

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 121

"But Polly, why should we greet them?" Emely whispered to her.

Polly rolled her eyes at her, and an evil smirk appeared on her face. "Of course, we must tell him the bad things about Cherise. Do you want Cherise to be happy with men after her?"

Emely tried to pull her back. "Don't you remember that Cherise is an Alster and not just any Alster, but the heiress? She's even more powerful than her brother, and we both know the Alster Group is more influential than the Amery Group."

Polly stopped walking and turned to look at Emly. "So?" she sneered. "We are just going to tell him the truth. Since when have you become a coward and afraid of her?"

Emely bit her bottom lip and put on her timid and vulnerable expression. "I'm just... I'm scared she would retaliate and bankrupt the Amery Group." She then grabbed Polly's hand and added, "I don't want you or Dahlia to suffer, Polly. Especially now that Hudson is siding with Cherise."

Polly smiled at her and squeezed their joined hands with her free one. "Emely, you are so nice to think of me and Mom, unlike that bitch Cherise."

Then she scoffed, "I really don't know what kind of spell that bitch had put on my brother." She paused for a while, then added, "And don't worry about her bankrupting the Amery Group. She won't have the heart to do it. We still have Grandma, and she loves Grandma too much to let her lose the Amery Group."

"Now, let's go and tell that Theodore Kingston and the girl who is with him about how Cherise has insulted us."

Polly pulled Emely forward again, and Emely acted helplessly like she had no choice but to follow her. While inside, she sneered at the gullible Polly.

She needed Polly to help her get Hudson, or that man'd kill her. And she didn't want Hudson to be poor because then what was the point of being with him?

A big plus point of being with Hudson was his wealth and influence. If she became the Young Madam of the Amery family, everyone would not bow down to her and would not look down on her or her family.

Speaking of her family, she needed to bring her brother to Country B as soon as possible to start the next phase of her plan.

Theo and Erica were eating cronuts and having hot chocolate, with Erica chatting excitedly about her new college, music, and everything else that made her happy. At the same time, Theo patiently listened to her chatter and gave responses when suddenly two ladies sat unceremoniously on the empty seats at their table.

Both brother and sister looked at the uninvited guests, and Theo frowned when he saw the two

women.

“Theo, do you know them?” Erica whispered to her brother.

“No, I don’t,” Theo replied, although he knew them.

“Hi, you must be Theodore Kingston,” Polly said cheerfully. “I’m Polly Amery, Hudson Amery’s younger sister, and this is Emely.” She gestured to Emely, who still looked down and acted timidly.

“Sorry for disturbing your time with your...” Polly looked at Erica, who scooted closer to Theo. She felt uncomfortable by the way Polly was staring at her.

“Please get straight to your point, Miss Polly,” Theo said instead of answering. “I’m sure you came to us and joined us without being invited because you have something to say.”

Polly laughed and batted her eyelashes, trying to look coy while, in fact, it made even Erica, as a young woman, shudder just by how weirdly psychotic Polly looked.

“You are very perceptive, Theo,” she said.

“Mr. Kingston,” Theo said softly. “You have not earned the right to me by my first name casually.”

Polly’s facade nearly cracked, and she wanted nothing but to yell at Theodore. Who did he think he was to say those words to her? He was just someone from a fallen family and apparently didn’t know his place!

But instead, she kept smiling and waved her hand. “Oh, we are just here to talk about Cherise.”

Erica, who had been looking and eating her cronut, perked up and looked at Polly.

“Cherise?” she asked. She liked Cherise and would love to learn more about her.

“Yes.” Polly smiled smugly, finally being able to get the attention of someone, even though not Theodore.

She looked at the young woman and thought she must be Theodore's younger sister or cousin whom he loved like Julian loved Cherise.

An idea formed in Polly's mind. If she could get this girl into her side, she could persuade Theodore to hate Cherise, Polly thought with glee.

"You know Cherise used to be my brother's wife, right?" Polly changed tactics and rearranged her expression to be pitiful. "You might not know this, but after their divorce, she kept insulting me and my mother whenever we met."

She pretended to dab the corners of her eyes, playing the victim of being verbally abused after doing nothing wrong. She was betting both of them did not know about what her mother and she had done to Cherise since they had just arrived at Country B.

Erica frowned and thought Cherise would not do that. Cherise was very nice to her and had shown no signs of becoming a vile woman, even though she and her brother were from a fallen family.

"I don't believe you," Erica suddenly exclaimed in a small voice.

"Excuse me?" Polly finally cracked and glared at her.

Erica straightened her body, braved herself to meet Polly's scary gaze, and said tremblingly, "Cherise helped me a lot and is always nice. If she's horrible to you, you must have done something awful to her."

"And you are right, Erica." Theo reached out and squeezed her hand, making Erica's body sag a bit in relief. This was the first time she had ever stood up for or confronted someone, which was a terrifying experience.

Theo kept his hold on Erica's hand, offering comfort as he told Polly, "Miss Polly, don't think anyone doesn't know how you and your mother treated Cherise before. The two of you were the ones who abused her, and now you shamelessly smeared her name. I never knew the high and mighty Amery family loves to play victims. It is a shame really for an upper-class lady to resort to such a lowly scheme like some gold-digging country bumpkin."

Theo had no problems with people from the lower classes; he just threw those words back at Polly because she used to say them to Cherise.

As expected, Polly's face turned red from rage, but before she could retort, Theo stood up, gently pulling Erica with her.

"I'd like to say it was nice meeting you, but I can't," Theo said. "It was our misfortune to meet you, and we wish never to cross paths with you again." Theo's voice was still gentle and soft, but his words were as sharp as knives.

Polly watched Theo walk away with Erica, and with no one to blame, she yanked Emely's hair, making her cry out, and slapped her, unbothered by the people staring at them.

"Why didn't you help me?" Polly hissed at Emely, who had tears running down her face.

"I-I-I didn't know how to help," she sobbed.

"You are useless," Polly spat, leaving her at the cafe.

Emely clenched her fists tightly and thought soon Polly would know not to mess with her.

Theo wrapped Erica's shoulder with his arm as they walked, and he praised her, "I'm proud of what you did back then."

"I just... I know Cherise is not a bad person," Erica said shyly. "She even helped me to get private lessons with Mr. Leonard, the maestro of pianists who never took any more students."

"You like Cherise, don't you?" Theo asked her, and Erica bobbed her head shyly.

"Will you help me to get her?" Theo asked with a gentle smile.

"Of course!" Erica's eyes shone brightly at the thought of Cherise as her sister-in-law. "I will help you with anything you need to win her."

Theo chuckled and dotingly pinched the tip of her nose as they wandered around Country B's city center.

At Cherise's penthouse, Hudson checked her at 2 p.m. He thought of waking her up to feed her lunch, but he found her sweating, her eyebrows furrowed, like she was having a bad dream.

He moved toward her and touched her arm to wake her up and find it warm. He placed his hand on her forehead and cursed when he felt her burning up.

With no other thought, he picked up his phone and dialed Keith.

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"Keith, come to the penthouse now," Hudson ordered his best friend.

The seriousness in Hudson's voice pricked Keith's skin. "Did something happen? Hudson, are you injured?"

“No,” came Hudson’s reply. “Cherise was drunk and now is feverish. I need you to take a look at her.”

Keith paused for a long moment. Did he hear it correctly? He let out a helpless sigh. It seemed that when a cold and aloof man fell in love, a part of his brain cells died.

Keith closed his eyes and rubbed the bridge of his nose in frustration. “Why don’t you bring her here, Hudson?” he asked, trying to be patient with his unreasonable best friend.

“Why would I when I have you?” Keith could hear the sneer in Hudson’s voice and sighed helplessly again.

“How high is her fever?” Finally, he asked in defeat. There was no use going against someone in love.

“High,” Hudson replied with one word, and Keith rubbed his temples. He knew even if Cherise only had a mild fever. Hudson would still say it was high.

“Alright, I’m going now,” Keith said and stood up, taking his doctor’s bag with his first-aid kit and other things for house visits. Just in case, he also brought two bags of IV drips for fever.

“Come to Cherise’s penthouse instead of mine,” Hudson said. Keith arched an eyebrow but didn’t reply.

Going up to the penthouse was easy for him, as Hudson had made him one of his guests who could visit him anytime.

Hudson opened the door when Keith rang the doorbell, leading him to Cherise’s bedroom. He found Cherise tucked in a heavy duvet like a sweating human sushi.

He wanted to take the duvet off, but Hudson growled behind him. “She’s wearing a sexy nightgown.”

Keith chuckled and responded, “You know I’ve seen many naked female patients, right?”

But Hudson glared at him and advised, “At least find a lighter blanket, or she’ll have a heat stroke.”

Hudson thought about it and nodded, going to Cherise’s linen closet.

Keith took the opportunity to untuck Cherise and check her pulse, eye movements, and temperature. As he had expected, Cherise had only a mild fever that would subside if she rested enough for a few days and took medicines.

“How is she?” Hudson asked as he returned to the room.

“She’ll be fine,” Keith assured him while injecting the needle on her wrist for the IV drip.

“Then why are you putting her on an IV drip?” Hudson asked dubiously.

“So she heals faster, and I suspect she hasn’t taken food yet?”

“Only a tiny bit at 10 am,” Hudson replied. “She doesn’t want to have lunch.

“This will help, then,” Keith said as he finished his task. “She only needs one bag, but I bought another just in case.”

Hudson nodded at the same time Keith and he heard Cherise’s penthouse door being opened. Julian and Logan appeared in the bedroom before they could check who the visitor was. Many paragraphs are missing. Read the complete book on Jo:b:nib.c:om “Amery, Richardson,” Julian greeted them with a curt nod while Logan just glared at them.

Hudson and Keith were about to greet them back when they heard Logan growling as if ready to attack them.

“What the hell did you guys do to her?”

Julian quickly spread one arm in front of Logan, stopping him from pouncing against the two gentlemen. He had already concluded that they were helping Cherise because of how much she was sweating.

“Richardson?” Julian asked Keith since he was the doctor.

“She’s having a mild fever,” Keith explained. “Nothing a few days of rest, healthy meals, and a bag of IV drip can’t cure.

Julian nodded, turned to sit on the edge of the bed, and wiped the sweat on her forehead with his handkerchief before checking her temperature.

As Keith had said, Cherise’s temperature was not very high, but he needed to set things right. She was too invested in her project with Theo and neglected her health. After dinner, they would mostly return to their base to keep working.

“Amery, I need to speak to you alone.” Julian gestured with his chin for Hudson to follow him to the living room. Hudson frowned but still followed him.

Once seated on the couch, Julian looked at Hudson and said without further ado, “Neil told me about what happened last night, and I am grateful to you for looking after Cherise. I also heard about the tender from Country F and how our groups would work on it together, with the tourism minister asking for the two of you to oversee the project personally.”

Hudson stayed quiet, waiting for Julian to speak more because he knew Julian hadn't told him the point of their conversation.

"Cherise has been busy being the CEO of the Alster group. The project with the Kingston Group might be too much for her to handle with other projects she's handling already, and I'm afraid this might not be the last time she might fall sick from exhaustion."

"And now, with how she needs to work with you, she is bound to get even more exhausted," Julian continued. "As much as I want her to get closer to Theo, the project with Country F is more important, and I will ask her to concentrate more on it."

"Julian, I know I've hurt her before, but I'm trying-"

Julian held up his hand, cutting off Hudson mid-sentence. "There is something I must tell you, Amery. Honestly, you would be the perfect man for Cherise if you had only treated her right during your marriage. Cherise is ambitious, spoiled, stubborn, and arrogant. She needs someone in the same league as her and you fit the criteria to a T.

"Meanwhile, Theodore is too..." Julian searched for the right words and finally ended up with "gentle. At first, I didn't think she and Theo would work, but seeing how tender Theo is with her, maybe she needs someone like Theo who could pamper her with that tenderness instead of someone similar to her."

Hudson's hands became clammy, and he felt suffocated because this was Cherise's brother who was speaking, and he had just told him he preferred Theo to him.

"But, in the end, it would still be Cherise's choice," Julian said. "There is a thin line between love and hate. If you could redeem yourself, love her properly, and make her happy, and she chooses you in the end, no one could change her mind about it. She had done it before, and knowing her, she would do it again."

Hudson's despair suddenly changed into hopefulness. He still had a chance with Cherise. He would make sure everyone in her family, including her close friends, would accept their reunion in the future.

"But it does not mean we might welcome you into the family even if you remarry her," Julian made it clear. "For now, it's best to concentrate on the project you will be working on together."

Inside Cherise's bedroom, Keith was staring at Logan unabashedly. He knew Logan was like him - gentle on the outside with a ruthlessness ready to be unleashed whenever needed.

Logan was handsome, he thought. Not in the tall, dark, and handsome way like Hudson, but still handsome nonetheless.

Keith was quite impressed by his declaration of his brotherly for Cherise. He wondered what it would be like to be one on the receiving end of Logan's protective, aggressive gentleness. Someone ruthless yet would gaze at him as if he were his world.

Cherise stirred awake and asked in a soft voice, "Logan?"

And that broke Keith's chain of thoughts. He rubbed the bridge of his nose and wondered what was wrong with him to think of Logan Jennings in that way.

It must be because it had been too long since he let himself see a man in a...romantic way, and Logan's two-sided personality caught him unaware.

Keith went into his doctor mode and helped Logan fluff Cherise's pillow so she could sit up comfortably before handing Logan a cup of water to give to Cherise.

He sat on the bed near Logan, could smell his expensive after-shave, and to his horror, he thought of burying his face in Logan's neck and being held by him.

"How are you feeling, Cherry?" Logan's voice sounded, saving Keith from thinking of more indecent thoughts about him.

"I don't feel too good," Cherise whined.

"That's because you have a mild fever," Keith chuckled and concentrated on checking Cherise's condition so he could ignore the strong presence beside him.

And thankfully, Julian and Hudson entered the bedroom, saving him even further.

"You are awake," Hudson said tenderly, and Cherise frowned as she looked at him.

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Then Cherise remembered everything that had happened. When he saw Keith in the room and an IV drip connected to the back of her hand, she had an idea of what might have happened to her.

"I am," she replied softly after sipping the water to soothe her dry throat.

"You will be healthy in no time." Keith smiled reassuringly at her.

"Thank you." She gave him a weak smile.

“Try not to overdo yourself for the next few days,” Keith said. “Better to rest and stay at home until you are fully healed and eat healthy meals. That’s a doctor’s order.”

Cherise still managed to let out a soft laugh. Unlike Finley, she had nothing against Keith, so she felt comfortable around him now.

“Yes, doctor,” she teased him.

Hudson was jealous of how easy it was for Keith to talk to Cherise without being glared or sneered at.

Keith stood up from the bed to let Julian take his place and rechecked Cherise’s IV drip again. It was still half-full, and he was sure Julian, Logan, or Hudson would know how to properly remove the needle from Cherise’s back of hand.

“Cherise hasn’t eaten anything yet, right?” he asked Hudson, although he already knew the answer.

Hudson shook his head. “I’ll cook some porridge,” Keith said as he pulled Hudson from the bedroom.

“Why did I have to come along?” Hudson hissed. “I know nothing about cooking.”

Keith rolled his eyes. “We need to give her time with her brothers.” However, that was only partly his reason. He also needed to get away from Logan, whose presence apparently suddenly affected him.

“And you can learn for future reference,” Keith told Hudson, which made Hudson finally interested in learning.

“Cherise, as your brother, I have to tell you that you have to stop overworking yourself on the project with Theo, especially now that we got the tender for Country F’s project,” Julian told her with only the two brothers in the bedroom with her.

Cherise had already expected this, so she just sighed and agreed with him. She knew she couldn’t lead the project with Theo anymore as Country F’s project was more important.

Julian reassured her, “I’ll find someone to replace you as the head project, and you can interview them.”

“But I want to still be involved,” she said stubbornly.

“Of course, you will, maybe just as a supervisor,” Julian said.

“Or advisor,” Logan added.

“Alright.” Cherise nodded. “But I’ll need to tell Theo about it.”

“He’ll understand,” Logan assured her. He didn’t really like Theo as he thought him too weak to protect Cherise, but if Cherise liked him, then he would support her.

The doorbell rang, and Cherise frowned. She wasn’t feeling well, and there were already too many people in her penthouse. Who else would visit her?

“Please don’t tell me it’s Neil bringing paperwork,” she groaned. She usually loved to work, but right now, she wanted to rest.

“It’s not,” Julian said as Logan went to get the door. “I asked Paula to stay here with you for a while.”

“Oh, thank you.” Cherise hugged her brother and then heard a seductive voice instead of Paula’s usually sarcastic tone.

“Darlin, we are here to take care of you-,” Katherine’s sing-songy voice was heard at the same time she appeared in the bedroom’s doorway with Paula. “Oh, you are also here, Julian.”

She went to Julian and placed a kiss on each of his cheeks, leaving imprints of her red lipstick.

Julian shuddered and moved away from her.

“Oh, darlin-.” Katherine placed her hand on Julian’s heart. “When are you going to stop yourself from resisting me?”

Julian frowned and said sternly, “Behave like a proper lady, please.”

Katherine laughed. “But where is the fun in that?”

Julian had never had difficulties getting rid of ladies around him, but Katherine was unlike any of them and didn’t deter from his many rejections.

“Cherise, I need to get going.” Julian placed a kiss on her forehead. “Paula is here, and I’m sure she can take care of you; that’s why I called her.”

“Oh, but what about me, Julian?” Katherine moved closer to him again, but he rushed out of Cherise’s bedroom after reminding Paula to call him if they needed him.

Logan hugged and kissed Cherise’s forehead before hugging Paula.

“Don’t tease him too much,” he chuckled and whispered to Katherine as he hugged her, in which Katherine laughed and winked in response.

Logan quickly joined Julian, laughed, and patted his shoulder. "You are doomed, bro."

Julian groaned, and Logan laughed.

"Katherine, you've been teasing my brother too much," Cherise laughed. "Be careful; it might backfire," she teased.

"Oh, no one could get Katherine Sterling to fall in love, and you know it." She winked.

"I think this time it will be a different case," Paula joined their conversation, her eyes shining with her usual mischievousness.

"I don't mind you being my sister-in-law," Cherise teased Katherine.

"I see all the ladies are present here." Suddenly, Paula and Katherine heard a man's voice and were surprised to see Keith and Hudson as they turned around.

"Paula, Katherine," Keith greeted them while Hudson only nodded at them as he was carefully balancing the bowl of porridge on a charger plate so as not to spill the content.

Hudson placed the bowl of porridge on the bedside table and wanted to feed Cherise but thought better of it. He would rather not risk Cherise getting angry at him since she was unwell.

Keith checked the IV drip and found it empty, so he took out the needle from Chrise's back of hand and reminded Paula and Katherine to make sure Cherise got plenty of rest.

Then he turned to leave with Hudson, who didn't know what to do but heard Cherise calling his

name.

"Hudson," she called out softly. "Thank you for last night and looking after me today. You too, Keith."

"You are welcome, Cherise," Hudson replied as his heart soared.

The moment the two gentlemen left, Paula and Katherine grilled her about what happened the night before.

Cherise told them while eating the porridge, which surprisingly tasted delicious.

"But aren't you with Theo now, babe?" Paula asked, making Cherise frown.

"We are just business partners, and I helped his sister a few times," Cherise replied. "You both know I'm not interested in being in a relationship right now."

Paula and Katherine shared a look that Cherise didn't miss.

"What's that look for?" she asked.

"Well, babe," Paula said. "Everyone can see that Theo is kinda in love with you."

"I've told him I'm not ready yet, and he understands," Cherise replied. "Oh, I haven't told you guys about my past with him." She then went on to tell her best friends about how she and Theo first met, and of course, Paula and Katherine believed that they were destined to be together.

Cherise just rolled her eyes and placed the bowl on the bedside table. Katherine gave her her meds from Keith, and they let her rest some more.

After a few days of total rest at home and only supervising her project with Theo over video calls, Cherise was finally ready to go to work again.

Julian had barred Neil from giving her any work, and she was bored even though Paula or Katherine was with her. One could only spend some time with one's best friends before they bored one to death, especially if they liked to pass the time with different activities.

She hated staying at home with nothing to do; even going to the dark web to research any child trafficker organizations with Ace didn't pull up any results, and it only frustrated her more.

The only thing giving her a little comfort was sending expensive gifts from Hudson. Oh yes, he kept sending her gifts, and she kept rejecting them.

Did he think their relationship had become better after he took care of her? She only thanked him because it was a polite thing to do.

Two days before she was scheduled to go back to work, Cherise received a call from Theo.

She picked it up and heard his gentle voice. "Cherise, how are you?"

Sometimes, she was annoyed by how polite and gentle Theo was. He had called her every day, sometimes more than once, and always asked how she was. But she knew she was being ungrateful for feeling that way, so she always replied politely that she was fine.

"Did you receive an invitation for the charity auction by the City Hall held tomorrow night?" he asked her.

Cherise remembered Julian telling her he got invited as he was the president of the Alster Group.

“Julian got it but asked me to go on his behalf,” Cherise replied.

“Would you mind going with me?” Theo asked her gently.

Cherise nearly groaned out loud because of the ‘would you mind’. He really was too soft and polite for her taste.

“Of course, I don’t mind,” still, she replied with the sane gentle tone as his.

“Alright, I’ll pick you up tomorrow,” he said, and they hung up the call.

The next night, Cherise arrived with Theo wearing a long, simple black body-hugging dress while Theo looked dapper in his black suit and bowtie.

As usual, Theo offered her his arm, and Cherise hooked her hand in the crook of his arm and smiled when many reporters took pictures of them.

When they were entering the City Hall, they met none other than Hudson who was staring unblinkingly at them with Emely having her hand around Hudson’s straight arm and Dahlia and Polly posing for the reporters behind them.

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Emely’s eyes met Cherise’s, and she smirked when she saw Cherise looking at her hand around Hudson’s arm.

Hudson had never actually offered her to hold his arm, but Emely saw how enamored he was with Cherise that he didn’t seem to notice anything other than her; she slipped her hand around his arm, pretending that he had allowed her to or even offered her to.

Cherise’s eyes traveled upward and clashed with Hudson’s. She let her eyes wander to where Emely’s hand rested on his arm and smirked mockingly at him before whispering to Theo that they should enter and find their seats.

Hudson frowned and followed Cherise’s line of sight and realized why she looked disgusted by him. He pried Emely’s hand from his arm, but Emely played the pitiful, vulnerable card that used to work on every man because it brought out the protective instinct of a man.

“Hudson...” She tugged his suit sleeve, peeked at him from under her eyelashes, and chewed her bottom lip. “Can’t we go back to the way we used to be? Was it wrong for me to hold your arm?”

Hudson frowned again and wondered what Emely was talking about.

“Emely, the only way we used to be was you nearly being my sister-in-law,” he said. “You need to remember if not for my promise to Luis or that you’d saved me before, I wouldn’t even care for you now, especially after you aborted Luis’ baby and blamed Cherise for it.”

Hudson yanked his arm gently because there were reporters around them, but he said to Emely in a low voice, “You know I’m trying to get Cherise back now, yet you pulled up this stunt, making her think our relationship is more than what it is.”

Then he reminded her, “If you ever came in between Cherise and me again, I might think twice about taking care of you despite my promise to Luis.”

Hudson knew his words were harsh, but he needed Emely to know her place. He had made sure she knew about his feelings for her, even going as far as telling her that if they got married last time, it would be on paper only, and she had agreed, but look what happened now?

After knowing that she wasn’t as innocent as she appeared, he became more annoyed with her and had minimal contact with her.

She came today because his mother and Polly invited her, not because he asked her to be his partner.

Having enough of her and the reporters, Hudson went inside the venue, leaving his mother, sister, and Emely outside. The reporters were used to his arrogance and aloofness, so he could slip inside easily without them stopping him.

Emely, as usual, hid her ugly, contorted expression by looking down. Cherise, Cherise, Cherise! It was getting even more challenging to get Hudson now! He did not even hesitate to embarrass or humiliate her using his words. What should she do now?

“Emely, come here!” Polly’s voice brought her back to reality. “Let’s pose together!”

Emely quickly rearranged her expression and joined them.

“Where’s Hudson?” Dahlia asked.

“He’s already gone in,” Emely said softly. “You know how he hates being in the spotlight.”

“That boy never knows what’s good for him or the Amery Group,” Dahlia grumbled. “This is a free press, yet he doesn’t want to use it fully. Stupid boy.”

After feeling satisfied with how the reporters took their pictures, Dahlia ushered Polly and Emely to their seats. Polly purposely shoved Emely to the seat beside Hudson. Emely acted shy but sat down obediently.

As the function of this event was to donate the collected money to selected charities, the objects up for auction ranged from small, cheaper objects such as teapot collections to expensive antiques. Many paragraphs are missing. Read the complete book on J o b n i b. c o m. The invitees were all big names, and even though the items didn't cost much, they were willing to outbid each other to show their wealth because it was for charity, and wealthy families loved to be known as charitable.

The auction started, and the attendees began to bid for each item even though they were worthless to them. They could always give those items as gifts in the future, they thought.

Cherise was only there as a substitute for Julian as the Alster family representative, so she had not really looked at the items list, and so far, nothing had caught her interest.

She was chatting with Theo about Erica and her lesson when the next item on the stage piqued her interest.

It was a vintage stamp collection depicting various drawings of trains. She knew her grandpa's butler loved collecting stamps and had, on occasion, talked about this collection.

He had been working for them for so long, and her grandpa had treated him like a best friend, so Cherise thought it would be a nice gift for her to give him.

At the same time, Dahlia had been waiting for this stamp collection. She wanted to use it to get close to an up-and-coming new money family. The wife of that family was now the talk of the town, and everyone wanted to be included in her inner circle.

From what Dahlia heard, her husband loved collecting stamps, which was a perfect opportunity for Dahlia to get close to her. If she could win the auction, she would be guaranteed to be included in the famous lady circle and could help with her reputation.

Even though no one dared to tell it straight to her face, she knew everyone now saw her as a joke after what she had done to Cherise was spread around.

They made a joke about how the Madam of the Amery family looked down on the Alster's heiress and even abused her. Worse, her son, who used to hate Cherise to his bone, was trying to win her back and punish Dahlia.

So, Dahlia could not wait for this opportunity to arise. Once she was in the circle, no one would look down on her again because everyone knew that the new money lady was difficult to approach.

The starting bid for the stamp was quite low compared to the other items up for auctions at only \$10.000 with an increment of \$1000, but people still bid for it.

Dahlia brought up her paddle and said in a loud voice, “\$30.000.”

Most of the guests were shocked when she increased it by \$10.000. Dahlia smiled gracefully, but inwardly, she was smug. Yes, Hudson had cut off her monthly allowance, but she still had that much to spare, and if it could get her respected again, then why not spend it?

Cherise smirked as she looked at Dahlia. She never thought they would compete for a stamp collection, but as the Alster heiress, she had more than enough money to last her a few lifetimes.

Just as the auctioneer was about to slam his gravel and announce Dahlia as the winner, Cherise said, “\$50.000,”

Everyone gasped and looked toward Cherise, who had a lazy smile on her face. Theo looked at her and leaned closer, whispering, “Are you trying to get back at her? I can help.”

Cherise turned her head to look at him and pulled back when she realized how close their faces were. “No.” She shook her head and turned to look at Dahlia, who looked like she was ready to spit fire at her. “I want to give it to someone.”

Theo just nodded. If she said she didn’t need his help, then he would respect her decision.

Hudson witnessed the moment Theo leaned closer to Cherise, and his fists clenched tightly on his lap as he saw them nearly kissing. He only relaxed when he saw Cherise pull away from Theo.

Not wanting to lose, Dahlia shouted, “\$60.000.”

Cherise smirked, and still with that lazy smile, she said, “\$100.000.”

This, of course, caused a commotion among the guests. They knew she was rich, but paying \$100.000 for a stamp collection, even if it was for charity, was still beyond them. They could only pray she didn’t have eyes on the items they truly wanted.

Dahlia was now shaking with rage in her seat. What a bitch, she thought. The auctioneer looked at her to see if she wanted to bid again, and she reluctantly shook her head. Forget it, she thought. There was still another item she could get on from the list and with more money to get it since she didn’t get the stamp collection.

The auctioneer then slammed his gravel, congratulating Cherise on winning the bid. Cherise smiled and thought of how happy the old butler would be when he received it.

The auction kept going until a bangle made of colorful crystal was put on the stage.

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter

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The bangle was actually quite ugly. The color of the crystal blended together, making it kind of brownish with red, yellow, green, and pink veins. It would only look or attract eccentric individuals.

Dahlia shuddered as she looked at the bangle. It was so ugly, and she would never be caught wearing it, but Madam Jasmine was eccentric. She had never been seen wearing traditional jewelry or even clothing.

Because the bangle was made from high-quality crystal, the starting price was higher than the stamp collection, at \$25,000.

There were only murmurs among the guests, and no one bid for it, which made Dahlia happy. She quickly raised her puddle and increased the price by twice the amount, confident that no one else would be interested in the weird-looking bangle, but she was wrong.

She heard a familiar voice coming from behind her, and she wanted to punch that person because who else could it be?

Cherise was initially uninterested in the bangle until she remembered the head housekeeper at the Alster Mansion, who loved this sort of crystal jewelry.

Even though she was Angel and could create something for the head housekeeper, she knew Angel's style would not match the head housekeeper's.

Like the old butler, their head housekeeper had been working for them for so long that she wanted to give her the bangle as an appreciation gift for her service.

Cherise raised an eyebrow when she heard Dahlia doubling the price. Just who was she planning to give the bangle to? Surely not Agatha, nor would she even wear it herself, she thought.

Knowing Dahlia, she would most probably use it to "bribe" someone, like when she tried to get Katherine to forgive her by giving her many expensive presents.

Whatever, Cherise thought. If she didn't want this item, she would not go against Dahlia, but it seemed even fate wanted her to compete with Dahlia over a strange-colored bangle.

Without thinking further, Cherise called out, "\$75,000,"

Dahlia turned her head and glared at Cherise, who just smirked at her again. Was she trying to get anything she wanted? Dahlia asked in her mind but quickly bid again.

She didn't have time to think of what that bitch wanted. She had lost the stamp collection but wouldn't lose this one. This was her ticket to be accepted in the upper-class society again without being joked about.

\$75.000? Cherise furrowed her brows. She had never thought Dahlia would spend that much on that bangle, but just like Dahlia, Cherise didn't want to think too much about the reason why Dahlia wanted it.

Cherise only knew that the Alster head housekeeper would be happy with this bangle, and that was all that mattered.

She raised the price to \$150.000 and didn't even look at Dahlia again. If she wanted to go against her, then so be it, Cherise thought. No matter what, she would still be the winner.

Dahlia, enraged by Cherise's blatant way of humiliating her, blurted out, "\$200.000."

She prayed Cherise would not bid against her again as she did not want to spend more.

Cherise couldn't help but let out a soft laugh. Seriously? Dahlia still wanted to go against her? She was more foolish than Cherise thought.

"\$300.000," Cherise bid again and ignored the glare Dahlia was sending her. She arched an eyebrow and smirked, letting Dahlia know she would never win against her no matter what.

Just as she thought, Dahlia stopped bidding, and she won the item again.

The auction continued until the last item, a gorgeous twenty-carat heart-shaped pink diamond, was brought out.

All the ladies in attendance went wild, asking their husbands to bid and win it. Dahlia also wanted it but knew she couldn't afford it even if her money and Polly were combined.

Polly, who was seated next to Emely, reached over and shook her brother's arm. "Hudson, you should bid it for Emely."

Her voice was loud enough to be heard by everyone seated around them, and when they saw Hudson intensely looking at the diamond, they could already feel their defeat.

Emely nudged Polly and said shyly, "Hush, Polly. It's too expensive. I wouldn't want Hudson to waste that amount of money on me."

"Oh, poo." Polly waved her hand. "He'll bid it and give it to you, so just accept it."

Emely pretended to blush and hid her face behind her hands. She really hoped Hudson would bid it for her, but if not, Polly had just humiliated her in front of everyone present!

Cherise, as Angel, was used to all sorts of stones for jewelry and when she saw the pretty pink heart-shaped, she was tempted to get it but then thought against it because where would she wear such an enormous diamond?

Furthermore, her style was more understated, and if she wanted, she could get a similar diamond from one of her suppliers.

The bidding started at \$50 million and quickly escalated to \$250 million because the ladies kept bugging their husbands to win it, claiming the money would go to charities, especially since Hudson did not raise his paddle to bid it.

Emely's heart was thumping loudly against her chest. Was Hudson not going to bid on it? Would Polly's words really turn into a humiliation for her? Would Hudson not help her? Then she shivered when she thought of how Hudson seemed not to care about her anymore.

But then her hope went up, and she let out a sigh of relief when Hudson suddenly held up his bidding paddle and casually said, "\$500 million."

Emely turned to look at Cherise and smirked triumphantly. She still could get Hudson to buy a diamond worth millions of dollars.

Cherise looked at her and yawned boredly. If Hudson wanted to bid it and give it to Emely, that was his choice. Why would Emely look so smug?

Everyone immediately stopped bidding when Hudson started because they knew they couldn't win against him, but they were shocked when another gentle voice bid for the diamond again.

"\$600 million," Theo said gently. Cherise was shocked at first, but then she thought he wanted to give it to Erica, so she just kept quiet.

Hudson frowned and, without looking back, increased the bid by another \$100 million, which Theo followed.

Bothered by how Theo stretched the bidding time, Hudson said, "\$1.5 trillion."

His offer shocked the entire audience. The gentlemen were glad their wives had the decency to stop bugging them after Hudson started bidding; otherwise, they would have to fork out more than \$1 trillion if Hudson suddenly decided the diamond was not worth it anymore.

The auctioneer looked at Theo, but he shook his head sadly. Cherise was about to help him and raised her paddle, but Theo stopped her.

“I’m sorry I can’t get it for you, Cherise,” he said with guilt.

Surprised, Cherise blurted out, “You wanted to get it for me?”

“Yes.” Theo nodded. “But it seems I still can’t go against Hudson Amery.”

Cherise was touched, so she squeezed his hand. “I’m really grateful for it, Theo. But I’ll let you in on a little secret – I prefer understated jewelry pieces. You’ve never seen me wearing such in-your- face pieces, right?”

Theo looked at Cherise and finally chuckled. “So I just saved myself millions of dollars.”

“That you did.” Cherise winked at him, and they laughed.

With that, the auction closed, and the people of City Hall who ran the auction let their employees bring each item to those who had won the bid, together with a credit card reader for them to pay for the items they won.

One of the employees went to Hudson and showed him the diamond. It was even more beautiful up close, and Polly nudged Emely.

“Told you,” she said with a grin while Emely blushed and felt smug inwardly because every lady present was envious of her.

Hudson completed the transaction quickly, and the employee handed him his card back, along with the receipt and diamond in its beautiful casing.

He stood up, and Emely, being big-headed, was ready to receive the diamond. “Hudson, thank you for bidding the diamond for me,” she said shyly as she tugged on his suit sleeve. Hudson did not seem to hear her as he walked away.

Emely was confused but decided to follow him. Maybe he wanted to give it to her in a more private environment, she thought.

Cherise was still sitting in her seat, chatting with Theo while finishing her transactions, when suddenly she felt a looming presence. When she looked up, she was surprised to see her ex- husband looking at her.

Emely suddenly had a bad feeling about this situation, and she was right because Hudson presented the diamond to Cherise the next moment.