

## **Chapter 331**

“Of course not! Why did you think that?” Edmund uttered, shooting him a cold look.

He planned to pretend to lose his memory, but not now.

Chris Let go of him and said, “Okay, that’s good to know. I was just scared. I’m not ready for it now. Drive safe.”

Edmund walked towards his car.

Yusuf tut-tutted, staring at his friend’s back.

“Love is a drug. More like cocaine. It has driven our friend insane!”

He still couldn’t believe that Edmund agreed to do such a thing just to win his ex-wife back.

Chris Looked at Yusuf sneeringly and said, “A playboy like you won’t understand. I’m waiting for the day you will fall in Love. Something tells me you would be crazier than Edmund.”

With these words, Chris left. Yusuf stood on the porch and shrugged indifferently.

What was Love? He had no idea. Besides, he preferred to be oblivious so he wouldn’t turn out Like his friends

**A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y**

Chelsea didn’t know Luka was coming back to Vertoak tonight. In the evening, she received a call from him.

He said with a weak and raspy voice, "Chelsea, I'm back. I planned on dropping by your place, but I caught a cold."

Chelsea asked, concerned, "What's wrong with you?"

Luka coughed and said, "I have a fever and I've been feeling kind of tired these days."

Chelsea said, anxiously, "I'll come see you."

"Thank you," Luka said. He breathed a sigh of relief on hearing Chelsea was coming to visit him.

"Bring Sweet along when you are coming. I'm afraid it'll bully Arya if they are left alone."

Chelsea didn't know how to respond. Luka had a fever, but he still thought that her cat would be bullied.

Luka's cat was as easygoing as he was. His cat did not bully Arya in any way.

However, Chelsea thought Luka must miss his cat, so she agreed and hung up the phone. She got dressed and set off with the cat.

She didn't expect to be photographed without her knowledge, but fortunately for her, she covered her face, so the reporter only got a shot of her back, but not her face.

When Chelsea got to Luka's house, she gave him some antipyretics. Then she found out that Luka hadn't eaten anything, so she quickly prepared a light meal.

Chelsea checked the time and found it was almost eleven o'clock. She wanted to leave, but Luka's fever hadn't gone down completely and he was asleep, so she had to stay.

She was about to walk out of the bedroom when Luka's phone rang.

She hurried to hang up the phone but paused when she saw the name on the screen.

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Luka woke up and struggled to a sitting position.

“Who is calling?” Chelsea bit her bottom lip and handed the phone to Luka. “Edmund,” she replied through gritted teeth.

Something must be wrong for Edmund to call Luka at this time.

Luka took the phone and looked knowingly at Chelsea as he said, “I guess he’s calling for you.”

Edmund had probably seen the trending topic and was probably anxious and angry.

Luka wanted to Laugh. It was too late for Edmund to get Chelsea back.

Some people don’t know what they have till it’s gone and only then do they regret losing it.

Chelsea shook her head and denied it. “How is that possible?”

Luka Looked at the phone, which was still ringing, and asked, “Did you blacklist him?”

Chelsea was surprised.

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“How do you know?”

Luka just smiled and handed her the phone.

“Answer it. He must be

Looking for you.”

They both wanted Chelsea, so Luka could guess exactly what Edmund was thinking.

Luka was sure Edmund wasn't calling him at midnight to talk about work. Chelsea answered the phone.

"Are you at Luka's house?" Edmund asked, his voice devoid of emotion.

"Yes," Chelsea replied.

"What about Arya?" Edmund asked.

"I left her at home. I would only be staying for the night."

"How old is it? Why do you treat it cruelly by leaving it alone?"

Edmund said, as though she had mistreated Arya.

Chelsea rolled her eyes.

She had prepared food and water for the cat before leaving, and she would be back the next morning at the latest. Was it necessary for Edmund to attack her like this?

Besides, as a person who never liked small animals, what right did Edmund have to judge her?

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Chelsea, growing tired of the conversation, said, "I'll hang up now if you have nothing else to say."

Edmund hurriedly said, "I'll come get the keys from you, so I can go take care of Arya."

Chelsea pursed her lips thoughtfully.

She didn't want Edmund to take care of Arya. He didn't know how to take care of a cat, and she didn't want him in her home.

However, it was a cat given to her by Edmund, so she said, "If you are so worried about the cat, I'll ask Zuri to go take care of it. It's late and I don't want to bother you."

She then hung up the phone. Luka didn't ask what the conversation was about; instead he gently said, "You can go home. I'm fine now." Chelsea shook her head, "I'm not leaving until your fever is gone." Luka sighed slightly, "Thank you, Chelsea."

"It's nothing. Get some rest now. Call on me if you need anything," Chelsea said gently.

When she had been in the hospital, Luka had taken good care of her. There was no reason she couldn't do the same for him now.

"Okay," Luka said, as he lay back in the bed.

Satisfied, Chelsea left the bedroom.

### Angela's Library

After some thought, Luka took out his phone and sent a message to Edmund. "Mr. Nelson, I'm sick and have a fever. I don't have the strength to do anything to Chelsea. Please stop making something out of nothing and go to bed."

Luka knew exactly what Edmund was worried about, so he sent the text message to calm him down.

Otherwise, none of them would have a good night's rest as Edmund would keep on making trouble all through the night.

Luka didn't want to stress out Chelsea.

Edmund was presently outside Luka's house.

He also had a house in this villa area which he never used.

He was about to go into Luka's house to get Chelsea out of there when he got Luka's text.

He calmed down after reading the message.

He had been brainstorming ways to stop Chelsea from spending the night at Luka's place. If something happened between them, he would kill Luka.

However, within himself, he knew that he still wouldn't give up on Chelsea even if she slept with Luka.

Edmund sat in the car and smoked cigarette. He had asked someone to drive out all the reporters scattered around Luka's villa, and then drove away.

Chelsea's identity would one day be exposed, but definitely not as Luka's real girlfriend but as Edmund's girlfriend, wife, or ex-wife at least.

To simply put it, Edmund wanted everyone to know that he and Chelsea shared an intimate relationship. Even if it was in the past.

The next morning. When Chelsea checked on Luka again and saw that his fever had gone down, she felt relieved.

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She made a simple breakfast for both of them, and after they had both eaten to their fill, Chelsea got ready to leave.

Seeing this, Luka quickly changed his clothes and grabbed his car key.

"I have an appointment with Purple today. I can drive you home before heading there."

Worried about being photographed and followed by reporters again, Chelsea said, "No, it's fine. I can get myself home safely. You go and do what you have to do.

Luka knew what she was really worried about. So he smiled and said, "I just looked around, and there are no reporters in sight. Not even one

Chelsea's eyebrows shot up in surprise. Shouldn't the reporters be ready at all times to take pictures of her face?

Although it was hard for Luka to say this, he had to for Chelsea to feel safe. "Edmund must have asked someone to drive them away."

Lost in thought for a second after hearing that, Chelsea looked up and said, "Let's go then."

Since Edmund had made sure to get rid of the reporters, it was much safer for Chelsea to Leave Luka's house without being photographed

But just in case of any surprises, Chelsea covered her face before going out.

Luka had scheduled an appointment with Purple, in the meeting room of Peak Entertainment.

Purple had arrived a long time ago. Her haggard look said a lot about the previous night she had.

The Last time when the paparazzi published the pictures of Chelsea and Luka together at the hospital, Purple immediately recognized Chelsea. She got so

angry that she Lost her temper and destroyed everything she came across in the living room.

She was angry and was feeling very vengeful. Chelsea was just a few years younger and more beautiful than her. So what?

Chelsea and Luka had known each other for only a few years. But she, Purple, had known Luka for many years, long before he met Chelsea. So why on earth did Luka never look at her, but liked Chelsea? What did Chelsea have that she didn't?

Purple was so angry that the only way she could let it out was by crying. After thinking of what to do, she told Luka that she wanted to leave Peak Entertainment.

She had done that with the aim of attracting Luka's attention. She knew that Luka would try persuading her to change her mind and stay.

And just as she had expected, her plan worked perfectly. Luka was really surprised to hear that Purple wanted to Leave Peak Entertainment. He wasn't around at the time she told him, so he told her to wait for him to come back so that they could talk.

Purple was more than happy to see her plan going just as she wanted

In preparation of their meeting today, Purple got a facial and got her nails done. She wanted to look perfect and younger in Luka's eyes.

But the night before, her hopes came crashing down when she saw the news. Chelsea had spent the night at Luka's place!!

Purple clenched her fists as she thought about it. The only thing that kept her sane was the deal she had with Diane. Diane had asked her to write a similar play to Chelsea's The Crown.

That way, her play could be aired at the same time as Chelsea's and they could compete.

Diane had even gone as far as getting Chelsea's original script for Purple to copy, but she had refused to do it.

Purple's blockbuster played by Luka was a play that showed woman power. Purple believed that she was good at writing those types of scripts and could certainly write something better than Chelsea's own script.

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So instead, she insisted on writing the script on her own, which Diane finally agreed to. But Diane was clear on the result she wanted. She said that if the audience rating of the script was not as good as that of Chelsea's, then Purple would have to pay some money.

Now that she thought about it, Purple realized that it was actually a bet. Mia had advised her not to get into it, but of course, Purple had made up her mind, and she wasn't about to change it.

Over the years, the only property she could call her own, was the villa she lived in, and she had stupidly pledged the house over this bet because she was certain of winning.

After a while, Purple's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the door opening and footsteps coming her way

She looked up only to see Luka come in with a smile on his face. She had expected this meeting to be a pleasant one, but she couldn't help but think that he was in such a good mood because he had spent the night with Chelsea.

She was jealous, and she wasn't sure she wanted to hide it. Naturally, Luka noticed that she was acting strangely, but he pretended not to notice anything.

He finally got to her and sat opposite her. He didn't bother with any chit-chat and went straight to the point.

"Purple, as your friend and partner for so many years already, I have to be honest with you. Diane's company is not your best choice."

Luka had always known that Purple had a crush on him, but he pretended to be ignorant, mainly because he didn't want them to feel embarrassed when they met.



Purple pursed her lips and stayed silent for a while. After she had successfully calmed down, she plucked up some courage and looked at Luka.

“Mr. Pierce, who am I to you to make you dissuade me from joining Diane’s company?”

By asking the question, Purple was indirectly compelling Luka to reveal his feelings for her.

Luka concealed his dislike by Lowering his head.

He didn’t like Purple at all.

As a handsome idol, he desired his girlfriend to be a gorgeous lady. Purple was too ordinary to be attractive to him. Apart from that, throughout the years, he also got to know Purples personality.

He would never love such a woman.

Luka had hoped that Purple should have an accurate self-perception, but now it seemed that she was going to embarrass herself.

Considering her assistance in his career, he decided not to make her look bad. “As your boss and your former partner, I genuinely wish you a better development after leaving Peak Entertainment.”

Purple stood up and said to Luka with red eyes, “I may be the only one who knows your girlfriend’s name is Chelsea. Why do you choose her as your girlfriend? Am I inferior to her? As a screenwriter, I have well-known work, but what about Chelsea? She has no representative work and no achievement! She only knows how to seduce men using her attractive face!”

Purple spoke without reasoning as she was out of control. Luka’s face suddenly became angry.

He could accept that Purple had questioned and denied him, but not that she had slandered Chelsea.

With a snap, Luka's pen was crushed in his hand.

Purple gazed at him with amazement.

Luka said in a low voice, "Purple, if you really want to know the answer, I can only tell you that you are inferior to her in every Co

Luka was a friendly man. Rarely did he lose his temper with Purple and the staff around him.

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But now his words were icy, and he didn't even try to save Purple's face.

Purple was ashamed. She broke into tears due to her extreme anger. She grabbed the phone hard and said angrily, "Luka, I'll make you regret what you said today!"

After uttering these harsh remarks, Purple fled the conference room and left Peak Entertainment with Mia.

Luka sat there with a deadpan expression, considering Purple's behavior to be very absurd.

After bidding Luka farewell at the community's entrance, Chelsea walked home.

She was astonished to find Edmund standing in front of the door when she arrived.

Edmund said sarcastically, "I thought you forgot where your home is. I heard Arya cry through the door!"

Chelsea hurriedly took out the key and unlocked the door.

Nonetheless, after opening the door, Chelsea recognized she had nothing to worry about.

Arya did not leave the sofa, much less scream.

"I didn't expect Mr. Nelson to be so composed when you were lying,"

Chelsea said, staring at Edmund.

Edmund insisted on his own statements despite Chelsea's sarcasm, "I did just hear a cat meowing."

She disregarded his statement and asked, "Why are you here?"

Chelsea could observe Edmund's exhaustion in his eyes if she looked attentively.

He didn't get enough sleep the night before.

Despite Luka's commitment to take no action on Chelsea, Edmund became restless when he thought she was with Luka.

However, Chelsea rarely observed Edmund while they conversed, much less did she gaze at him intently. Thus, she was oblivious to the fact that Edmund slept poorly.

As opposed to this, she slept well.

Hearing this, Edmund said with a strange look, "I'm here to visit Arya."

"Alright," said Chelsea.

She then turned around and proceeded to the study. On the way back home, she speculated a brilliant idea for a narrative and was compelled to record it immediately.

Edmund dragged her into his arms.

Chelsea was irritated and embarrassed when she smelled a familiar odor on his body.

She shoved him firmly and said indignantly, "What are you doing?"

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Edmund extended his long arms and held Chelsea firmly. He bent his head to Chelsea's ear and murmured, "I am in fact here to see you. I miss you."

After a night of anguish, Edmund felt that if he couldn't see Chelsea today, he would be unable to work the entire day.

Edmund had been blacklisted by Chelsea, therefore he was required to come to Chelsea's residence and wait.

Chelsea did not anticipate Edmund to be so affectionate.

This was beyond her wildest imagination.

She raised her palm to Edmund's forehead and inquired, "Do you have a fever, too?"

Edmund turned his face aside in order to avoid Chelsea's contact.

Edmund truly expressed that he missed Chelsea, but Chelsea thought he was ill.

Edmund said with annoyance, 'm not as frail as Luka, so how could I possibly have a fever?"

Edmund was absurd from Chelsea's perspective and she pushed him away "You are constantly hospitalized for stomach illness?"

If Chelsea's memory served her well, Edmund had visited the hospital only a few days before.

Edmund furrowed his eyebrows and misunderstood Chelsea's statement. "So you recall that I have a stomach problem. You are so concerned about me.

"No." Without a doubt, Chelsea refused and explained sincerely, "I just believe that occasionally you become ill. Why do you make fun of others in such a manner? Moreover, Luka has been really

exhausted lately. It is natural for him to feel ill."

Chelsea was looking out for Luka. Edmund instantly felt disturbed. Edmund sat down on the sofa, covered his stomach with his palm, and stated, "You made me angry and gave me a stomachache."

Chelsea scoffed.

What did Edmund mean when he stated that she made him so upset that he experienced a stomachache?

Chelsea, standing still said without expression, "You should get to the hospital as quickly as possible. Do you require me to contact Chris or call 911?"

She retrieved her phone while speaking.

Edmund inhaled deeply and stated, "I haven't had breakfast yet, but I'll be OK if I do."

Edmund never imagined he would become so cheeky one day. Before Chelsea, he used to be so haughty and dominant, but now he was so modest and shameful.

"Then please proceed downstairs and turn left to find a brunch restaurant." Chelsea was aware that the purpose Edmund stayed was because he needed her to cook for him.

In his dreams!

Chelsea was no Longer the idiotic Lady who was concerned for Edmund's well-being with all her heart.

Nevertheless, Chelsea underestimated Edmund's impudence. Edmund added, "I gave you Arya, but you have not invited me to supper as a token of your appreciation."

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Gritting her teeth, Chelsea stared and said angrily to Edmund on the sofa, "I'll pay you back for sending me Arya."

With a fortunate grin on his face, Edmund gladly acknowledged, "Ok." Anyhow, Edmund would provide further chances for Chelsea to remain in his debt.

Edmund reminded Chelsea, "Don't forget to cook me a cup of coffee," as she headed into the kitchen.

Chelsea scoffed before entering the kitchen.

Edmund was presented with a cup of coffee and a sandwich after a while. Edmund grinned lightly and was really delighted.

He felt warm and content.

Edmund was unaccustomed to it when they just separated one year ago.

Edmund speculated that he missed Chelsea's cooking the most. Afterward, he went to upscale restaurants for breakfast daily and ordered a variety of pricey dishes. Nevertheless, he still felt sad.

At that moment, he realized he missed the person who prepared his breakfast.

Even though it was only a basic bowl of noodles, he was pleased and content since Chelsea prepared it.

"I appreciate it," Edmund stated with a complex expression on his face. "You're welcome," Chelsea stated impassively, "just remember what you promised me."

Chelsea no longer desired to hear Edmund ask her to prepare meals for him.

If Edmund insisted that she cook for him, she would ask him to pay. She would also make sure the price was intimidating to the extent that although Edmund was wealthy, he would feel awful.

"Why does coffee have a slightly distinct flavor?" Edmund did not dare to remark that it tasted awful.

"Obviously it tastes horrible since I didn't make it wholeheartedly,"

Chelsea replied.

Edmund was at a loss for words.

If he had known such a response, he would not have asked.

“Kindly depart after dining. I have work to do.” After uttering those words, Chelsea immediately entered the study and locked the door.

Today’s coffee that she brewed for Edmund was bad, so it must have a distinct flavor.

Chelsea didn’t think much of Edmund, and that was why she did it. Edmund stared at the locked door and then at the coffee.

Even though the coffee was terrible, Chelsea prepared it. Edmund sipped it with elegance.

Edmund had intended to depart after eating, but after a moment of reflection, he proceeded to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Luka was skilled in the kitchen, so Edmund could not display inferiority.

However, cooking was a tough task for him, a kitchen newbie. He should begin with the most basic task first, such as cleaning dishes.

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Edmund had never before performed such a task. The coffee cup slid and dropped to the ground as he washed it.

Even Chelsea in the study was startled by the shattering sound. Chelsea hurriedly exited and saw Edmund glaring at the shattered glass on the floor.

Chelsea’s face became darker.

She collected items as a pastime, and they were all her treasures. The coffee cup was acquired while Chelsea was shopping overseas, and she brought it back with her.

It had now been smashed!

Edmund apologized hastily, “I’m sorry, I wanted to clean the dishes, but my hands were too slippery, so I smashed the cup..

“Edmund, are you incapable of doing anything properly?” Chelsea scolded furiously and then turned to locate a broom to clean up the mess.

Edmund stood motionless and inhaled deeply to calm himself.

Chelsea was implying there was nothing he couldn’t screw up.

Nobody had ever had the courage to say that to him

Career-wise, the Nelson Group was at least twice as powerful as it had been previously under his leadership, and there was no need to rely on Philip.

It was for this reason that Edmund never took Philip seriously the entire time.

However, in some aspect, he was a failure.

Edmund moaned inwardly as he stared at Chelsea, who reappeared in front of him with a broom. His marriage did not work out.

He used to disregard his woman and they ended up in a divorce.

Because of this, he could only take his own medicine when Chelsea scolded him.

Chelsea placed the shreds in the garbage can.

Edmund held her arm and earnestly assured her, "I'll buy you the most expensive coffee mug in the world if you so choose."

Regardless of the cost, he would purchase it for her

Chelsea shook off his hand and said, "I purchased this item abroad Only one existed! It's special!"

Did Edmund truly believe that money could solve all of his problems? Chelsea reflected on this and said, "The cup is smashed and you can never regain what you've lost. Ignore it."

Chelsea was trying to reassure herself.

But according to Edmund, Chelsea's words were about their marriage, and every word terribly wounded his heart.

He couldn't get her back now that he'd lost her

"Mr. Nelson, could you kindly go immediately after you've finished your breakfast?" Chelsea was averse to having Edmund hang around.

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Edmund still wanted to speak, but after seeing her unpleasant expression, he departed in silence.

When Chelsea heard the door close, she squatted, looked at the garbage can, and moaned softly.

She instantly recalled that Edmund had just said that he was going to clean the dishes.

How could a man who had always lived large now do menial tasks like washing dishes?

He ought not to clean them. It was very destructive. Chelsea vowed she would never again host Edmund for dinner. Downstairs.

Edmund reflected in the car before giving Zuri a call.

Except for when she had to wake up early for work, Zuri was always asleep at this hour.

So naturally, her first words after picking up the phone were, "Who is it? Why are you contacting me at such an early hour?"

Edmund calmly said, "I'm Edmund."

"Edmund?" Zuri muttered and abruptly regained consciousness. "You bastard, did you oppress Chelsea once more?"

Edmund became angry. However, when he thought he had called her for assistance, he repressed his feelings. "I smashed a cup belonging to Chelsea. Do you have photographs of that cup?"

Zuri began gloating, "Edmund, you're done! Chelsea's greatest passion is collecting dinnerware, and she treats each piece as though it were a priceless heirloom. And you truly shattered her cup, didn't you? You're definitely on her blacklist now!"

Edmund's complexion became progressively darker. How could he eat at Chelsea's place again?

"Almost all of her possessions are one-of-a-kind. One like it just does not exist for sale." Zuri politely reminded and provided him with tips, "Even if you acquire the identical one, it won't be the one she previously owned. In the same manner as love, it cannot be restored to its previous state."

She exhaled heavily at the conclusion of her statement, which was like a knife to Edmund's heart.

Edmund clutched his phone hard and said, "Since it won't be the treasured one, I can get a new one and make her like it."

With his new persona, Edmund might potentially win Chelsea's heart. Zuri did not anticipate Edmund's obstinacy.

However, she did not consider that a new beginning was possible for Chelsea and Edmund.

She spoke truthfully.



“I’m not trying to annoy you, Mr. Nelson. When Chelsea required your affection, you just offered her disappointment. She is now concentrating on her profession, but you persist in showing your affection for her. Do you think it is acceptable?”

Zuri spoke about the existing scenario between Chelsea and Edmund. In a commanding tone, Edmund declared, “I can ensure her success in both her profession and romantic life.”

Zuri was completely speechless.

To her knowledge, Edmund had never been so brazen before.

She mocked the fact that he had missed Chelsea. How could he be so convinced that Chelsea’s career would flourish while she was with him?

Zuri could not find the right words to say.