

Mr Nelson 41

[Chapter 41 Strange Protective Urge](#)

"Chelsea!" Diane crackled with ferocious energy. With her fist raised in the air, she was about to run after Chelsea and beat her to a pulp. However, Edmund grabbed her wrist again and pulled her back.

He only let go of her after the door was shut.

The force in which Diane had been pulled back was so strong that she almost lost her balance. She staggered until she grabbed the desk beside her.

"Are you happy now?" Edmund inquired with anger in his tone.

"What are you insinuating, Edmund? Are you trying to say that I made trouble for no reason?" Diane burst into tears.

When she saw that Edmund was unmoved by her pitiful act, she shouted, "Did you expect me to just turn a blind eye when I saw her arrive here in the middle of the night? Chelsea is a sneaky bitch. And I don't want her around you. I'm dead sure that you would have taken off her clothes if I had come in a second late. How could you insinuate that I took things too far? Am I a joke to you, Edmund?"

Would they have had sex if she didn't show up in time? Diane was perturbed.

Although Edmund felt that she was being unreasonable, he decided to explain things to her. "Calm down, Diane. It's not what you think. I accidentally spilled coffee on her and handed her some pieces of tissue to clean up the mess."

Hearing this explanation, Diane wiped her tears and said, "You spilled coffee on her? I have reason to believe that it wasn't an accident at all. Chelsea must have done it on purpose. She definitely knocked the coffee over so she can take off her clothes in your presence. Can't you see? It was her plan to seduce you!"

These words kicked up Edmund's gag reflex. He was irritated that Diane could make such an assumption when she wasn't there while the accident happened.

How could he not know if it was Chelsea's plan?

Chelsea had just turned on her laptop when he brought her a cup of coffee.

The wallpaper on her laptop was her picture. She was smiling so brightly that Edmund couldn't help staring in awe.

Throughout their marriage, he had never seen her smile like that. He wouldn't have believed it if someone told him that her smile was that beautiful. She looked genuinely happy in that picture.

His gaze had been so fixed on her smile that he unintentionally tilted it, so the coffee spilled on her. Chelsea hadn't touched the cup at all.

Diane's cry and far-fetched assumption were getting on Edmund's nerves. His patience was running thin.

Holding back his anger, he grabbed his car key and said, "Get a grip on yourself. I'll take you back home now."

After saying that, he walked out of the office. Diane was so angry that she cried out.

She didn't need anyone to tell her that he was tired of her tantrum since he offered to drive her home.

For many years, she had maintained the image of a good and unproblematic woman in Edmund's presence. But that night, she had lost her cool because of Chelsea. Her resentment for Chelsea doubled as a result.

However, she was not that stupid to risk big things for the sake of small ones. She became calm on the way home.

Instead of getting off the car when they arrived, she held Edmund's hand and said pitifully, "Baby, I'm sorry. I was wrong to have reacted that way. Please don't be mad at me."

Edmund's heart was unmoved. He didn't even turn to look at her. Diane shook his hand and continued, "I was so stupid to have let my emotions becloud my reasoning. I should have trusted you. You aren't like other men who have flings. Although you and Chelsea were once married, you don't have feelings for her. I now understand that you just have a working relationship with her. Forgive me. Please..."

Diane admitted her mistake. However, Edmund was irritated by her. He yanked his hand from her grip, still not looking at her. His head was filled with a plethora of thoughts.

He had divorced Chelsea, but why did he behave irrationally again and again because of her?

In recent times, he had protected and defended her at every chance he got.

He pitched himself against Diane and Sonya just because of her.

There was an indescribable force that always pushed him to step in whenever Chelsea was in danger. He always wanted to be there for her both physically and mentally. It seemed like he could go to any lengths just for her.

[Chapter 42 There Was Nothing Wrong With Not Loving Someone](#)

"It's late. You should go back and have a rest," Edmund replied coldly after hearing Diane's apology. Judging from the way he spoke, it wasn't clear whether or not he had forgiven her.

After alighting the vehicle, the expression on her face changed. Unbeknown to Edmund, she gritted her teeth in anger.

Chelsea took a taxi and headed to Zuri's residence. She couldn't tell if Orlando was still in her apartment or not. So in order to be on the safe side, she didn't return home.

Zuri heard a knock on the door. She was wearing a facial mask when she went to see who it was. She soon found out that it was Chelsea. So she let her in and opened a bottle of red wine.

They didn't start drinking though until Chelsea had taken a shower and put on the clean pajamas Zuri gave her. Both of them sat on the carpet and began to talk.

When Zuri heard everything that happened at the company, she pulled off the mask on her face and clapped her hands. "Holy moly! That's awesome. It's high time you taught that wretch an unforgettable lesson."

She knew that Chelsea had been bullied on different occasions. So it pleased her a great deal that this time the tables are turned and it was Diane who got pissed off.

"I couldn't agree more." Chelsea nodded her head slightly. Then she took a sip of wine.

Apparently, Diane was as desperate and heartbroken as Chelsea was when she found out that Edmund was seeing another woman.

"You know what? I think you should take advantage of the situation." Excitement was written all over Zuri's face while she spoke. "Go close to Edmund on purpose so as to further annoy her. Then after he falls in love with you, kick him to the curb. That way, you can exact revenge on him for how badly he treated you in the past."

After thinking for a while, Chelsea shook the wine glass in her hand and murmured, "That's not necessary. They didn't do anything dreadful to me."

From the expression on Zuri's face, it was obvious that she wasn't in agreement. So Chelsea added, "The thing is, Edmund didn't love me. He even said it to my hearing. I was just stubbornly holding on for so many years. So you see, it's my fault. I was too naive and silly. I thought I could exchange my heart for his love."

Nobody deserved to go through that, Zuri thought to herself after hearing Chelsea's words. Her eyes became teary. She knew all the pain and gloom the woman sitting close to her had suffered.

With a concerned look on her face, she moved towards Chelsea and hugged her.

"Everything about my relationship with Edmund ended with our divorce. There's no point crying over

spilt milk, is there? It's all over," Chelsea said in a calm tone. Instead of becoming sad, she clinked glasses with Zuri and drank up.

With the passage of time, she figured a lot of things out. Edmund really didn't offend her.

There was nothing wrong in not loving someone. What mattered to her was that he wouldn't mess with her again.

They kept on drinking for a while. Then Zuri asked out of the blue, "Why did Edmund suddenly ask you to talk about the script?"

"I have no idea about that." Chelsea shook her head.

"Did he see the news about Orlando?" Zuri paused briefly. Then she continued, "I think Edmund was afraid that the young man would stay in the same room with you an entire night. So he found an excuse to get you out of your apartment."

"How is that possible?" Chelsea was surprised to hear that. "Why would he do that?"

"Are you seriously asking me that?" Zuri stared at her.

"Edmund couldn't care less about me. He is eager for me to marry someone else as soon as possible. That way, he won't have to worry about me pestering him ever again," Chelsea said. "The reason why he wanted me to come to the company to talk about the script was that he wanted to torture me on purpose."

Edmund used to treat her so badly that she concluded that he hated her.

That notion had not changed, not even after their divorce. She thought that he just didn't want her to live peacefully.

"What are you going to do in the future?" Zuri asked after thinking for some time. She was concerned about Chelsea. "The project of the play has just started."

"Maybe I shouldn't have taken part in this play in the first place. That way, I wouldn't have had anything to do with him," Chelsea replied helplessly.

[Chapter 43 Early Quitter](#)

A call from Luka came through. He asked Chelsea about the outcome of her meeting with Edmund.

"Mr. Pierce, due to some unavoidable reasons, I wasn't able to discuss anything with Mr. Nelson tonight," Chelsea said without mincing words.

"What happened?" Luka asked with concern.

Although Chelsea was obligated to report what happened during the meeting, she couldn't tell Luka what happened in detail. She was ashamed to say that Diane showed up out of nowhere just when Edmund reached out to give her pieces of tissue to wipe off the coffee stain on her clothes.

Such a scenario would make it seem like she was in a love triangle with Edmund and Diane. It would also seem like she was coming between the couple yet again.

After pondering about it for a while, Chelsea finally said, "Oh, it's nothing. I have just been thinking, Mr. Pierce. Considering that I have a past with Mr. Nelson, I shouldn't have gotten involved in the project. Please I would like you to replace me with someone else. I'm more than willing to hand over my work to the replacement once you find one."

Luka hazarded a guess immediately. He asked, "Let me get this straight. Are you saying you want to quit?"

"Sort of." Chelsea readily admitted.

She had been willing to work on the project even though Edmund was involved. But as the insults and mockery she received earlier that night flashed in her mind, she was fed up and decided to quit before things got out of hand.

It was no news that Edmund and Diane were tying the knot soon. Chelsea didn't want to be in the news as the woman who was standing in the way of their love. As a result, she wanted to make sure tonight's occurrence didn't repeat itself.

"Okay, I see." Luka's voice lowered to a grumble. Without saying anything more, he sighed and hung up the phone.

Edmund was in Yusuf's bar at this time.

He came here after dropping Diane off. The night was far spent, but he was yet to have dinner. Yusuf asked his staff to prepare dinner for him.

He then kept Edmund company in a VIP room after asking a waiter to bring him a bottle of wine. He drank alone, without offering his friend even as little as a sip.

"Hey, aren't you going to pour wine for me? I came to your bar to drink. Why aren't you treating me well?" Edmund blew a short fuse when he saw that Yusuf poured himself a glass and set the bottle of wine by his side.

"Sorry, pal. I don't have any wine to give you tonight. Chelsea's return reminded me that you usually

have stomach troubles. What you need now is food, not alcohol. So, let me drink in peace."

Yusuf knew that his friend constantly had stomach upset. The only time Edmund didn't experience stomach upset was while he was married to Chelsea. He had stayed away from alcohol and eaten right for three years, so Yusuf forgot about it until recently.

Yusuf knocked his forehead in regret for a while. He then said, "I am sorry for allowing you to drink a lot in the past year. I should have known better."

Edmund, who was already sad, became depressed when he heard his ex-wife's name.

He couldn't help thinking that Chelsea was currently unhappy because of what happened earlier that night. He regretted not shutting Diane up when she hurled insults at Chelsea. Now, he badly wished he could turn back the hands of time.

It was when Edmund was plummeting into an abyss of regret that Luka's call came through. He came to his senses and answered the call immediately.

"Edmund, I don't know what transpired between you and Chelsea tonight. But I just called to tell you that I don't think our cooperation can go on," Luka said in an unfriendly tone.

Edmund frowned deeply. "What! What do you mean by that?"

"Chelsea wants to quit the project. She's an asset to the production team. If you want us to continue cooperating, you need to appoint someone to represent you during the project."

Luka expressed that Edmund wasn't welcome without mincing words.

Edmund was furious. "Chelsea said she wants to quit?"

"Yes, she did," Luka answered truthfully.

Edmund lost it. He grunted and threw his phone to the wall.

What the hell was wrong with Chelsea? How could she quit wilfully just because she experienced something unpleasant?

Why was she so quick-tempered now? And when did she become such an early quitter?

[Chapter 44 Chelsea's Decision](#)

The fact that Edmund threw his phone away in anger only meant one thing; he didn't agree with Luka's proposal.

Luka didn't bother calling him again. After watching the way his friend reacted, Yusuf rubbed his chin

and put two and two together. He then said, "I think Luka has a crush on Chelsea."

Edmund's face darkened. His chest heaved up and down as he kept mute.

"Come to think of it. An investor is a god in the film industry. Everyone is expected to do their best to please him. In this case, it makes no sense that he wants you not to be directly involved in the production process. You have the right to lay off and bring on anyone at any point in time. Since Chelsea doesn't want to work with you, she should be the one to take a walk. How dare Luka ask you to appoint a representative?"

Since Luka was taking Edmund out instead of Chelsea, Yusuf came to the conclusion that he kept her not only because she was talented, but also because he had a crush on her.

He felt that Luka didn't want Edmund anywhere near Chelsea because he wanted to have the opportunity to woo her in the future.

Edmund knew exactly what his friend was thinking. He felt that it was reasonable. However, he just glanced at him coldly, grabbed the bottle of wine, and gulped down most of its content in the blink of an eye.

Since the meeting, Edmund had figured that Luka had feelings for Chelsea. But he never thought Luka could go as far as telling him off just to protect her. After all, a lot was at stake for him if Edmund pulled the plug on the deal.

Yusuf stood up and grabbed the bottle of wine from Edmund's hand. He gave it to the waiter and asked him to leave for fear that his friend would grab it again. He didn't want Edmund to have a stomachache. After all, only Chelsea could take good care of him. But that couldn't happen now.

Diane, a self-proclaimed princess, was the one by his side now. She was so lazy that she made other people do almost everything for her. How could she take good care of Edmund?

In public, she behaved like a caring and good wife-to-be. But it was all fake. She couldn't do any serious chore for him.

Yusuf had met Diane a few times. She accompanied Edmund to parties occasionally. Judging by the way she behaved, he could tell that she was a wolf in sheep's clothing. She pretended that she loved Edmund, but he could see through her lies.

Chelsea didn't know how to cook when she got married to Edmund. But after he was hospitalized for food poisoning, she started to spend hours in the kitchen. She became a good cook in no time. She had done all that for Edmund out of love.

But what did Diane do despite declaring her undying love at every given opportunity? Nothing!

She was always posting pictures of her cooking on social media. Only god knows if her food was edible.

Yusuf couldn't fully understand why his friend settled for such a silly woman, and why he still hadn't seen her for who she truly was. Did he overlook her shortcomings because he was mesmerized by her physical beauty?

Diane stood out among her peers because of her facial beauty and her breathtaking figure. It was expected that Edmund loved her appearance.

Men are usually drawn by what they see. It was common for them to overlook a woman's bad behavior if she was gorgeous.

Yusuf stared at Edmund's unhappy face without saying anything.

Chelsea had drunk a lot in Zuri's home. A lot of strange things had happened to her tonight. First, Orlando, the heartthrob of many drama fans, paid her a visit. Second, Luka protected her secretly. As she drank herself to a stupor, she wondered what Edmund thought of her now. His actions were unfathomable to her.

Chelsea and Zuri had a late-night chat. It wasn't until three o'clock in the morning that they finally fell asleep. Despite sleeping so late, Chelsea woke up at the crack of dawn to make a delicious breakfast for her friend.

Zuri was pleased to see the table set when she woke up. As she munched on a mouthful of toast, she blew Chelsea's trumpet. "Hmm! This is so delicious. As much as I hate to say this, I need to thank Edmund for giving me the opportunity to taste your cooking. Well, you know, you used to cook for him only."

Chelsea smiled without saying anything. Recalling how she used to tend to Edmund, she felt pity for herself, so she didn't want to talk about it.

"Are you serious about quitting the new project?" Zuri asked, taking a sip of steaming hot coffee.

In a sad tone, Chelsea responded, "It took me a full year to recover from the heartbreak that Edmund caused me. I still have nightmares of those three perilous years. Edmund and Diane are from my ugly past. The sight of them reminds me of the pain. I always regret not standing up for myself when they made my life a living hell. Now that I am in a better place, I don't want history to repeat itself. And that's why I have decided to quit. My mental health would continue to improve if they are out of my sight."

Chelsea had thought that she could put up with Edmund being the funder of the play. She wanted to do it to better her chances in the industry.

But it turned out to be a wrong move. She was already experiencing so much trouble even though they were only at the first stage of the project. Her efforts to draw a line between Edmund and Diane were all in vain. She didn't want to have anything to do with them, especially Diane, who was a pain in the ass.

Zuri reached out and held Chelsea's hand tightly. "I'm with you, dearie."

[Chapter 45 Problem Solved](#)

Chelsea had just finished having breakfast when she received a text message from Luka. It read, "I have just been informed by the Nelson Group that you don't need to revise the script. We can proceed to the next step now. By the way, they also assigned someone to oversee this project in Mr. Nelson's stead. His representative is Fay, who also happens to be his assistant. She will report to him during the production. You don't have to quit now. Just continue working on the script."

Chelsea's mind went blank once she finished reading the message. It came as a shocker to her that the script would no longer be revised.

Given that Diane had created a scene at his office last night, Chelsea had thought Edmund would make the work harder for her or worse still, pull the plug on the investment. She thought he would go to any lengths to please his fiancée.

The fact that the Nelson Group assigned someone to oversee the project in his stead was even more shocking.

It was true that she didn't want to see him. But it seemed like someone had read her mind before she could opt out. Her biggest wish had been granted.

Chelsea wanted to know who made these decisions, so she called Luka immediately. "Hello, Mr. Pierce. I just got your message. Why did Nelson Group assign someone else to oversee the project?"

"Oh, about that. I figured that you were serious about quitting because of Edmund, so I made it clear to him last night. I also made a proposition to him. It was either he picked a representative or I pulled the plug on our deal after you quit," Luka explained.

Chelsea was short of words.

The fact that Luka put her career first and went against a big investor touched her heart. She was grateful to have such a boss.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Pierce." Despite hearing Luka's explanation, she was still confused as to why Edmund had danced to their tune. He was an arrogant man who never took orders from anyone, let alone from business partners who needed his money.

"You don't need to thank me, Chelsea. I only went the extra mile because I believe in you. Even if Edmund decided not to invest in the play again, I could have gotten another investor easily. It's no big

deal."

"I promise not to let you down, Mr. Pierce. I'll put in my all for this project." Chelsea couldn't help declaring her steadfastness in making the play a success.

Performing excellently was the best reward she could give Luka for banking on her. And she intended to do just that.

Luka didn't say much. He just acknowledged her appreciation and reminded her to finalize the script as soon as possible before hanging up.

"Woo-hoo! All the problems I was facing regarding the project have been solved. I don't have to quit, Zuri!" Chelsea's joy knew no bounds. She jumped up and went to hug Zuri tightly. She was so happy that she didn't need to revise the script or meet with Edmund concerning the project again.

Zuri, who was being crushed in her friend's embrace, murmured, "Wow! Why did Edmund compromise? This is incredible."

To some extent, Zuri knew Edmund because she was also a part of the film industry. She knew that Edmund wanted Nelson Entertainment to become a household name even though it wasn't anything important for the powerful Nelson Group. He had been investing a lot of money in different movies and TV plays over the past few years. For every film he invested in, the production team had to satisfy his every whim.

This was the first time Edmund wasn't treated like a god. Thus, Zuri was shocked that he compromised. Was it because he wanted to please Chelsea?

It was hard to fathom the reasons for his actions.

Zuri had to shoot today, so Chelsea bade her farewell and took a taxi to her apartment.

She quickly checked everywhere in the apartment for Orlando. It wasn't until she discovered that he was not here that she finally let out a sigh.

Just when Chelsea plopped down on her sofa, she got a text message from Orlando. He revealed that he left not long after she left last night. His company had distracted the attention of the fans and he was able to sneak out without their knowledge.

"Thank goodness. Please don't show up at my doorstep again," Chelsea muttered a prayer. She didn't want to get into trouble because of Orlando. Her time was precious and she intended to use it for work.

Orlando left behind the large bag of snacks that he brought last night. There were also some bottles of ointment for bruises and scalds in the bag.

"Aww! This is so thoughtful of him!" Chelsea's lips curled up in a smile as she looked at the wound on her arm. She had to admit that Orlando was such a caring young man.

[Chapter 46 Indirect Gif](#)

Chelsea washed up and changed into a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. She decided to go to the supermarket to buy groceries to be used while she locked up herself at home to work on the script for a few days.

But when she grabbed her keys to the apartment and was about to step out, she received a call from Fay.

Fay was Edmund's personal assistant, like Leo. Both of them were good at their jobs. And Edmund trusted them with most of the work affairs.

Fay and Leo were twins. It was said that they were from a poor family and they grew up in a remote village on the mountainside. The Nelson Group's charity foundation funded their education right from elementary school. They were also sent abroad for further studies. This good education saw to it that their talents were outstanding amongst their peers.

The twins had been employed in Nelson Group immediately after their graduation.

Fay was a calm and introverted young lady. She spent most of her time working. Since she started working for Edmund, she had never been found wanting. Thus, he trusted her with many important tasks.

"Hello, Miss Williams. Are you free to meet today so we can discuss the project? Since I just took over, I have very little knowledge about the project. I'd like you to fill me in. Is that possible?" Fay asked in a professional tone.

"Sure!" Chelsea replied without hesitation.

She had taken quite a liking to Fay when she was still Edmund's wife. They both got along well.

"Okay, that's great. When and where would be convenient for you?" Fay inquired politely.

Since Chelsea was about to go shopping before the call came in, she told Fay to meet her in twenty minutes at a café located in the same shopping mall she was headed to.

Fay arrived there first and took her seat. When Chelsea walked into the café a few minutes later, she recognized her at first glance. As always, Fay was dressed formally. Her dress made her look experienced and professional.

"Long time no see. You are more beautiful than I can remember. It's so good to see you," Chelsea said cheerfully as soon as she sat down.

Fay looked at her without uttering a word for a few seconds. She sighed and finally commented, "You are more confident than I can remember."

This comment took Chelsea aback. She looked at Fay with a question mark on her face. Was it so obvious that she had changed?

Anyway, this was a pointer to the fact that she used to be miserable while she was married to Edmund who spared no chance to crush her self-esteem in the past.

Shrugging with a proud smile, Chelsea murmured, "Well, I guess I was reborn after breaking free from a toxic oppressor and living life for myself. And I'm happy that I have come this far."

Fay frowned slightly. Edmund had sternly instructed her to keep in mind everything Chelsea was going to say and report it to him after the meeting.

She was all for obeying instructions, but she didn't know if she could report to him that Chelsea described him as a toxic oppressor.

After exchanging pleasantries, both women cut to the chase. Chelsea filled her in on everything about the project. From the get-go, she was able to tell that Fay was fully ready to represent Edmund. She felt relieved to be working with such a serious and unproblematic young woman.

She had high hopes that everything would go on smoothly now that Edmund was out of her way.

At the end of their discussion, Fay took out two boxes of ointments from her bag and handed them to Chelsea. "I heard that you got injured. These ointments can help to heal your wound."

Chelsea's eyes widened as she looked at the boxes. She felt so touched that Fay got her these. Although she already had more than enough ointments to apply to her wound, she didn't want to make Fay sad. She took them and said gratefully, "Thank you, Fay."

"Don't mention it, Mrs... No, Miss Williams." Fay stuttered.

Chelsea uttered, "That reminds me. Please don't address me as Miss Williams. Since we are working together, you should call me Chelsea."

She had noticed that Fay was having trouble regarding what to call her. Fay used to call her Mrs. Nelson in the past. But now that she was divorced and they were working together, she seemed not to have adapted to how things had changed. She was a little reserved and confused, so Chelsea decided to make it clear to her.

Fay nodded with relief. "Okay then, Chelsea."

"I have to go now. I look forward to working with you. Bye!" Chelsea still had to shop for supplies, so she

bade her goodbye and left hurriedly.

After watching her leave, Fay took out her phone and sent Edmund a text message. It read, "Mr. Nelson, she accepted the ointments."

[Chapter 47 Meet At The Dinner](#)

Fay gave Edmund a report pertaining to the results of her talk with Chelsea. She informed him that everything went well.

She didn't tell him that Chelsea said he was the toxic oppressor though.

Leo told her that he felt Edmund was still in love with his ex-wife. But she kept it to herself.

Not long after that, Fay was on her way to meet with Chelsea when something happened that made her give credence to Leo's words.

Edmund walked up to her and said, "Give these ointments to Chelsea. But make sure you do so in your name, not mine."

Having been quite convinced that he still cared about his ex-wife, Fay couldn't bring herself to tell him what Chelsea said.

Meanwhile, there was a lot of work to be done. Once the outline of the script was set, it had to be detailed and expanded. Chelsea was aware of that. So she bought some things and went back to start writing. She was focused on the lines of characters which needed to be modified.

For the past three days, she had been working on it at home. All of a sudden, her phone began to ring. The call was from Luka.

"There is going to be a dinner party tonight. You've got to attend it with me. Just so you know, it's the director's idea. He wants us to meet with each other."

"Is that so?" Chelsea replied. Then she paused briefly.

Luka knew the reason why she was hesitant. So he said, "Edmund won't be in attendance."

"Very well then." She heaved a sigh. "I'll be there on time."

The director of the play was quite famous. He had earned himself a reputation for shooting impressive royal plays. Since he would be there, she could seize the opportunity to discuss relevant plots with him.

At first, Chelsea wanted to take a taxi. But she was talked out of it. Luka insisted that he give her a ride. So she was left with no choice but to agree.

When Chelsea asked herself about what to wear, she decided to dress casually, given that it wasn't a formal occasion. She settled for a pair of high-waist denim trousers and a popular short black shirt which showed her graceful figure.

Later, Luka came to pick her up. When he saw Chelsea, he thought she was very cool. So he praised her smilingly. "Your outfit is really nice. You look young and beautiful."

His words made her blush. There was a time she used to imitate Diane. She would dress like a gentle lady. That was when she and Edmund were still a couple.

Back then, Chelsea thought that her husband liked women who dressed in such a way. As a result, she switched to that style instinctively despite her dislike for high heels and skirts. Actually, she preferred canvas shoes and comfortable T-shirts.

It took a while before Luka and Chelsea arrived at the restaurant. They entered the building walking side by side. There was a car that pulled over before it could enter into the parking lot. Its window had been wound down.

Someone was in the vehicle whose eyes were glued to Chelsea. It was none else but Edmund. When he saw that her slender waist was exposed, anger seethed within him. He wondered why she had become so unrestrained after their divorce.

Why on earth should anyone put on such skimpy clothes to an air-conditioned room? He asked himself. Didn't it occur to her that the cold might make her hurt all over?

He couldn't take his eyes off her alluring hips. They made his throat dry. Thoughts of how both of them made love passionately before their divorce rushed through his mind.

The first time, Chelsea was very enthusiastic and active. That was followed by the rumpy pump in the kitchen of Ethan's house. Edmund unbuttoned his shirt because he was beginning to feel so hot. He couldn't help fantasizing about his ex-wife like a sex-starved man.

"Mr. Nelson, we've arrived," Fay said out loud. She was also in the vehicle. Her voice jolted Edmund back to reality. He quickly unbuckled his seat belt, got out and walked into the restaurant with her.

The director was already in the private room before Luka and Chelsea arrived. He was accompanied by two vice directors and other relevant personnel.

Chelsea was absent from the last meeting. So Luka introduced her to everyone.

In no time, she and the director began to have a conversation. His name was Gerry Becker. Suddenly, the door of the room opened and Edmund stepped in.

His cold eyes and imperious arch of eyebrows were like round pegs in round holes. They complimented

themselves.

He had tall and slender stature which made him eye-catching in a simple white shirt and black suit pants.

The collar of his shirt was open and his Adam's apple could be seen at a glance.

Immediately Chelsea set her eyes on him, her good mood vanished into thin air.

[Chapter 48 Perverted Man](#)

Chelsea gave Luka a questioning look. He only shrugged with a helpless expression, indicating that he didn't know why Edmund was even there.

Unlike the others, Gerry wasn't bothered at all by Edmund's sudden appearance. He walked to him with a big smile on his face. With his hand stretched out, he said cheerfully, "Look who's gracing us with his presence. I didn't expect you to come to the party, Mr. Nelson. I'm pleased to see you."

Edmund shook hands with Gerry and said, "I couldn't miss it for anything. You throw the best parties, so I had to partake in the fun."

Several guests crowded Edmund and he exchanged pleasantries with them. After a while, Luka walked up to him with Chelsea. They had an argument because of Edmund's involvement in the project, but this didn't mean there was bad blood between them. It was only right for Luka to go and greet his business partner.

Plastering a smile on his face, Luka greeted Edmund and shook his hand firmly. Chelsea had to speak to him too even though she didn't want to. After all, he was the investor of the play.

Avoiding his eyes, she bowed slightly and greeted him. "Good evening, Mr. Nelson."

None of the guests, except Fay and Luka, knew about the relationship between these two.

Edmund was just about to respond to her greeting when Gerry uttered excitedly, "Mr. Nelson, I didn't meet Chelsea early enough because she was absent during the first meeting. It wasn't until a while ago that I finally met her. I didn't expect her to be this beautiful and young. Thank goodness such a pretty lady was employed to join the crew. Her beauty will give us the zeal to work."

Gerry thought that Edmund would agree with him as he praised Chelsea's beauty. But he was shocked when Edmund shot him a cold glare. He quickly shut up as a cold shiver ran down his spine.

Those words didn't sound like harmless praise in Edmund's ears. Instead, he felt like Gerry was perverted.

Edmund finally shook Chelsea's hand which she had stretched out to him moments ago. He then said

slowly, "Good evening, Miss Williams. I recently learned that your pen name is Winter. Could it be because your hand is as cold as ice? Or is your hand this cold because you are wearing something too thin now?"

Horror flitted on Chelsea's face as soon as she heard those questions. She felt that he was taking a jab at her. Why was he criticizing her dressing? How was it his business if she wore something too thin? It was her business to worry about her cold hand, not his!

Chelsea quickly took back her hand. Biting back the tongue-lashing she badly wished she could give him, she replied with a smile, "Oh, you are so humorous, Mr. Nelson."

Gerry cut in, "This shouldn't come as a surprise to you, Mr. Nelson. It has become a fashion trend for women to dress like this. They now wear light and tight clothes that bring out their figure. Just take a look at her slender waist."

With a flirtatious look, Gerry moved to Chelsea and reached out to touch her waist. She stepped back and looked at him in horror.

Stories of how male bosses objectified their female employees and counterparts were an open secret in the film industry. Chelsea had heard a lot before she became a full-time worker. Zuri had also complained about how some directors and actors took advantage of actresses.

Never did Chelsea imagine that she would be at the receiving end of perverted advances in her line of work. She was a scriptwriter, not a call girl. The anger that coursed through her veins was stronger than the confusion and disgust she felt.

If Gerry had succeeded in grabbing her waist, Chelsea would have been disgusted to death.

It was saddening that she couldn't leave because she was obligated to be at the party.

At least, she wanted to give him a stern warning. But she couldn't because he hadn't touched her yet.

Gerry was a little embarrassed when he saw that she dodged. He was about to scold her when he suddenly felt a murderous stare on his forehead.

When he raised his head, his eyes met with a pair of sharp and terrifying ones.

A wicked and intolerant energy exuded from Edmund's body. It was as if he was going to pounce on Gerry and tear him into a thousand pieces any moment from now.

What was wrong with Edmund? Why did he have such an angry expression? Gerry swallowed nervously. He was like a deer, who was at the mercy of a ferocious lion.

[Chapter 49 Weird Punishmen](#)

A weighty cloud of tension hovered above the four of them. Luka could see the sparks of fury that were flying out of Edmund's eyes. Although he was also angry at Gerry for behaving that way, he felt like it was inappropriate for them to get into a fight then and there.

Thus, he stepped in before things could get out of hand. "Hey, why don't we have our seats since we are all here?"

Luka motioned them to the table. He intentionally made Chelsea sit next to Fay so she could be out of Gerry's reach.

Everyone made merry as the banquet was in full swing. Chelsea was the only one who just ate her food in silence.

Her mood had been dampened by what just happened. Gerry was one of the few people she looked up to in the industry. She had wanted to ask him a few questions since he was the director. It was important that she obtained his view concerning the scenes in the script to know if they could be acted during shooting.

But now that Chelsea saw that he was a pervert, she didn't want to discuss it with him anymore.

She pondered worriedly on how she would be able to work with such a man in the future.

Chelsea fixed her gaze on her plate. The others occasionally spun the round turntable and ate a variety of dishes. Suddenly, she realized that anytime the beef and mutton dishes stopped in front of her, someone always turned the table immediately.

She swiftly looked up only to find Edmund spinning the turntable with his slender fingers.

Edmund met her surprised gaze when he raised his eyes. She bit her lower lip and lowered her head again.

It was surprising to see that Edmund had taken note of what she said to the waiter the night he sent a platter of steak to her.

The dinner continued without anyone saying anything to Chelsea for a long time. But Gerry suddenly took the initiative to speak to her. He drunkenly raised a glass of wine and said, "Chelsea, you were absent from the meeting the last time. Although you have your reasons for not showing up, I can't cut you some slack just like that. You need to drink a full glass of wine as punishment."

In a similar fashion, Edmund and Luka shot Gerry cold glares. The ice in their expressions could have frozen lava.

Gerry quaked in his boots when he saw this. He grunted awkwardly and was about to put away the glass. However, Chelsea suddenly stood up and said, "Okay, let me have it."

Everyone looked up at her with surprised expressions.

"Once again, I'm sorry for not showing up that day. It's an honor to work with you all. I'll gladly serve my punishment. Please forgive me." Chelsea scanned through their faces as she spoke gracefully.

The next second, she gulped down the content of the glass she collected from Gerry. She sighed and sat back down as if nothing had happened.

A sea of eyes was fixed on her at this time. Everyone at the table had stopped eating and drinking at this time. It came as a shocker to them that Chelsea could drink. After all, she looked so gentle and docile.

Now that she drank up a full glass of wine without stopping, they reasoned that she was cool and impressive.

Edmund didn't feel the same way as the others. His face darkened as he watched her.

When did Chelsea start drinking? Didn't she hate alcohol?

Never had he witnessed her taking as little as a sip of alcohol during their marriage. He had seen her turn down alcoholic drinks at his family parties. Why didn't she do the same now?

Didn't she know how men like Gerry were? They would force her to drink more since they found out that she could drink well! Why did she behave so carelessly?

Catching the look on Edmund's face, Chelsea knew exactly what he was thinking. But how could she have turned down Gerry's drink in front of all these people?

It was common for newcomers to be people pleasers in the workplace. If she went against any of her senior colleagues, she would be labeled as proud and they might give her a hard time.

Luka might have stepped in if she didn't take it, but was he going to be by her side every time? What was she going to do if such a situation arose in the future?

Chelsea didn't want to be a burden to anyone. She reckoned that it was better to get the punishment out of the way so Gerry wouldn't pester her about it again.

Besides, she wasn't scared of drinking.

One would think that she wasn't good at drinking. But she was actually a good drinker.

She had been friends with Zuri since senior high school. They had started drinking from that time. Over the years, her tolerance for alcohol increased. A mere glass of wine couldn't get her drunk.

If Gerry and his cohorts made her drink with them tonight, she would surely show them that they had nothing on her when it came to drinking.

[Chapter 50 Past Acciden](#)

Just as Edmund had feared, Gerry and the others forced Chelsea to drink more.

They all cheered as they downed glasses upon glasses of wine. Luka and Edmund were the only ones who didn't join in.

If eyes could kill, Chelsea's body would have blown up into uncountable pieces because of the glare Edmund had been giving her.

She could feel his gaze, but she didn't stop or even spare him a glance.

Edmund's palm became so sweaty that his fork was covered in mist. Before he lost his temper, he turned to look at Luka with a questioning expression. It was as if he was inciting him to stop Chelsea since he liked her.

Luka got the message. Instead of acting immediately, he averted his gaze and didn't move an inch.

He had also been worried about Chelsea. But after he saw the calmness on her face, he didn't see the need to worry anymore.

Luka knew her to be a cautious adult who knew right from wrong. He wasn't going to step in when it was obvious that she had it together. He reckoned that she was confident in her tolerance for alcohol since she had agreed to drink with them.

The fire blazing inside Edmund was fueled by Luka's nonchalance. What an irresponsible boss and admirer!

Edmund dropped his fork on his plate in a fit of pique. It was then Fay noticed his gloomy face. Chelsea had just gulped down another glass, so Fay took the opportunity to engage her in a conversation so she wouldn't drink anymore.

"Chelsea, your face is red. Are you okay?" she asked with concern.

Touching her cheek with one hand, Chelsea replied with a faint smile, "Oh, don't worry about me. I'm fine."

Her head wasn't woozy, nor were her words sloppy. The only effect that the alcohol had on her was that she suddenly had the urge to use the ladies' room.

Holding her right hand, Fay commented in surprise, "You are really good at drinking!"

"Well, I naturally have a high tolerance for alcohol. I also practiced drinking for a long time. This isn't a first for me."

"Wow! Does that mean you drink every day?" Fay exclaimed, still holding her right hand.

She was shocked that her boss's gentle ex-wife had gone as far as practicing just to be a good drinker. It just didn't add up.

"Don't get me wrong, Fay. I don't actually drink every day. But I drank a lot while I was in college."

Zuri had begun her acting career before they graduated. She was under a lot of pressure as a newcomer. Her studies and career gave her a hard time. Worse still, her boyfriend at the time broke her heart. To forget her worries, she drank a lot with Chelsea. It became a habit for them. And that was how they were able to hold their liquor.

All of a sudden, Gerry staggered to his feet, causing his plate to shift abruptly. He held up his glass of wine towards Chelsea, urging her to continue drinking.

"Well, well, well. I had no idea that you are a drinking pro, Miss Williams. How come you never mentioned it?" Edmund suddenly spoke after eyeing Gerry. The latter was forced to sit back down.

There was a hint of mockery and accusation in Edmund's tone. He was indirectly accusing her of keeping such a secret from him while they were married.

Unfazed by his subtle insult, Chelsea stared at him dead in the eye and explained lightly, "Yes, I became a pro when I was still in college. But an accident that happened four years ago caused me to stay away from alcohol. The scar was so deep that I couldn't bring myself to take another sip until recently. I'm able to drink now that I have escaped from the past and my scar has healed to some extent."

The accident Chelsea was referring to was the one that brought her into Edmund's life. Her father and brother had set her up and made her have sex with him four years ago.

She was a victim of their evil orchestration, just like Edmund. However, he believed that she was on their side. He saw her as a gold-digger and a trickster who messed up his life. His wrong notion was a great blow to her. As a result, she vowed not to drink again.

It wasn't until the eve of their divorce that Chelsea went back to her old ways.

A deep frown appeared on Edmund's face when he heard her explanation.

Four years ago?

Didn't they meet around that time?

Was she talking about the first night they had sex?

She had drunk that night.

But she willingly climbed on his bed! How the hell was it an accident? Why was she telling lies again? Or was there something he was missing?