

## Mr Nelson 61

### [Chapter 61 Zuri's Plan](#)

Chelsea badly wished that Edmund wouldn't invest in her next play.

She wondered why he had suddenly changed. Didn't he hate her so much? Enemies were supposed to stay away from each other, not see each other every day!

Luka sensed the awkwardness between the two. When he saw that Chelsea was lowering her head, he turned to look at Edmund on the screen and said, "Mr. Nelson, we won't disturb you with the project affairs since you are not feeling well. Please get well soon."

"Okay. But that can only be possible if someone doesn't piss me off again. That person had better take note," Edmund replied, emphasizing the last sentence.

Chelsea didn't need anyone to tell her that the person he was talking about was none other than her. It was crystal clear that he was blaming her for saying those hurtful words to him that night.

"What an annoying man!" she inaudibly said to herself. As far as she was concerned, he constantly had a stomach upset. How could he blame her for the relapse?

After the meeting ended, Chelsea and Zuri walked out together and waited in the corridor.

Once Fay came out, Zuri walked up to her and uttered with a friendly smile, "Miss Sampson, let's have dinner together tonight. It's my treat."

Fay had supported the motion for Zuri to play the role of the prince's wife in the play. The final decision turned out in favor of Zuri, so she wanted to thank her for it.

This sudden invitation and friendliness took Fay by surprise. She didn't expect it because she and Zuri had never come into contact with each other until this play.

"Erm... I'll check my schedule and get back to you," Fay replied.

Although it seemed that Zuri meant no harm, Fay still wanted to ask Edmund for permission. Her instincts told her that Chelsea would be invited too since she was Zuri's friend. That was where the problem was. As Edmund's special assistant, she didn't want to do anything that would make him question her loyalty to him. After all, he wasn't cool with his ex-wife.

"Okay, I'll wait for your call." Zuri waved at Fay. She then left arm in arm with Chelsea.

Chelsea, who had watched the scene, asked curiously, "Why did you suddenly invite Fay to dinner?"

"Isn't it obvious? You witnessed the way she supported that the role of the prince's wife be given to me,

didn't you? This is my way of thanking her. More so, she seems cool and nice. I want to make friends with her."

A trace of suspicion flashed in Chelsea's eyes. She felt that her friend was up to something. "Yeah, I agree that Fay is a nice person. But are you sure you don't have other intentions?"

Zuri rolled her eyes and shook her head in frustration. "Girl, I can't get anything past you, can I? I actually have other intentions. Fay is Edmund's confidant at work. I'm sure he sometimes talks about you to her, so I want to let her know that you are living your best life. She will surely tell her boss. And he'll be livid. Ha-ha-ha!"

"Sorry to burst your bubbles, Zuri. Edmund won't care at all," Chelsea said, shaking her head at her friend's way of thinking.

Edmund had never cared about her. What made Zuri think that he would start now?

Chelsea felt that Edmund would be indifferent if she was living a good life. But he would be happy if her life was bad.

After all, he had clearly said that she couldn't survive without him before they got divorced. Perhaps that was what he was praying for now.

"You have no idea, my dear friend. There's something that can't be expressed with words, so some people hide it underneath anger or indifference." Zuri waved her index finger, smiling with an all-knowing expression.

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As soon as Fay left Peak Entertainment, she called Edmund and told him that Zuri invited her to dinner.

"And why are you telling me that?" Edmund asked indifferently.

"Since Zuri is friends with your ex-wife, I think she will invite her too. I just wanted to be sure if it's appropriate for me to go. What do you say, Mr. Nelson?"

Edmund sighed and responded, "Fay, the fact that you work for me doesn't mean I have the right to tell you who to have dinner with. That's your decision to make, not mine."

Fay read the underlying meaning in her boss's statement. He didn't say no. Thus, he had just acquiesced in her going.

"Okay, I see." Happiness surged in Fay's heart. She punched the air in jubilation. She actually wanted to have dinner with Zuri and Chelsea.

She had always liked Chelsea. However, she had to keep a distance from her because the relationship between her boss and Chelsea wasn't good. She didn't want it to seem like she was taking sides or betraying Edmund.

Fay had been so worried about Chelsea's well-being after she disappeared. She looked forward to finding out how her boss's ex-wife was doing now.

"By the way, why was Gerry at the meeting today? Why hasn't he been relieved of his duties?" Edmund asked just when Fay was about to hang up.

"I'm currently on it, Mr. Nelson. I need some time to contact other directors that can replace him."

"Be quick with that. I don't want him on the project anymore!" Edmund's word was law, so Fay agreed immediately.

### [Chapter 62 Plot Against Chelsea](#)

Gerry left the conference room like every other person. He looked for a quiet place and called Diane.

"Hello, Diane. You are really something. How did you get the script to be changed so fast?" Gerry praised her as soon as the line connected.

It's all Greek to Diane. She asked in a confused tone, "What do you mean? I didn't do anything."

"Of course, you did something! The production team just had a meeting. The script has been changed. The prince ends up with his first love in this version!"

Although Diane had tried to convince Edmund to have the script edited to suit her wants, he refused. This was why she had contacted Gerry to raise concerns about the script whenever he had a meeting with the others.

However, it was changed before Gerry could do anything.

As a result, he concluded that Diane must have pulled some strings from the outside.

"What? The prince will end up with his first love now?" Diane was pleasantly surprised by this news.

"Yes, it has been edited exactly how you wanted it!" Gerry replied, matching her excitement.

Diane was so excited that she covered her mouth. With the phone still pressed against her ear, she jumped for joy.

Previously, her heart sank to her stomach after Edmund refused to do her bidding. She was beginning to think that he didn't love her. It came as a surprise that he actually went ahead and did what she said despite refusing before.

Unbeknown to her, Edmund's sudden change of mind wasn't because of her. He had done it for his own selfish reasons.

Diane basked in her false conclusion before she finally asked, "How does the prince's ex-wife end up now?"

Gerry slowly filled her in. She was livid as soon as she heard it. "What? The prince's ex-wife is going to live a happy life?"

"Yes, Diane," Gerry replied and scratched his head, sensing that she was infuriated.

"What nonsense! She's supposed to die a miserable death! Why does the new script say that she lives her best life instead of dying after getting abandoned?" This part of the new version didn't sit right with Diane at all. If the script was written by any other writer than Chelsea, Diane wouldn't feel that the story was about their love triangle.

"In the previous script, the prince's first love died miserably. Why didn't she write that his ex-wife died instead in this new script? That bitch is doing this to suit her agenda, isn't she? Fuck her!"

Diane cursed out angrily, not hiding her hatred for Chelsea.

Gerry feared that she would transfer her aggression to him, so he tried to make her see reasons. "Well... I think this new edit is trying to say that women can live happily with or without a man. It's like a 'Miss Independent' kind of thing."

Diane was headstrong. That wasn't what the ending meant in her books. "Can't it be changed? The story is not centered on the prince's ex-wife. Her character needs to be killed as soon as she gets abandoned. She's supposed to die!"

Out of frustration, Gerry rolled his eyes and further explained, "I hate to break it to you, Diane. But the production team only went with the new version because things end happily for everyone. I doubt if they would have accepted it if the prince's ex-wife ended up dying."

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Out of frustration, Garry rollad his ayas and furthar explainad, "I hata to braak it to you, Diana. But tha production taam only want with tha naw varson bacausa things and happily for avaryona. I doubt if thay would hava accptad it if tha princa's ax-wifa andad up dying."

Gerry actually left out an important detail. He liked the new version too!

"I don't care what the others think! You must push for a re-edit of this new version. The prince's ex-wife must die miserably!" Diane was going crazy.

"Well..." Gerry rubbed his temple, not knowing what to say to her again.

Diane grunted for a while. She then said, "You know what? Kick Chelsea out of the project once and for all. Afterward, you need to bring on a new scriptwriter who will do my bidding! There are so many experienced scriptwriters. I prefer anyone of them to that bitch!"

Diane knew it would be hard for the script to be changed according to her desires if Chelsea wasn't kicked out.

She hated to read every line of the play from Chelsea. Her hatred for Chelsea had quadrupled now.

It was unexpected for Chelsea to not ask for a dime after the divorce. But the recent happenings made Diane suspect her greatly. She felt that Chelsea was trying to ridicule her using the story!

Gerry sighed and argued again. "Chelsea has the backing of Luka. I'm afraid that he wouldn't agree if I propose another revision or attempt to take her off the project."

"Are you dumb, Gerry? Who says you have to talk to Luka? Force Chelsea to leave of her own accord!" Diane shouted at him crazily.

### [Chapter 63 Salivating Over A Photo](#)

"Use your brain, Gerry. You just need to get some vicious men to threaten her. Chelsea is a chicken. She would drop the project by herself!" Diane made such a suggestion ruthlessly.

She knew that Chelsea couldn't stand violence.

After all, one of the major reasons why she divorced Edmund was because Sonya and Alena bullied her countlessly. She practically ran for her dear life.

Diane was confident that she would do the same if she was threatened at work too.

After sighing deeply, Gerry said, "Okay. One of the assistant directors is very lascivious. I'll tell him later."

"Now you're talking! Just do this for me first. I'll shoot your career to the peak afterward. You will be a part of the production team for all of the future plays done by Nelson Group." Diane was satisfied with Gerry's response. She was ready to give him juicy benefits.

The juicy benefits were exactly why Gerry was in this with her. He smiled from ear to ear and assured her of his loyalty before hanging up.

Being in the good books of Diane, who was Edmund's future wife was a good investment in his own opinion. He believed that he would win big if he continued to serve her steadfastly.

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Fay had accepted Zuri's invitation. When she got to the address that was sent, she was shocked to see that it was Zuri's home. Not only that. Chelsea was actually the one cooking the meal!

A pleasant aroma hit her nostrils as soon as she entered the house. Chelsea was busy in the kitchen.

Noticing the surprise on Fay's face, Zuri held her hand and explained, "Sorry for inviting you to my home for dinner. You know, the paparazzi constantly follow me everywhere. I didn't want them to disrupt the dinner. Hope you don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind. I get that it's a jungle out there. Besides, I prefer eating at home. Home-cooked meals are the best!" Fay responded, waving her hand.

Zuri was in the news because the urban youth play she acted with Orlando was now being broadcast. Thus, Fay completely understood her reason for having dinner indoors.

The paparazzi and tons of her fans were everywhere. If she went out, they would disrupt her plans by taking pictures, requesting her autograph, or even asking after Orlando, whom some of them thought was a good man for her in real life.

"Thank you for understanding," Zuri said with a grateful smile.

She lived in a small villa located in an estate. It was a safe place for her.

There was a big French window on the first floor. When dinner was ready, the three young women sat at the dining table in front of the window, eating and chatting happily.

Fay took a photo of the dishes. During their chat, she sent it to Edmund who was still at the hospital.

"Boss, I'm currently having dinner at Zuri's house tonight. Chelsea was the one who cooked."

Fay was surprised at herself for sending that photo to Edmund and telling him that his ex-wife cooked dinner when he didn't even ask.

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Fay was surprised at herself for sending that photo to Edmund and telling him that his ex-wife cooked dinner when she didn't even ask.

Perhaps she felt that he also missed Chelsea's cooking.

Whenever Chelsea brought Edmund's lunch to the company in the past, she always brought some for Fay and Leo. Fay had enjoyed her cooking very much.

Edmund's stomach rumbled loudly as soon as he saw the picture. He stared at all the dishes and swallowed hard.

"Wow! They look so delicious!" He wished he could taste Chelsea's cooking again. Now that he was sick and couldn't eat the meals that weren't cooked carefully, he couldn't help but miss the times he enjoyed the meals cooked by Chelsea every day.



Chelsea was the reason why he never suffered another stomachache after that scary health emergency. His stomach and taste buds had become accustomed to only her food.

"Damn! This is torture!" Edmund complained, still staring at the picture. Another message from Fay suddenly came through. "Boss, Zuri had been teasing Chelsea. She said that Mr. Pierce has a crush on Chelsea! Who would have thought that?"

Before Edmund could think of a perfect response, Fay sent another message which read, "Oh! Mr. Pierce has been invited over. It turned out that he lives in this estate too. He will be here any time soon!"

"What the hell!" Edmund's face darkened as soon as he read the last message. He could accept Fay and Zuri eating the food Chelsea cooked. After all, they were just women.

But he couldn't accept Luka trying out his ex-wife's cooking while he was here salivating over a photo.

### [Chapter 64 A Strong Contender](#)

For an eternal spiral of time, Fay couldn't eat when she heard that Luka had a crush on Chelsea. She just stared at both women in shock.

It wasn't until several seconds later that she regained herself and reported what she just found out to her boss. "Stop it, Zuri!" Chelsea scolded her friend. She clearly didn't take her words seriously.

Afterward, she said to Fay, "Don't listen to her nonsense, Fay. She likes daydreaming. Mr. Pierce is just a nice man, that's all."

Luka was a legend in the film industry. She looked up to him and held him in high esteem. In her opinion, there was no way he could have a crush on an ordinary scriptwriter like her.

Besides, she didn't care even if any man had feelings for her. She had completely washed her hands off romantic love after her ordeal with Edmund.

Zuri frowned at her friend. She pointed at her and said seriously, "Wake up and smell the coffee, girl! Yes, Mr. Pierce is a nice man, but he has feelings for you. I know you think handsome men are scums. Just so you know, not all of them are as bad as Edmund. Many are sweethearts. Isn't that right, Fay?"

Fay almost spat out the juice she had just sipped.

Zuri talked bad about her boss in her presence. More so, she asked for her opinion.

At this moment, the face of a handsome and unruly man appeared in Fay's mind. This face belonged to the man she constantly thought of—Yusuf!

After wiping her mouth with a piece of serviette, she murmured absentmindedly, "Perhaps many

handsome men are indeed scums."

Fay was not oblivious to the fact that Yusuf was a playboy who broke many women's hearts.

But no matter how she tried, she couldn't get him out of her head.

Fay's mind was a mess until the doorbell suddenly rang.

Zuri went to answer the door. A few seconds later, Luka came in with a bottle of red wine in his hand.

Smiling as always, he said, "Good evening, ladies. Sorry, I'm late. Zuri informed me that you were having dinner together, so I brought you a bottle of wine."

Chelsea and Fay stood up to express their thanks. Luka dropped the bottle of wine and turned around, intending to leave. But Zuri stopped him. She pulled out the chair next to Chelsea and urged him to sit down. She then winked at her friend, indicating what she was up to.

"Please excuse me, I need to use the bathroom. Where is it?" Fay asked and went in the direction that Zuri pointed. On the way, she reported the present state of things to her boss.

Edmund quickly replied, "Don't interfere. I will contact her."

The three women had dinner with Luka.

While Chelsea, Luka and Zuri chatted heartily as they ate, Fay was silent most of the time. She just observed them. It took her only a few minutes to realize that Zuri was right. Luka indeed had feelings for Chelsea.

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He was such a gentleman. Even though Chelsea didn't ask, he peeled shrimps for her, passed her the dishes that weren't close to her, and even pulled back her chair when she wanted to stand up.

Fay noticed that his behavior was the exact opposite of her boss's. He was a strong contender if Edmund had any intentions to win back Chelsea's heart.

Although both men were handsome, the major difference between them was their behavior towards Chelsea. Luka treated her like a queen.

The reverse was the case for Edmund. Chelsea was the one who took care of him in the past. She treated him like a king, but she was an unworthy slave in his eyes.

Fay knew that women felt the most comfortable with men who treated them right. Judging by what she had just seen, she felt that Chelsea would pick Luka over Edmund.

This made her worried. After all, she had been wanting Chelsea and Edmund to get back together.

Now that they were done having dinner, Chelsea finally took a look at her phone.

A Facebook notification had popped up a few minutes ago. It was a friend request. She clicked on it only to find that it was from Edmund.

For Pete's sake! Can't he leave her alone? Why did he send her a friend request now? Chelsea rolled her eyes in annoyance.

### [Chapter 65 Priceless Possessions](#)

Chelsea had gone to great lengths to cut all ties with Edmund after the divorce. She deleted his contact information and even changed her phone number. Never did they talk on Facebook or other social media since their divorce. Thus, she didn't understand why he sent her a friend request now.

"Tchup!" Chelsea sucked her teeth and logged out. She put away her phone and continued to munch her

dessert.

Was it necessary for a divorced couple to keep in touch with each other?

Chelsea's answer was a big no!

Fay's eyes had been on Chelsea all along. She noticed when Chelsea dropped her phone and didn't pick it up again for a long time. Once her anxiety got the best of her, she leaned in and whispered, "Mr. Nelson said he has something important to tell you."

With a shrug, Chelsea responded, "Is that so? Why hasn't he called me if this thing is so important?"

The underlying sarcasm in her words was obvious. Chelsea didn't want to chat with him. If at all she was going to speak with him, it would either be through a third party or a one-time call.

"Erm... " Fay opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She finally reported what Chelsea said to Edmund instead.

Edmund replied after a while.

Fay leaned in and whispered again, "Chelsea, he said that all your old belongings are still at his residence. He wants you to go over and pick them up."

Chelsea had moved abroad the same day she signed the divorce papers.

She hadn't gone back to pack her belongings that were in Edmund's house. And that was because she didn't want any of them. She had thought Edmund had already thrown them away.

Edmund had treated her like a plague most of the time. It was expected that he got rid of every trace that she was in that house after the divorce by throwing her things in the trash or even burning them.

Chelsea was stunned to learn that he hadn't done any of that.

Despite her surprise, she rolled her eyes and replied, "Tell him that I don't need those things anymore. He can go ahead and throw them away."

Not slacking for a second, Fay sent Edmund a detailed text about Chelsea's response. She soon received a picture from him. Showing it to Chelsea, she said, "Mr. Nelson asked if you want these two photo albums to be discarded too."

Chelsea's eyes widened when she saw the photo albums that were in the sent picture.

She didn't care about her clothes and other belongings. However, those photo albums were precious to her. They contained pictures of her and her mother.

Until now, Chelsea thought she had lost them. She had no idea that they were in Edmund's house all along.

Nostalgia swept through Chelsea as she thought of the childhood memories she would lose if she didn't get those photo albums back. Finally, she said to Fay, "Please tell him to send them to Peak Entertainment or my residence."

Fay continued to serve as an intermediary between the two of them. When she got a response from Edmund, she said, "Mr. Nelson said that he can't possibly send them to you since he's currently in the hospital. He said you should go and take them yourself."

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Before Chelsea could respond, Fay's phone vibrated again. Fay read the new message and uttered in a low voice, "One more thing, he said the password of the front door is still the same one you set before. You'll have easy access into the house while he's away. He also said that the photo albums are in the

safe. And that the password of the safe hasn't changed either."

Chelsea was short of words.

Why didn't Edmund change the passwords?

Chelsea had a sinister feeling about this. However, she put on a fake smile and sounded as calm as ever. "Okay then. Please tell him that I'll go to take them tomorrow morning. Thanks."

Going to that house didn't sit right with Chelsea at first. But on second thought, she reasoned that it was best to go there in his absence to take the albums, so she wouldn't have to meet him.

"Okay," Fay replied simply.

In the blink of an eye, Chelsea lost her appetite. She dropped her fork on the plate of creamy cake.

The thought of going to her former matrimonial home irritated her.

That house held a memorable but sad significance to her.

It was where she started life as a new bride. Sadly, it was also where she got humiliated the most.

For over a year, Chelsea had buried thoughts of her failed marriage in the deepest part of her heart. Tomorrow would be the first time she was stepping foot into that house in a long while.

She silently prayed that Edmund had changed the interior design of the house, so it wouldn't resurrect a thousand unwelcomed thoughts in her.

### [Chapter 66 Homosexuality Scandal](#)

The dinner didn't end until late in the night. Chelsea stayed back at Zuri's house as usual. Fay ordered a Uber to take her home. And Luka went back to his house which was only a few blocks away.

The next morning, Chelsea wanted to go to Edmund's residence. Zuri had to be on set too, so she gave her a ride.

They were almost at Edmund's residence when Zuri received a call from her agent, Sunny Foster.

On the verge of breaking down, Sunny said, "Zuri, you're the trending topic now. The media is reporting that you are a lesbian and that you're dating Mr. Nelson's ex-wife!"

Zuri almost spat out the coffee she had just sipped. She coughed and asked, "What? They are saying I'm a lesbian? And that I'm dating Chelsea?"

Sunny sighed and replied, "Yes. This doesn't look good, Zuri. They have pictures to seemingly prove their

point. In one, you put your arm around Chelsea's shoulder as you came out of your house this morning."

Since the beginning of Zuri's acting career, Sunny had been by her side. He knew that she and Chelsea were just close friends, not a couple.

Zuri said honestly, "Yes, I had too much to drink last night. I'm still suffering from a hangover, but I need to be on set this morning. My head was banging and my legs were feeling a little weak, so I supported myself by holding Chelsea. How does that make me a lesbian?"

In a fit of pique, Zuri hit the steering wheel and continued, "How the hell were the paparazzi able to take photos of me? I thought you said that the estate is private. How come they traced me and gained entrance too?"

Sunny ran her fingers through her hair and responded helplessly, "Honestly, I don't know. You are quite popular now. The paparazzi can do anything just to get a picture of you."

The phone was on speaker mode in the car, so Chelsea could hear everything Sunny was saying. The news shocked her to the bones. Her mouth was agape as her mind went all over the place.

In the past, Zuri had told her that the media could cook up stories just to gain traffic or views. However, she didn't think they could go to this length. She had heard a few celebrity gossip, but this was the most outrageous one!

Friends holding each other was a normal thing. However, the media twisted the whole thing and made it seem like they were actually dating.

Fortunately, Chelsea was divorced. If she was still married to Edmund, this would not only be a dating scandal, but also a cheating affair. It might land Edmund more than in the hospital.

Fury was burning Zuri's entire body at this time. She parked the car by the roadside. Fiddling with her flaxen curly hair, she asked, "What should I do now?"

"What should you do? Do you want to let them continue propagating a false narrative about you? Of course, you need to address the issue immediately!" Sunny answered, her voice slightly raised.

Zuri shouted angrily, "I'm not into women at all. And I'm most definitely not dating Chelsea. You know we are just good friends. The man I love is..."

Zuri was so angry that she almost blurted out the name of the man she loved. When she thought of how the man, who was on the other side of the continent, might have forgotten all about her, she held her tongue and leaned back into her seat in frustration.

Tha phona was on spaakar moda in tha car, so Chalsaa could haar avarything Sunny was saying. Tha naws shockad har to tha bonas. Har mouth was agapa as har mind want all ovar tha placaa.

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"What's the use of shouting at me? I'm not the one that needs convincing. You need to preach to the public, making them believe that you and Chelsea are innocent," Sunny uttered, amused by her outburst.

Zuri rubbed her forehead hard. This matter was making her head bang more than before.

She leaned on Chelsea's shoulder and said, "I'm sorry for raising my voice, Sunny. Just make it clear to them that Chelsea and I are just good friends."

"Okay, no problem. I'll issue a statement soon," Sunny replied with a sigh.

Something occurred to her the next second. She inquired curiously, "By the way, did you offend Diane recently? I found out that she was the one that started the rumor and caused the media to go to this length to photograph you and Chelsea. Did you do something to piss her off?"

At the mention of Diane's name, Zuri abruptly sat upright. "Why the hell would I offend her? I don't give a damn about that hypocritical woman. Why did she do this to me?"

Everything finally made sense to Chelsea when she heard that Diane was involved in this. After putting two and two together, she whispered to Zuri, "I think she's doing this to spite me."



It was a known fact that Diane was a jealous and vile woman. Perhaps she wanted to hurt Chelsea, so she went for her friend.

Or maybe Zuri was just caught up in the storm when Diane tried to spoil Chelsea's reputation.

However, it didn't matter who she was targeting exactly. Either way, the reputation of both Chelsea and Zuri would be affected.

### [Chapter 67 Nothing Changed](#)

The damage would be more on Zuri's reputation because she was a popular actress, while Chelsea was just an upcoming scriptwriter. If the rumor wasn't shut down immediately, her standing in the film industry would be affected.

Zuri gritted her teeth and uttered angrily, "That bitch is getting on my nerves. She had better cover her tracks well. If I find out anything shady about her, I'll make her life a living hell!"

Once Zuri hung up the phone, Chelsea said apologetically, "I'm sorry that you are caught up in the storm because of me."

This didn't sound right to Zuri at all. She turned and scolded her. "I'm not caught up in anything because of you. We are not a couple. We are both victims of that bitch's scheme. Don't apologize to me or else I will be angry with you for real."

Gripping the steering wheel tightly, Zuri added, "Is Diane crazy? Isn't she going to marry Edmund soon? She has gotten what she wanted. Why the hell is she messing with us? Could it be possible that her wedding has been cancelled or something?"

Chelsea didn't know what to say. She was weighing all the possibilities in her head. It seemed to her that Diane didn't want her to work on the current project. Chelsea's involvement angered her.

"Gosh! I can't wait for her engagement to Edmund to be broken. I will light up colorful fireworks in the sky to celebrate!"

Chelsea remained mute, allowing her friend to vent her anger to the fullest.

It took Zuri a while to calm down. Afterward, she gave Chelsea a side hug and said sadly, "Bestie, if we are still unmarried at the age of forty, let's live together forever."

"Okay." Chelsea agreed readily.

Living without a man wasn't a big deal to her. Her failed marriage with Edmund had made her lose all hope of finding true love. She wasn't interested in dating, let alone getting married again.

Both friends silently hugged each other for a minute before Zuri broke the silence. "He has been abroad for so many years. Do you think he will come back this year?"

"Yes," Chelsea replied immediately. She knew who her friend was talking about.

With a puppy dog look on her face, Zuri asked, "Do you think he still hates me? Or could he have forgotten all about me?"

The man Zuri loved was called Colin Smith. They used to be classmates in high school.

Although they were exact opposites of each other, they secretly dated in high school. Zuri was a study slacker. But Collin was a straight-A student.

Colin had gotten a golden opportunity to further his education abroad, but he intended to turn it down because he didn't want to leave Zuri behind. However, Zuri didn't want him to stop chasing his dreams because of her.

After she took the initiative to break up with him, the two of them were severely heartbroken. Colin resented her for breaking up with him. He left without sorting things out with her.

Chelsea knew that her friend still had feelings for Colin. She didn't know what to say, so she just patted her head lovingly.

Several minutes later, Zuri finally pulled up at Edmund's house. She dropped Chelsea off and went straight to the filming set.

It took Chelsea a while before she finally summoned the courage to input the password and enter the house.

What she saw when she entered the living room took her by surprise. Every single thing, down to the curtains was still the same as they were a year ago. They had been unchanged.

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"What a weirdo..." Chelsea hugged herself tightly as she fed her eyes. She had to admit that Edmund had a strong mind. An average person would have changed the setting of the home after a messy divorce, but Edmund didn't.

On second thought, she felt that his nonchalance towards her was why he wasn't affected by their divorce at all.

A cloudy expression appeared on Chelsea's face at the thought of this. She grunted and ascended the stairs hurriedly. She took out the photo albums from the safe in the study and wanted to leave as fast as she came.

Just when she was about to reach for the doorknob of the front door, she heard approaching footsteps. Her heart was in her mouth as the doorknob was turned from outside. The door swung open a second later.

Edmund was standing outside. He looked thinner than usual in the casual clothes he had on.

Behind him stood Leo, who was carrying a small suitcase in his hand. It probably contained Edmund's belongings that were used in the hospital.

Chelsea had completely zoned out. Her head was a mess as she stared blankly at her ex-husband for many seconds.

Didn't he say that he wouldn't be discharged any time soon? What was he doing here now?

Sensing the awkwardness in the air, Leo spoke. "Good day, Miss Williams. Mr. Nelson was just discharged from the hospital."

This explanation brought Chelsea back to her senses. She averted her gaze from Edmund's face. She turned sideways to make way for him, so she could leave as soon as he entered. But he didn't move a muscle.

### [Chapter 68 I Want You Back](#)

Instead of walking into the house, Edmund turned to Leo and said, "You may leave now, Leo."

"Okay, boss. Call me if you need anything." Leo handed him the suitcase. He bowed and left hurriedly.

In this way, Chelsea and Edmund were left alone in the hallway. The silence between them was deafening. The air seemed to heat up in a split second.

Chelsea, who was still lowering her head, could feel her ex-husband's gaze on her. She couldn't take it anymore. After bracing herself, she looked up at him and said calmly, "I've got the photo albums. Thank you for keeping them safe. I need to leave now. Bye!"

Chelsea lowered her head and walked towards the door, intending to bypass Edmund. He suddenly opened his legs, blocking her way even more.

With her eyebrows knitted in confusion, Chelsea looked up at him. His face was expressionless. He didn't utter a word. However, he put his suitcase on the cabinet and slowly approached her.

It was bad enough for Chelsea that they were within the same airspace. She didn't want him to get closer than this, so she stepped back.

Hugging the photo albums to her chest, she continued to move backward. She suddenly tripped on the wide shoe-changing stool.

Edmund moved to her immediately and bent over. His tall figure completely obstructed hers.

Chelsea's heart thumped against her chest loudly. Being so close to him now had a special kind of effect on her. However, she wasn't going to indulge that feeling anymore.

All the years she spent loving him brought her nothing but pain. When she remembered how he treated her like shit, she regained her senses immediately.

Not minding the deep frown on her face, Edmund caressed her cheek and said with a smile, "Chelsea, it's time to end this cat and mouse game."

"Cat and mouse game? What do you mean?" Chelsea queried, confusion evident on her face.

Smiling more brightly, Edmund rubbed her soft lips with his thumb and whispered, "I meant that you have made me play a cat and mouse game with you since you returned. It's time you put an end to it. Why? Because you won. I want you back, my ex-wife."

This statement was like a bolt out of the blue. His sudden tenderness towards her stunned Chelsea, but it seemed like a basin of cold water was poured on her a second after she heard his confession.

Anger steamed off Chelsea like ultraviolet rays. Her fingers that were holding the albums scratched the hard rubbery jackets.

Since her return, she had been trying to make it clear to him that she wanted nothing to do with him. But Edmund felt that she was only playing hard to get.

It turned out that he still saw her as a sly woman who masked up her true intentions in front of him.

Chelsea was livid. What made him confident enough to think that she would be willing to come back to him after all that he did to her? What an arrogant man!

Painful nostalgia swept through Chelsea at this time. Tears welled up in her eyes due to anger and the thoughts of her past suffering. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing her cry as always, so she fought back the tears.

Not minding the deep frown on her face, Edmund crossed her cheek and said with a smile, "Chalsha, it's time to end this cat and mouse game."

"Cat and mouse game? What do you mean?" Chalsha queried, confusion evident on her face.

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Boiling with rage, she sneered at him. "Do you really think that I am playing hard to get?"

"Uh-huh! Isn't that what all your recent actions are about? Besides, Zuri's agent just issued a statement to deny the recent allegation. She said that the two of you are in love with different men," Edmund replied with certainty.

Chelsea was stunned to hear that last sentence. She took out her phone from her bag.

She checked the most popular blog site for the hottest celebrity news.

It was about her and Zuri. Sunny had issued a statement saying that they had been good friends right from high school, not lesbian partners. She added that they respectively had men occupying their hearts. It was also stated that Zuri wasn't happy about the rumor. And that she was going to take legal action against anyone who continued to propagate such false narratives about her.

It was after reading the full statement that Chelsea finally realized where Edmund got his confidence from.

She hadn't bothered to tell Sunny what to say about her in the statement because she trusted Sunny and didn't think people were that concerned about her since she wasn't that popular.

Much to her surprise, Sunny's words made Edmund think that she still had feelings for him.

Chelsea rolled her eyes and put away her phone. She then looked at the proud man in front of her and asked mockingly, "So, you think that you are the man in my heart?"

### [Chapter 69 It Won't Be You](#)

The mockery in Chelsea's eyes made Edmund frown in frustration. "Isn't it?"

Chelsea denied without hesitation, "Of course not!"

He hadn't expected her to be so convicted in refusing him. Her bluntness made him lose his ground for a moment.

She looked into his eyes with indifference. "There are so many outstanding men who are willing to be with me now. So why should I torture myself to love an ex-husband who never cared about me but hurt me a lot?"

Edmund's face darkened at the bitterness in her voice. And he was almost too embarrassed to face her.

He had always been proud and conceited in everything he did. He had even suspected that Chelsea still had feelings for him. Reading Sunny's statement only made him even more confident.

So foolishly he left the hospital regardless of the doctor's objection and rushed home to meet her expecting to be welcomed with open arms.

But now, Chelsea looked at him as if he was poisonous and thought of him as just her ex-husband nothing more.

It was then that Edmund remembered that she had told him, she would never look back. He was so angry that he couldn't help himself.

He lifted her chin and kissed her hard. When she tried to struggle he pressed her against the wall and continued.

This kiss was a punishment. As if he wanted to brand her and remind her that she was only his. Chelsea's lips hurt from it and the harder she struggled the more intense it was.

She had made it clear that she wanted nothing to do with Edmund, so him kissing her now was a great humiliation. He never respected her and it showed clearly.

She didn't know where she got the strength to push away the man who wanted to possess her. But as she did, hot tears fell down her cheeks.

Edmund who still felt a little uncomfortable in his stomach, stumbled a few steps back when she pushed him unexpectedly, and his back hit the corner of the table next to him. The pain was enough to make him sweat.

He stood there with his hand on his waist and a dark look on his face as if he was going to strangle Chelsea.

Regardless of his terrifying expression, Chelsea wiped her tears and stood up with her photo albums in her hands.

"Edmund, no matter whom I choose to be with in the future, it will never be you."

After saying that, she ran out crying with the albums still in her arms.

Edmund stood there for a while looking dazed.

He had read the outline of the script she had written. He knew that she excelled at writing, but he hadn't expected that her words were also so sharp.

No matter whom she chose to be with, it wouldn't be him anymore.

Chelsea was really ruthless saying those hurtful words.

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Edmund finally confirmed that she really didn't care about him at all. She wasn't playing hard to get with him. What she really wanted was to draw a clear line between them. One that could never be crossed.

The former was just his arrogant and self-righteous speculation.

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Chelsea quickly took a taxi back to her apartment. And even though she didn't want to, she still cried all the way.



She hadn't even cried so much even when she decided to divorce Edmund. Not even after they got divorced.

When she remembered that Edmund said she still loved him and was just playing hard to get, Chelsea was furious.

He probably didn't know that Diane was the one who faked her pregnancy and forced her to divorce him.

He also didn't know that it was Diane who was behind the rumor about her and Zuri this morning.

Damn it!

Chelsea wanted to curse out for the first time in more than 20 years.

When she got home, Chelsea washed her face and sat in front of the computer, and tried to concentrate on writing. Her mind was determined to fight against the hold Edmund had on her.

She wanted to turn all her grief and pain into power. She would walk through thorns and become a famous scriptwriter. That way she could trample on Edmund's pride and arrogance.

### [Chapter 70 Harassmen](#)

After the standoff with Edmund, Chelsea worked so hard that she didn't even leave her home.

She wanted to finish the script as soon as possible so that the crew could get to work as soon as possible. The faster they finished the earlier she could end her interaction with Edmund.

She knew it was unrealistic but she still had to try. Even if she submitted the script, the film crew would still look for her when there was something went wrong during the shooting process. Chelsea tried to comfort herself that even finishing it a day earlier was a step away from Edmund.

The script of an episode of a TV drama was usually twelve thousand to fifteen thousand words at most. Chelsea tried her best, but even with her working all day long she could only write one episode each day. All that writing was making her dizzy.

One day, she was busy finishing the extra, when she got a call from Gerry. "Chelsea, we have encountered some problems while preparing for the filming lately. I want to discuss some changes with you. How about we have lunch together today?"

"Okay, give me the address," Chelsea agreed immediately. Maybe it was something urgent, she thought.

After all, it was common for the director and the scriptwriter to meet and discuss any changes to the plotline. Moreover, Gerry couldn't do anything to her in broad daylight.

And honestly, she was tired of writing, so she felt like going out to relax. A break from her work was more than welcome.

Gerry sent the address to Chelsea. It was a restaurant located in the film district of Vertoak. After tidying herself up to a passable look, Chelsea took a taxi there.

After she was led to a private room, she knocked on the door and walked in. When she saw the middle-aged man sitting next to Gerry, Chelsea frowned slightly.

That man was an assistant director under Gerry. Chelsea had heard about his obscene and lascivious behaviors from Zuri. He had taken advantage of many actresses while filming with them.

Of course, he didn't dare to mess with those popular actresses who had big companies backing them.

His targets were young female stars who had just entered the industry, or girls who were weak and easily bullied. When met with his harassment, they could only endure it silently.

Seeing him there, Chelsea got an ominous feeling. Her gut told her to run and not look back.

The last time she had dinner with Gerry, he had almost touched her waist. She had been traumatized for a long time after that.

This time, she specially covered almost every inch of her skin. She was wearing a shirt with long sleeves and denim trousers, without any skin exposed, fearing that it would give them an excuse if they had bad intentions.

She greeted them and summoned up the courage to walk over and sit down. But as soon as she did, the assistant director placed his hand on her shoulder.

The man looked at her beautiful face blatantly and said, "Chelsea, you are so young. Your skin looks so tender and smooth."

As he spoke, he reached out to touch Chelsea's cheek, but she stood up and dodged in reflex. The men were startled for a second as they looked at her in surprise.

Aftar sha was lad to a privata room, sha knockad on tha door and walkad in. Whan sha saw tha middla-agad man sitting naxt to Garry, Chalsaa frownad slightly.

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She tried to force a smile and said, "Sorry, I need to use the bathroom."

The first thing Chelsea did when she went out was to call Zuri and tell her that she had met that certain obscene assistant director and he was up to no good.

Zuri became vigilant at once. "Find an excuse to leave there immediately. That guy is so disgusting."

Chelsea was helpless. "But we still have to get along with each other when we are filming the play. We will meet again even if I leave this time. What do I do then?"

Zuri was already a popular actress who had a large fanbase. She could ignore these shameless men without any consequences, but Chelsea was different.

She was just a talented scriptwriter at best. As long as the director was not replaced, they were bound to meet each other every day.

Zuri said, "I can't leave, or I would have come to you by now."

After thinking for a while, Chelsea said, "I will call Mr. Pierce, I'm sure he will come."

"It will take at least half an hour for Luka to get there. That's too long. Anything could happen in those thirty minutes," Zuri refused immediately.

Then she thought of something and said, "Stay in the bathroom for a while. I remember Orlando was

going to audition near that place today. I'll ask him to help you out. He will be there in at least ten minutes."

Chelsea sighed in relief and said, "That's great."