

Mr Nelson 51

[Chapter 51 Serious Talk](#)

A string of conflicting questions swirled in Edmund's head. He badly wanted to question Chelsea, but this wasn't the appropriate time. He gulped down the wine in his glass as if he wanted to drown his confusion.

The night was already far spent when the banquet ended. Gerry and his cohorts were wasted at this time. With the help of Luka, Edmund put them in a taxi and sent them off. He then got into his car and left with Fay. All the while, he didn't spare his ex-wife a glance.

Chelsea was beyond joy that he completely ignored her. She wanted to make a clean break with him, so she hitched a ride in Luka's car.

On the way, Luka glanced at her and said with a smile, "You surprised me tonight, Chelsea. Who would have thought that you were such a good drinker?"

"As they say, it's not good to judge a book by its cover. Anyway, Gerry won't pester me anymore, will he?" Chelsea asked with a smile.

Luka's heart ached when he heard that question. It turned out that she had decided to stand up for herself today without asking for his help.

He nodded slightly and answered, "Yes, I'm dead sure he learned his lesson tonight. He won't do such a thing again."

"Thank goodness." Chelsea lowered her eyes and sighed. It was as if a thousand drums were been beaten in her head.

One of the repercussions she constantly faced after drinking was a serious migraine. However, she pretended as if she was perfectly fine.

After Luka dropped her off, Chelsea walked into her apartment lazily and collapsed on the sofa like a log of wood.

She was almost dozing off when her doorbell suddenly rang.

"Who the hell came here at this time of the night?" Chelsea massaged her temples as she dragged herself out of the sofa. When she looked through the peephole, her eyes met with the image of the last person she wanted to see at her doorstep. It was Edmund.

The sight of him got rid of her dizziness. She didn't want to let him in. She stepped back, thinking of what to do next.

"I know you are in there, Chelsea. Open up!" Edmund said after he didn't get a response for a while.

"Why are you here at this time? Do you have anything important to say?" Chelsea asked biting her fingernails nervously.

"Yes," Edmund answered quickly.

"Okay, spill."

"Come on, you don't expect me to stand here at this time and speak to you with a door to my face, do you? Let me in," Edmund demanded in a displeased tone.

His words didn't move Chelsea at first. But on second thought, she realized that if Edmund stayed outside to speak, he would disturb her neighbors. She had no choice but to open the door.

Edmund walked in and closed the door. Chelsea stepped back and folded her arms defensively. She then asked, "What do you have to say?"

Aftar Luka droppad har off, Chalsaa walkad into har apartmant lazily and collapsad on tha sofa lika a log of wood.

Sha was almost dozing off whan har doorball suddanly rang.

"Who tha hall cama hara at this tima of tha night?" Chalsaa massagad har tamplas as sha draggad harsalf out of tha sofa. Whan sha lookad through tha paaphola, har ayas mat with tha imaga of tha last parson sha wantad to saa at har doorstap. It was Edmund.

Tha sight of him got rid of har dizzinass. Sha didn't want to lat him in. Sha stappad back, thinking of what to do next.

"I know you ara in thara, Chalsaa. Opan up!" Edmund said aftar ha didn't gat a rasponsa for a whila.

"Why ara you hara at this tima? Do you hava anything important to say?" Chalsaa askad biting har fingarnails narvously.

"Yas," Edmund answarad quickly.

"Okay, spill."

"Coma on, you don't axpact ma to stand hara at this tima and spaak to you with a door to my faca, do you? Lat ma in," Edmund damandad in a displaasad tona.

His words didn't mova Chalsaa at first. But on sacond thought, sha raalizad that if Edmund stayad outsidia to spaak, ha would disturb har naighbors. Sha had no choica but to opan tha door.

Edmund walked in and closed the door. Chelsea stepped back and folded her arms defensively. She then asked, "What do you have to say?"

Staring at her seriously, he uttered, "Earlier tonight, you said that you once quit drinking because of an accident that happened four years ago? What exactly happened?"

Only if he had made such an effort during their marriage. Again, Chelsea was surprised that he listened to her words attentively and bore them in mind. Waving the thought aside, she opened up to him without mincing words. "The accident I was referring to was the one where my father and brother drugged me and sent me to your bed on that unfortunate night."

Edmund pursed his lips without taking off his gaze from her face for a second. His guess turned out to be correct. However, a strange emotion filled his heart when he heard it straight from the horse's mouth.

Alas! Chelsea had always maintained her innocence ever since, but he never believed her.

It just didn't sound right that biological relations could do such a despicable thing in a quest for wealth.

Edmund had come to the conclusion that Chelsea was just telling lies to exonerate herself from what she had a hand in. In his eyes, she just wanted to earn his sympathy while still keeping the title of Mrs. Nelson.

After thinking about everything that happened, Edmund squinted and asked, "Does this mean you never wanted to marry me? If so, you should have kicked against it. Why didn't you?"

[Chapter 52 The Genesis Of Chelsea's Love](#)

With an air of indifference, Chelsea fired back. "You were also unwilling to marry me? Why did you go on with the wedding?"

Edmund ran his fingers through his hair, messing it up. He sighed and finally replied, "My grandfather forced me. I couldn't go against him at that time."

"Well, that makes two of us then. My brother and father also forced me. I couldn't go against them," Chelsea said, lowering her eyes.

For some reason unknown to Edmund, his heart sank to his stomach when he heard that response.

He took a step forward and stared deeply into her eyes. In a low tone, he asked, "Was your love for me always fake?"

A bitter smile appeared on Chelsea's face at this moment.

Unbeknown to Edmund, they attended the same university.

He was years ahead of her. During his time, he was a popular student and he went on to be a successful businessman a few years later.

The first day Chelsea set eyes on him was when he was invited as an alumnus to give a speech at the university's anniversary celebration. He was so handsome and outstanding that most of the female students were spellbound through it all. They all fell for him in the blink of an eye.

Chelsea was one of those girls. As she sat in the auditorium, she looked at Edmund with dreamy eyes. Her mind eye took several photographs of him within seconds.

Much to Chelsea's delight, Edmund was asked to present some awards to the outstanding students. And she was one of them. She had leaped onto the stage without wasting time.

When Edmund handed over the award, his fingers brushed hers. The warmness of his touch sent a sensation to her heart. It began to beat fast. As the school photographer clicked pictures of the moment, she was lost in his ambiance.

Chelsea knew that getting to date Edmund was just a pipe dream. He was way out of her league. She decided to tuck her feelings somewhere safe in her heart.

But the unexpected happened when she was about to graduate. Her father and brother set her up. It was later on she found out that the man she slept with was actually Edmund.

The same man she loved and fantasized about getting married to.

Although she was hurt by the betrayal of her father and brother, she didn't resist after they insisted that Edmund marry her.

Zuri had proposed the option of her running away from her family when she found out that they were giving out her hand in marriage. If Chelsea didn't love Edmund at that time, she would have escaped.

Edmund had made it clear from the onset that he didn't love her, but she felt that he would grow to love her with time.

She planned on doing everything possible to make his heart soften towards her.

Unfortunately, all her efforts went down the drain. Edmund hated her more and more as the day went by.

They were going down memory lane tonight. But Chelsea's heart had already changed towards Edmund.

What was the point of telling him about the genesis of her love since they were already divorced?

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The memories of how she worked hard to win his heart flooded Chelsea's head. She held her chest as the pain in her heart increased.

She didn't want to suffer such pain anymore, so she said in a clipped tone, "Yes, it was all fake!"

The right words to say eluded Edmund at this moment. He had expected a different response from her.

To drive home her point, Chelsea added, "Don't let everything I did in the past make you think that my love was genuine. I did all that so your family can continue to support mine. You always called me a gold-digger, I guess you were right!"

Edmund pinched her chin as soon as she finished speaking. His eyes blazed with fiery rage. "So, you are finally ready to come clean? Say it clearly, Chelsea. Do you now agree that you were a gold-digger?"

His grip was so tight that Chelsea's chin turned red immediately. Tears welled up in her eyes as she winced in pain.

The sight of her in pain made Edmund's heart ache. He released her chin as quickly as he had grabbed it.

Chelsea then spewed out the harshest words with tears in her eyes. "Yes, you are right. I stayed with you for that long because of your money. Why would I deny it since you have divorced me?"

Edmund was on the verge of losing it. He had the urge to strangle her.

What a hypocritical woman!

A fucking liar!

[Chapter 53 The Counter-attack](#)

Before Edmund was able to come to terms with all that Chelsea just said, she bypassed him and opened the door. She then ordered authoritatively, "I'm done talking to you. It's getting too late. I need to go to bed. Please leave at once!"

An unseen fire burned Edmund's body when he heard this. He glared at her with bloodshot eyes as he walked past her. After walking out, he shut the door with a bang.

"What an unreasonable man!" Chelsea scoffed as she turned the lock of her door. He had always seen her as a gold-digger. Why was he mad now that she admitted it?

Chelsea placed her fingers on her temples to clear her head. It was at this moment that a new idea for the script she was working on popped up. She quickly ran to her computer to put it down.

The loud ringtone of Chelsea's phone was what woke her up the next morning. It was a call from Luka. As soon as she answered it, Luka asked tentatively, "Did Edmund go to see you after the party?"

Chelsea sat up on her bed in surprise. How did Luka know that? He had driven off after he dropped her home. Did he come back while Edmund was around?

Despite her confusion, Chelsea answered honestly, "Yes, he did."

"Did you make him angry?" Luka inquired in a flat tone.

At the thought of how Edmund had stormed out and slammed her door last night, Chelsea nodded and replied, "Yes, kind of. Why do you ask? Did something happen?"

Luka sighed and said, "Well, you must have really pissed him off. He called me very early this morning and asked that the script be revised immediately. He wants the hero to divorce his wife, marry his first love and live with her happily ever after. I tried to dissuade him, but he blew a short fuse."

After a pause, Luka continued, "Since we jointly came to an agreement on the outline you wrote earlier, it came as a surprise that he suddenly wants it to be modified. Given that all was well before the party, I suspected that you both argued afterward."

Chelsea's jaw dropped.

She knew that Edmund sometimes behaved immaturely, but it never occurred to her that he could be this petty. He was trying to get back at her just because she annoyed him last night.

Luka was in a dilemma. He began to regret doing business with Edmund. Rubbing his forehead, he said, "If we allow him to make such weighty decisions as he pleases, he would take us for fools. I'll try one more time to make him change his mind. If he remains adamant, I might as well call it quits on our cooperation."

It was normal for adjustments to be made to the script during the preliminary stage. But it was strange for the investor to suddenly suggest a revision just because he wasn't on good terms with the scriptwriter. More so, his suggestion meant that they would have to change the whole plot. And that was a Herculean task.

"Please don't, Mr. Pierce." Chelsea disagreed immediately.

"Why?" Luka was confused.

Chelsea ran to the study and turned on her computer. "The thing is, I got some inspiration after his unwelcomed visit last night. The new idea fits perfectly into his suggestion. Let me tidy it up and send it to you right away."

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"Really?" Luka couldn't believe his ears. What kind of idea fits into the dramatic change in the plot that Edmund suggested? Was the hero going to end up with his first love?"

"Yes, boss. I drafted a new outline in one breath last night. I need to polish it first," Chelsea replied, tapping away on the keyboard.

Luka was overjoyed. "This is incredible! So, before you found out that Mr. Nelson had decided to make things difficult for you, you already found a way around it?"

"You can say that," Chelsea remarked, shaking her head proudly.

Luka let out a hearty peal of laughter the next second.

What a dramatic turn of events! He discarded the idea of dissuading Edmund. Instead, he was going to send him the new outline once he got his hands on it.

An image of Edmund looking at the outline with a stunned expression flashed through Luka's mind. He laughed even harder.

It was unheard of that Edmund could act so petty, but he had done it in this case.

Luka wondered why he was behaving this way all of a sudden. Could it be that he was still in love with Chelsea? Or did this come from a place of hate?

After much consideration, Luka concluded that the first possibility seemed to be the truth in this case.

[Chapter 54 Rework The Scrip](#)

Chelsea sorted out the draft she had written the previous night as quickly as possible. When she was done, she sent it to Luka.

The protagonist in her new story left his wife who had been with him through thick and thin, only to get back together with his first love.

Instead of breaking down as a result of her husband's abandonment, the wife learned to love herself. She was determined to succeed with or without him. Some years later, she became very rich and acquired a property of her own.

According to the script, different kinds of men were always around her. They included young and promising assistants, guards with great martial arts, and counts from distinguished families. In short, her life became desirable in the long run.

"What an interesting story! It has more plot twists than the previous version in which the main characters ended up together." Luka called her after reading what she sent to him.

He was right. This time, Chelsea paid careful attention to the hardship the heroine underwent as well as her success.

"Is it?" She was glad to hear Luka's take.

As if what he said wasn't enough, he continued to heap praises on her work. "It's remarkable that you were able to demonstrate women's independence using words. You've really outdone yourself."

This got Chelsea thinking for a while. She concluded that Diane would finally be satisfied with the script. If it turned out that way, then there was no doubt that Edmund would like it too.

"Since you've given a nod to it, I'll just go ahead and send it to Fay," Chelsea said.

"If you don't mind, it will be even better if there is a mature, steady and patient businessman who would introduce her to the world of entrepreneurship." Luka made a suggestion. "What do you think?"

The character he was talking about was very similar to himself. He had also been there for Chelsea through her ups and downs as a scriptwriter. But not for once had it crossed her mind that he would fall in love with her. She had always regarded him as a respected teacher and benefactor.

"Okay, I can add that later," she replied after giving it a thought.

"Very well then," he answered resignedly.

Things happened so fast that not even Luka could tell how his feeling toward Chelsea became amorous.

It all started as sheer admiration of her talent. Then it transformed into being mesmerized by her appearance. As a matter of fact, he was now obsessed with her temperament and character.

He had been in the entertainment circle for so many years and had seen countless beauties. Still, there was something about Chelsea that fascinated him. He hadn't come across anyone like her.

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In the past, he was forced to suppress what he felt because she had fallen head over heels in love with Edmund.

All that changed after she returned from her training abroad. It was as if she was reborn.

Her bright entrancing eyes attracted Luka like a strong magnet. But he had since noticed that the most important thing to Chelsea was her career.

It seemed like she had completely locked herself up. Nonetheless, he was bent on touching her with his actions.

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Edmund had a stomach ache after leaving Chelsea's apartment the night before. And he thought she was the main cause of it. Chris was on duty in the hospital. So he drove there in order to be examined.

A gastroenterologist soon checked him up. Then he was asked to stay in the hospital so that he could be well taken care of.

Not long after, Fay knocked on the door of his ward. She was holding some documents in her hand.

When she got in, Edmund was leaning against the bed and talking on the phone. He was wearing a hospital gown.

He was also busy working on his laptop while receiving an intravenous drip.

Fay stood patiently till he ended the call. Then she handed over the documents to him and said, "Chelsea reworked the script at your request."

[Chapter 55 Edmund's Indecision](#)

"What? She's done modifying the script?" Edmund asked in surprise.

His sudden demand for the script to be modified was a way of getting back at Chelsea for everything.

All that she said yesterday made him boil inside for the entire night. He had always called her a gold-digger, but she vehemently refuted him when they were still married. He resented her for lying to him about her love and true intentions.

She had made him look like the bad guy for refusing her love at that time. How could he not take revenge on her?

Edmund thought that she would have a hard time reworking the script according to his demands. But now that Fay informed him that she was done, he was shocked. It was only two hours that he called Luka.

Did she do it with reckless abandon? Was she trying to get on his nerves again?

Several thoughts ran through Edmund's mind as he collected the script from Fay and read it carefully.

Contrary to his suspicion, the script was well-written. The ending had been modified at his request. But there was one odd addition. It was added that the prince's wife went on to live a happy and peaceful life after their divorce.

What was Chelsea up to? Was she referring to herself as the prince's divorced wife?

The script further stated that many successful men constantly tried to win her love. These men were more caring than her ex-husband.

Edmund's fingers squeezed the edge of the documents. His blood boiled as he thought of how Orlando and Luka were admiring Chelsea.

The revenge plan he had perfectly put together backfired. Chelsea had managed to turn the tables and make him annoyed again.

When Fay saw the simmering rage on Edmund's face, she said quickly, "Mr. Nelson, if there's something wrong with the script, please tell me. I'll inform Miss Williams about it immediately. Please remember that Doctor Warren said you need to be calm at all times because of your stomach upset."

Edmund dropped the script on the table and took a deep breath to calm down. Indecision clouded his face all of a sudden. He looked up at Fay and ordered, "Schedule a meeting for today. The entire production team needs to sit down and discuss which of the script outlines is the best."

Even though Edmund didn't like some details in the new script, he had to admit that Chelsea had done a good job. It was so good that he couldn't tell which of the scripts was better than the other.

Never did it occur to him that his plan for revenge would lead him to like both of Chelsea's works. For the sake of fairness, he decided to hear the opinion of the crew members.

"Okay, I'll do that right away." Fay nodded and typed a note on her tablet.

Something occurred to Edmund at this moment. He said, "That reminds me. Gerry has become so indecent. I don't want such a person on my payroll. Dismiss him."

Fay was speechless.

Although the Nelson Group was funding the play, it was inappropriate for him to fire the director at will.

Fay was about to dissuade him when she remembered how Gerry had behaved like a pervert to Chelsea last night. She didn't like such men, so she nodded obediently. "Okay, I'll ask another director for his schedule."

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Fay went on to report some other affairs of the business to Edmund before she turned to leave. Once she opened the door, Diane came in majestically with a food box.

She greeted Diane politely and left quickly with some documents in hand.

Diane and Fay never saw eye to eye. The former was fond of talking derogatorily to the latter. Diane always rubbed it in her face that she and Leo were beneficiaries of the Nelson family's goodwill. She hated poor people in general, so she never failed to spite them whenever they were in her presence.

Another reason why Diane loathed Fay was that she was insecure. She felt that Fay had feelings for Edmund.

But that was far from the truth. Fay treated Edmund as her boss, nothing more. Besides, she was already in love with someone else.

All her efforts to prove that she didn't have any interest in being romantically involved with Edmund failed to change Diane's heart. Diane continued to be so hostile to the extent that she hinted that Edmund should fire her several times.

Fay didn't like how Diane distrusted her loyalty to Edmund, so she avoided her like a plague.

As soon as Fay walked out of Edmund's ward, she called Chelsea. "Hello, Chelsea. I just went to the hospital and showed Mr. Nelson the new script. He liked it. However, he wasn't able to choose which of the two versions is the best. He wanted to hear the opinion of the others, so he asked me to schedule a meeting."

[Chapter 56 Fay's Little Secret](#)

Fay intentionally mentioned going to the hospital in hopes that Chelsea would get worried about Edmund and pay him a visit immediately.

Instead of rising to the bait, Chelsea only paid attention to the report concerning the script. "What? He likes the new version too? Well, that's great! You should go ahead and schedule the meeting as he instructed. It's best we all sit down and discuss both versions."

Fay's heart sank when she didn't get the expected response from Chelsea. She sighed and said, "Okay, I'll inform you about the time and place once I'm done with the necessary arrangements."

"Okay, until then." Chelsea was about to hang up the phone. But Fay suddenly added, "Chelsea, Mr.

Nelson is currently hospitalized because of a stomachache."

"Oh? Really? Well, I hope he gets well soon." Chelsea's tone was indifferent and polite at the same time.

It was obvious that she didn't give a damn about Edmund's health now. Fay could do nothing more to stir up her genuine sympathy, so she sighed and hung up.

She walked to the elevator. Just when she was about to press the button, the elevator chimed and the doors swung open. Yusuf walked out with his hands in his pockets.

His face lit up when he saw Fay. He waved and said, "Hey, Fay!"

Yusuf called her name so cheerfully as if they were very close. The smile he had on his face was also gentle.

However, Fay wasn't deceived at all. She knew that he was a playboy, so his friendly behavior came off as flirting in her opinion.

With a fake smile, she stepped back and greeted politely. "Good morning, Mr. Collins."

She was so close to him just now that her face flushed and her heart began to beat faster.

Yusuf smirked and moved closer to her again. "Come on, I don't bite. How about joining my company, Fay? Your boss is overdramatic. I have noticed that you have a hard time taking care of him. On the other hand, I'm unproblematic. Come and work for me. What do you say?"

Fay shook her head and responded, "No, thank you, Mr. Collins. I appreciate your kindness, but I love working for my boss. Please I have to attend to something important now. Goodbye."

She dodged him, ran into the elevator, and pressed the button for the ground floor.

Smiling mysteriously, Yusuf stared at her until the doors of the elevator closed. Fay leaned back and held her chest as she let out a long sigh of relief.

She stared at her reflection in the mirror in front of her. Unlike other young women her age, she was wearing a big pair of black frame glasses and had her hair in a pigtail. Her black and grey suit made her look ordinary. "Get a hold of yourself, Fay. Yusuf can never fall for you. You look nothing like the classy girls that follow him around," Fay cautioned herself, slapping her cheek slightly.

It was a sweet feeling to be in love with someone. But for Fay, it was a burden because she knew that her love for Yusuf would remain unrequited.

Meanwhile, Chelsea dropped her phone and scoffed indifferently. She knew Fay expected her to show more concern for Edmund, but she wasn't going to do that. She purposely played dumb on the phone.

What choice did she have?

They were no longer married, so it wasn't in her place to care about his health.

The responsibility was on Diane now. Only a few minutes ago, pictures of Diane showing up at the hospital to visit Edmund started going viral on social media.

Chelsea wasn't a social media freak who followed all the celebrity gist back to back. She had just gotten wind of the news via Zuri.

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Zuri stayed up to date on the lives of popular people because of her line of work.

From the blog post, Chelsea learned that Edmund had been rushed to the hospital late last night due to a stomachache.

"What could have triggered this?" Chelsea muttered to herself. She wondered if his anger towards her caused him to have a stomachache.

Zuri sent her a voice message. Her tone was disdainful. "I can't put up with that silly woman called Diane. Why is she so shameless? Doesn't she care about Edmund at all? She even had the time to dress up and put on makeup while the so-called love of her life was in pain at the hospital. She definitely lives for unnecessary attention, so she's always ready for the paparazzi to click pictures of her. No matter the situation, she always finds a way to be the trending topic. Such a despicable woman!"

Chelsea didn't utter a word. Her mind traveled back to the past. Edmund had once been rushed down to the hospital at midnight due to a stomachache.

The sight of him in so much pain had made her so nervous. She didn't bother to change out of her nightdress after calling the ambulance. She could only put on a coat and drive with him in the ambulance. During the entire ride to the hospital, she prayed tearfully for him to pull through.

It wasn't until the doctor said that Edmund was fine that she noticed that she looked a mess. Her hair was messy and she still had home slippers on.

But despite everything that she did for Edmund, his heart remained with Diane.

He gave all his love to Diane and was willing to do just about anything for her.

[Chapter 57 Diane Was Pissed Off!](#)

A short while after Fay left, Diane came out of another elevator. She had gone downstairs to fetch something.

She was well dressed. There was an expression on her face that made her look as if she was worried. But it was nothing but a ruse.

Yusuf didn't want to talk to her. So he kept quiet. Nonetheless, she spoke to him. "Thanks for paying Edmund a visit, Yusuf."

When he heard what she said, he nodded his head slightly and knocked on the door of the ward.

A couple of seconds after both of them walked in, Diane brought out the breakfast she had prepared from the food box.

"Wow, Diane! You are such a virtuous woman." Yusuf leaned against the end of Edmund's bed lazily and

paid her a compliment smilingly. "How good of you to fix something to eat. Can I have some, please?"

His question caught her unawares. But she grinned and said, "You've got many people to cook for you, don't you?"

While they were outside the ward just a moment ago, Diane was polite to Yusuf because she had an ulterior motive.

She didn't want to be photographed behaving in a discourteous manner.

Deep in her heart she wished he hadn't come to the hospital. That way, she could be alone with Edmund.

It wasn't a common occurrence for Edmund to stay away from work due to ill health. She wanted to make the most of the situation by spending time with him.

After giving much thought to the state of their relationship in the past year, she concluded that there was no meaningful progress.

According to her analysis, Edmund was always busy doing one thing or the other. As a result, he spent most of his time in meetings or business trips. At some point, she was also preoccupied with work.

To her surprise, Edmund said in a calm voice, "Yusuf and I have work-related issues to talk about. You can go back now. Thanks for coming to me."

This made Diane very upset. But she had to comport herself gracefully. So she stood up and picked her bag.

"Okay, I'll be on my way then. But you must eat all the food I cooked. And do not overwork yourself. Is that clear?"

"Yes, it is." Edmund nodded his head.

"I'm sorry, Diane," Yusuf said, waving his hand at Diane. "I'll treat you to dinner another day to express my apology."

Why would she want to eat with a playboy like him?

Nothing about Yusuf fascinated her. So she turned around and left.

To her, Edmund was the best. He had kept his chastity for years.

It wasn't in his nature to be with a woman casually, except for Chelsea. That shameless wretch who had climbed into his bed.

The mere mention of her name made Diane gnash her teeth.

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The mere mention of her name made Diana gnash her teeth.

She was so much of a thorn in Diane's heart that she couldn't be gotten rid of, even after divorcing Edmund.

Chelsea came back and became a scriptwriter. She joined the Nelson Group's filming project.

After checking Chelsea's resume, Diane found out that she had been an excellent student. Eugene was also her tutor.

From the look of things, she definitely wasn't as worthless as Diane thought she was. This displeased her a great deal.

What was she going to do now?

Some reporters were standing in front of the gate of the hospital. And Diane would have to face them. In order not to appear stressed, she inhaled and exhaled deeply several times.

— —

After Diane left, Yusuf put his long legs on the railing at the end of the bed.

He glanced at Edmund and said, "I heard from Chris that you had a stomach ache because of Chelsea last night?"

"Don't you have anything else to do but gossip about me all day?" Edmund replied. Then he put the food back on the table.

Unexpectedly, Yusuf began to comfort him. "Chelsea said she had never loved you. I am pretty sure that she wasn't telling the truth. We all saw how affectionate she was towards you in the past three years."

He thought that Edmund must have felt the love as well.

[Chapter 58 Get Cold Fee](#)

Edmund had been so consumed by his rage yesterday that he couldn't think straight. Now that he had calmed down, he began to see through Chelsea's lie. She had always loved him.

Yusuf also confirmed that her love was glaring for everyone to see at that time. Knowing how discerning his friend was, Edmund became convinced that Chelsea said that her love was fake just to tell him off last night.

Yusuf strode to the table and took a bite of the toast that Diane brought.

"Eww! This tastes awful! I hate to break it to you, Edmund. Your girlfriend is a terrible cook. She doesn't stand a chance if her cooking is compared to Chelsea's. How do you intend to survive? You might starve to death!" Yusuf's face was twisted in a frown. The next second, he grabbed a piece of tissue and spat out a mouthful in it.

During the time Edmund was married to Chelsea, Chris, Yusuf, and his other friends occasionally came over to his house to have dinner. They always ate to their fill because the meals were just so tasty. In Yusuf's opinion, Chelsea had the potential to be a food blogger. Her cooking was like nothing he had ever tasted.

The first bite from the toast made Yusuf realize why Edmund had left it untouched. He must have known how Diane's cooking was.

Yusuf sat at the edge of the bed and asked, "Hey, snap out of it. What's on your mind?"

Edmund had been out in space until his friend touched him. Instead of responding, he just turned to look at the laptop with mixed feelings in his heart.

"Are you going to ignore me now? Or did you call me over under the guise of discussing business because you didn't want to stay here with Diane? You sneaky bastard!" Yusuf exclaimed and gave him a playful punch.

Edmund held his punched arm and said impatiently, "Can't you see that I'm not feeling well? I'm in a bad mood now. I just want to be left alone."

Yusuf continued to tease him. "He-he! So, you admit that you are avoiding her? How do you intend to marry her since you are already tired of her?"

"Who says I am going to marry Diane?" Edmund fired with a frown.

Yusuf opened his arms dramatically. "Everyone! It's widespread news in Vertoak that you two are going to tie the knot soon. Don't tell me you had no idea about this. Have you been in a hole? Jeez! Diane even issued an official statement to the public. The news was reported by all the media organizations in this city."

Of course, Edmund knew that it was rumored that he would be getting married to Diane. But he never addressed the rumor, nor proposed marriage to Diane.

"Come on, dude. Since you don't want to marry Diane, why don't you man up and tell her?" Yusuf asked curiously.

"It's not as easy as you think!" Edmund spat, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah, you're right. Mr. Stevenson will be furious if he finds out that you don't want his daughter. He might call for your head if care is not taken." Yusuf laughed hysterically.

Diane was from a rich and powerful family. Her father was the president of a well-known foreign bank and had a close business relationship with various companies home and abroad.

Edmund's mom, Alena was a power-hungry woman. Putting in mind the connections the Nelson family could get from the Stevensons, she favored Diane over Chelsea.

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After all, what did Chelsea bring to them after the marriage? Absolutely nothing! Instead, they were the ones that supported her family.

Four years ago, the company managed by Chelsea's family was on the brink of bankruptcy because of the dereliction of duty of her father and brother. Her marriage to Edmund saw to it that her family received funding from the Nelson family for a long time.

Instead of working to regain the company's former glory, her father and brother spent money like water. They kept coming back to ask for more. This annoyed Alana so much.

She punished Chelsea for the sins of her family. Whenever the opportunity arose, she made sure to mention that the Williams family was living off the wealth of the Nelson family.

Turning his head to look out of the window, Edmund said confusedly, "I previously thought that Diane was the one for me. She's good and my family loves her..."

"Why then did you change your mind?" Yusuf asked curiously.

Without waiting for a response, he quipped, "Could it be that your feelings for her died because you

realized you couldn't live without Chelsea?"

"Who the hell can't leave without that woman?" Edmund blew a short fuse.

Yusuf raised his hands innocently and corrected himself. "I guess I was wrong. Honestly, I didn't mean to say that. You are an independent man, so you can definitely live without her."

"Anyway, why did you get cold feet about marrying Diane?" Yusuf threw out the question again after his friend calmed down a little.

[Chapter 59 Stern Warning](#)

Edmund placed his hand under his jaw and thought hard before answering, "Diane has changed a lot. She's no longer the woman I fell in love with years ago. Or perhaps I just didn't know her well in the first place."

"The way I see it, you probably didn't get the chance to know Diane well because you were married to Chelsea. If you had spent all your time with her all those years, you wouldn't have grown apart," Yusuf commented, rubbing his chin.

He patted Edmund's shoulder and continued, "Friendly advice, you need to take out time to think thoroughly about your love life. It's not wise to lead Diane on if you don't intend to marry her. Make up your mind and make things clear to her."

Edmund pursed his lips and said nothing.

It wasn't his intention to lead Diane on forever. He knew that he needed to make a decision as soon as possible, but he had been shying away from it because he didn't want to cause conflict between his family and the Stevenson family.

No one ever dared to step on the toes of Diane's father. He was an unforgiving man who doted on his daughter very much. He could go to any lengths to make her happy. Edmund also feared that his mother would bring the house down if he ever said that he didn't want to marry Diane.

"You will get through this, bro." Yusuf consoled him and took out his phone. "Since you can't eat Diane's culinary disaster, I'll order my staff to make something sumptuous for you."

With these words, he put a call through to the manager of his restaurant and gave the order. Shortly after, a delicious and nutritious breakfast arrived at Edmund's ward.

Yusuf had breakfast with him before he stood up to leave.

Edmund pointed at him and said warningly, "Dude, I have got my eyes on you. Don't try to hit on Fay again. She's not like those women you move around with. You both are not a perfect match. And I won't take it lightly with you if you disturb her."

Fay was an introverted and sincere person. Edmund feared that she would get hurt if Yusuf made her fall in love with him. He didn't trust his friend around her.

"Give me a break, bro. How are you so sure that I hit on her?" Yusuf asked with a mischievous smirk.

Edmund replied, "The strange smile on your face when you came in said it all. You have that same smile on now!"

Given that they had been friends for many years and Edmund knew about his lifestyle, how could he not know what Yusuf had in mind?

It was rather odd that Yusuf suddenly developed an interest in Fay. After all, she and Leo had been working in Nelson Group for many years. Edmund had noticed that Yusuf went from exchanging simple greetings with Fay to engaging her in unnecessary conversations with an indescribable spark in his eyes.

The simple Fay couldn't afford to be fooled in a relationship by a playboy like Yusuf.

Fay was a good special assistant. She was also like a sister to Edmund, so he wanted to look out for her now that his friend seemed to have something up his sleeves.

Yusuf squinted his eyes and queried indifferently, "How do you know that we are not a perfect match? Are you her father?"

Edmund gave him a discerning look and retorted, "Are you kidding me right now? Do you really not know why I said that? Need I remind you how your family is? Do you want Fay to be another Chelsea?"

The backgrounds of Fay and Chelsea were not very similar because the former was born into poverty and the latter was born with a silver spoon. But they had something in common; their families weren't financially stable.

In the same vein, things were complicated in Yusuf's family. A heavy burden would be on him if he decided to date Fay. Their relationship wouldn't end well, just like the case of Edmund and Chelsea.

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Edmund added seriously, "Besides from that, I can't let you fool around with her. Kill the idea of pursuing her and continue frolicking with your long string of women."

Yusuf continued to squint at him. It was hard to tell if he was going to heed Edmund's warning.

He just changed the subject with a smile. "Oh, I had no idea that you were aware that your family made Chelsea's life a living hell."

Edmund was too ashamed to say a word. He just looked away.

Of course, he was aware that Chelsea suffered at the hands of his family. His mother and sister never hid their hatred for her.

They maltreated her in his presence, but he always turned a blind eye. It didn't bother him because he also hated Chelsea for trapping him.

All the horrible things that his family did to Chelsea in the past flooded Edmund's mind at this moment. He also remembered how sad she always looked at home. It was at this moment that it dawned on Edmund that he had been a wicked husband. He shouldn't have turned a blind eye to all that as if he was a total stranger.

After getting no response, Yusuf also turned to look out of the window. Colorful glimmers shone in his eyes. It seemed like they held conflicting emotions.

Fay did exactly as she was instructed by Edmund. She sent out memos that same day informing the cast and crew about a general meeting at Peak Entertainment in two days. Everyone concerned gathered at the conference room on the appointed day.

Zuri was one of the attendees. Chelsea had recommended that she be given the role of the prince's wife.

"Chelsea, do you really think I can play the role of the prince's wife well?" Zuri asked anxiously, holding her hand.

[Chapter 60 Praised By Edmund](#)

Zuri was gorgeous, and her presence had an undeniable charisma that attracted everyone to her. All her roles had either been of sexy, cold, or powerful women. It was the first time she had to play such an unassuming and indomitable character as the prince's wife in that story.

As Chelsea looked at Zuri with sincere eyes, she nodded. "I believe you are capable of performing it well."

Zuri had no confidence in her ability to portray such a character. She had a charming and seductive face, and she had never played a similar role. Maybe Chelsea was just joking with her.

Noticing her hesitation, Chelsea said softly, "Zuri, I know you have a gentle side, and it is still as beautiful. I've seen it."

The friendship between Chelsea and Zuri had been formed while they were in senior high school. Chelsea knew better than anyone else how nice Zuri was.

Hearing what her friend said, Zuri was almost moved to tears.

She was indeed simple and conservative in her heart. Although she always lived in the eye of the storm while she was in the entertainment circle, she always longed for a quiet and peaceful life.

She also hoped to live a happy life with the man she loved.

But because of Zuri's face, everyone thought she was seductive, and even some people marked her as flirtatious at first sight.

After a long time of hearing other people's opinions, even she started thinking that she was that kind of person.

What Chelsea said that day touched the softest part of her heart. Zuri hugged Chelsea with her red eyes

and said, "If I get this role, I will definitely play it well."

In addition to not letting down Chelsea's expectations for her, she also hoped to let everyone see who she truly was.

Fay presided over the meeting the whole time, and everyone had a heated discussion. Finally, they all decided to follow the latest revised version of the story.

At the end of the meeting, they made a video call to Edmund to inform him of the final decision. After all, he was still the head of the project, and he had to pay all the investment money.

After the phone connected, Edmund appeared on the big screen of the meeting room. He was wearing a hospital gown and his face looked a little gaunt and haggard.

Chelsea lowered her eyes in silence. She didn't want to waste any pity on him

He was the one who didn't take good care of himself. He deserved to be hospitalized.

After a few simple words, Edmund suddenly looked at her direction and said, "Chelsea."

Hearing her name, Chelsea had to look up at Edmund with a small polite smile that was obviously fake on her face. "Yes, Mr. Nelson."

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The man looked at her with admiration and said, "The two versions you wrote are both amazing."

Hearing this, Chelsea was surprised, shocked even. She couldn't imagine that Edmund had just praised her like that too in front of so many people. Did he have a fever?

"Thank you," she replied in a low voice and then lowered her eyes once more.

In the past, she had been nothing to Edmund. He had barely even noticed her existence.

During their three years of marriage, she had never heard a single praise coming from him. It seemed that she was valuable only in bed.

Edmund continued, "You can try to expand the old version in another story. I believe it will be more brilliant."

As soon as Edmund finished his words, one of the assistant directors teased, "Mr. Nelson, are you going to make an appointment with Chelsea for the next play?"

Chelsea looked at Edmund as if waiting for his disapproval. He stared at her and said calmly, "Of course, I will."

Everyone looked at Chelsea again, and she quickly calmed down.

Her response was a faint smile. "Thank you for your appreciation, Mr. Nelson. My abilities are limited at the moment, so I can only concentrate on the play at hand. I'm not thinking too much about the future."