumors start to spread."

She had a point. Talks about a young actor being involved with a divorced woman who was six years older than him would have a big impact on Orlando.

While Chelsea was abroad, she and Orlando met several times. They also had dinner together on multiple occasions. So she treated him as a friend.

Once, Zuri gave her a hint pertaining to Orlando having a crush on her. But she didn't think that was possible.

How could that be when she hadn't known him for a long time? That wasn't all. What about the age difference between them?

"What's wrong with the six year gap between you and him?" Zuri asked her casually. "Isn't Edmund older than you by the same margin? Or tell me, is it alright for men to rob the cradle but not women? If you ask me, I don't think so."

Zuri had always been an open-minded person. She was also very free with Chelsea. As a result, both women could hold unpretentious conversations with each other.

It didn't really matter to Chelsea whether or not some people chose to be cradle-snatchers. But she couldn't accept any man that was much younger than her as her boyfriend.

She was still trying to proffer a solution to the problem at hand when her phone began to ring. It was Luka who called.

At that moment, Chelsea felt like she was clutching at straws. So she didn't mind asking him for help. After all, desperate situations call for desperate measures.

Luka had also been a celebrity for many years. She thought that he must know how to deal with things like this.

After taking the call, Chelsea was yet to speak when Luka said, "Edmund just called me."

"Did he talk about the script?" she asked nervously. For a split second, her mind veered off the fact that Orlando's fans were downstairs. "What did he say?"

"He said you should hurry to the Nelson Group in order to meet with him," Luka replied. "There is a lot to discuss with you about the details of the plot. He wants to make an informed decision about the feasibility of the script."

"Do I have to see him right away?" Chelsea had a confused look on her face. "I'm off duty."

"Maybe Mr. Nelson is a workaholic," Luka replied smilingly. "He is still at the company working overtime."

At this juncture, Chelsea was stuck in a dilemma. It was awkward to stay in the same room with Orlando. But it was more terrifying for her to discuss the script with Edmund. She didn't want to meet with him at all!

[Chapter 39 Alleged Seduction](#)

Chelsea arrived at Nelson Group thirty minutes later. She only came here because investors were considered gods in the film industry. If not, she wouldn't have bothered to go the extra mile.

She took the elevator upstairs to the floor where Edmund's office was. Having brought lunch for him every weekday for three years, she was quite familiar with the building.

Edmund had suffered a severe stomachache and was hospitalized not long after their wedding. The doctor said it was food poisoning and that he needed to stop eating just any food cooked outside. To nurse him back to health and monitor his diet, Chelsea took it upon herself to cook three full-course meals for him every day.

Memories of her past visits to this place flooded her mind as she walked in the corridor. A slight pang of pain tugged at her heart.

When Chelsea got to Edmund's office, she took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

"Come in," Edmund answered, sitting at his desk. Chelsea met with a shocker once she stepped in.

Edmund was wearing a light gray shirt and a black tie around his neck. His outfit was the same as hers. They were dressed like lovers!

Since the meeting was an official one, Chelsea had deliberately put on formal clothes. She had on a light gray linen suit and a black vest.

She was also wearing light make-up today. Edmund was fond of finding fault with her, so she deliberately looked her best. Otherwise, he would point out that she wasn't dressed appropriately.

Never had Chelsea imagined that they would be dressed the same way today. She continued to look at Edmund with wide eyes. He also noticed the similarity in their outfits. Staring at her with a smile, he commented, "You look so pretty today."

A deep frown clouded Chelsea's face instantly. She gritted her teeth and rolled her eyes. She knew that he meant to say something else.

Quarrelling with him was not in her agenda at all. So, she ignored his tease and greeted politely, "Good day, Mr. Nelson."

Taking the hint, Edmund withdrew his gaze from her face and motioned at the seat in front of him. "Have a seat."

Chelsea sat down. Wasting no time, she took out her laptop and turned it on.

Edmund stood up and fetched two cups of coffee. He stretched out one to her. Chelsea thanked him and was about to take it. But his hand suddenly tilted. The coffee spilled on her chest.

"Oh my!" Chelsea exclaimed and sprang to her feet. She looked down at her stained clothes in horror while cursing in her mind. Since she returned, she had been unfortunate to have two cups of coffee spilled on her. And they were both done by siblings. What bad luck!

"Oops! I'm so sorry." Edmund hadn't intended for that to happen. He had been gazing at Chelsea's face, so he was absentminded as he handed her the cup of coffee. In a haste, he put down the cup in his hand and pulled out some pieces of tissue to wipe the mess on her clothes.

Chelsea's face instantly flushed as his hand came closer.

"Why are you blushing? It's no big deal. I have seen your nakedness before, so there's no point being shy," Edmund uttered when he saw her flushed face.

Chelsea was speechless. She could only look up at him with embarrassment.

Just when Edmund handed her the pieces of tissue and was about to withdraw his hand, the door of his office flung open. Diane stormed in like a ferocious lioness.

She had secretly followed Edmund after he left. It wasn't until when she saw him entering the company that she was relieved. She finally believed that he indeed had some work to do.

However, her relief was short-lived. She was about to go back home when she saw Chelsea arrive in a taxi. Her suspicion got the best of her again. She quickly parked the car and went upstairs.

"What are you doing?" Diane was delusional. Just because Edmund's hand was close to Chelsea's chest, she concluded that he was about to take off her suit jacket.

Rage burned red rashes on her cheeks and forehead. Her thin eyebrows were also knitted. Setting aside the gentle mask she always put on in Edmund's presence, she pointed at Chelsea and spat furiously, "You shameless bitch, what brings you here? You snatched Edmund from me by climbing into his bed four years ago. Now, you want to seduce him in his office. Who the hell do you think you are? Gosh, you are a pathetic excuse for a woman!"

Diane had the urge to pounce on Chelsea for seducing her man yet again. For starters, she decided to slap her. She rushed over in high heels with her hand raised.

#### [Chapter 40 Astonishing Comeback](#)

"Diane!"

Edmund was quick enough to catch Diane's hand before the slap landed on Chelsea's cheek.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you overreacting?" Edmund bellowed angrily. His grip tightened over Diane's wrist and it turned red.

Unwilling to back down, Diane shook off Edmund's hand with maximum strength. Her eyes blazed like Cyclops from X-Men's eyes for a split second. Afterward, she looked pitiful as she fought back tears. "Why won't I overreact? Answer me! Which woman in her right mind would be pleased to find out that a slut came to her man's office at midnight? What's she doing here? Edmund, do you need me to remind you how she set you up four years ago?"

At first, Chelsea was grateful to Edmund for helping her block Diane's slap. She thought he would reprimand Diane more angrily. But when she saw that he was being lenient with Diane, she stopped being grateful.

These two were getting married soon. They were a family.

Edmund had reacted exactly how he did during Chelsea's altercation with Sonya. He prevented Chelsea from getting hurt, but she wasn't grateful at all. She just felt that he was protecting Diane.

Diane was a popular star and the future Mrs. Nelson. If the word got out that she slapped Chelsea after accusing her of seducing Edmund, the reputation of the Nelson family and Diane would be affected negatively.

At the thought of this, Chelsea took a step back and said to Diane with a sneer, "Your silly behavior is uncalled for, Diane. Instead of jumping to conclusions, how about you ask Edmund why I'm here in the middle of the night?"

The mockery in Chelsea's words was a low blow. Edmund instantly got annoyed with the situation. He quickly turned to Diane and said with a straight face, "I asked her to come, so calm down."

His statement hit Diane like a bolt out of the blue. She looked at him with her mouth agape. How could Edmund do such a thing?

She didn't think he could invite a woman to his office at midnight. Let alone, his ex-wife whom he loathed to the core.

Chelsea couldn't care less if Diane believed it or not. She pointed at her and said, "Diane, I want to get this straight. I'm not a dog, so I can never go back to my vomit. When I decided to get a divorce, I vowed never to settle for less again. There's no way in hell I seduce this arrogant, selfish and heartless man of yours!"

Now that the opportunity to set the record straight had presented itself, Chelsea didn't hold back on her feelings. She hoped that Diane would no longer fight her because of someone she had no interest in.

Her scriptwriting career was what she wanted to invest her time and energy in. She didn't want to have anything to do with the wicked people from her past.

The words Chelsea just said were like knives piercing through Edmund's heart. His face darkened in an instant. When she got into his bed back then, she professed her love for him. She had done everything to win his love. But now, she was boldly declaring that she had no feelings for him.

How dare she call him arrogant and selfish?

He was heartless?

Fury coursed through Edmund's veins. It was as if he would explode with anger any moment from now. Not only that, his heart had sunk and there was a glimmer of hurt on his face.

Did that mean... Did that mean she hated him to the core now?

Chelsea then put on a polite smile and said, "Mr. Nelson, I don't think we can continue this meeting tonight. We should reschedule for another time. I'll take my leave now."

Chelsea packed up her laptop and belongings. After taking a few steps, she halted as if she remembered something. She turned around and said, "By the way, please don't reschedule the meeting to a late hour like tonight. Let it be during the day in a public place where many people are, so your fiancée won't be jealous to the extent that she'd want to pounce on me."

"You..." Diane wanted to fire back. But she was too mad to say anything.

"You know, your fiancée has low self-esteem. She gets too jealous whenever you are talking to other women. Please don't cause her to depreciate herself even more." Chelsea spun on her heels and left, leaving tension in her wake.

What? Diane had low self-esteem? And she got jealous easily? Chelsea's comeback was astonishing. It was more triggering than the insults Diane had hurled at her when she arrived.