

# Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back by Little Angelic Devil

## Chapter 11

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### Chapter 11

“Hudson?” Finley Myers picked up his call and had to shout over the loud music in the background. “What are you doing calling me so late? Shouldn't you be with your wife?”

Hudson didn't respond to his question but instead asked calmly, “Where are you?”

“I'm at the most happening nightclub,” Finley shouted.

“Wait for me there,” Hudson replied and hung up.

Finley was baffled. It had been quite some time since Hudson was into the night scene. No matter what, he quickly procured a private room on the second floor, knowing his friend wouldn't like being squashed around on the dance floor and would prefer privacy.

Hudson then called his other best friend – Keith Richardson.

“Hello?” a man's muffled voice sounded, just like he was woken up from sleep.

“I can't sleep,” Hudson said without explaining anything further.

Keith's sleepiness was gone in an instant. “You got insomnia again?”

Hudson pursed his lips. Keith was a doctor, while Finley was a playboy. Both of them knew about his insomnia

and PTSD.

“Is it because of your brother's death?” Keith asked.

“Let's meet Finley,” Hudson replied. “He's at the Star Nightclub.”

“Alright,” Keith answered, and both he and Hudson took a quick shower before going to the club.

Hudson, Keith, and Finley were from the top three families in Country B and the most sought-after males for

women in that country. Since Hudson kept his marriage low-key, no one knew Hudson was married, so they were still considered the most eligible bachelors in Country B,

When Hudson reached the club, Keith and Finley were already seated in the private booth. Without saying anything, Hudson sat down, poured himself a glass of whiskey, and gulped it down in one go.

Keith and Finley exchanged a look. They had never seen Hudson look this frustrated, but they thought it was possibly because of his brother's death, as Luis and Hudson used to be very close.

Glass after glass was downed by Hudson until even his friends thought it was enough.

Keith took the bottle away from the table and set it aside. "Enough, Hudson. We are all saddened by Luis' death, but this is not the way to grieve over his loss. He wouldn't be happy if you risked your health."

Hudson loosened his tie and leaned back, resting his head against the backrest, his eyes looking toward the ceiling.

"It's not only about him," he murmured with a voice too soft for his two best friends to hear.

"Come on, man," Finley chimed in. "It'll be hard for us if you get wasted. I will need to meet your boring wife when she picks you up. Urrghh..." he groaned in disgust.

Finley disliked Cherise a lot. He hated gold-diggers. For him, gold-diggers were just playthings, and sometimes not even one. Being a playboy himself, he always compensated all his 'girlfriends', but Cherise wanting to be Mrs. Amery disgusted him to his core. For him, Hudson deserved someone better.

"She's not my wife anymore," Hudson said, and swiftly took the bottle of Whiskey, pouring himself another glass disregarding Keith's words.

“What do you mean by that?” Finley asked in surprise, gasping dramatically. His eyes lit up with joy. “Don’t tell me you’ve finally divorced her!”

He took Hudson’s silence as an acknowledgment and toasted Hudson. “It’s the right thing to do! Who wants a gold digger as a wife? If she was sexy and good in bed, at least it was better, but she was so dull. We should celebrate!”

While Finley felt joyful about his best friend’s divorce, Keith stayed quiet with his brows knitted tightly together.

“Was it because of Emely?” Everyone knew how much Cherise loved Hudson, and honestly, Keith could see that a woman like Cherise was good for a cold man like Hudson.

He might not have realized it, but he always ate lunch boxes from Cherise and went home every night to be with her. Keith believed in his heart that Hudson had feelings for Cherise, even only a bit.

But with him bringing Emely back... What was his purpose? Did he still love Emely? In Keith’s eyes, Hudson just felt gratitude toward her, and being the calm and rational one in the group, he could see what kind of woman Emely was.

“I’m going to marry Emely,” Hudson said in a low voice, making Finley choke on his drink while Keith frowned even harder.

After coughing for a while, Finley finally slapped Hudson’s shoulder. “That’s more like it! You’ve been in love with

her for so long, and you even impregnated her!”

He toasted Hudson again and added, “That lowly gold digger of your ex-wife is really vicious! She killed an unborn baby just because she was jealous! It was right for you to divorce her!”

For the first time in his life, Hudson felt irritated when his friend talked badly about Cherise, but he suppressed his emotions.

Being his friend for longer than Finley, Keith could sense Hudson's discomfort and changed the subject. "Your insomnia came back again?"

Hudson closed his eyes, rubbed the space between his brows, and nodded.

Keith thought about it. The most painful memory for Hudson was being told the person he had protected had been killed and seeing a pool of blood when he was just a teenager, and now, with Luis' death, it wasn't a wonder he would get insomnia again.

But...

"Hudson, do you remember when your insomnia stopped?" Keith asked, even though he already knew the answer.

"It should be around three years ago," Finley was the one who answered carelessly.

Three years ago? Wasn't that the time when he first married and shared a bed with Cherise? That would be impossible! Hudson shook his head to clear his wandering mind. Cherise wouldn't have that power over him!

Keith sipped his drink before thinking how Hudson would regret divorcing Cherise.

Unaware of what was happening on the second floor, Cherise arrived at the club and saw a leggy blonde woman wearing a mini backless red dress exuding a seductive aura.

The woman looked up and smiled at Cherise before sashaying toward her and hugging her. "Darlin-, you made me wait for two minutes."

Cherise's lips twitched as she hugged her best friend back. It was only two minutes, she thought. And it wasn't like Erika didn't like being the attention of every man who passed by her.

"Let me look at you." Cherise drew back and gave her friend a once-over. Erika still hadn't changed. She still had a perfect Spanish guitar figure wi

th full breasts, a tiny waist, and a to–die–for ass. Her gaze and smile were still seductive.

All in all, everything about her was seductive. Even if she just stood still, every one would be drawn by her

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seductiveness.

Cherise and Erika both had the same blonde hair and baby–blue eyes, with both coming from Country A, but Cherise looked refined, noble, and gentle. However, as the heiress of the wealthiest family in Country A, she still had that arrogant and domineering aura at the same time.

As Cherise was checking on Erika, Erika was doing the same thing to Cherise. She felt distressed looking at her best friend being so thin, and her eyes flashed with fierceness as she saw the wounds on Cherise’s arm.

“Did that scumbag do this to you?” Erika slowly caressed the scabbing wounds.

“Nope,” Cherise replied calmly. “The mistress did it.”

Erika’s eyes widened before narrowing dangerously. “He has a mistress?”

“Yeah, and a pregnant one.” Cherise felt nothing when she thought about Emely and Hudson now.

“Damn that asshole!” Erika cursed, making Cherise laugh. All her friends and family members were protective of her.

“But she miscarried because she fell when I pushed her in self–defense.” Cherise frowned when she thought of the incident. She needed to investigate why Emely would frame her and lose her baby. It would be easier to be Hudson’s wife if she still had her baby.

“That’s karma for her seducing someone else’s husband. Maybe she didn’t know that karma is a bitch,” Erika smiled slyly.

“You don’t blame me for causing her miscarriage?” Cherise teased.

Erika rolled her beautiful baby—blue eyes. “Oh, please. She must have done it purposely for whatever reason. You are not that cruel to an unborn baby.”

Cherise was grateful everyone around her believed in her. She linked her hands with Erika’s arm and asked, “Where’s Logan?”

“He’s already inside, getting us a booth,” Erika said as they entered the club.

“I can’t wait to meet him. It’s been so long!” Cherise’s excitement rose again.

“You will be surprised at how much he’s changed,” Erika smiled mysteriously. “Prepare yourself.”

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## Chapter 12

The two best friends made their way through the bustling crowds. The changing colorful spotlights, the dancing crowd, and the beat of the dance music pumped up the blood in Cherise’s body.

She used to love such an environment as she loved dancing. It was a place for her to let loose. Her excitement

heightened with the thought of seeing her adopted brother after such a long time.

Erika stirred her toward a more secluded corner with a more private booth, and finally, they arrived at a booth with a man seemingly busy with his phone.

As if sensing their arrival, the man with dark hair and amber eyes looked up, and his lips curved into a gentle

smile as he stood up to greet them. His muscular and lean body was wrapped in a white shirt, his height

towering above both women.

Cherise’s eyes widened in this belief. Was the person in front of her her adopted brother? The last time she saw

him, he was like a scrawny thug with a troublemaker aura, even though he had been taught about the etiquette

of the upper class and how to be a CEO. But now...

“Logan?” Cherise asked in disbelief and hesitation.

The man approached her, his amber eyes oozing with tenderness. He took her hand and lifted it; then his lips

landed on the back of Cherise’s hand before his deep voice called her the pet name he had always called her

with, “Cherry.”

Cherise was stunned momentarily by how much he had changed. He now had a gentle aura similar to her

brother!

She felt Erika nudged her arm and laughed, snapping her senses back to reality. “Logan!” She beamed and threw

herself into her arms. “Oh my God, you’ve changed a lot! I wouldn’t have recognized you if I passed you by on

the street!”

Logan let out a soft laugh and hugged her back. This was the girl he had vowed to protect, yet he heard of what

happened to her during the past three years.

His eyes flashed with malice as he felt the skinny body in his embrace and saw the wounds on her arm when he kissed her hand, but they disappeared instantly.

“You’ve changed a lot as well,” he smiled, his fox-like eyes dancing with joy as he saw the girl he’d been longing to see for years. “You’ve become a beautiful woman.”

“I know,” Cherise said smugly, making the three of them laugh due to her arrogance.

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"Let's have a drink!" Erika sat on one of the seats and began ordering drinks for them while Logan ordered juices for Cherise.

When Cherise heard her kind of beat, her eyes lit up with delight, and she excused herself before getting onto the stage and moving her body according to the music.

She let herself go wild.

It had been such a long time she felt like herself. Her movements were sexy and seductive yet also powerful. It didn't make people lust after her, but it was like watching a professional dancer.

With the way she swayed to the music, Cherise soon became the center of attention. The spotlight shone on her, and the crowd cheered for her.

“Go, darlin’ Cherise!” Erika cheered. Knowing the music was about to come to an end, Logan went to the front of the stage and, with his arms open wide, waited for Cherise to make her final move.

As the music ended, Cherise spun on her spot and raised one hand elegantly, showing her back to the crowd.

The crowd all clapped for her, and a new beat began, making the crowd dance along with it.

Seeing Logan waiting for her, Cherise’s smile grew wider, and she jumped straight into his arms. All her tensions over everything vanished as they stayed in each other’s arms, swaying gently, a stark contrast to the wild crowd around them.

Logan waited patiently until her breathing returned to normal before gallantly leading her back to their booth, making the way and protecting her from being squashed by the crowd.

As he silently gave Cherise a glass of orange juice to replenish her energy and wet her dry throat, Erika couldn’t stop complimenting her best friend.

“Darlin’, you are still the best dancer I’ve ever known.” She winked at Cherise and toasted her.

Unknowingly to them, the moment Cherise went to the stage, three eligible bachelors in their private booth on the second floor all cast their eyes on her with different gazes – one with disgust, another with complex emotion,

and the other with wonder.

“Hey, isn’t that your ex–wife?” Finley asked the moment he saw Cherise go up the stage. “Look at her seducing all those men. And what’s with her black figure–hugging dress?” He ridiculed everything about Cherise.

“What’s wrong with it?” Keith asked. “I think she looks good in that dress, and her dance is not that seductive.”

Keith knew Finley had always been prejudiced against Cherise, especially since Hudson didn’t love her. No matter how beautiful Cherise was, no matter how

As good as she was, in Finley's eyes, she would always be a wicked gold-digger who trapped Hudson in marriage using his grandmother. It was really a pity, actually.

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While his friends were discussing his ex-wife, Hudson’s hawk-like eyes had locked on her the moment she entered, scanning her from head to toe. Those cold, dark orbs of his glinted with mixed emotions – surprise, displeasure, and anger, especially as he saw everything that happened, including her intimate interactions with Logan.

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“Wait, is that Logan Jennings? The cunning fox of the Jennings Group?” Finley asked in disbelief when he saw Cherise jumping into Logan’s arms. “Damn, how did she know him? It seems we have underestimated her shamelessness in seducing successful CEOs.”

Tired of hearing Finley looking down on Cherise, Keith said in his usual calm manner, “We don’t know about their relationship, so don’t jump to conclusions just yet.”

“What else can they be if not lovers?” Finley snorted. “Wait... Why are you always defending her? Don’t tell me you’ve fallen for that gold digger too!”

Keith looked at his foolish friend and shook his head helplessly. There was no point arguing with a simpleton. He glanced at Hudson from the corner of his eyes, and his lips curved up slightly as he saw the intense jealousy in Hudson’s eyes, even if his face remained expressionless.

Hudson himself felt a turmoil in his heart. He wondered how his meek and shy ex-wife turned into someone who was fun and lively after their divorce. She used to wear unfashionable clothes, yet looked at her now with that figure-hugging little black dress that showed off her curves for everyone to see. It was supposed to be only him who was allowed to see those curves!

And since when did she know how to dance? And another powerful CEO appeared with her? That Logan Jennings had successfully brought the Jennings Groups to become the top three companies in Country C within a span of three years of his reign, and now was branching out to Country B.

Was this his ex-wife’s true nature? Why did she pretend to be meek and obedient when they were married? Frustration bubbled up in his heart, nearly making him smash his glass against the wall if not for his strong self-control.

Downstairs, Cherise was having the best time of her life – laughing with the seductive Erika and the gentle Logan, reminiscing about their pasts, catching up with the latest news of their lives, dancing like they didn’t care about anything, and drinking to their heart’s content.

Feeling the need to relieve herself, Cherise excused herself to go to the restroom, leaving Erika and Logan still dancing on the dance floor.

Seeing his ex-wife separate herself from her friends, Hudson got up from his seat and left the room.

“Where is he going?” Finley asked Keith.

“Maybe he’s tired of your yapping and wants to take a breather,” Keith mocked, knowing what Hudson was about to do.

Finley grumbled, "Everything I said was true. Never mind, let's drink more!" Finley, being the partygoer of the group, poured more drink into Keith's glass.

In the restroom, Cherise reapplied a thin layer of ointment over her wounds. She looked at herself in the mirror and was satisfied as she saw her bright eyes, her flushed cheeks, and a genuine smile on her beautiful face.

She washed her hands and checked her watch. It was time for her to go home. She exited the restroom, intending to tell Erika and Logan about it, but her wrist was grasped, and she was dragged to a dark and secluded corner; a familiar scent of cologne entered her nostrils.

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## Chapter 13

Cherise instinctively yanked her hand back and pushed the man in front away, but it was useless. It was like pushing a mountain of muscular mass that simply wouldn't budge.

Giving up on pushing the man, Cherise asked, her eyes narrowing with irritation and her voice full of impatience, "What do you want, Hudson?"

Honestly, she knew they would meet since she would now reside in Country B, but she never expected it to happen this soon after their divorce!

And as far as she knew, he never liked to go to clubs. He only came back late, reeking of alcohol, if he had to attend social gatherings as the CEO of the Amery Group. So, never in her mind would Cherise expect to meet him in a place like this and so soon after their divorce. If she knew, she wouldn't have agreed to meet Erika and Logan here in the first place!

And what was he doing dragging her into a dark and secluded corner? Was he going to do something to her?

Ever since she was seven years old, Cherise had been taking martial arts lessons to protect herself.

Right now, every muscle in her body tensed up, ready to fight even if she might not be able to win against him. She would find a chance to escape from his towering figure, trapping her against the wall.

Hudson's lips curled into that slight smile that always seemed to be able to make Cherise fear him, but right now, it only disgusted her.

"What do you want?" Cherise asked her question again through gritted teeth, her fists clenched tightly beside her body, ready to attack anytime.

Instead of answering, Hudson raised his hand and his thumb swiped across Cherise's lips, smearing what was left of her red lipstick, making her look more enticing.

"Julian Alster... And now Logan Jennings," Hudson said in a calm voice that seemed to be the beginning of a storm. "You seem to have a good life after we divorced. Going to clubs, being surrounded by rich CEOs."

"What's that good to do with you?" Cherise snorted, knowing full well what he was implying.

"It seems you are desperate for a man's touch." Hudson's thumb moved to trace her neck to a small sensitive spot that never failed to arouse her.

Cherise gritted her teeth harder to stop herself from moaning. After three years of being with him, it wasn't a surprise he knew all the right places to touch to arouse her. And she wasn't the only one feeling it. She could feel the change in Hudson's lower abdomen.

His hands moved even lower, and just as Cherise was about to swat his hand away, Hudson suddenly leaned down and claimed her lips into a searing kiss, startling her and making her gasp.

The moment she gasped, Hudson took the chance to let his tongue enter her mouth, and she could taste the aftertaste of Whiskey in his mouth and breath. Cherise couldn't believe Hudson would do this to her in a place like this, even after they divorced.

She started struggling, pushing him with all her might, but Hudson easily took her hands and pinned her wrists above her head with one hand, and his other

hand started to roam around. He was like a beast whose animalistic instinct had taken over and needed to mate.

When Hudson's hand caressed Cherise's smooth thighs and his mouth traveled to her neck, Cherise unconsciously let out a moan, and it only made Hudson wilder. He loved hearing Cherise's moans during their lovemaking.

While Hudson's mind was getting wilder with the idea of taking Cherise there and then, Cherise felt ashamed of herself and humiliated. This was her ex-husband who had cheated on her! He had impregnated his mistress and deemed her unworthy of having his offspring, yet he still did this to her. She felt like a plaything to him, a toy he could use and discard anytime he wanted.

Hudson's mouth went back to her lips, and his hand moved closer to the place between her legs. In her last attempt to stop him, Cherise bit his lips until she tasted the coppery taste of blood in her mouth.

That successfully made Hudson release her and wipe his thumb across his bitten bottom lip. The red blood smearing his lips made him seem even more frighteningly wilder and sexier.

Just as Cherise thought he would let her go, he grabbed both her arms and pinned them against the wall again, whispering into her ear in a dangerously low tone, "Do you think such a little attack can stop me?"

Cherise gasped and couldn't stop the tears pooling in her eyes as Hudson had accidentally rubbed against her scabs roughly. "Hudson, please... You are hurting my arm..." Finally, she caved and begged him.

Thinking she was just pretending, Hudson sneered, grabbed her arms even more forcefully, and dived down for another kiss.

"Please, Hudson..." Cherise's soft plea sounded again as their lips were about to touch.

Hudson was startled to see her reddened eyes and long and curly eyelashes wet with tears before a tear dropped from the corner of her eye.



He looked at her arm and, for the first time in his life, felt terrified for his ex-wife when he saw how his thumb had reopened her scab, and it was now pressing on the freshly opened wound again.

He swallowed, his guilt flashed through his usual cold eyes and loosened his hold to check her wound. It turned out she was really wounded, and there was more than one wound! He had forgotten how he had seen the reports from the hospital.

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There was an inexplicable feeling in his heart when he saw the vulnerability in Cherise's eyes. He felt like an asshole for forcing himself on her just now, and there was a feeling of wanting to take her into his arms and soothe her, to make her stop crying and take care of her.

Hudson was confused by his feelings. He had never felt anything, even when Cherise used to hover over him, complaining about her small injuries, and he never took her feelings into his heart during their marriage.

But at this time, seeing her tears drop silently like small and beautiful pearls and the nearly-healed wound he had accidentally opened again, he felt distressed.

He gently rubbed the scabbing part with the pad of his thumb, carefully avoiding the newly exposed bleeding skin, and asked with a tenderness he didn't even know he was exhibiting. "Does it hurt?"

Cherise froze and stared at him in disbelief. Never had in the time they had known each other had he ever shown any tenderness toward her. Even when in bed, he was rough and fiery. What was he doing now? This drastic change in his demeanor made her speechless; even her tears stopped flowing, and her pain seemed to vanish.

Her mouth opened and closed a few times, not knowing what to say, when suddenly the man in front of her was pulled backward forcefully, and as Hudson turned around to see who dared to make such a move against him, Cherise heard the sound of a fist connecting with flesh.

Hudson, caught unaware, staggered a few steps back, nearly crushing Cherise against the wall with his weight if she didn't sidestep fast enough.

In front of her was Logan, who looked nothing like the man she had seen from tonight. He looked like the boy from the first time she saw him. His eyes blazing with anger, his face twisted darkly. He looked like the Devil himself.

Logan was worried after Cherise didn't come back to them for long, so he went after her and saw her and Hudson together. He could imagine what had happened between them from Cherise's reddened eyes, her bloody wound, and her swollen lips.

No one knew how much he hated Hudson after learning how he had treated Cherise during their marriage. Cherise was his savior, and he would willingly lay down his life for her. Why should he let others bully her? Whoever bullied her would feel his wrath!

Hudson wiped the blood from his broken lips with the back of his hand and smirked, mocking Logan, "So the prince charming has come to save the damsel in distress."

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"You bastard!" Logan raised his fist, ready to strike the scumbag who had hurt his savior again.

Hudson sneered and even gestured to Logan with his hand to hit him. He was confident he could win this fight.

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Seeing how the situation was spiraling out of control, Cherise shouted at the two of them. "Stop it, you two!"

At the same time her shout sounded, a figure flashed between Hudson and Logan, blocking them from attacking each other.

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## Chapter 14

Standing between the two men who were about to fight, Keith smiled and said in his usual calm manner, “Please, gentlemen, let’s not fight. Both of you are famous CEOs. What would people say if they knew about this?”

Cherise was relieved to see Keith. Even though she disliked most of Hudson’s friends, she didn’t dislike Keith. At least he never looked down on her and so sometimes would engage her in a chat when Hudson brought her out to meet his friends once in a blue moon.

But her relief was short-lived, as Finley, who had rushed after Keith suddenly pointed at Cherise and started shouting and mocking her.

“You!” he shouted, his index finger pointing at Cherise. I should’ve known,” he sneered. “You are just playing hard to get with Hudson. The moment you saw a chance, you tried to seduce him with your cheapness. How shameless of you!”

Logan’s body began trembling with rage again, and Keith, who was usually calm, snapped at Finley, “Enough, Finley! Don’t make matters worse!”

Finley couldn’t let the chance to look down at Cherise slip away, so he kept sneering and glaring at her. “Just so you know, Hudson said he would marry Emily, who is a thousand times better than you!”

“Finley!” Keith shouted at him, warning him to stop speaking. Why couldn’t his friend have the sense to shut his mouth and stop hurting someone? They had just divorced. Cherise must feel bad hearing this.

But Finley, being the young master of the Myers family and a playboy who used to say whatever was on his mind, didn’t heed Keith’s warning as he kept ridiculing Cherise. “So stop daydreaming about getting back together with Hudson! You are just a slut who will spread your legs for anyone who is rich!”

“I dare you to say that again!” Logan roared, and his initial plan to attack Hudson had

now changed. He lunged toward Finley, who didn't have a chance to fight back.

Keith hurriedly tried to stop Logan from going crazy and wanting to kill Finley.

When Cherise heard about Hudson's impending nuptials with Emely, she let out a gasp of pain soft enough for others not to hear except Hudson, who was standing very close to her. She knew Hudson would eventually marry Emely, but hearing it from his best friend made her heart feel like being pierced by thousands of needles.

She thought she had gotten over her love for Hudson, but she guessed a three-year deep love for the man wouldn't just disappear instantly.

"Everything I said was true!" Finley, despite Logan punching him a couple of times, was still stubborn.

"Shut up!" Hudson roared at his friend. Even if he always thought Cherise was a gold digger, he couldn't stand hearing such cruel words. A slut? He had thought about it himself, but due to his upbringing, he couldn't say those kinds of words to a lady, much less to his ex-wife!

Cherise lowered her eyes so no one could see the pain in them, and her lips curved into a bitter smile. She swore this would be the last time she would let herself feel hurt by Hudson and everyone around him.

"Logan, let's go," she said calmly, walking toward him.

"Cherise!" Hudson grabbed her wrist as she passed him by. He knew Finley's words would have hurt her feelings, but he didn't understand why he was doing what he did now. He just felt uncomfortable and wanted to make sure she was alright.

When Cherise looked at him, the pain in her eyes had gone, replaced by coldness. "Unhand me, Mr. Amery or your friend will say I'm seducing you again, and your fiance wouldn't like to hear it," she mocked and shook his hand away.

Hudson felt a strong sense of frustration as he looked into her cold eyes. He subconsciously still expected to see the love she always had for him, like when they were still married, and maybe tears because it was natural for her to feel hurt by Finley's words, but all he could see was calm, icy coldness, and he let her hand go.

“You are lucky I’ll let you go this time,” Logan growled before he let go of Finley’s collar, shoving him back in the process, sending Finley tumbling to the ground.

“Cherise, Mr. Jennings, Please accept my apology. My friends are drunk,” Keith, being the peacemaker, naturally apologized for his best friends’ rude behaviors and words.

Cherise gave him a faint smile while Logan ignored him as they left.

Finley snorted and uttered, “Look at them! Birds of a feather. I can’t believe Logan Jennings, who’s usually calm and composed, would defend that slut. Her service in bed must be top-notch.”

“Enough!” Hudson snapped, and his whole demeanor became cold, like a king about to execute his general who had betrayed him. Truthfully, he would have punched Finley, too, if his mind wasn’t filled with Cherise right *now*.

He turned around and returned to their VIP room, while Finley stared at him in confusion. “What’s wrong with him? He used to stay quiet whenever I laughed at his ex-wife.”

Keith patted his shoulder and said, “You should learn to shut your mouth and stop meddling in someone else’s business or spouting nonsense.” He then followed Hudson, leaving Finley feeling puzzled.

Did his best friends fall under Cherise’s spell, too, after seeing her dance? It shouldn’t have been. Hudson had always hated Cherise, and although Keith was never truly against her, he should have a better standard for women. Too lazy to think about it, he ran after his two best friends. “Hey, wait for me!”

Cherise walked back toward the dance floor, not wanting to worry Erika, but Logan gently stopped her. “We should do something about your wound first,” he reminded her.

Being reminded of her reopened wound, Cherise looked at it and saw the dried blood. “I think I’ll go to the restroom to tend to it.”

Logan, being her knight in shining armor, naturally followed her after the altercation between Cherise, her ex-husband, and his friends and stood guard outside the door.

Inside the restroom, Cherise quickly and efficiently cleaned her wound, reapplied the ointment, and tidied up her appearance. Her lips were swollen after being kissed by a beast called her ex-husband, so she reapplied her lipstick to mask it. After ensuring she looked alright, she left the restroom.

“Cherise, are you alright?” Logan showed his concern.

“I’m fine,” Cherise replied casually.

“They were too much. You should stay away from those bunch of losers in the future.” Logan didn’t want Cherise to be hurt by them again. It pained him to see her being hurt by anyone. Even if her family hurt her, he wouldn’t hesitate to go against them despite their kindness toward him.

“They won’t be able to hurt me from now on,” Cherise said, smirking. “Don’t forget I’m the heiress of the Alster family. Soon, they’ll know what revenge feels like.”

Logan laughed and rubbed her head dottingly, saying, “That’s my girl. And don’t forget I’m the powerful CEO of the Jennings Group. I’ll always back you up.”

Cherise stopped in her tracks and looked at him. “Logan, thank you for standing up for me just now,” she said sincerely.

“I’ll always protect you,” he smiled.

“Oh, and please don’t tell Erika about what had happened. I don’t want to worry her,” Cherise made Logan promise her, and Logan, being loyal to her, agreed to her request.

Erika, despite being seductive, was also protective of Cherise. If she knew what had transpired, she might most likely march into Hudson’s VIP room and slap both Hudson Finley, but it wouldn’t be good for her. She would only suffer if she went again

st the Amery and Myer families. Her background wasn't as strong as Cherise and Logan's.

## Chapter 14

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Unlike before, the atmosphere inside the VIP room was a bit tense. It was so quiet and cold that Finley didn't dare make a sound.

After coming back, Hudson didn't even care to use a glass. He took a bottle of Whiskey and drank straight from it. Keith could only sigh when he looked at his friend in this condition.

"Are you sure you want to marry Emely?" He broke the silence in the room.

Finley opened his mouth to reply for Hudson but clamped it back when he saw Keith glaring at him. He really didn't know what he did wrong, but seeing his two best friends being so serious, he knew better than to interrupt them. And his body was in pain because of that damn Logan!

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## Chapter 15

Hudson kept quiet, not answering Keith's question as he kept swallowing the Whiskey straight from the bottle.



Keith frowned, worry etched on his face as he saw his best friend gulping alcohol recklessly. "Hudson, this is not a way to solve any problem. That's alcohol you are drinking and not water. You'll only harm your body by doing this," he reminded.

Finally, Hudson took the bottle away from his mouth, his eyes glazy with drunkenness.

Keith and Finley thought he wouldn't answer Keith's previous question, but Hudson slurred out his answer, "It doesn't matter who I marry."

The two best friends looked at each other and sighed simultaneously. They both knew what Hudson meant. As the heirs of the top families, they didn't really have a choice in whom they married.

As long as you were in the elite class, whether you were a lady or gentleman, you had to agree to a marriage arranged by the elders in your family – a marriage of alliance, a marriage to strengthen the family name, a marriage to secure your family's future or as they said, a 'business–alliance marriage'.

Of course, there would be shameless middle–class families who wanted their daughters to climb the social ladder, and some succeeded if their daughters were beautiful enough.

But it was rare for an orphan like Cherise to marry one of the top families. It was somewhat of a miracle because Agatha Amery, the matriarch of the Amery family, loved her.

When it happened, though, it would be pitiful for the lady. Her husband would most probably shun her because they were ashamed of her. And that was the case for Cherise during her three years of marrying Hudson.

Truly, being in the elite class was less grand than what everyone saw or thought. For one, you might not be able to marry someone you love if it wouldn't bring any advantages to the family business. And there were still the responsibilities to keep your family name intact, and the burden of being the CEOs of powerful groups was quite heavy for some to shoulder.

Take Finley for an example. He hated doing business or being the CEO of the Myers Group, but he had to. Lucky for him, the Myer Group was one of the top three families in

Country B, so even though he was a playboy, as long as he managed the Group well and didn't impregnate any women, his family paid no heed to his private affair.

Keith was also quite lucky. His parents had seen his talent for medicine from an early age, and they allowed him to open a hospital and let his younger brother be the CEO of their group, though he still helped his brother if needed.

After a heavy silence that ensued in the room following Hudson's words, Keith still replied, "You are right, but you don't have to marry Emely if you don't want to, and right after you just had a divorce."

"What do you mean? Of course, he should marry Emely," Finley protested, rolling his eyes as if Keith were an idiot. "We all know how much he loves her. He still thinks about her after she disappeared, and now he brought her back to marry her."

Despite his drunken state, Gerard could still hear his friends' words. "I have to marry her," he mumbled.

"See what I told you?" Finley looked at Keith with smugness, happy that he was right.

Being more perspective, Keith could feel there was more meaning in Gerard's answer. "What do you mean by you have to marry Emely?"

Gerard closed his eyes and leaned back, remembering his promise to his brother. It was a secret; he couldn't tell anyone, not even his best friends.

The way his brother took his hands and made him promise to take care of Emely with his last dying breath still haunted him. And his guilt as he looked at his brother's soul leaving his body...

Then suddenly

Cherise's face appeared in his mind. His brain rewinded what had happened earlier – her tears, her pleas, the taste of her lips, the softness of her body, and Hudson shifted uncomfortably in his seat as he felt his pants tighten.

Since their marriage night, he had always been obsessed with her body, which puzzled him. Even when he was in love with Emely, he never thought of sleeping with her. Could it be because she was her brother's girlfriend? What about now? Shouldn't he have a desire for

her? But no, he never had that thought about her or even any other woman he had ever met.

Hudson shook his head, not wanting to think of that gold digger anymore, but no matter what, her face just wouldn't leave his mind, and without him knowing, due to too much drinking, he drifted off to sleep thinking of his ex-wife whom he had always hated.

"Oh, he's so wasted," Finley said as he watched the Whiskey bottle slide off Hudson's grip and drop to the ground, making a clunking noise.

Keith exhaled, pitying his drunk friend for the hangover he'd feel when he woke up the next day. He got up from his seat and gestured to Finley. "Let's get him to the car."

Finley helped immediately, and they walked, dragging Hudson's muscular and tall body between them.

"Why did you ask if he really wants to marry Emely?" Finley suddenly asked when they were settled in the car, with Miles as the driver.

Keith glanced at him and replied with a question, "Do you think he really loves Emely? Or even still loves her until now?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Finley asked with confusion. "He still has Emely's picture in his office."

'But he also has his and Cheri's wedding picture on his phone.' Keith thought.

Meanwhile, Cherise and Logan rejoined Erika, who unsurprisingly was not drunk yet, in their booth. Erika had a really high alcohol level tolerance, and it would be tough to make her drunk.

Even though Cherise had a bright smile as if she was enjoying herself, Erika, being her best friend for so long, could see the slight redness, pain, and sadness in her eyes.

Her lips parted to ask questions, but she saw Logan shake his head slightly, and so she silently endured her questioning mind.

Cherise pretended to yawn and said, "It's late for me now. I need to go home. Are you guys still staying until the club closes?"

“Let me accompany you home,” Logan offered, wanting to ensure her safety and spend as much time with her as possible.

“No, I drove here, and I haven’t been drinking alcohol at all,” she rejected his offer. “You should accompany Erika and make sure she gets home safe later.”

Logan and Erika knew Cherise wanted to be alone, so they both nodded in understanding.

Erika hugged her and said, “Be careful on the road, okay, darlin~?”

“I will,” Cherise smiled, returning her friend’s hug.

Logan smiled tenderly and couldn’t resist pulling Cherise into his arms, too. Cherise was shocked- Erika was,

too- but knowing how protective Logan was of her, she thought it was just his way of soothing her after what had

happened.

“Thank you,” she whispered, hugging him back, savoring her friend’s warm embrace.

Logan patted her back gently. “Text me when you reach home.”

Cherise nodded, pulled out one of her cards from her purse, shoved it into Erika’s hand, and winked. “I’ve promised to pay for everything tonight.”

Erika laughed and blew her a kiss. “Love you, darling.”

Cherise chuckled and waved her hand, “Alright, I’m going back now. See you guys soon.”

“See you,” Erika and Logan replied simultaneously.

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When they couldn't see Cherise's departing back anymore, they both sat down, and the smiles on their faces disappeared, the atmosphere between them crackled with seriousness.

Erika flicked her blonde eyes over her shoulder, crossed her arms across her breasts, and crossed her long legs; the serious expression on her face made her look like a seductive femme fatale instead of her usual playful seductiveness.

"Did she meet anyone from the Amery or any of their friends?" she asked, her eyes slanted into thinner lines.

Logan didn't reply to her as he twirled the glass on the table. Even without his reply, Erika could see the dangerous glint in his eyes and knew her guess was correct.

"I'll teach them a lesson," Logan's promise was filled with vicious intentions that could make one tremble in fear.

Satisfied with his answer, Erika leaned forward and placed her elbow on the table with her hand supporting her chin.

"Logan, are you in love with Cherise?" Her playful and seductive smile was back in place.