

## Mr Nelson 81

### [Chapter 81 Much-needed Necessity](#)

"Only a virtuous, kind and dependable woman can be the next Mrs. Nelson. I will never settle for less!" After saying these words, Edmund left without a backward glance. His statement hung in the air even after he walked out. It was obvious that he was trying to say that Diane wasn't qualified to be his wife.

"Come back here, Edmund! How can you say that to me? Don't walk out on me!" Diane cried hysterically, but her shout fell on deaf ears.

Edmund's mind was filled with thoughts about Chelsea. In his books, she was the perfect example of a dutiful wife.

During the time they were married, Chelsea never did anything to taint the Nelson family's image, nor discredit them.

She stayed out of the public eye and never got into trouble with any outsider. Her calm attitude was one of the reasons why he had little or no worries.

Chelsea was busy managing the home, so Edmund was able to concentrate on work. In the space of three years, he took Nelson Group to great heights he never imagined while he was a bachelor.

Edmund, like some men, didn't realize the value of his devoted wife until she was gone. He thought she would never leave him. Thus, he remained rude to her whilst enjoying her steadfast love and care.

It wasn't until recently that he realized that he had been bad to Chelsea. No good woman deserved to be treated the way he treated her.

Regret plagued his heart. It dawned on him that he shouldn't have emotionally abused her even though he didn't love her.

The constant emotional torture was why she left him.

Edmund's head was full. He decided to go to Yusuf's bar to drink with him. But his friend refused to serve him any alcohol.

"Dude, I won't let you drink under my watch. You need to stay away from alcohol. Besides, didn't you just get discharged from the hospital?" Yusuf spoke seriously and handed him a glass of water.

"That reminds me. Chris said that you weren't fully recovered yet, but you insisted on leaving the hospital. Why did you do that? Anyway, I thought of offering you some juice. But I guess water is the best for you now."

Edmund didn't utter a word. He took a sip from the water, staring blankly into space. Chelsea was still

on his mind.

The tastelessness of the water made him think of her even more.

She was just like water—good for his health even though she wasn't his first choice.

At the thought of this, Edmund gulped down the glass of water. He then stretched out the glass to Yusuf and ordered, "Come on, pour me another glass!"

"Huh?" Yusuf was taken aback by this command. "Well, who would have thought that you would drink it all up so soon?"

Yusuf grumbled, but he did as he was told.

He reasoned that it was good that Edmund was drinking water instead of alcohol. At least, he didn't have to worry about his friend landing in the hospital again.

Yusuf sat opposite Edmund. Shaking the glass of wine in his hand, he said, "I heard about what your superstar Diane did today."

Edmund's face darkened as soon as he heard that statement.

Ignoring the frown on his friend's face, Yusuf continued, "If you ask me, she didn't overreact. It's normal for her to get jealous since you have been pestering Chelsea recently. I would have done worse if I were in her shoes."

"What the fuck are you talking about? I never pestered Chelsea!" Edmund's eyes blazed with fury.

Raising his free hand, Yusuf uttered, "Calm down, man. I didn't mean it that way. Anyway, you are the only one that can tell if you pestered her or not."

Edmund rolled his eyes at him and continued to drink water.

Silence filled the lounge before Yusuf finally broke it. "It might interest you to know that there's an opportunity for you to prove that you haven't been pestering Chelsea."

"What opportunity?" Edmund asked, feeling depressed.

After taking a sip of wine, Yusuf answered, "Well, your grandfather asked me to reserve a VIP private dining room at one of my restaurants for him tomorrow noon. He's setting Chelsea up on a blind date with a guy."

Yusuf had a chain of businesses in the hospitality industry. It included a few high-end restaurants. So, it wasn't very surprising that Ethan asked him for help.

"What!" Edmund spat out a mouthful of water after hearing that statement. He set down the glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

What was wrong with his grandfather? Was he being serious about matchmaking Chelsea with someone else?

### [Chapter 82 A New Star](#)

"Your grandfather asked me to keep it a secret, but now I'm telling you. If you really don't intend to pester Chelsea, then don't show up tomorrow. But if you still like her, then you're more than welcome to get involved," Yusuf said seriously.

Edmund replied in disgust, "Why are you being ridiculous?"

"Oh, am I being ridiculous? I don't think so, Edmund. Look at me. I don't have any feelings for Chelsea, so I sincerely hope that she has a great time on her date tomorrow," Yusuf retorted and shrugged.

"Can't you be happy for her like I am?" he then asked.

Edmund answered disdainfully, "Of course I can."

Yusuf gave him a thumbs up and raised his glass.

He toasted to Edmund, a stubborn man. If Edmund could just own up to his feelings, things would be a lot easier.

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Early morning the next day, Chelsea received a call from Ethan. The ringing of her phone woke her up.

He called to remind her of the blind date that he had arranged for her this noon.

Chelsea couldn't bear to disappoint Ethan, so she had no choice but to agree.

She figured that when she finally met the guy Ethan set her up with, she would just be honest with him and tell him that she wasn't looking to date men at the moment.

At ten o'clock, Zuri knocked on Chelsea's door with her personal makeup artist. Chelsea was absorbed in writing when Zuri arrived, and she was still in her pajamas when she opened the door.

Yesterday, Zuri told Ethan that she would dress Chelsea up for the date. Chelsea thought Zuri was just kidding, so she was startled when she saw Zuri standing outside her door with her makeup artist.

Zuri came in, grabbed Chelsea by the shoulders, and looked at her up and down. "Honey, don't you have a date at noon? It's already ten o'clock. What are you still doing in your pajamas?"

Rubbing her sore neck, Chelsea replied, "I don't plan on dressing up. I just need to put on some clean, decent clothes."

Smacking her forehead and clicking her tongue, Zuri was speechless. She immediately called over her makeup artist and told her to start doing Chelsea's hair and makeup.

Zuri's fussing made Chelsea dizzy. "It's just a lunch date, Zuri. Why do you have to make it so troublesome?"

Zuri lazily leaned against the sofa and said, "Why do you think it's troublesome? I usually need to prepare two hours before events or activities. I'm making it simple for you right now."

Chelsea sighed, "I suppose being a female star isn't easy."

The makeup artist quickly began to help Chelsea with her makeup. Chelsea watched herself in the mirror as her face slowly became delicate and beautiful. She couldn't help taking a stroll down memory lane.

Over the years, she had only dressed up a total of two times.

The first time was the day she got a marriage certificate with Edmund.

With Zuri's help, she carefully selected a lovely dress and put on gorgeous makeup.

Seeing Chelsea with her hair and makeup done that time, Zuri couldn't help squealing with delight and chirping, "You look as beautiful as a fairy."

Chelsea was amused by her. Zuri also said that Chelsea looked pretty when she smiled and told her to smile more in front of Edmund. That way, she might fascinate him and capture his attention.

Unfortunately, Edmund didn't even take a glance at Chelsea that day.

After going through the formalities with a cold look on his face the entire time, he just left without looking back.

Chelsea could do nothing then but stand there and watch him walk away. She felt like an invisible hand drove a knife through her heart.

The second time that she dressed up was on the anniversary party of the Nelson Group a year ago.

That day, she asked Edmund for a divorce in public and walked away with her head held high.

The first time she dressed up, she did it to get close to Edmund. The second time, it was to say goodbye to him.

Today, she dressed up to go on a date with a stranger.

Chelsea closed her eyes and let Zuri's skillful makeup artist doll her up. She thought that maybe it was time for a new start.

### [Chapter 83 Sudden Change Of Plans](#)

It was already ten minutes past eleven when Chelsea finished dressing up. Ethan's driver was supposed to be here to pick her up at half-past eleven. She was about to sit down to wait for him when she got a call from Fay.

"Hello, Chelsea. You need to attend an urgent meeting now. Mr. Nelson fired Gerry and his cohorts. A change has been made to the production crew. Mr. Pierce is the new director, so the entire crew needs to meet urgently," Fay said without beating about the bush.

"What? Gerry and his men were fired?" Chelsea was stunned to hear this news. Her mind was filled with unanswered questions.

Why did Edmund suddenly fire Gerry? Was it because of what happened? Did he blame Diane?

"Yes, you heard me right." Fay reiterated seriously.

"And Mr. Pierce is the new director?" Chelsea continued to ask as if she hadn't heard correctly.

"Yes, Mr. Nelson just informed me of the latest development. That's why I'm reaching out to everyone concerned about the impromptu meeting."

In the film industry, changing the director for a project was a big deal. It could affect any project positively or negatively, so Chelsea figured that the meeting was imperative.

She quickly inquired, "Where is the meeting going to hold? And when will it start? I'll be right there."

Zuri, who had been listening to her friend's words, sprang up to her feet at this moment. She reckoned that Chelsea had completely forgotten that she was going on a date.

"The meeting will hold at Peak Entertainment. And it starts at half-past eleven," Fay responded with a tone of urgency.

"Okay, I'll be there in a jiffy!" Chelsea assured her after taking a look at the clock. As soon as she hung up the phone, Zuri walked to her and bombarded her with questions. "Why did they suddenly call for a meeting? And why did you agree so easily? Have you forgotten that you are going on a date? Why give that up for this impromptu meeting?"

"I have to be there, Zuri. Fay just said that Edmund fired Gerry and his men. Mr. Pierce is the new director, so we have to hold another general meeting. I can't afford to be absent!" Chelsea briefed Zuri

about the phone call she just received as she walked into the bedroom to take her laptop.

Zuri exclaimed, "What! Why the sudden change? And why did Mr. Pierce decide to direct the play himself?"

Suspicion and confusion arouse in her mind.

Alone in the living room, she thought out loud, "Edmund still has feelings for Chelsea so he fired Gerry and his men once he found out that they were harassing her.

But why did Mr. Pierce decide to fill in the director position immediately? Oh my! Could it be that he wants to be close to Chelsea and protect her because he also has feelings for her? My friend has two men fighting for her and she doesn't even know. Or am I just thinking nonsense?"

Zuri rubbed her temples. She couldn't get her thoughts straight. It was hard to figure out why Edmund and Luka were behaving this way.

At this moment, Chelsea rushed out of the bedroom carrying her laptop bag and a handbag. She put on her shoes and glanced at Zuri. "Aren't you going for the meeting too? Let's go together."

Zuri took a look at her phone. Sunny had sent her a message, asking her to rush down to the company for a meeting.

Pouting her lips, Zuri said, "After all the efforts I and the make-up artist put in to make you look breathtaking today, you aren't going for the date. What a waste!"

Zuri had been overjoyed that her friend was now back in the dating world. She had wanted Chelsea to make a good impression on her date today. But the impromptu meeting ruined everything.

It was at this moment that Chelsea realized that she wasn't dressed professionally. She had full makeup on, and her dress was stunning. She tried to change her hairstyle and turned to walk back into the bedroom. "Now that I'm attending a meeting, I shouldn't look like this. I need to take the makeup off and change into something more appropriate."

In a flash, Zuri blocked her way and ordered, "Don't even dare change or take this beautiful makeup off! There's nothing inappropriate about your appearance now. Remember that the stylist put in great effort to make you look extra beautiful. How about you just show off your beauty today? Besides, there's no time. You are already late!"

Zuri grabbed her hand and dragged her out like a little child.

Chelsea was wearing a simple white dress. She looked rather elegant on it.

The dress had a circle of hollowed-out lace design that gripped Chelsea's slender waist. It accentuated

her curvy figure. It was as if the dress was custom-made for her.

The stylist had braided her hair, so the braids fell over her collarbone. She had on a piece of silver necklace and matching earrings.

Once they got into the car, Zuri looked at Chelsea's side profile and couldn't help but comment excitedly, "Girl, you are so pretty! I really want to give you a thousand kisses right now!"

Chelsea was speechless.

What a strange idea!

#### [Chapter 84 Purple The Scriptwriter](#)

"No! You don't want to!" Chelsea raised her hand and pushed back Zuri's beautiful face.

All men would be attracted by that face.

After laughing for a while, Zuri began to complain, "I want to suggest that Edmund go to the hospital's ophthalmology department and see an ophthalmologist. He must have a problem with his eyes. You are such a perfect woman, yet he doesn't like you. He likes bad women like Diane. It disgusts me."

"Love can't be forced," Chelsea replied calmly.

Zuri sighed, "What happened to you? You are so indifferent now, as if nothing can arouse your interest."

Chelsea put on a weak smile and answered, "I went through a painful divorce."

Just because Chelsea was the one who asked Edmund for a divorce didn't mean it didn't hurt her. The end of their marriage had shattered her hope. How could she bring herself to return all over again?

With one hand propping her chin, Zuri said dejectedly, "But why do I still miss him despite the fact that I've been hurt?"

Chelsea comforted her in a soft voice, "Your situation is different from mine. You two loved each other, but you had to separate because of some unfortunate circumstances. And you came up with this idea for his future.

Between me and Edmund, I was the only one who wanted to make our relationship work. I gave up on him because loving him only hurt me. But you still have a chance."

When Chelsea said that Zuri still had a chance, Zuri felt very happy.

Chelsea took out her phone, called Ethan, and told him apologetically that she had a meeting and couldn't make it to the date.



Although Ethan didn't appreciate the last-minute cancellation, he had to let Chelsea go. Chelsea took her job very seriously, and Ethan couldn't stand in the way of that.

When Chelsea and Zuri arrived at Peak Entertainment, they ran into two people in the hall. They were a female scriptwriter of Peak Entertainment and her assistant.

The scriptwriter's pen name was Purple, and she was more experienced in the scriptwriting game than Chelsea.

It was said that she was a famous online writer a few years ago. As it was the golden age of intellectual property, she was able to sell the rights to several of her bestselling novels, most of which were adapted for the stage.

Luka starred in one of the plays adapted from Purple's novels, and because of that play, Luka became famous again.

After that triumphant play, Luka set up Peak Entertainment and began to work backstage. At that time, Luka recruited Purple to be one of his scriptwriters, so she was a senior employee of Peak Entertainment.

However, Purple hadn't written a popular play in recent years.

Out of all her novels that were adapted into plays, only the one Luka starred in made headlines. The rest flopped.

It was said that Purple had sincerely wanted to be Eugene's apprentice back then, but Eugene directly refused her after reading her draft.

Eugene was a big shot in the scriptwriting circle, and he had the capability and qualifications. The comment he gave Purple's draft went, "The rhetoric is too flowery and sadly opaque."

Purple was pissed off.

After Chelsea joined Peak Entertainment, she only worked part-time, so she had only seen Purple a few times in the last few years. Even so, Chelsea still felt that Purple was hostile toward her, but Chelsea didn't take that feeling seriously.

Chelsea greeted her modestly and respectfully, "Hello, Purple."

Purple simply nodded at her.

After Chelsea and Zuri brushed past Purple and her assistant, Purple's assistant said in disdain,

"Someone won the scriptwriting project by virtue of her appearance rather than her talent. She really left a stain on the scriptwriting world."

### [Chapter 85 An Extremely Embarrassing Scene](#)

It was obvious that Purple's assistant was pertaining to Chelsea. Everyone present knew that. Zuri was so annoyed that she began to turn around to give Purple's assistant a piece of her mind.

Chelsea stopped her and shook her head at her. The last thing she wanted right now was for her best friend to be impulsive.

Whether it was in the writing world or in the scriptwriting world, Purple didn't have a good reputation. She was too fond of making trouble for others.

When she was a writer, whenever there was another author who took the number-one place on the bestsellers list from her, she never failed to make that author's life miserable.

Later, Purple entered the scriptwriting world. As a new player in the game, she didn't dare to go against other senior scriptwriters publicly, but she played a lot of tricks. One of those tricks involved employing online rumormongers to slander other scriptwriters.

Purple was the kind of person who couldn't stand seeing others happy and successful, and she was willing to kill any spark of joy that didn't belong to her. Chelsea thought it was a bad idea to provoke such a hateful woman.

After Chelsea and Zuri entered the elevator, Zuri snapped, "Purple is just jealous because Mr. Pierce chose you to write the script for *The Crown*. Purple hasn't written anything good since that play Mr. Piece himself starred in. If she doesn't write another stage hit soon, Mr. Pierce will definitely fire her."

Zuri disliked evil people, so she was particularly sharp-tongued at the moment.

Zuri knew better than anyone else how hard Chelsea had been working during the past few years.

Chelsea had been working on the detailed outline of her script for four years. She even wrote biographies for each of her characters. She was a brilliant scriptwriter, and she got to where she was right now through her own painstaking efforts.

Purple not only changed her profession to become a scriptwriter but also became well-known overnight. However, the quality of her scripts was getting worse and worse, and the content was mediocre at best.

Chelsea told Zuri, "Don't lower yourself to their level. We just need to do our job well. It doesn't matter if we work silently because eventually, our success will make all the right noises."

Feeling helpless, Zuri replied, "You are just too kind, my friend."

Chelsea smiled and didn't say anything. Zuri shook Chelsea's arm and declared, "Kindness to the bad is cruelty to yourself, do you understand?"

"I do. Yes, I suppose you're right," Chelsea nodded.

Soon, the elevator doors whirred open, and Chelsea and Zuri walked out, laughing.

Zuri cheered Chelsea on. "Come on! Okay?"

Chelsea joked, "The last time you encouraged me like this was when I had sex with Edmund for the first time."

After saying that, Chelsea looked up and saw Edmund and Fay standing in the corridor not far away.

Judging from the suppressed smile on Fay's face, Chelsea came to the horrifying realization that they heard what she just said.

Chelsea wanted to faint on the spot.

What an embarrassing scene!

Her ex-husband heard her dirty joke about him.

She used to be so dignified and serious in front of Edmund, and she even blushed when she slept with him.

Chelsea felt her cheeks and ears burn, but she couldn't turn back now. She had to bite the bullet and proceed forward.

She didn't care about her image in front of Edmund now anyway.

Thinking of this, Chelsea finally calmed down and walked up to Edmund.

She greeted the two politely, "Hello, Mr. Nelson. Hello, Fay."

There was a hint of disbelief in Edmund's eyes. He was shocked by his ex-wife's words.

But when Chelsea approached, the shock in Edmund's eyes changed to surprise because of her appearance today.

Edmund knew that Chelsea was going to go on a date this noon. So, this was what she was going to wear for the date?

Why was she all dolled up like that? Was she so eager to get married again?

Thinking of this, Edmund's face darkened, and he looked extremely unhappy.

### [Chapter 86 The Tenderness Of Luka](#)

Chelsea ignored the expression on Edmund's face. She didn't want too much interaction with him, so after giving him and Fay a polite greeting, she said, "You both have a nice day."

She only took Edmund and Fay as ordinary business partners.

When Chelsea left, Zuri didn't follow her. She stared at Edmund and said, "Didn't you already leave this project to Fay, Mr. Nelson? Why do you still keep showing up?"

"The director was replaced this time, so Mr. Nelson came here to preside over the meeting," Fay replied on Edmund's behalf.

Zuri scoffed, "Well, I still think ulterior motives are in play here. Be careful not to waste your energy."

After saying that, Zuri walked away, her high heels clicking against the floor. Edmund was amused by her words.

He still remembered that on the first day of Chelsea's return, he and Zuri met at Peak Entertainment. At that time, Zuri fearlessly cursed him.

Edmund found it strange that such a tough person like Zuri would become Chelsea's good friend. They were polar opposites of each other. Chelsea was quiet and easy-going while Zuri was loud and feisty.

When Chelsea entered the meeting room, Luka was already there, going over some documents.

Luka had been a popular idol before, so there was no doubt that he was handsome.

Perhaps it was because he had been a popular star that he was much more elegant than Edmund.

Now Chelsea felt comfortable being around a perfect gentleman like Luka. She didn't know why she insisted on liking such a callous man like Edmund in the past.

Indeed when people were young, they were always crazy for love.

But it wasn't too late for her to correct her mistakes.

Luka raised his head and looked at Chelsea with wide eyes. Then, he smiled and said, "Wow. You look so beautiful today."

"Thank you," Chelsea replied shyly.

She sat down next to Luka and asked, "Mr. Pierce, why did you suddenly decide to be the director of this play?"

With a grin on his face, Luka answered, "I'd rather direct than let the task fall on someone else. If I'm in charge, I can make sure that there will be no troubles or delays."

"But a director's work is very demanding. You will be busier, won't you?" Chelsea pressed, feeling a little guilty.

If it weren't for her, Luka wouldn't have assumed the directorship. All he would've needed to do was to be the overall person-in-charge of the whole thing. He didn't need to do all the tedious work.

Luka understood the real meaning behind Chelsea's question. He said gently, "It doesn't matter. I've always wanted to try directing a play anyway. Who knows? Maybe I'll succeed as a director as well."

Another reason was that his partner would come back soon. He could leave the company's affairs to his partner to deal with.

Chelsea still apologized in a low voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Pierce. It's all my fault."

Luka comforted her, "No, it's not. My decision has nothing to do with you. Don't think too much. Besides, you shouldn't take the blame for other people's disrespect to you."

When Edmund walked into the meeting room, he happened to see Luka looking so intently at Chelsea. He seemed to be comforting her.

Edmund glanced at Luka unhappily. Gerry and the assistant director weren't good people, but Luka wasn't much better than them in Edmund's eyes.

Edmund regretted agreeing to let Luka be the director. Being the director of the play only created an excellent opportunity for Luka to get close to Chelsea.

### [Chapter 87 Simmering Jealousy](#)

The meeting finally began. Edmund was seated at the head of the table. His mind wasn't on what the first person to speak was saying. After staring blankly at the table for a while, he looked up. His eyes fell on Chelsea's beautiful neck.

An image of him kissing her neck popped up in his head. He suddenly felt thirsty. He cleared his throat, grabbed the bottle of water in front of him, and gulped down half of its content.

His phone suddenly vibrated on the table. He glanced at the screen and saw that it was a message from Yusuf.

The message contained only three wink emojis.

It was obvious that Yusuf was teasing him for preventing Chelsea from going on the blind date.

Edmund scoffed and rolled his eyes. He didn't respond to the message. Why was Yusuf such a gossip?

How did he spoil Chelsea's plan? What was more important? Her work, or the blind date? Humph!

The meeting was in full swing at this time. They discussed the change of the director before going on to deliberate on the perfect actor to play the male protagonist role.

The others mentioned a ton of great actors, but Chelsea had a different actor in mind. She couldn't think of any other actor to play the role well.

Edmund's eyes were on Chelsea as she watched everyone contribute without uttering a word. He sensed that she had a suggestion to make. So, he tapped his fingers on the table and asked, "You haven't said a word, Chelsea. Which actor do you think is the most suitable for the role?"

"Huh?" Chelsea was a little startled. But she put on a calm expression and replied, "Well, I think Keith Rivera is the perfect actor for this role."

Keith was an actor who was as famous as Luka in the past. He had won many awards. People regarded him as one of the greatest actors of all time.

Although people often compared him to Luka, he was younger. He was just thirty-two years old.

Keith had been keeping a low profile lately. While Luka set up an entertainment company, Keith took up a job as an acting lecturer in a film academy.

His name was still on the lips of many drama fans even though he had only starred in a couple of plays in the past two years. It was hard to convince him to star in any play.

Now that Chelsea mentioned his name, everyone present couldn't help but wonder why she chose him.

Noticing the questioning gazes from her colleagues, Chelsea explained, "I think Keith is the most suitable for this role because he's not only handsome and charming, but there's also a strong and domineering vibe to him. He looks peaceful at first glance. Upon a closer look, one can't help but figure that there's more to him than meets the eye. His natural attitude is so similar to that of the male protagonist."

Edmund was speechless.

The way Chelsea spoke about Keith with sparkling eyes made him uncomfortable. He was jealous that she could describe another man like that in his presence.

He suddenly wanted to know what kind of words Chelsea would use to describe him. Would she also

speak with so much zest? Maybe. After all, she had loved him so much.

"Yes, Keith is suitable for this role. Chelsea has good taste. What do you all think?" Luka seconded the notion without hesitation.

The others reasoned that Keith was also perfect for the role. However, there was a but.

"Keith is good, but he had high requirements concerning scripts tendered to him. How are we sure that he would agree to star in this play?" a member of the crew queried.

"Not to worry, he will agree. I'm confident that our script will fit his requirements. I'll speak to him myself!" Luka said confidently.

He then turned to Edmund and said, "Mr. Nelson, if you have any connections with Keith, please persuade him too."

Why was Luka so welcoming of all of Chelsea's ideas? Edmund pondered and snorted.

With a blank expression, he said, "I'm not familiar with Keith either. Since Chelsea knows him so well, she should accompany me to speak to him. It's better to let the scriptwriter elaborate the essence of the script in person."

Chelsea was short of words. Her eyebrows knitted in suspicion.

Why must he take her along? She could go alone if need be.

Accompanying him meant she would have to be alone with him again.

Chelsea didn't want that to happen.

The humiliation she got from Diane because of him was enough. Why was he setting her up to suffer again?

Luka gave her an out. "I don't think that will be necessary, Mr. Nelson. Chelsea has to write and complete the script quickly. She shouldn't be disturbed."

Rubbing his palms together, he added, "Let's talk to Keith ourselves. I have a thorough understanding of this script, so I'll fill him in on it."

Chelsea's eyes gleamed with gratitude as she looked at Luka. He was her savior. What could she have done if he hadn't stepped in?

Edmund's eyebrows furrowed when he saw the exchange between these two. His blood boiled.

[Chapter 88 Talks About Diane](#)

The next agenda was to discuss the selection of the actress that would play the prince's first love.

Zuri had been relishing the subtle competition between Luka and Edmund a while back. She wanted the drama to continue. So, when the next agenda was read, she seized the opportunity to speak.

"Alas! It's a pity that Diane no longer has an interest in acting. She would have been the perfect actress for the prince's first love," Zuri uttered slowly, her eyes fixed on Edmund's displeased face.

Those who knew the history between Diane, Chelsea and Edmund knew what Zuri was insinuating.

However, this wasn't the case for the oblivious ones. One of them echoed, "Yes, Diane is a talented actress. Her gentle temperament is exactly like that of the prince's first love. No one else can own this role like she would!"

The person praised Diane zealously. Of course he wouldn't pass up the opportunity to please Edmund since Diane was dating him.

Contrary to what was expected, a deep frown appeared on Edmund's face.

He rolled his eyes and turned to look at Chelsea again. He said, "The scriptwriter has a good sense of judgment. Let's listen to her opinion. Chelsea, do you think Diane is good for this role?"

For the second time today, he put her in the spotlight. It took Chelsea by surprise that he asked for her opinion concerning Diane.

What was he up to? Was he trying to set her up? Or did he just want her to feel uncomfortable at the mention of his beloved girlfriend's name?

After weighing some thoughts in her head, Chelsea finally responded with a smile, "I can't tell if Diane is perfect for the role because I haven't seen any of her movies. Only those who have watched her movies can tell. Or better still, you can tell us, Mr. Nelson. You should know her better since she's your girlfriend."

Mentioning the relationship between Edmund and Diane was Chelsea's deliberate attempt to get him off her back for the rest of the meeting.

However, Edmund smiled faintly and said, "That's not remotely true. Two people can be together without knowing each other well. After all, I never knew my ex-wife well."

Everyone present knew that Edmund was a divorcee. But only a few of them knew that his ex-wife was Chelsea.

It never occurred to Chelsea that Edmund would mention their marriage in public. She awkwardly adjusted in her seat and tugged at one of her braids unintentionally.



Anger simmered inside her as she thought of how he had indirectly said that she was secretive during their marriage.

Holding back her anger, she stared at him squarely. "Sounds to me like you didn't put in any effort to get to know your ex-wife. I'm sure three years is enough time to get to know someone who lived under the same roof as you. Well, you must have ignored your ex-wife because you had eyes for another woman outside."

Chelsea matched Edmund's energy. She stressed that he was unfaithful since he was indirectly trying to smear her image in public.

Luka suddenly cleared his throat, breaking the ice between the two. "Listen up, everyone. We are supposed to be discussing the candidates for the supporting role, not Mr. Nelson's private life."

In a serious tone, he continued, "In my opinion, Diane is not suitable for the role. She won't have time to be on set. After all, she would get married to Mr. Nelson soon and give birth to a child almost immediately. It's best to give this role to an actress who's not preoccupied."

A sharp pain tugged at Chelsea's heart after Luka spoke about Diane marrying Edmund and bearing his child.

The words Edmund said to her that day after she eavesdropped on his conversation with Ethan replayed in her head. He had said she was not worthy of carrying his child.

A whole year had passed since that incident, but it was just like yesterday in Chelsea's mind. Her tear ducts were tickled at this moment.

Chelsea lowered her eyes. Her slender fingers held the pen tightly. She took deep breaths in a bid to suppress the pain in her heart.

Edmund noticed the sudden change in her mood. An indescribable emotion surged in his heart when he thought of all that he did to her.

The meeting continued for another thirty minutes. However, Edmund didn't utter a word. He left with Fay once the meeting came to an end.

Turning to Chelsea and Zuri, Luka said, "Ladies, how about we go have lunch together?"

"Oh, no! I can't. I have something else to do. You can go with Chelsea," Zuri said immediately.

After grabbing her bag, she whispered to Chelsea, "Girl, it's a pity that you weren't able to go on the blind date with that handsome man after dressing up this beautifully. You should seize this opportunity in front of you."

## [Chapter 89 Bruised Ego](#)

Zuri immediately took to her heels, leaving her stunned friend behind. She wanted Chelsea and Luka to have lunch together. It was her way of matchmaking them.

Luka glanced at Edmund who was walking in front of them. He then said to Chelsea, "Let's have lunch in the restaurant downstairs. Lest I forget, I have something to ask you concerning the script."

"Okay." Chelsea, who initially wanted to turn down the invitation, had no choice but to agree since he mentioned work.

She and Luka took the elevator with Edmund and Fay. They all suffered a deafening silence until they arrived at the ground floor.

After they walked out, Luka said to Edmund, "Goodbye, Mr. Nelson! We'll get going now."

Chelsea only nodded towards Edmund and left with Luka.

Edmund's face darkened as he watched her follow Luka into the restaurant a few meters away.

Why did she agree to have lunch with that man? Didn't she know that he liked her?

She didn't learn a lesson from the bad experience with Gerry and his men, did she? She needed to stay away from men!

Fay, who had been standing behind her boss, noticed that he was staring at Chelsea as she entered the restaurant with Luka. She cleared her throat and made a suggestion. "Mr. Nelson, it's way past the time for lunch. Since we are here, how about we have lunch first before going back to the company?"

Edmund's face softened. "Okay."

He and Fay walked into the restaurant too.

Chelsea had just sat down facing Luka when she saw them come in. She picked up the menu and buried her face in it.

Why was Edmund here? He was so annoying. Was this the only restaurant in the city?

Luka noticed that she was hiding her face and stealing glances at something. He traced her eyes only to see Edmund and Fay. He couldn't help chuckling.

"Mr. Nelson, you are here too. Please join us at this table. This would be fun." He beckoned to them with a smile.

"Don't..." Chelsea mumbled inaudibly. She didn't want to have lunch at the same table as Edmund.

Otherwise, she would suffer from indigestion.

"No, thanks." Edmund looked away arrogantly and took Fay to an empty table that was not too far away.

Luka shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Edmund was so arrogant. No wonder he lost Chelsea.

Contrary to what Luka thought, Edmund actually wanted to have lunch at their table. But he changed his mind once he saw the repulsion on Chelsea's face.

This was the first time any woman was reluctant to dine with him. As a powerful man in the city, he couldn't count how many women were dying to have him eat with them.

How could he eat with a woman who clearly disliked him? Edmund's ego was bruised.

His blood boiled even after he sat down with Fay. The veins on his forehead were protruding slightly.

"Mr. Nelson, don't you think we should have lunch with them instead?" Fay proposed, looking at him intently.

The only reason why she suggested that they eat here was that she guessed that Edmund would want to dine with Chelsea.

She had expected him to agree when Luka invited them. However, he turned down the invitation.

Why did he throw such an opportunity away? Fay was confused now. She wondered what was going on in her boss's head.

"Just order what you want to have," Edmund ordered impatiently.

Fay immediately did as she was told, not wanting to provoke him.

It was almost as if Chelsea and Luka were in a world of their own. They talked and laughed heartily. Although Fay didn't know what they were talking about, she could tell that they were enjoying each other's company.

Fay took a stealthy glance at Edmund, who was sitting opposite her, and found that his face was gloomier.

Several dishes were served at their table. However, Edmund wasn't in the mood to eat. He took a few spoonfuls and dropped the cutlery.

Seeing that he was wiping his mouth with a serviette, Fay shoved a large chunk of steak into her mouth. She chewed fast and took a sip of water. Afterward, she wiped her mouth to indicate that she was done.

too. They had only eaten for about twenty minutes.

"Mr. Nelson, how come you finished having lunch so soon?" Luka asked confusedly when he saw that they were on their way out.

Edmund shot him a cold glare and left without sparing Chelsea a glance.

### [Chapter 90 Naughty Grandpa](#)

It didn't bother Chelsea at all that Edmund had left the restaurant looking so cold. On the contrary, she was happy. It seemed like a thick cloud that had been hovering over the restaurant was cleared after his departure.

"Mr. Nelson's temper is really..." Luka didn't complete his statement. He shook his head and sighed.

"Money spoiled him," Chelsea commented impolitely.

Luka laughed heartily. "You have got a point there, Chelsea!"

Edmund was an arrogant man.

However, Chelsea didn't blame him for that. She believed that he was like that because he had made giant strides in the business world within a short time.

The only issue she had with him was that he allowed his arrogance to interfere in his love life. She felt that he wouldn't find true love if he continued to be arrogant.

Nevertheless, it was not her place to give him any advice.

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In the evening, Ethan was seated at the dining table. He was about to have his dinner when the sound of a car engine came from outside.

The butler peeped through the curtains and said, "It seems to be Edmund."

"Humph! This is not like him at all. I expected him to be here later." Ethan snorted and shook his head.

With a smile, the butler remarked, "Your plan is working, sir."

Ethan flashed a smug smile. After putting on a relaxed expression, he picked a set of cutlery and began to eat as he waited for his grandson to come in.

Shortly after, Edmund walked in. He washed his hands and sat down opposite his grandfather.

"What's the occasion, Edmund? It's not the weekend yet. Don't you have your hands full with the company's affairs? Why are you here today?" Ethan asked, munching on a slice of lettuce.

The mocking undertone in his words didn't go unnoticed by Edmund. Not wanting to give his grandfather the satisfaction of seeing him annoyed, he said calmly, "Grandpa, I haven't seen you for a long time. I was free today, so I decided to pay you a visit."

Ethan slowly took a sip of tomato soup and said, "Oh, I see. I didn't think you would remember that you have a grandfather. Anyway, why didn't you use your spare time to go on a date with your beloved Diane? Why come here?"

Before Edmund could think of a perfect answer, Ethan dropped his spoon and said angrily, "By the way, I heard that Diane did something bad to Chelsea. You had better warn her to stay away from Chelsea. I only let things slide for your sake. If such a thing happens again, I'll give her a piece of my mind. Or better still, hire someone to teach her a good lesson!"

Edmund's jaw dropped. He stared at his furious grandfather in shock.

How did he find out about what happened?

Did he hire someone to spy on him?

Ethan got short with him. "Why are you staring at me like that? The fact that Diane had the guts to do that only means one thing: You have failed as a man. Since she's your woman, you should caution her against behaving unruly to others."

"Who said she's my woman?" Edmund grumbled, lowering his eyes.

This took Ethan by surprise. "Isn't she your woman? I thought you were head over heels in love with her. Besides, haven't you slept with her?"

Edmund shoved a spoonful of rice into his mouth to avoid answering these questions.

The mocking undertone in his words didn't go unnoticed by Edmund. Not wanting to give his grandfather the satisfaction of seeing him annoyed, he said calmly, "Grandpa, I haven't seen you for a long time. I was free today, so I decided to pay you a visit."

"Tsk, ts!" Ethan shook his head and continued, "It seems you are a big failure. You have been doting such a beautiful woman for a while but you have never slept with her. How come? Is your tool not working?"

Ethan emphasized the word, tool as he pointed toward his grandson. His question rolled off his lips like it was nothing.

The butler coughed slightly, signaling Ethon to mind the way he was speaking to Edmund. Why did he question about his grandson's sexual prowess?

Did he want him to take offense? Didn't he know that Edmund might get angry and refuse to give him great-grandchildren?

Realizing that he had gone too far, Ethon retraced his steps. "Well, I don't think anything is wrong with him down there. He comes from a lineage of men who are stallions in bed, so his tool must be working fine. I guess he doesn't have any interest in Diane because he still hasn't gotten over Chelsea.

Well, it's such a shame that he can't get her back no matter how much he likes her."

Ethon talked a mile a minute. His tone was dripping with sarcasm.

None of the things he said annoyed Edmund at all.

He continued to eat elegantly as if his grandfather wasn't speaking about his private life in his presence. When Ethon finally kept quiet, Edmund said, "Grandpa, I have an idea."

"What idea? Spill!" Ethon looked at him earnestly.

Gesticulating with his free hand, Edmund uttered, "What's the point of idling away in this huge mansion when you can actually start a talk show? I'm sure a lot of people would love to listen to you talk. You should have a go at it."

"Tsk, tsk!" Ethan shook his head and continued, "It seems you are a big failure. You have been dating such a beautiful woman for a while but you have never slept with her. How come? Is your tool not working?"

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