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Then she inquired, "Are you genuine?"

"Certainly." Edmund responded in earnest.

Zuri went on to say, "Since you're so interested, describe the shattered cup to me. Let me see if I can locate the images for you." Edmund described, "A sophisticated blue and gold design."

Zuri said, "I see. I am at a loss for words regarding your 'good Luck'. She brought it back with her from abroad. I promise to give you the pictures as soon as I can. Best of Luck!"

After that, she disconnected the call. Soon after, Edmund had the photo in his possession. Clearly a screenshot from Chelsea's Instagram.

Edmund was unable to view Chelsea's Instagram since she had banned him.

When he had done all he could with Purple, Luka took his cat and went back to his hometown the next day.

At the airport, when reporters spotted him, they rushed to him in hope of getting anything out of him.

"Mr. Pierce, why did you come with your cat this time instead of leaving it with your girlfriend as usual?"

Luka stopped and answered with a smile, "She has too much work to do, and I don't want to stress her."

When Edmund saw this interview, he frowned and then threw his phone aside in anger.

When his anger faded, he looked at the bright side of things. At least now, he wouldn't have to worry about what Chelsea and Luka were doing together all day long.

Once again, he was having dinner with Yusuf. Chris didn't join them because he had work to do that night.

When they were seated, Yusuf looked at Edmund and complained, "Stop asking me out to dinner, please. If you have so much time on your hands, then just ask Chelsea out! After all, that's what you really want to do."

Edmund rolled his eyes and ignored him. If it was that easy to make an appointment with Chelsea, then he would never have to make Yusuf spend the night with him to kill time.

Yusuf shook his head and then added provocatively, "Oh right, that's not possible. My bad, Chelsea went to Norrmalm. So even if you wanted to invite her, you can't

Edmund blinked several times in shock and disbelief. "She went to Norrmatm?"

"Yup! She entrusted the cat you gave her to Zuri. That's how I found out. When I asked her why, she told me that she was going to Norrmalm."

Edmund was going through so many emotions that he wasn't even able to string a couple of words together. He was shocked, annoyed and frustrated at the same time.

He was also very sad. This was proof that Yusuf was more important to Chelsea than he was.

"Oh, and you remember the cup you told me to inquire about, right? Well, you can't get it now, but you can ask someone to make the same one like the one in the picture. Do you want to give it to Chelsea?"

Still looking sad and disappointed, Edmund answered, "Yes. I broke her cup."

Yusuf looked at him in astonishment and then threw his hands up in frustration. He didn't know if he had to feel bad for his friend or mock him at the moment. "You... The truth is I don't even know what to

do. I have never seen anyone who found it so difficult to chase a woman like you. What sort of tactic is that?"

Edmund rubbed his temples and sighed dejectedly. His mind was moving so fast at the moment. He never expected so many challenges when he tried to get Chelsea back.

He once thought she still loved him very much. So when he went down this road, he was very sure that she would come back to him once she saw that he was into her.

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He had spent so much time trying to show her how much he loved her, but she did not pay him any mind. As a matter of fact, she blacklisted him.

That was definitely not the type of reaction he had been hoping for. Now, he even had to ask other people before knowing where she was

"But you know what? It's not bad, so don't beat yourself up. This will just help you to cherish her more in the future," Yusuf said in a soft tone when Edmund didn't say anything.

It was as though Edmund wasn't even listening to him. As if he just thought of something, Edmund quickly picked up his phone, called Leo and ordered him to buy him a ticket for Norrmalm.

Yusuf shook his head in disbelief and asked, "What on earth do you think you are doing?"

Edmund frowned and avoided Yusuf's gaze.

“Roy said he wanted to be her godfather. I’m sure she went there to meet him. Roy has only met her once. Isn’t it strange that he wants to be her godfather?”

Yusuf knitted his eyebrows and asked, “Are you saying Roy wants to be her sugar daddy? That’s not possible! Roy has a good reputation that has never been stained in all these years. Besides, his family will never let such a thing happen, right?”

The Ellis family was a very powerful one, and no one had ever succeeded in dragging its name down the drain.

Edmund turned up his nose and said, “The world is full of crooks, Yusuf, and Chelsea is just too innocent. I have to go there and make sure nothing happens to her.”

Yusuf thought he was making some sense, but he still wasn’t convinced. So, he said, “Just be careful, and make sure you don’t offend Roy.”

Yusuf knew that Edmund regarded any man that came close to Chelsea as a rival.

If Roy really just wanted Chelsea to be his goddaughter and Edmund accidentally offended him, then he would be in big trouble.

If that happened, then he would only succeed in making it harder for her to get back together with Chelsea. After all, the Ellis family was behind her now. So, she was no longer alone.

They chatted for a short while after that, before Edmund stood up and left.

Chelsea arrived Norrmalm in the afternoon and Roy had sent someone to pick her up.

She had booked a room at a hotel, but Roy insisted that she stay in the hotel he had already booked for her.

She couldn't refuse his offer, so she gave in. In the evening, Roy went and picked her up for dinner.

During dinner, Chelsea asked, "I was thinking of going to the hospital tomorrow morning and visiting Mrs. Ellis. Is that okay?"

Roy's wife was Kelli Fuller. The Fuller family was once a well-known family. However, they had become almost inexistent over the years. But, that did not affect the relationship between Roy and Kelli.

Roy smiled after hearing this.

"Sure. I already have everything arranged. Kelli will be discharged from the hospital tomorrow morning. We can pick her up together and then attend the family party in the evening."

Afraid that Chelsea wouldn't be very comfortable with the family party, Roy glanced at her and said, "Don't worry, I already informed my family about your presence."

"Thank you," Chelsea answered with a smile, truly grateful.

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Edmund pulled back his hand eventually.

Chelsea said to Roy, "Don't fret over me, Uncle Roy. See you tomorrow! Uncle?"

When Edmund heard Chelsea refer to Roy in this manner, he became furious.

"You are separated; what do you wish to discuss with him?" Roy stared at Edmund and said, "Look at him. I can't allow you to speak with him! I don't have faith in him."

Edmund responded harshly with a scoff, "So, Mr. Ellis, you assume I trust you?"

The moment he thought that Chelsea had spent a considerable amount of time with Roy and had even referred to him as uncle, he forgot what Yusuf had said previously.

Roy's face became crimson with rage.

Chelsea rushed to console him, pleading, "Uncle Roy, please do not become upset. It is too late. You may return first, and I will contact you if there is an issue. He is in your territory. He lacks the courage to harm me."

Chelsea only desired to resolve the conflict.

Roy stared at Edmund, got in his car, and drove away after receiving her affirmation.

Immediately after the automobile was no longer visible, Edmund walked to Chelsea and pulled her to the hotel's garden.

He attempted to regain composure.

"Are you stupid, Chelsea? Roy wants to accept you as his goddaughter, and you consented? He even let you play outside until eleven o'clock at night. How audacious is that?"

Chelsea was unable to explain her unexplainable faith in Roy. She gently shook her aching wrist and said, "Is it associated with you,

Mr. Nelson?"

Edmund was ready to speak, but Chelsea continued with mockery, "Edmund, you came here all the way just to reprimand me and argue with me?"

Edmund could no longer contain his wrath after hearing that.

He approached Chelsea and pushed her against the wall. He squinted his eyes and said, "You know it took me a long time to find you and I've been seeking you, so could you explain to me why I want to get here as soon as possible?"

Chelsea averted his glance and said, "How could I know what you're thinking?"

Edmund gritted his teeth and grunted, "Because I'm concerned about you!"

Chelsea was unwilling to believe Edmund's declaration of love.

She initially disbelieved what Edmund stated about passion and worry for her, but after repeatedly hearing it, she began to reconsider.

She attempted to push him off and raised her hand.

Edmund clutched her hands, looked down at her, and lowered his voice as he said, "I'm really concerned about you, I miss you deeply, and I want to see you every day, so I come here."

Before he saw her, he speculated he was just worried about her, but upon seeing her, he realized he missed her and wanted to be with her. Edmund had different emotions as he realized this fact.

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He was unable to resist leaning in close to Chelsea's lips.

Chelsea had no choice but to extend her hand and hit him in rage.

Did he have a kissing obsession?

He had previously kissed her at her residence, and now he wanted to do it again.

Edmund remained impassive and showed no animosity. Instead, he held Chelsea's hand once more and said, "Sorry, I'm to blame. I simply cannot contain myself whenever I see you..."

Chelsea shook off his hand, turned about, and raced quickly to the hotel lobby.

Edmund did not catch up to her since he had more pressing matters to attend to.

When Chelsea had disappeared out of sight, Edmund turned his eyes to the grass and said in a cold voice, "Come out

After a while, a man came out, shivering in fear.

Edmund had lost the gentle demeanor he had when he was with Chelsea. His aura was such that he turned the man's knees to jelly without saying a word.

"I was not here to photograph you. I was supposed to take pictures of a celebrity..."

The man was an entertainment reporter. He had been waiting for a while for the celebrity to show up, but the celebrity never showed up. He had never expected to photograph such a famous man as Edmund.

"Give the camera to me," Edmund said.

The reporter timidly handed over the camera.

Edmund looked closely at the picture. His face was clearly shown while Chelsea was just a shadowy figure in the background.

There was also a video from right after he walked over with Chelsea.

He then proceeded to edit the video expertly, keeping only the scene of him hugging Chelsea and being slapped in the face, and his apology later.

“Here you go,” he said, casually handing the camera back to the reporter.

The reporter was confused. “You didn’t delete it all,” he remarked in surprise.

The reporter had prepared himself for the worst. He was happy he got to keep his camera. What he didn’t expect was Edmund asking him to post the video.

“Do as I said,” Edmund said. Then he strode away.

The reporter finally recovered and began laughing like one who had won the jackpot.

Rich people were good at manipulating the public’s opinion.

Edmund’s personal life video was worth more than gold.

The detached, noble businessman had been refused a kiss but hadn’t gotten angry. He was slapped in the face and yet he apologized.

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It was going to make the headlines tomorrow.

Chelsea got back to her room and slowly regained her composure.

She then called Roy to let him know she had gotten to her hotel room, after which she went to take her bath.

She was worried that Edmund would come, but nothing had happened and she had slept peacefully through the night.

The next morning, Chelsea was woken up by a voice message from Zuri. “I can’t believe this. Edmund really would do anything to get you,” the message read.

“What happened?” Chelsea asked.

Zuri then made a video call.

“Congratulations, honey; you are back in the spotlight.”

Chelsea, who was still in bed, started to get a bad feeling.

“Has Edmund gone to Norrmalm?” Zuri asked before Chelsea could say anything else.

Chelsea was confused. “Yes, how do you know about that?”

“He hugged you and attempted to kiss you, but you slapped him, after which he apologized to you. Am I right?” Zuri asked, stifling her laughter.

“What?” Chelsea exclaimed, jumping out of bed.

“Don’t worry. Your face is blurry in the video, although Edmund’s face was captured clearly,” Zuri added.

“I can’t believe he apologized to you.”

Zuri let out a gloating Laughter.

Chelsea rubbed her forehead.

“How did we get photographed? What if people find out I’m the one in the video? I’ll be attacked online again.”

The last time she was exposed to the press was when she was slandered by Hilton for not supporting him. She shuddered when she remembered the names she had been called because of that incident.

She knew the horrors of cyberbullying.

“You can be sure that everyone is curious about the woman who has humbled Edmund,” Zuri said in an attempt to comfort her. “What’s more, you were photographed in the most luxurious hotel in Norrmalm. Everyone thinks the woman must be a socialite and have a strong background. The public dare not attack the powerful.”

Chelsea was relieved that she had checked into the hotel that Roy had booked for her.

“I’m sure Edmund was aware of the video before it was posted,” Zuri said. “Big names Like him have PR teams in touch with the executives of major media. When bad news breaks, they’re the first to know.”

Chelsea frowned. “You mean Edmund allowed this to happen.”

“Yes, moreso, I believe he did it on purpose so that you would have to be with him. He is just too clever.”

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Chelsea grew furious upon hearing this.

Chelsea gritted her teeth and said, “I’ll settle accounts with him right now!”

Zuri wanted to stop her, but before she could put in a word, Chelsea hung up on her.

She removed Edmund’s name from her blacklist and immediately called him. As soon as the line was connected, she didn’t even give Edmund the chance to say anything before charging at him.

“Edmund, so you deliberately made someone post that video online last night?”

“What was that? I didn’t get you...” Edmund replied in the laziest of voices, acting as though he didn’t know what she was talking about.

Chelsea lost her words for a second. She never knew that Edmund could be so shameless and petty!

“Why don’t you come to my room now?” Edmund later on suggested. “What?” It definitely didn’t sound Like a suggestion in Chelsea’s ears. She must have heard wrong.

Did he just ask her to come to his room?

“Well, don’t you have questions to ask me about last night? Come to my room, let’s talk about it,” he answered as though there was absolutely nothing wrong with what he was asking.

“We can very well talk in the coffee shop downstairs,” Chelsea said through gritted teeth, trying to contain her anger.

But of course, Edmund wasn’t hearing any of it. “Come to my room now, Room 1802,” he said quickly and then hung up.

Chelsea squeezed the phone so tightly that if it had been plastic, it would have probably folded. Then she took a deep breath and decided to calm down.

She was left with no choice now. Twenty minutes later, Chelsea was in front of Edmund's door. ALL she wanted was for him to delete the hot search as soon as possible. She didn't want to watch it get out of control.

She knew it wouldn't be difficult for Edmund, and he could do it instantly.

When Chelsea finally rang the doorbell, Edmund soon opened the door for her with a smile.

But as expected, Chelsea didn't return the smile. She was glaring at

Edmund and just when she was about to say something, he said, "Give me your phone!"

"Why?" Chelsea's already knitted eyebrows shot up in suspicion. "Remove me from your blacklist and never blacklist me again." He spoke as though he had no plans of negotiating with her

"Wait a second... Are you threatening me right now?"

Edmund must know that he had the upper hand right now. So, he had to get what he wanted before thinking of giving into her request.

Edmund didn't answer her, but left his hand stretched out in front of him for the phone.

He rarely had the opportunity to ask something of Chelsea. Now that he did, he couldn't let it slip. As a matter of fact, this had been his plan from the very beginning.

Chelsea took a step back from him, fiddled with her phone for a while and then Looked back up at him.

"Done!"

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He couldn't just take her word for it. So, he checked his phone first before making way for her to come in.

Chelsea sighed and walked into the living room. She turned to look at him with words at the tip of her tongue, but when she noticed he was only wearing a bathrobe, the words couldn't come out. His collar was loosely tied as though it could fall open at any time.

Having enjoyed intimacy with Edmund for three years, Chelsea knew better than anyone the perfect body that hid behind that bathrobe.

He was always wrapped in suits, so no one could really imagine how strong and powerful this thirty-year-old man really was. She was obsessed with his body, and everytime they made love, she simply couldn't get over how perfect he was.

Chelsea couldn't control her thoughts anymore. As she thought of the intimate moments they had spent together, her face soon flushed red in embarrassment. When she finally realized herself, she looked away and said, "You'd better change your clothes first."

Edmund was having fun seeing her look so flushed. He purposely leaned closer to her and asked in a deep magnetic voice, "Are you sure you want me to change?"

"Yes, Edmund! Go and change now." The teasing smile that was on Edmund's face immediately faded and was replaced with disappointment.

Chelsea used to be obsessed with his body. When she wasn't shy in bed, she would caress and poke his muscles. Sometimes, she would even praise him for keeping so fit.

In those days, when he was in a good mood, he would ask Chelsea if she liked it.

Then, Chelsea would smile and nod quickly like a giddy little girl. She would hold onto his strong shoulders firmly and follow his rhythm.

In that moment, Edmund felt like he was reliving his past intimate moments with Chelsea. He felt hot and was turned on all of a sudden.

He gulped to wet his throat and said in a hoarse voice, "I haven't showered yet. I hope you can wait. I won't be long."

To be honest, he had already showered. But he desperately needed to take a cold shower if he didn't want his body to betray him.

Chelsea moved away from him and replied, "No problem. I'm not in a haste."

She still had a lot of time before she had to meet Roy at the hospital. So she didn't mind waiting for Edmund to take a bath.

After a long look at her, he turned and went to have that much needed shower.

As soon as he left, Chelsea Let out a breath of relief and then went through her phone, desperately trying to find something that was going to distract her from the inappropriate thoughts she had of her and Edmund together.

About ten minutes later, Edmund walked out of the bathroom and into his bedroom to get dressed.

“Chelsea, can you come in?” Chelsea heard Edmund say after a while.

“What’s wrong?” Chelsea frowned. She definitely didn’t want to go in there.

He was in his bedroom, and she could bet that he wasn’t properly dressed yet.

“I need you to help me choose a tie,” he answered as though it was most normal of things.

It made Chelsea think of the days when they just got married. She used to help organize his clothes, but he never appreciated it and even mocked her taste. Why was he asking for her help now? “I have horrible taste, remember?”

“Anything you choose will be perfect!” Chelsea shook her head, sighed. It was too late for him to say those words now.

If only he used to say such before, then maybe, just maybe, she would have enjoyed hearing those words now.

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But after being hurt and neglected by Edmund before, whenever they met now, she couldn’t seem to think any other thing apart from how he treated her before.

“Mr. Nelson, every time I did that for you, you were never pleased. In fact, you hated it. Have you forgotten?”

Edmund fell silent after that.

The silence dragged on until he came out of the bedroom neatly dressed with his tie on.

The pure black suit he had on gave him a very imposing aura. Chelsea immediately Looked away before those images flooded her mind again.

Seeing her look away, Edmund misunderstood and came to stand in front of her. “I just didn’t understand your kindness before...”

“Just tell me how you’re going to deal with the hot search. That’s why I came here!” Chelsea interrupted him, not wanting to hear whatever he had to say.

Edmund sighed dejectedly. He had come out of the room with plans to make things better, but now, he didn’t know how to do it.

Edmund looked at Chelsea seriously and asked, “What do you want me to do?”

Chelsea returned his gaze and answered, “I don’t know why that video was shot last night, but I bet you knew about it even before it was posted, right?”

Edmund continued looking at her, but didn’t say anything.

Chelsea took his silence as proof that she was right.

“Why would you do something like that? I’m Luka’s girlfriend now, and I was on the hot search just a few days ago. If people find that I have an affair with you, how will Luka show his face? He is already very upset with his mother’s illness. I don’t want to add any weight on his shoulders. You’d better delete that post right now, Edmund. I mean it!”

Edmund immediately got bitter when Chelsea mentioned Luka. Why did she have to think about Luka everytime?

Chelsea used to Love Edmund so much, but now, it seemed Like she didn’t even care about his feelings

Angry, he said haughtily, “This thing is very tricky. It will take some time for me to delete it.”

Chelsea shook her head in disappointment. Could he get any more shameless than this? She understood that he was only doing this because he wanted something in return.

It was just like the time when he kept asking her to treat him to dinner after he got her the cat.

She was stupid to have forgotten that Edmund was a businessman. He would only do something that could profit him.

He had travelled thousands of miles here and had put her in trouble. She was sure that all he wanted from her now was sex.

She glared at him and said, “Edmund, I know why you won’t let me go lately. You want to sleep with me, right? Fine! Here I am. Just do what you want!”

With that, she took off her shirt in anger.

It was going to be the same thing Like three years ago. Once he had her, he was going to lose interest. So it was better to get it over with.

Edmund gulped as he looked at the exposed Chelsea before him. She was slender and well-shaped. An added bonus was that her boobs were not small.

Edmund had been longing for Chelsea for a long time now. So after seeing her so vulnerable before him, it was difficult for him to resist.

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Still trying to keep himself in check, he grunted out with difficulty, "Don't think I won't do it!"

Edmund was literally in pain in that moment. He was angry at Chelsea for misunderstanding his intentions, but he also didn't want to let this opportunity slip away. He had wanted this for too long.

So when Chelsea didn't cower, he picked her up, kicked open the bedroom door and walked in with her in his arms.

They had been divorced for more than a year, but since then, Edmund hadn't had any other woman. All he could think of now, was becoming one with Chelsea again, both physically and mentally. Before the day they divorced, they had had the best sex of his life.

It couldn't be explained how he would be so hungry for her after eating her to his satisfaction.

Edmund wasn't strong enough to resist Chelsea after having held out for so long.

It was only after Edmund threw Chelsea on the soft bed and pressed his body to hers that she came to her senses.

She couldn't do it with Edmund anymore. She just couldn't! Beginning to panic, she tried pushing him away and said in a roaring voice, "Get away from me!"

Without much effort, Edmund took her wrists in one hand and held them above her head.

With a hoarse voice and with his breaths coming heavily, he said, "You came to me on your own and now you want me to let you go? I don't know what you have in mind, but I'm a man!"

Without wasting any more time, he brought his head down and kissed her passionately.

Chelsea could feel his already hard penis pressing against her abdomen. She was fully panicking now. This couldn't be happening! "No... I don't want this! Edmund, please stop. Please..."

Edmund froze and looked at her.

Tears rolled down her cheeks, and the emotion he saw in her eyes wasn't something he had seen before. Broken by what he saw, he suddenly lost his strength.

Her phone suddenly rang from the living room. Chelsea used the opportunity to push him and slip out.

When she saw that the call was from Roy, more tears rolled down her eyes, but she couldn't answer it. She quickly put on her shirt and left Edmund's room in a hurry.

Edmund grunted and kicked the bed in frustration.

He cursed under his breath. When Chelsea was in the safety of her room, she answered the phone with the calmest voice she could manage.

"I'm at the gate of the hotel. You can come down," Roy said through the phone.

"Okay, I'm coming."

She hung up, and then hurriedly changed her clothes to meet Roy. Throughout the drive, Chelsea was lost in her thoughts.

Of course, Roy noticed that she was preoccupied. He glanced at her shortly and asked, "Are you worried about the scandal with Edmund?"

"Don't worry about it. I already asked someone to take it down from the hot search and to delete the post."

Hearing this just gave Chelsea a mild migraine. She sighed and rubbed her temple.

She had forgotten that she had an influential person like Roy behind her.