

## Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 21

Posted by **Admin-J**, 107 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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Miles did as ordered and they went their separate ways. Hudson went to the upper level of the hospital and barged into the director's office unannounced.

Keith, who was looking at a patient's case, looked toward the door to see the handsome face of his best friend. Although Hudson still maintained his cold, indifferent, and sophisticated appearance, being a doctor, Keith could see a small tell—

the sign of his exhaustion – the light dark shadow under his eyes, the dimness in his eyes which were usually sharp, and the soft frown lines on his forehead.

He sighed as he watched his best friend strode to the couch and slumped over, leaning his head against the headrest. His usual composure was gone instantly, showing all his fatigue.

Keith dialed his secretary to bring them two cups of tea and waited until she brought it over before he began to speak.

"You shouldn't overwork yourself." He frowned as he watched Hudson begin tugging his hair, a sign of which he was used to a sign that his insomnia was back again and had worsened.

"I need sleeping pills," Hudson muttered.

"Stop it." Keith hurriedly went to him and stopped his hand from tugging more of his hair. "Sleeping pills are only a temporary solution, and you know it won't be good for your health to take them in the long term."

"I don't care. I need those pills," Hudson snapped and opened his eyes.

Keith **was** startled to see how haggard he looked just a few moments after he entered his office. His eyes had turned bloodshot, and he looked unkempt with messy hair. No one would have believed this man was the most influential CEO in Country B if they saw him in this condition.

"OW.

“I will give them to you once you tell me your problems.” Keith, being a doctor for so long, was used to all kinds of emotions from his patients or their families, thus he remained calm in face of Hudson’s sudden emotional outburst and tried to negotiate with him, wanting his best friend to open up to him.

“What really happened during the accident, Hudson?” he asked quietly. No one knew how Luis died. Everyone only knew there was an accident at one of their factories overseas, and Hudson was there when it happened, but Keith knew how the incident had traumatized him.

After the funeral, Hudson left with Emely, and he appeared at Keith’s house at night, claiming he had fallen asleep in Emely’s hotel room for a while due to his fatigue, only to be woken up by the nightmare of Luis dying.

Keith had tried then to obtain information about it from him, but he remained tight-lipped about it. At that time, he could only give Hudson a sleeping pill to help, but this

time, he needed to know what really happened if he were to help Hudson with his insomnia.

Hudson’s body trembled slightly, and he had to close his eyes, clench his fists, and grit his teeth to

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shake off the image of his bloody brother from his mind.

Seeing Hudson’s condition, Keith decided not to press the matter further. He was afraid Hudson would break down and go into depression if he didn’t tread this lightly. So, to alleviate Hudson’s attention, he began talking about how his insomnia **was** cured..

“You do realize you could sleep peacefully when you were married to Cherise,” Keith pointed **out**, as he had done when they were in the club the other day.

He sighed in relief when he saw Hudson stop trembling, his eyes narrowing and a sneer forming on his face. At least he was back to his usual self, Keith thought to himself.

“I was able to sleep because of exhaustion from all the sex,” Hudson sneered. In front of Keith, whom he had known since childhood, there **was no** shame in them talking about it.

The corners of Keith’s lips curved up slightly as he sipped his tea. “If you want ed sex, there were and still are other ladies willing to jump into your bed.”

“For them to brag about sleeping with me after that? I’m not Finley, and I didn’t want to be trapped in another disgusting marriage because they claimed I had taken their virginity,” he said with disgust.

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Keith ignored his response and pointed out another important thing in a bedroom relationship between men and women, “I doubt you had sex with her every night. As a woman, she would have her monthly **period**.”

Hudson was stunned by Keith’s words. He always thought he went back home every night to do the deeds with Cherise, but Keith was right. Even when Cherise could not do it, he would still come home no matter how late it was..

go back

Could Cherise actually make him comfortable to the point she was able to soothe his insomnia? What was it about sleeping with her that he liked? There should be nothing besides the great sex. But then he remembered the many times he pulled Cherise toward him subconsciously whenever she fell asleep first.

Hudson froze as his mind wandered through all those nights he spent with his ex-wife. One vivid memory flashed through his mind – he loved Cherise’s scent. It soothed him, so he liked to pull her into his arms when they slept together.

“Now you realize it?” Keith’s calm voice broke through his reverie, making him sneer in disgust again. It couldn’t be. He hated his ex-wife so much that it didn’t make sense if she was the cure for his insomnia!

Seeing his best friend still denying it, Keith changed the topic again. “I know you have a reason behind wanting to marry Emely, but Hudson, won’t it trap you in another useless marriage again?”

“And don’t tell me you are still in love with her,” Keith quickly added before Hudson could reply. “You had never noticed her when she was with your brother, not in the you–were–in–love–with–her way. You saw her only as a good friend and future sister–in–law...until she saved you.”

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Keith stood up and took a bottle of pills before returning to Hudson’s side. “Is that really love? Or gratitude? Think about it.”

Hudson denied not loving Emely in his heart. Who wouldn’t love someone who could be brave enough to sacrifice themselves for you?

“You have never been in love before; you don’t know how it feels,” Hudson retorted, only to hurriedly apologize when he saw the sadness in his best friend’s eyes. I’m sorry. I’m too worked up today. I shouldn’t have said that.”

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Keith was the most pitiful of the three. He fell in love once with someone he couldn’t be with- his classmate a man. Although they loved each other, it was impossible for them to be together. In their culture and class, a same–sex relationship was frowned upon.

Keith shook his head and smiled calmly, betraying the emotions in his heart. “I’ve gotten over it.” He then handed Hudson a pill. “Here, take this and rest here for a while. I’ll tell Miles to cancel your engagements for today.”

“I’m sorry,” Hudson apologized again. He didn’t mean to bring up Keith’s old wound. They were best friends, **and** even if he was usually cold toward everyone, including Finley and Keith, it was **a** lowly thing for him to do so.

“Just rest for now.” Keith patted Hudson’s shoulder and handed him a glass of water.

Knowing that keeping apologizing would only make matters worse and that he needed to sleep, Hudson took the water from Keith, gulped down the pill, and soon drifted off to sleep.

Watching Hudson finally fall asleep on the couch, Keith's memory walked down the memory lane. of his first and maybe last love. He knew he wouldn't be able to marry for love the moment he realized his sexuality and how everyone was against it. He shook his head and wer

-k to the case

he was studying before, submitting to his fate of marrying a woman of his parent's...ice in the future.

Cherise finally got home and talked to Julián about her decision and plan for the contract termination. Julian agreed with her decision without a second thought. As long as his sister was happy, he would support her.

Feeling happy, Cherise called Katherine to meet up and check out the "True Love" collection, but unfortunately, she was overseas for a jewelry show.

After hanging up, her phone suddenly rang, and Cherise's eyes lit up with excitement as she saw the caller ID flashing on her phone screen.

A/N: I changed Erika's name to Katherine, which seems to suit her character more \*love\*

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"Paula.." Cherise greeted the other person on the other side of the receiver with a smile.

"Girl, why am I the last person to know you have divorced?" Paula Laurent scowled the moment. she heard her best friend greet her.

Cherise was speechless. After three years of not being in contact, the first thing she did was scold her instead of asking about her well-being.

"And I heard of what scumbag Hudson Amery and his family did to you!" Paul continued before Cherise could answer her. "I swear if I meet him, I'll bite his head off!"

Cherise couldn't help but laugh. Paula, Katherine, Logan, and she had been best friends for so long, and just like Katherine, Paula still hadn't changed after three years apart.

Unlike Logan, who was calm yet dangerous, Katherine, who was seductive, or Cherise, who was graceful yet domineering, Paula **was** the feisty one in their group. Her mouth could spit fire whenever she wanted, especially if it involved her best friends being bullied..

"You can still laugh?" Cherise could imagine her scowling face even through the phone.

"I'm sorry, Paula," she hurriedly apologized. "It wasn't that I didn't want to tell you, but it happened. so suddenly, and I was so sure Katherine or Logan would tell you the moment they knew about it."

"You are right about it, but I'd still prefer to hear it from your mouth." Paula sighed and asked, "How are you, girl? You okay?"

"It hurt, but I'm over it now," Cherise shrugged.

Three years

"Of course, it'd hurt," Paula said in understanding. "You were so in love with **him** so that you willingly left your lavish lifestyle and all the pampering you were used to just to serve him and his family, but they didn't appreciate it. But it's good that you are okay now, hon."

At least her friends and brother were understanding. Not one of them blamed her for being stupid- except her grandpa, who just loved to tease her.

"Yeah, I'm alright now, and I'll be even better soon," Cherise said, her words one of reassurance to her friend and at **the** same time filled with confidence.

"That's the Cherise I know!" Paula laughed. "I've just landed. Let's have dinner at our favorite place. tonight!"

"La Piazza?" Cherise **asked** with **a** raised brow.

\*Otherwise? You are back as the Alster family's heiress. Just ask Julian to reserve a table for us there," **Paula** said casually, making Cherise's eyes twitch.

Her best friends **were** really shameless. Katherine didn't hesitate to use her card, and Paula didn't

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hesitate to **use** her family's name.

**La Piazza** was the most famous and authentic Italian restaurant in country B. The food was delicious, but the price for each dish was staggeringly high. Even if you had money, you might not **have** been able to reserve a table there, and yet Paula just ordered her to ask Julian to book them a

table there!

But they were best friends, and Cherise didn't mind it. She knew they would help her without hesitation if she ever needed their help. This was how their friendship worked. They weren't calculative toward each other.

"Should I invite my brother and Logan too?" Cherise asked.

"Nahhh... I want to catch up with you, and no men are allowed to join us," Paula responded.

Cherise chuckled and teased her, "You asked my brother to make a reservation, but he's not allowed to join?"

"What won't he do for his beloved sister? And I can meet him and Logan another time," Cherise could hear the smirk in Paula's voice and shook her head helplessly.

"Alright then," Cherise agreed. "Meet you later."

"**See** you later, girl," Paula replied cheerily.

After ending the call, Cherise called her brother, and as usual, Julian agreed to whatever she requested, just like Paula had **said**.

That evening, Cherise put on light makeup and donned a simple sleeveless figure-hugging beige dress, making her look sophisticated and elegant. The color ac

centuated her blond! r, which she let loose down her back, and her baby–blue eyes that sparked excitement for meeting another one of her best friends.

**She** arrived a bit early and was surprised to see Paula, who was usually the late–comer in their group, had arrived earlier than her.

“Cherise!” Paula squealed and rushed toward her the moment her eyes landed on her, pulling her into a bear hug.

“Paula...” Cherise hugged her back and then said, “I can’t breathe.” Paula literally squeezed the breath out of her from how tight her hug was.

Paula laughed and let her go. “Oppss... Sorry. I just missed you so much.”

Just as Katherine had done before, Paula checked Cherise’s appearance and whistled. “Damn, girl, you’ve become even more stunning.”

**“And**

you are still as beautiful as ever,” Cherise winked and returned her compliment.

Paula was different from Cherise and Katherine. She was of mixed race with beautiful olive skin,

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long, wavy black hair, and green eyes. Her dad was a Parisian, and her mom was a Brazilian.

Whenever the three best friends hung out together, they would always be the center of attention because of the contrast in their appearances – Cherise being elegant, Katherine being seductive, and Paula being exotic. Truth be told, it was a sight for sore eyes to see the three of them together.

But then Paula frowned when she saw how much weight Cherise had lost. Now, she could really see how much her friend had suffered during her marriage.

“Let’s get in,” Paula dragged her toward the entrance of La Piazza. “We need to feed you. You nearly look skeletal, and I don’t like it.”



Cherise could only comply and sighed in her heart. Had she really lost so much weight? Everyone seemed to want to fatten her up. But she didn't mind it. She enjoyed eating delicious food but had been deprived of it for three years. She should start indulging herself now.

Paula went to the waiter and told him they had made a reservation under Julian's name. Just as the waiter was about to lead them to their table, both Cherise and Paula heard a loud male voice from behind them.

"You! What are you doing here?"

Cherise knew who that voice belonged to – Finley Myers, and when she and Paula turned around, she saw her ex-husband standing there with his two best friends.

She groaned inwardly and cursed her luck. Why did they seem to meet everywhere now that they were divorced?

"Are you stupid or what?" Paula opened her mouth and rolled her eyes. "This is a restaurant; of course, we are going to eat."

"You!" Finley pointed a finger at Paula angrily and mocked, "Are you even able to get a table here? Don't you know this is a classy restaurant? Can you even pay for the food?"

Paula looked him up and down and snorted, gesturing to Hudson with her chin before saying, "I bet **you** can't even get a table here if not for that scumbag."

Finley's eyes widened in disbelief. He had never met any woman who dared to look down on him like that. His family was not that much worse than the Amerys! And she even dared to call Hudson a scumbag right to his face!

"Don't you know who I am?" He nearly yelled out of anger.

"Should I know you?" Paula fixed her gaze on Finley as if she were interested in his identity before throwing Finley's words back at him arrogantly: "And don't you know who I am?"

Cherise, standing beside Paula, had to stifle her laughter. She loved hearing Paula argue with people. Her words could always cut straight to their hearts and egos.

“I’m Finley Myers, and I don’t need to know your identity,” Finley sneered. “You must be a gold

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digger, just like your friend. Your fashion sense is even disgusting. You look like someone who practiced voodoo, and your friend is wearing a figure-hugging dress like a cheap **slut**. You must be here to find another sugar daddy. What? Logan Jennings has become bored with you?”

Paula, being eccentric, loved gypsy-style dresses and accessories. It actually made her look more exotic, but maybe Finley was blind and couldn’t see what a gorgeous woman looked like, Cherise thought to herself.

As for him calling her a cheap slut...

‘Oh, Finley... I can’t wait to slap you in the face when you know about my background, Cherise smirked and said inwardly.

“Finley,” Keith warned him in a low voice when he felt the coldness radiating from Hudson’s body.

“You got to be with Logan Jennings?” Paula turned toward Cherise, pretending to be shocked, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

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Cherise’s lips twitched. Paula was playful, and she had no choice but to play along by shrugging **as** if being taken fancy by Logan Jennings was nothing special.

“Damn, girl,” Paula **nudged** her arm playfully with her elbow and kept teasing her, “First Hudson Amery, then Logan Jennings. Don’t tell me you got Julian Alster, too!”

Finley snorted, “Like someone as influential as Julian Alster will want a secondhand good.”

Hudson, whose gaze had been fixed on Cherise since he had seen her, finally spoke in a low, growling tone. "He does." The mention of Julian's name always set something ablaze within him – anger and another emotion he couldn't replace.

"What do you mean?" Finley asked him hesitantly.

"Julian picked her up at City Hall on the day of our divorce," he growled in annoyance.

His words made Finley's jaw drop open in disbelief; even Keith was surprised by the information.

"Oh my God, is that true, Cherise?" Paula pretended to squeal in delight and hugged her friend. "I know you are amazing."

"This girl... Cherise thought helplessly in her mind and could only bite her lip to stop herself from laughing out loud at Paula's ridiculous performance.

Then she turned toward Finley and said smugly. "You hear that? My best friend can snag even someone better than YOUR best friend. Only a fool would not appreciate someone as wonderful as Cherise."

"That only shows she's a seductress!" Finley yelled as soon as he regained his mind

Paula rolled her eyes. "Doesn't your

she seduced a married man until his friend have a mistress? She's also a seductress and worse;

he impregnated her."

Finley opened his mouth to retort. He wanted to say that Hudson and Emely were in love with each other, and Cherise was the third party, but Paula cut him off before he could say anything.

"Wait... Did you say your name is Finley Myers?" she asked curiously.

"Yeah. You should know who I am." Finley puffed out his chest, proud of himself.

Instead of the reaction he

further away from theed, Paula sneered and looked at him with disgust, pulling Cherise

further away from the handsome trio. "Don't come near **us**. I don't know what kind of diseases you have after bedding nearly every woman in this country, and we for sure do not want to be infected."

Cherise nearly couldn't keep herself from laughing aloud, and Keith's shoulders shook as he tried to stifle his laughter. He had never met a woman brave enough to say those words to Finley.

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Finley choked but quickly regained his composure. "Then what about your best friend? She slept with Logan Jennings and Julian Alster! Do you think she's clean too?!"

Paula laughed out loud like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world, and it was since both men were Cherise's brothers. "Both Logan Jennings and Julian Alster have never been seen with any woman. If Cherise has any diseases, it must be from your best friend. Who knows how many men the mistress has slept with," she sneered.

Paula's words sent goosebumps through Cherise's body. She had never thought about it, but she would need to get to the hospital to get a check-up as soon as she could. Damn Hudson, if he

**gave** her any diseases, she cursed in her head.

"Let's go, Paula," Cherise pulled her, tired of being in their presence.

"Did I say you can leave?" Finley had never lost in any argument before, and he didn't like that Paula had the last say.

Paula glanced at him and smiled evilly. "Try stopping us, and I'll voodoo the heck out of you."

Finley's eyes widened, and he stepped back, swallowing in fear. "You really know how to do voodoo?"

"Try me," Paula's evil smile grew wider.

Finally, Finley quieted down, not daring to say anything. Who knew what spell that evil woman would cast on him? What if she made him unable to get hard? The thought alone made him shudder in fear.

"Sound due

Cherise chuckled. She never knew Finley was that stupid. "Let's go," she urged Paula again, and they turned toward the waiter who had witnessed everything but wouldn't spread the news to his professionalism.

"This way, Ms. Alster," he said, leading Cherise and Paula to their seats.

Hudson, who had only spoken when Julian was mentioned, suddenly moved and grabbed Cherise's wrist, surprising everyone present.

"Let go of me, Mr. Amery." Cherise narrowed her eyes at him. "Don't forget we are not husband and wife anymore. You do not have the right to touch me and don't forget you already have a fiancée. Don't tell me Finley's stupidity has rubbed off on you that you have forgotten all those facts."

Hudson only said two words, "I'm clean." He didn't know why his body moved on its own or why he felt the need to explain.

Cherise was startled for a split second. Ever since they had known each other, this was the first time he had ever explained anything to her. Then, a thought crossed her mind, and she sneered inwardly. It must be his ego and also to defend Emely. He had to explain, or everyone would think Emely was dirty.

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"I prefer to trust the doctor, Mr. Amery. Just like my friend said, who knows how many men your fiancée has had in the past other than you and your brother," she smiled lightly. "Now unhand me."

Hudson could only purse his lips and let her go. He couldn't tell her or anyone his secret...

Cherise and Paula left with the waiter after Hudson freed her wrist from his grasp, neither woman bothering to give the three men another look.

“Damn, that woman **is** scary.” Finley said as he and Keith approached Hudson. “And how dare she say I have diseases. I’m clean!” he seethed and defended himself.

Keith patted his shoulder and teased, “She’s right. You have bedded too many women. You should get yourself checked. Let’s go in, too. I’m getting hungry.”

He signaled a waiter to bring them to their table, which was far enough from Cherish and Paula’s table.

“You know I don’t sleep with many women,” Finley grumbled under his breath as he seated himself.

Hudson subconsciously selected a seat where he could watch Cherise from afar as they ate. He didn’t know why he couldn’t take his eyes off his ex-wife.

“Paula, I see you can still shut everyone’s mouth off with your words, Cherise said as they enjoyed their **meals**.

“He’s no match for me,” Paula smirked proudly. “I can’t wait to see their reactions once they know. Julian and Logan are your brothers,”

“You should become a lawyer instead of a **fashion** designer,” Cherise smiled.

“I don’t want to defend criminals,” Paula waved **her** hand and smiled at Cherise. “And fashion designer thanks to you.”

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**As** the **two** women were making fun of Finley, Finley was also talking about **Paula** to Hudson **and** Keith.

“**Do** you think she can really do black **magic**?” Finley asked his two best friends, fear still lingering in **his** heart as he remembered Paula’s threat.

“You better **stop** talking nonsense,” Keith said calmly. He also never realized his friend was so dumb as to believe it. “And watch your mouth in front of Cherise. She knows the two most influential people from Country B and Country C.”

“Does she really know Julian Alster?” Finley asked Hudson, wanting to confirm the information, but Hudson’s mind was elsewhere as his eyes were glued to the figure of his ex–wife eating and chatting happily with her friend.

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Cherise laughed and shook her

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As **Hudson’s** black eyes were glued to his ex–wife’s figure and none of her movements escaped his watchful gaze, the space between his eyebrows started to crease.

He had never seen her look so...lively. Just like when she was dancing at the club, now **his ex–**wife seemed so cheerful, confident, and carefree. The way her head was thrown back every time she laughed out loud, the sparkles in her eyes, the elegant way she sat and ate... And when did she have so much appetite?

For all he could remember, she was always shy and timid. No, he remembered it wrongly, he thought. When they first met, she was this exact same girl – lively and bubbly but gradually, she changed. Granted, she always looked at him with love and admiration, but the sparkles of happiness were gone with each passing time, and she seemed **to** become more restrained.

Why, though? He never asked her to change. He only wished for her not to embarrass him. It was already embarrassing enough that she couldn’t dress up appropriately... But she could, couldn’t

she?

Just looked at her now. Her dress accentuated her figure, and her makeup and hair were also perfect.

“Cherise seems to have changed a lot since her divorce from Hudson,” Keith uttered and glanced at his friend from the corner of **his** eyes.

Finley snorted, “What changed? She just becomes sluttier, hooking up with big shots to get their money like she did to Hudson.”

“I don’t think so.” Keith shook his head and placed his cutlery down before thoughtfully pointing out, “She looks more radiant.”

So he wasn’t the only one seeing it, Hudson thought. Keith thought so, too. But what brought these changes? If she was like this during their marriage, at least he could bring her out to socialize more often.

“Radiant, my ass,” Finley kept snorting. “I really don’t know what went wrong inside your head, Keith. Please don’t tell me she’s bewitched you too.”

Keith calmly took his wine glass and swirled it gently before reminding his friend softly, “You know my preference, Finley.”

Finley looked confused for a moment before his eyes widened and then filled with guilt. “I’m

sorry.

Keith shook his head, his eyes flashing with sadness for a split second. “Don’t worry about me. We are talking about Hudson’s ex-wife now. Take a good look at her and tell me if she doesn’t radiate an elegant aura.”

“And don’t say anything before you look at her with your unbiasedness,” he added before Finley

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could retort with another **sarcastic** remark.

Finley finally looked hard at Cherise and found her to really have changed, just like

Keith had pointed out. How in the world could an orphan become this elegant in a matter of days?



“She did change, Finley surrendered, but he was still unwilling to believe Cheri se wasn’t a gold- digger. “But I bet she was just pretending. She needs to look and act like an upper–class lady to hook out the big shots.”

Keith rolled his eyes at his simpleton of a best friend. “If that’s the case, why di dn’t she act like this when she was married to Hudson? She could keep him a nd wouldn’t need to waste her time and energy to find another big shot. Hudso n is the wealthiest man in this country, after all.”

Now, it was time for Finley to roll his eyes. “Maybe she’s trying to get Hudson back, or she knows she won’t ever get any affection from Hudson, so she nee ds to jump to her next target. And I’m right, aren’t I? Hudson is now engaged t o his first love. As his best friends, we should be **happy** for

him.”

“Alright, if you said so, Keith pretended to agree with him since there was no p oint in him saying otherwise anyway. “Back to your question about her knowin g Julian Alster.”

“Do you think she has really gotten together with THE Julian Alster?” Finley as ked in disbelief.

“Hudson said so, and... Did you not hear the waiter call her by ‘Ms. Alster’ inst ead of her name?” Keith asked Finley, but he secretly still glanced at Hudson f rom the corner of his eyes, wanting to see his reactions.

Hearing Keith’s words, Hudson’s hold on his cutleries tightened without him kn owing, and his body. went rigid. Yes, he heard it, too, but he thought it was jus t his imagination, so he brushed it off. But if Keith heard it too....

A chilling aura blasted off his body, nearly dropping the room temperature. Keith ren.....ed calm while Finley the simpleton was to o caught up in Keith’s words to feel it – his mouth hung open, and his ev

eyes went as wide as a saucer as he couldn’t contain his shock and nearly shr ieked, “You mean she’s now engaged to Julian Alster?!”

“They could be,” Keith rubbed his chin and thought about it for a while before concluding, “Even if they are not engaged now, they will be soon as he has gi ven her his last name, and he is definitely pampering her a lot.”

Hudson couldn't control his rage anymore and slammed his cutlery down against the table, making Finley jump on his seat like a frightened cat.

"I need to smoke," he said and stood up, leaving Finley gawking at his back and Keith smiling in

secret.

"What the hell is wrong with him?" Finley asked as he rubbed his thudding heart through his shirt and muttered under his breath, "Not only has his ex-wife changed, but Hudson himself also changed."

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Keith shrugged and repeated Hudson's words, "He needs to smoke." How Keith wished his best friend could open his eyes and heart and see that he held some affection for his ex-wife after three years of marriage. He didn't wish for Hudson to have the same fate as him. Unfortunately, the only way for him to help Hudson realize his feelings was by using his words to taunt him, which seemed to work perfectly fine.

But Cherise... Who was she? Keith thought to himself. Unlike his two best friends, he knew who Cherise's friends were Paula Laurent and if he didn't see it wrongly, the one seen with Cherise at the club was Katherine Sterling. Both of them and Logan Jennings were difficult people to get to know, much less to get close to. They looked like they had known each other for a long time, and not because of Cherise's connection with Julian Alster, they wouldn't be this close.

Judging from how she carried herself after divorcing Hudson and how the waiter addressed her **ast** 'Miss. Alster, could it be... Keith frowned and brushed the thought away. There was no reason for her to conceal her identity if she were, and from what he knew, the Alster family's heiress had disappeared when she was five years old.

Rumor had it that she was killed during a kidnapping, but the Alsters were too deep in their grief to hold an open funeral, and no one dared to mention the

little girl in front of Charles Alster, the patriarch of the Alster family, nor in front of Julian Alster.

Now, Keith could only hope Hudson could realize his feelings as soon as possible before Julian Alster snatched Cherise away, or he would regret it forever.

Hudson, feeling irritated with everything his two best friends were saying, like he wasn't even there, went to the empty balcony and held a cigarette between his long fingers before lighting it up and dragging a lungful of smoke, the nicotine instantly calming some of his nerves.

think he

He couldn't help but rub his forehead. Keith and Finley's conversations kept replaying in his mind. Why had she never bothered to dress up for him? How could she change so fast? Did it wasn't worth her effort, but Julian **was**? Was she really engaged to Julian Alster now?

Hudson sneered when that thought entered his mind. Julian Alster would most probably only be playing with her. Charles Alster wouldn't let him be with a gold digger or someone who was divorced. Either that or, just as Finley had stated, she was trying to get his attention back.

Did she think it was easy for her to get him back? She wished; Hudson sneered again. He had Emely now, and she had divorced him. He would rather die than remarry her, and yet, the thought of her with Julian Alster was still unsettling.

As he extinguished his cigarette, he saw a slender figure coming out of the woman's bathroom. Just like at the restaurant's entrance, he couldn't help himself from going after her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from walking away.

Posted by **Admin-J**, 99 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

## Chapter 25

Cherise, who just left the restroom, was startled when she felt a large **hand** gripping her wrist. Turning back, she rolled her eyes when she saw who it was. She should've known better, she thought. Who else dared to do this to her other than her jerk of an ex-husband?

“What do you want, Hudson?” Cherise asked, not bothering to hide her irritation, and tried to tug her hand away, only for Hudson to tighten his grip.

“The waiter called you ‘Ms. Alster,’ Hudson uttered.

His deep, dark eyes bored into hers, and his words made Cherise freeze. Did she accidentally spill out her secret? No, it wasn’t the time yet for anyone to know that she was the Alster family’s heiress.

“Are you really engaged to Julian Alster?” Hudson drilled her with another question, making him look like a clown in her eyes.

Wasn’t her ex-husband supposed to be a successful billionaire with a high IQ? His first thought when he heard her being called by the last name Alster was that she was engaged to her own brother? In which dimension would a gentleman give a lady his last name before marriage?

“Answer me, Cherise,” Hudson demanded with a growl, his hand tightening even further into a bruising **grip**.

Cherise flinched slightly from the pain but held her head high and sneered, “So what, Hudson? What if I’m engaged to Julian? What has **that** got to do with you?”

“You are really engaged to him?” Hudson’s growl turned frighteningly low. He couldn’t believe he had really been cuckolded during their marriage!

Cherise rolled her eyes inwardly. How could she be engaged to her own brother and her ex-husband to know about it yet. He would know when the time .....

“What do you **think**?” Cherise smirked instead, challenging him to answer.

‘But she didn’t

Seeing her smug look and eyes sparkling with joy, Hudson’s anger nearly snapped – his eyes narrowing, his jaws clenching, the veins in his forehead popping out, making him look like a beast about to devour its prey.

Cherise felt the dangerous aura radiating from him, but she wasn't afraid this time. She rotated her captured wrist and delivered a punch straight to Hudson's stomach with her free hand.

Hudson, being caught unaware, had no means to stop the strike and staggered backward as he groaned and clutched his painful stomach.

"How many times must I tell you that we are now divorced, Mr. Amery?" Cherise asked condescendingly while rubbing her bruised wrist. "I've left our marriage so you can finally be together with your first love. You should thank me instead of asking me things that do not concern

you."

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## Chapter 23

By the time Cherise finished making her points, Hudson had regained his composure and looked as dignified as he always was.

"Do you think I'll let you go easily, Cherise?" he squinted and looked at his slender ex-wife. Did she **just** free herself from his hold by punching him? When did she know how to do martial arts?

Cherise laughed out loud and lifted her hand for him to see the bruise on her wrist. "Then sue me for causing you intentional harm, Mr. Amery. I'll go to the hospital after this and let this bruise be the evidence of you harassing me first. Let's see who will win in court."

Hudson felt embarrassed after being reminded he had been successfully punched by a slender woman weighing less than him..

"You know that's not what I **meant**, Cherise," Hudson tried his best to rein in his anger. He didn't like how she kept challenging his patience now.

"Then what do you mean, Hudson?" she asked, her arms crossed across her chest, one foot tapping the floor. She wanted to leave, but if he caught her and pinned her against the wall, she wouldn't be able to free herself. Hudson was still stronger and bigger than her, after all.

"Do you think Charles Alster **will** let you marry his only successor?"

Cherise gawked at him. Was he still hung up with her so-called affair with her brother?

"Do you think Charles Alster will let you, a cheater, to be his granddaughter-in-law?" Hudson continued, still with his dangerously low voice.

"Do you think he'll let Julian ruin the Alster family name by marrying you?" he growled out the last word.

Figuring out what he Cherise didn't know whether to laugh or cry as she heard Hudson stupidly thought were valid points for her grandpa to reject her. She really doubted Hudson's IQ now.

"It's none of your concern, is it, Hudson?" Cherise asked in disdain. "Julian doesn't care about all those things. If his grandpa doesn't let him marry me, then so be it." It was not like they were going to get married anyway. He was her brother.

"Jesus, Cherise." Hudson ran his hand through his hair, frustrated by her nonchalant reply. "Do you really not mind being a plaything? Are you pleased jumping from one man to another as long as they give you whatever you want?"

"Hudson Amery!" Cherise snapped at him. The nerve he had to say those words to her when he had never loved her throughout their marriage and impregnated his mistress!

"You do NOT have the right to say those words to me," Cherise hissed. "All through our marriage, I tried my best **to** be the perfect wife for you, even if you, your family, and your friends kept humiliating me."

"I never humiliated you," Hudson growled in defense.

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**11:55** Thu, 18 Apr

Chapter 25

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“Never, Hudson? NEVER?” Cherise laughed in anger. “Of course, you NEVER humiliated me. You just NEVER acknowledge me or my love for you. You just IGNORED me, your wife, for three during our marriage. You just need to bring YOUR MISTRESS to Luis’ funeral and show how much she means to you rather than your own wife. You just have to impregnate her and tell me, YOUR WIFE, that I’m not worthy of having YOUR CHILD while your mistress is worthy of it.”

“You **are** a gold digger!” Hudson’s voice rose a notch. “You used my grandmother to marry me!”

Cherise laughed again, her **body** trembling with the anger she was trying to control. “You keep saying I’m a gold digger, but is there any evidence of it, Hudson? Did I EVER ask you for anything during our marriage? Did I ever ask you for money? Did I take anything after our divorce?”

Hudson opened his mouth to retort but closed it again. No, Cherise was right. She had never asked for anything, nor did she ask for divorce alimony.

“You always have a prejudice against me, Hudson, and it’s disgusting.” Cherise spat. “You never tried to love me or to see the efforts I put into our marriage.”

“And that’s why you are entangled with any man who shows you just a little bit of love?” Hudson asked, his heart filled with uncomfortableness.

“At least Julian treats me well,” Cherise replied as she looked down on her ex—  
husband. “Even if he’s just toying with me, he treats me way better than what you, my ex—husband, used to.”

“Cherise!” Hudson didn’t like it when she kept saying how he was an arse during their marriage. “Someone like Julian Alster won’t ever marry you!” Couldn’t she see that?

“And what, Hudson?” Cherise gritted her teeth. “Have you ever thought I don’t want to remarry and this arrangement with Julian is what I want? That I’m happy with him, and that’s enough for me?”

“You are happy with being a toy?” Hudson asked in disbelief and anger. “Then when I brought Emely back?”

Why did

you divorce

Cherise gaped at him. Did he just....

“Did you just ask me to accept your mistress and expect me to accept you parading her like she’s your wife instead of me? Did you just tell me you saw me as a toy during our marriage?”

Hudson pursed his thin lips. If she put it that way...

Cherise laughed and spat out in disgust, “You really disgust me, Hudson. Julian is different from you. Even if he doesn’t want to marry me, he respects me, and I am the only one in his eyes. He does NOT have anyone else on the side, and he will NEVER treat me the way you treat me.”

“Che-”

“Enough, Hudson!” Cherise cut off whatever he was going to say. “I’m sick of you and your...” Cherise waved her hand. “Whatever this is. I don’t want to remind you over and over again that we are divorced now, and you have a fiancée.”

Posted by **Admin-J**, 97 Views, Released on April 18, 2024



## Chapter 26

Never meant to divorce her? Cherise felt sick just hearing about it.

“You are a sick bastard, Hudson,” **she** spat out.

Hudson was perplexed by his own admission, but when he heard Cherise’s words, his temper flared up again.

Hudson

“I dare you to say that again, snapped and clenched his fists tightly to stop punching something. No one had ever dared to say those words to him.

“Are **you** not?” Cherise asked with her head held high. She knew Hudson was angry, but she wouldn’t succumb and showed any **fear**.

“**You** treated me as a toy, a gold digger, and a wife who didn’t even deserve to get your love and affection,” she continued bitterly. How many times must she say it? How many times must he remind her of the hellish life she had when they were married?

“I never!” Hudson defended himself.

Cherise scoffed, feeling there really was something with Hudson’s brain.

“You NEVER?” she asked and reminded him again, “Forget about the three years you ignored me. What about during your brother’s funeral? Not only did you disrespect me, but you trampled on my dignity, and you still dared to say you did NOT toy with me? I am a HUMAN, Hudson! I have

emotions, too!”

Cherise’s words felt like a dagger to Hudson’s heart, and he didn’t know why. He did see Cherise as

on Emely’s side a gold digger, and yes, someone like her didn’t deserve his love. He even stood during Luis’ funeral, causing everyone to look at Cherise in pity, and some even looked down on her. And it was because of him.

Everything she said was true, but why did it pain him to hear it straight from her mouth?

“Cherise, I-

” He reached out his hand for what he didn’t know. He just felt the need to defend himself.

“Enough, Hudson!” Cherise cut him off, stepping back further away from her ex-

husband, her body shaking with anger. “I’m sick of you. You might not want to divorce me, but I wanted to divorce

**you,**

and it’s a done deal. There is nothing between us anymore.”

“Cherise..” Still, Hudson stepped forward, feeling like he was going to lose something important if he didn’t explain. But what could he explain now? Could he open up his traumas to her when he couldn’t even tell it to his best friend, Keith?

“Stop it, Hudson!” Cherise had had enough of Hudson’s antics and turned around to get away from him, but she hit a mass of muscle, and two strong arms immediately circled around her slender

waist.

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“**Hey**, sweetheart,” the man whispered gently.

Cherise looked up to see her brother and let out a breath of relief. At least now she could act with her brother and didn’t need to talk to Hudson anymore.

“Hey, when did you arrive?” Cherise asked with the same gentle tone and buried her face in Julian’s chest.

“Just enough to hear how he tried to explain himself,” Julian said as he kissed the top of her head. “Paula said you went to the bathroom and haven’t come back in a while. It turned out you encountered a pest here.”

Cherise tilted her head back to see her brother's handsome face, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Nothing I couldn't handle. I managed to punch him right in the gut."

Julian furrowed his brows and released his hold on Cherise's waist. Taking her tiny hands in his big ones, he inspected them and said. "Do they hurt? You should've asked someone else to do the dirty work."

Cherise laughed out loud and teased. "It's been so long since I had an exercise. It turns out I'm still capable, even if only slightly worse."

"Still, I don't want you to hurt any part of your body," Julian said as he rubbed the back of Cherise's hands and added with a voice full of finality. "I'm going to have bodyguards following you."

Feeling that it was too much and that it would attract too much attention to herself, Cherise pouted and sighed. "Julian, you know why I don't want a bodyguard following me."

Julian's frown deepened. He knew Cherise didn't want to attract attention to herself, at least not until she wanted to divulge her identity as the heiress of the Alster family.

In the end, he relented because he couldn't say no to his sister. He sighed and pinched the tip of her nose. "You really know how to make me obey you."

Grinning, Cherise replied, "It's because you love me so much."

Julian chuckled and ruffled her hair. "That, you are right."

Hudson, who felt a pang of pain before, now felt his blood boil at the public display of affection between Julian and Cherise.

They called him a pest? Julian didn't want Cherise to get hurt while punching him? He was the one who was injured, dammit! And Julian wanted to place bodyguards around Cherise?

He felt so stupid for feeling guilty just a while ago. It was apparent that Julian cared about **his** ex- wife a lot, and, as before, he did not know why, but it irked him a lot. He didn't like seeing the love between the two of them.

And the worst part? They acted like he wasn't even there like he was an insignificant person who didn't exist in the hallway.

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## Chapter 26

He snorted to gain their attention. "Alster, you are spoiling her a bit too much."

Finally, **Julian** acknowledged his presence as he looked at Hudson. "I love her, so I'm spoiling her," he replied with a faint smile. "Is that a problem for you, Amery?"

"You love her?" Hudson sneered at the incredulous idea of Julian loving his wicked ex-wife. "She will bleed you dry before you know it."

Julian laughed out loud. How stupid of Hudson to think that way. He purposely wrapped his arm around Cherise's shoulder and, drew her as close to him as possible and said, "I don't mind her bleeding me dry, though she could try. My wealth is beyond what you imagine, Amery."

Cherise, hearing how Julian was allowing her to use his money, let out a giggle. She didn't need Julian's money as she was wealthy herself, but the thought of spending Julian's money was still great. She could save her money instead!

"Are you sure you'll let me spend your money? I might really bleed you dry," she teased her brother.

"If you could finish spending all my money, I'll salute you," Julian winked at her.

Seeing how deep into his act, Cherise couldn't stop herself from laughing and kissing him on the cheek. "You are simply the best!"

"Anything for you, sweetie," Julian smiled gently and kissed her temple.

Hudson, who kept being ignored, laughed in anger. "Do you think your grandfather will allow you to marry her?"

"To be honest, Amery, our family is unlike yours. We always married for the reasons," Julian's blue eyes stared right into Hudson's dark eyes.

nd not for other

“You are crazy to think that way,” Hudson scoffed. Who would want to marry someone who wouldn’t bring any advantages to their families? Only a fool would do that, he thought.

“I love her,” Julian proclaimed. “And there is nothing or no one who could stop me from marrying

whomever I want.”

Well, technically, *it* was true. He didn’t say he would marry Cherise but a woman he loved, and his

grandfather would be delighted if he could bring a girlfriend home. God knew how much his grandfather had nagged him about it to the point that he thought of just having a contract relationship with some actresses.

“You love her?” Hudson asked through gritted teeth.

“I’m not like you who judge a person based on their background. So what if she comes from the countryside? Is that a sin?” Julian asked with a raised brow. “Could you choose who your parents are? Could you choose the family you were born to?”

“Of course, someone in our positions has to marry-” Hudson stopped his sentence and frowned.

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## Chapter 26

No, if he were to marry someone from his social class, his grandmother wouldn’t allow him to marry Cherise.

“Have you realized it, Amery?” Julian asked with a faint smile, **knowing** that he had gotten his point across. Hudson should know the truth by now if he was to open his mind. His beloved sister was a great woman that even the matriarch of the Amery family approved of, regardless of her fake background.

“Let’s go, Julian,” Cherise suddenly said. She didn’t care about what Hudson thought of her anymore. She was sick and tired of being in his presence **as** it would always lead to the same thing- him belittling her..

“Alright, let’s go, sweetie,” Julian stirred her toward their table, leaving Hudson alone as he pondered about his thoughts.

Too deep in his thoughts, Hudson let them go. Would his grandmother really not mind if he married someone he loved? But what about Emely? His grandma didn’t approve of her relationship with Luis. But then his grandparents married for love. Everyone in his family married for love

t for his parents

He had never thought of marrying for love. Even when he promised Emely that he would marry her, it was just because of his promise to Luis. In reality, he just wanted to make his business event more successful as he was now their CEO. He always felt a marriage of convenience was the best for

1. it.

But... Was Julian right? Could someone in their position marry for love? Wouldn’t people look down on them? But then... He **was** the CEO of the most influential group in the country. He shouldn’t care about what people say about him. No, a marriage of convenience would still be the best for **him**, he thought. With it, his wife would bring advantages to his business, and she would know how to behave properly during **social** engagements.

That thought of Julian really in love with Cherise to the point that he willingly would spoil her didn’t sit well with him, though.

He didn’t like the way Cherise beamed and looked at Julian with love and gratitude. She should have only looked at him in that way and no other men!

Hudson slammed his fist against the wall out of frustration. Dammit! What was wrong with him? Why did he keep thinking of Cherise after their divorce? Why was she able to stir up his emotions. like no one else could? She was his ex-wife, and as she had said, they had nothing to do with each other anymore. But why couldn’t he get her out of his mind?

Needing to calm down, he went to the balcony again to take a smoke. He needed to take a breather, to find a way to forget her. He shouldn't care about her anymore.

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## Chapter 27

Going back to their table, Paula teased Cherise, "Took you long enough. A scumbag stopping you on your way back?",

Julian pulled back a chair for Cherise to sit before sitting down himself.

Cherise sat down, offering her brother a smile before huffing and narrowing her eyes at her best friend. "You knew and didn't come to get me?"

"Hey, I called Julian for you," Paula defended herself. "I won't be able to do anything if I were there, and you know that. He is different from his stupid friend, Finley."

Rolling her eyes, Cherise muttered, "I really doubted Hudson's IQ now. Maybe you can win a verbal match against him with how he behaves now."

"Really? What did he do?" Paula asked with interest.

"I really don't know what he wants from me. I've divorced him as he wished, but he still keeps on bugging me. So annoying..." Cherise scowled.

"Maybe he realized his mistake and wants you back," Paula elbowed her best friend. "Usually, that's what happens, right?"

"Did someone smack your head while I was away, causing you to have a loose crew in your brain?" Cherise **asked** her. "Don't ever think of such ridiculous ideas. The world would stop spinning before he wants me back."

"Just saying," Paula shrugged. "If not, why would he keep on chasing after you or stopping you whenever you guys met?"

"Because he wants to belittle and humiliate me. Because he doesn't like seeing me happy. Because he wants to play with my feelings. Because he doesn't li

ke seeing me with another man as he thinks I'm not worthy of the attention. And many others because. Just pick your choice," Cherise Paula some options as she sipped her wine.

**gave**

"It's more like he can't let you go. That's why he doesn't like seeing you with a nother man. Because he is jealous!" Paula nearly squealed at the thought. She was the type of woman who loved to gossip no matter who the subject was, and that included everything about her best friends.

"Oh, please," Cherise rolled her eyes. "It was just his ego talking. More like when someone snatches his toy away."

Paula looked at Cherise long and hard, making her feel uncomfortable until she shifted in her seat. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Nahh..." Paula shook her head. "I really don't think Hudson is that type of person. He wouldn't think of someone or something if they are not important to him."

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Chapter 27

"**So** what are you trying to say?" Cherise asked with a raised brow. "**That** he kept thinking of his mistress during our marriage because she is important to him?"

Paula rolled her eyes. "Do you know that Hudson seldom visited his so-called mistress?"

"So what?" Cherise scoffed. "She's living with his mother and sister now. It has nothing to do with me whether he wants to visit him or not."

Paula shook her head helplessly. Sometimes, her friend was somewhat naive, **so** she needed **to** get straight to the point. "With how he behaves now... What if he wants to remarry you? Would you take him back?"



“That should not even be a question. I will never remarry him,” Cherise replied with determination. Why did Paula keep asking such foolish questions?

“He did say he never meant to divorce you, though,” Julian, who had been silent while enjoying his wine and letting the two best friends converse, finally spoke.

“Oh my Gawd!” Paula squealed and jumped out from her seat, nearly toppling it backward and garnering attention from all the other restaurant patrons.

“Calm down, Paula,” Cherise hissed and pulled her back down. “And lower your voice.”

Once seated, Paula dragged her chair closer to Cherise, and they huddled together to gossip while. Julian could only shake his head hopelessly.

“Did Hudson really say that?” Paula whispered impatiently at Cherise.

“He did, but as I said, it was just his ego talking” Cherise became angry when she thought about it.

“But someone like Hudson would not just say things like **that**,” Paula replied lowered voice.

ly, still with a

“He was just toying with my emotions,” Cherise scowled. “He was the one asking me to apologize or divorce. If he didn’t want to divorce me, he wouldn’t even give me those choices.”

Paula tapped her fingertip against her chin as she thought about the meaning behind Hudson’s words. “I think he has started to miss you!

“Impossible,” Cherise snorted. “If he even had slight feelings for me, he wouldn’t have ignored me during our marriage or brought back his pregnant mistress.”

Paula rolled her eyes, thinking her best friend was so naive. “My point is he might not realize that he had fallen in love with you and just realize it now.”

“Are you on my side or his?” Cherise glared at Paula. Why did it feel like she wanted them to get back together?

“Of course, I’m on your side, babe.” Paula hooked her arm with Cherise and clung to her. “I’m just thinking of your happiness, It must be hard to forget him. You were so in love with him for three

## Chapter 27

years, it kinda seems impossible for the feelings to just disappear, especially if he starts to regret and chase after you sincerely.”

“I don’t love him anymore,” Cherise said with as much confidence as she could. “If he wants me back, then it’s too late.”

“Is that **so**?” Julian chimed in, wanting to know his sister’s honest thoughts on that matter. Just like Paula, Julian thought if Cherise still had lingering feelings for the man, then he wouldn’t stop them. from getting back together as long as Hudson had truly repented and loved his sister deeply.

As for the Amery mother–daughter duo, once they knew of Cherise’s real identity, they wouldn’t dare to bully her so Cherise could have happiness with the man she loved.

Charise whipped her head to glare at her brother. “Are you also on his side now?”

Julian chuckled and pinched her cheek dotingly. “We just want you to be happy.”

“Have you guys forgotten **that** he cheated and impregnated another woman?” Cherise asked them exasperatedly.

Julian and Paula shared a fleeting look. They had a doubt that the unborn baby was Hudson’s, if according to Cherise’s story of how Emely seemed to want to get rid of it purposely.

But before Julian **had** concrete proof, they couldn’t say otherwise. If the baby were Hudson’s, then they for sure wouldn’t let them get back together. A leopard couldn’t change its spots, and once a cheater, always a cheater.

For now, even if Paula seemed excited by the thought of them getting back together, everyone around Cherise knew it would be best to keep them separate or at least have as little interaction as possible.

Hudson had, after all, hurt Cherise and didn't stop his mother and sister from bullying her during their marriage. If he really wanted her back, he needed to get the approval of so many people.

"Do you hate him?" Paula asked with curiosity, trying to change the subject.

"For now, yes," Cherise replied without hesitation.

"Careful. As they said, there's a fine line between love and hate," Paula warned teasingly, bumping her shoulder against Cherise's.

Cherise rolled her eyes and stood up. "Let's go home."

"Gladly," Paula gulped down the rest of her wine and followed Cherise with Julian having his arm around Cherise's tiny waist.

When they passed by Hudson's table, because Cherise said she didn't love Hudson anymore, Julian stopped and smiled at Finley and Keith. "Please tell Amery not to bother my woman anymore, or I'll need to take drastic measures to ensure it won't happen again. Furthermore, it won't look good **for** a powerful CEO **to** still disturb his ex-wife while having **a** fiancée as well."

11:55 Thu, **18 Apr**

## Chapter 27

Even though his tone was casual and his smile was still as gentle as ever, there was no denying the warning and threat in his words.

Without waiting for their answers, Julian pulled Cherise along with him to the lobby, with Paula walking on the other side of Cherise.

After Cherise, Paula, and Julian got into Julian's car, Finley snapped back to reality and asked Keith with disbelief, "Did I hear it correctly? Did Julian say Cherise is now his woman, and Hudson **is** pestering her?"

"**You** heard it right," Keith replied as he leaned back languidly.

“But how could it be? How could Julian want a lowly gold digger? How could Hudson pester Cherise? He has Emely now,” Finley kept denying what he had heard.

Feeling tired of Finley misjudging Cherise, Keith asked him, “Finley, how can you be so sure that Cherise is a gold digger? Have you ever seen her wearing something expensive when she was with Hudson?”

Keith’s questions rendered Finley speechless. No, he never saw Cherise wearing anything expensive, even during their gatherings.

Seeing Hudson coming back, Keith told Finley, “Why don’t we ask Hudson about it since he is the party involved?”

Keith was sure by now that Hudson had realized Cherise wasn’t the woman he thought.

Once Hudson sat on his chair, Finley asked him the question that he had been itching to ask. “Hudson, did Cherise ever ask you for anything? Did she ever spend your money?”

Hudson frowned as he listened to Finley’s questions. Why did everyone see the same question today?

“She spent my money,” he replied simply.

Finley kept asking him

Finley smiled smugly at Keith, but before he could say “I told you so”, Hudson continued his

sentence.

“She only used my money to spend on my family and the servants as bonuses,” he added. “Miles had all the receipts of her spending.”

“She never spent your money on herself?” Finley’s eyes widened in disbelief. All of his girlfriends had always asked for gifts since they knew he was rich.

Hudson rubbed his temple. He hated feeling like he was wrong. He had always been right about everything else, and that was why he could become the Amery Group’s CEO.

“No. Miles always accompanied her whenever she went shopping, and she also never used the card I gave her.”

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## Chapter 27

“Are you absolutely sure?” Finley asked hesitantly. He still couldn’t believe such a woman existed, especially one married to the wealthiest man in the country.

“Yes.” Hudson gulped down his wine before standing up to leave. “I’m going back.” He was tired of hearing people speaking about Cherise. He needed to forget her and not be reminded of her, especially not from his two best friends.

“Wow,” Finley let out a breath. “Well, who knew? Maybe Cherise was already involved with any other men while being married to Hudson.”

Knowing it was impossible to knock some sense into Finley, Keith stood up and left, just like Hudson.

“Hey, wait for me!” Finley ran after him and started talking bad about Cherise again, which Keith ignored.

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Posted by **Admin-J**, 93 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

## Chapter 28

The days passed, and it was time for the meeting between Angelworld Jewelry, La Jewel, and the Jennings Group.

Cherise, busy with the paperwork in front of her, didn’t realize the time until Neil came into her office with lunch boxes.

Julian knew that once Cherise was immersed in some things, she would forget about anything else,

and thus, he transferred his most trusted assistant to his beloved sister to ensure everything went smoothly, and that included her taking her meals on time.

“Miss. Cherise, it’s time for your lunch,” Neil said politely while opening each lunch box and arranging them on the table.

“My brother must have paid you a lot even to ask you to do such a mundane task,” Cherise laughed.

Neil, who was used to Julian’s strictness, felt himself blushing because of Cherise’s teasing.

“It’s a part of my job, Miss. Cherise,” he replied tersely and professionally, although the tips of his ears were red.

“Thank you,” Cherise smiled and decided to stop teasing him.

The food was exquisite, coming from the best restaurant in the country. Julian really spoiled her too much, but she enjoyed it. This was how her life should be not being humiliated by some mother-daughter duo or even being ignored and cheated on by an ungrateful man..

“Logan will come in fifteen minutes?” she asked Neil after chewing and swallowing her food.

“Yes.” Neil looked at his watch. “Mr. Amery should arrive in thirty minutes.”

Cherise nodded and wiped her lips with a tissue paper after finishing her meal. She had made sure that Logan would arrive earlier than Hudson to ensure everything ran smoothly.

It wasn’t that she wasn’t confident with herself, but having her new partner would make everything easier. The Jennings Group would terminate the contract with the Amery Group. After that, she would do anything to terminate Angelworld Jewelry’s contract with La Jewel and tell him of Angelworld Jewelry’s new partnership with the Jennings Group.

Neil started gathering the lunch boxes and throwing them into the trashcan while Cherise stood up and went to her ensuite bedroom in her office, which also had an ensuite bathroom for her to refresh herself.

She was applying her lipstick when she heard the phone in her office ring. She wasn't in a hurry to answer it **as** she knew that Neil would answer it for her.

A knock on the door was heard a few seconds later, and after checking her appearance, Cherise went out to check what the phone call was about, as Neil wouldn't usually disturb her in her

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personal **space** if not for something urgent.

"Miss. Cherise, Mr. Amery and his lawyer have arrived," Neil informed her.

Cherise furrowed her brows. Why did he come faster than he was supposed to? Well... She should have known. He was the CEO of the Amery Group. He would never be late.

"Call our lawyer and bring them to the conference room," Cherise instructed Neil.

"Will it be alright?" Neil frowned. This was not what they had planned. What if Mr. Amery found out about Miss. Cherise's real identity?

He didn't know why his boss asked him and everyone else to keep it a secret, but it must be for some important reasons.

"Are you doubting my ability to handle such a simple matter, Neil?" Cherise, for once, took on an authoritative stance against her personal assistant.

"I'm sorry, Miss. Cherise. I'll do what was asked," Neil replied professionally.

With Neil gone, Cherise went to the conference room they had decided to use and sat on the right side of the main chair.

Not long after, her lawyer came and gave her the termination contract he had prepared and also

the new p

contract with the Jennings Group.

Cherise flipped through it, knowing everyone here wouldn't cheat her as they were all afraid of Julian.

She had a photographic memory and could scan anything quickly without notes. Once she was done, she smiled at her lawyer.

g any important

"Well done. There are no loopholes they could use against us," she said, talking about their termination contract with La Jewel.

"Thank you, Miss. Cherise," the lawyer said with gratitude. Everyone in Angelworld Jewelry loved working with their new CEO. Even though she was strict, they knew it was to make the company better. Furthermore, Cherise wasn't one who was stingy with compliments.

A few moments later, a knock was heard before the door opened, and a tall, handsome man with dark eyes wearing a tailored three-piece suit entered the room, followed by his lawyer, personal assistant, and Neil.

Hudson had prepared to meet the lawyer and the CEO of Angelworld Jewelry, so imagined his shock when **he** saw his ex-wife inside the conference room.

"What are you doing here?" he all but growled, forgetting that they were in the presence of other people.

Cherise stood up gracefully and walked toward Hudson. "Good day to you, too, Mr. Amery. I'm

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here as the personal assistant of our CEO. Please, have a seat," she gestured to one of the seats for Hudson to sit at.

As Cherise turned around to go to her seat, Hudson couldn't take his eyes off his ex-wife. Her tailored black suit showed off her slender figure and legs, and the thin black belt accentuated her slim waist.



Why had he never noticed how great his ex-wife would look this good in a power suit? And when was she able to walk so easily in such tall stilettos? Wasn't she used to be clumsy?

No, it wasn't that he never noticed it, but he never gave her the chance to look this good. Whenever she asked if she could go to his office and help, he always declined her offer because she was from the countryside.

What could she help him with other than just sitting in his office with nothing to do, he thought at that time. She would just be a nuisance to him, what with her constantly trying to get his attention.

And the first time he brought her to a social banquet a few days after their marriage, she complained about the heels.

Now, the memory came back to him. It wasn't because she couldn't wear heels; it was because the heels were too big for her. At that time, he didn't care about her at all, but with each passing time, Miles was the one who brought her everything she needed.

Shamefulness and rage filled him when he thought of how his personal assistant knew more about his supposed wife at that time from jewelry, perfume, her shoe and clothing sizes, and Miles might even know down to the sizes of her more intimate apparel that he loved her to wear.

No one should know those things about their wives except for their husbands!

"Mr. Amery?" a man's voice called him, breaking his train of thought and making himself for feeling enraged by such things.

him curse

Hudson looked at the lawyer of the Angelworld Jewelry and saw that he had slid a document across the table for him to read.

He took the document, flipped through it, and scoffed when he saw the amount offered to terminate their contract.

"Didn't I say I'll only talk to your CEO about this?" he asked, his dark eyes glued on Cherise, who, for him, looked so gorgeously professional with her red lips and slick ponytail.

“What are you doing here?” he asked Cherise again. She had no business being in the Angelworld Jewelry, especially not in an important meeting like this.

Suddenly, a thought entered his mind. Angelworld Jewelry had just changed its CEO, who was said to be female. Could it be....

“I’m here to make everything run smoothly,” Cherise smiled professionally. “So, Mr. Amery, please

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read the termination contract carefully. I’m sure it would not be a loss for you with the amount we are offering for La Jewel.”

Hudson narrowed his eyes and asked, “Are you the new CEO of the Angelworld Jewelry?” She looked like one with her hands folded across her breasts and confidence, letting the lawyer do the talking. It made sense that she was here if that was the case.

Cherise laughed out loud and replied sarcastically. “Do you think someone like me, a woman from the countryside, could become the CEO of such a well-known jewelry company, Mr. Amery?”

“You know Julian, and he might give the position to you easily. I remember he said he will spoil you.

to no end.”

Cherise smiled. “As much as I love Julian and vice-versa, I do not wish to bankrupt any of his companies, be it a subsidiary or the larger company.”

“So why are you here? This is an important meeting, and the CEO should be present instead of unrelated people,” Hudson asked through gritted teeth. God, this woman really knew how to test his patience.

“Oh, I’ve told you I’m just here to make sure the termination of the contract between Angelworld Jewelry and La Jewel. Is it so hard to remember such simple

e words, Mr.

Amery?” Cherise smirked as she, once again, repeated her answer.

The people in the room suddenly felt the room temperature become colder. The two lawyers from both companies wiped off cold sweat from their foreheads while Miles shivered, and only Neil maintained his stoic self.

No one had ever dared to go against Hudson Amery, the most powerful CEO in country B, and yet here she was, Cherise, his ex-wife, daring to do it without batting an eyelid. domineering attitude that matched Hudson’s own.

ith such a

**as** surprised as anyone

But good for Miss. Cherise, Miles cheered in his heart. Although he was *just* with how much his ex–madam had changed, he thought his boss deserved this!

Cherise looked at Hudson, nearly losing his cool, and decided just to tell him half the truth. After all, she wanted to end this meeting as soon as possible, and Logan would be coming soon.

“If you are asking about my position in this company, I’m just the CEO’s personal assistant,” she shrugged.

“And where is your CEO?” Hudson tapped his forefinger impatiently against the table. He had made it clear that he would only discuss the dissolution of the contract with the CEO.

“Oh!” Cherise exclaimed and covered her mouth with both hands. “I forgot to let you know that our CEO has to fly to Country A for an urgent matter.”

“And you didn’t think of telling me this?” Hudson glared **at** her.

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“Mr. Amery, I’m still learning about everything,” Cherise pretended to be innocent. “But she has given me the authority **to** manage this contract termination.”

“She seems to hold you in high regard,” Hudson narrowed his eyes again.

“She knows I can be trusted,” Cherise shrugged.

“If that is the case, then do you think five times the amount of penalty for breaching the contract is enough to cover our losses from not working with Angelworld Jewelry again?” Hudson asked with a cold smile.

Cherise rolled her eyes inwardly.

What a capitalist bastard...

“Then name your price, Mr. Amery,” she said, still with her hands folded but this time with a raised brow.

Posted by **Admin-J**, 91 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

## Chapter 29

Looking at his ex-wife sitting across from him arrogantly, Hudson felt something stirring inside his heart something he had never felt after such a long time.

The feeling of wanting to win and bring her down, for her to submit to him again, but at the same time, it annoyed him how she was able to bring all those feelings to him. A feeling that he finally found a worthy opponent in the business world.

Even though he was not influential in many countries, his name and the Amery Group were still well-**known all** over the world.

In every

business he conducted, in every meeting he had been to, the representatives of the companies or even the CEOs were always trying to please him, afraid of saying the wrong things in case he decided not to work with them. That worked both locally and internationally.

For those who were in the same league or more influential than him, such as the Jennings Group and the Alster Group, they were always cordial to each other. That was always the case **until** he divorced Cherise, and she became Julian's **lover**. Now, he didn't even think he could be in the same room as Julian without feeling like punching **him**.

But back to the business aspect, he had never felt the rush of excitement when dealing with other business associates or even when just being in social engagements with them.

He was Hudson Amery—a cold, control freak and ruthless businessman who never felt or showed any emotions. Everyone in the world knew **that**. Everyone knew the Amery Group wasn't that influential internationally, not because they couldn't, but because Hudson, as the CEO, **was** very picky with his partners.

sure

Even though the partnership could benefit the Amery Group, he would rather go individuals who were professionals in their fields and create a subsidiary company. That way everything was always under his control.

This was always the case, except when he couldn't find some professionals in their fields, such as jewelry designers, and once he knew that Angel, the most sought—

after jewelry designer, was the main designer of Angelworld Jewelry and they proposed a partnership with him three years ago, he didn't hesitate to sign a contract with them.

Everyone always respected and looked up to him because of that, but that wasn't the case with his ex—

wife, who had been timid for three years. She was the first to challenge him, and he always loved a good challenge, which he last felt when he lost a bet with his brother when he was a teenager.

Alas, this **was** a business deal. If he asked for too much, the Amery Group's name would be dragged down by his impulse just to win against his timid-turned-domineering **ex**-wife.

He tapped his fingers against the table, creating a silence that seemed to stretch forever — an act of intimidation, but his ex—

wife just sat there, her eyes fixed right into his, not feeling intimidated at all, and there was a ghost of a smile on her tempting red lips.

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So that was how she wanted to play, Hudson thought and smirked inwardly. Game on, then...

**His** fingers stopped tapping against the desk, and everyone seemed to let out a breath they didn't know they were holding.

"How about this, then, Miss. Cherise..." Hudson purposely put emphasized on her name. "Since you've been given the authority to ensure this meeting runs smoothly, I'd like the compensation to be ten times the initial amount. How's that?"

Both the lawyers turned to look at Hudson in shock but managed to maintain a calm facade. If they were not professionals, they would already be gawking at him in disbelief.

Before coming down from the shock, they heard a choking sound, and they turned their heads to look at Cherise, who seemed also to be shocked by Hudson's request.

Cherise, who suddenly became the center of attention, pretended to cough to cover the uncontrollable giggle that escaped from her mouth when she heard Hudson's demand.

Neil quickly poured a cup of water for Cherise, and she needed to take a sip to maintain her

pretense.

"Too much for the Angelworld Jewelry?" Hudson asked with his own arrogant smirk.

Cherise patted her lips with a tissue and cleared her throat. "This... I have to ask for our CEO's thoughts first."

"I thought you were given full authority?" Hudson raised an eyebrow, an obvious challenge to Cherise's previous challenge.

Cherise so wanted to glare and punch Hudson's handsome face and arrogance right now, but instead, she gave him her sweetest smile and took her phone.

are quite

“I do, but I’m merely a personal assistant who is still learning. I’d better ask her as greedy with the amount of compensation you asked for, Mr. Amery.” Her sweet smile was still planted firmly on her face, but every one could hear the slight sarcasm in her words.

“I don’t think I’m being greedy, Miss. Cherise,” Hudson shrugged. “We’ve been working together for three years, and you can imagine the loss La Jewel will incur if we suddenly dissolve our contract.”

“You can always find some other companies to work with. I’m sure they will be begging on their knees to have a cooperation with La Jewel,” she deliberately paused before continuing, “And I heard your fiancé has a talent for designing jewelry, too.”

Now, there was no mistaking the, sarcasm in her words. Emely did have a basic of jewelry design. and used to win a national jewelry competition only to be disqualified because she was found to be plagiarizing from another, more well-known designer.

“That is not the matter at hand, isn’t it?” Hudson cocked his head to one side before adding, “**But** thank you for the suggestion. Maybe I’ll ask her to do it.”

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Trying hard not to glare at Hudson, Cherise looked at her phone and found Julian’s name. “**Well**, I’m glad to be of help, Mr. Amery. Let me message our CEO and see what she has to say about the

amount.”

Cherise: [That jackass asked for ten times the amount of breaching the contract.]

Julian: [Just give it to the greedy scumbag. La Jewel won’t be able to survive without Angelworld, and we can get that much and more through our next collection. As long as it is what you want, just give it to him. It won’t put a dent in our wealth.]

Cherise couldn't help but soften and smile when she read Julian's reply. **She** already knew she could give Hudson what he demanded, which was why she let out a giggle a while ago.

No one noticed the changes in Cherise's demeanor, but Hudson's hawk-like eyes took in the changes – the way her smile and gaze softened, and her whole body loosened up.

It was everything she reserved for her loved ones, just like the one she used to show him and now Julian.

Without realizing it, Hudson clenched his fist on the table tightly and ground his molars. "In the end, you still asked Julian about it, huh?" he asked, sarcasm dripping from his every word.

Cherise looked up to see him and knitted her brows together. How did he know? It didn't matter. though. She wouldn't tell him the truth, anyway.

"No, I'm sending a message to our CEO regarding your shameless request," Cherise replied before scrolling through her phone again to find Logan's name while Hudson was getting more enraged by her.

"Shameless?" he laughed in anger. "Your company is the one who wants to dissolve our partnership, and it will affect La Jewel's reputation and profit. Both companies have already advertised our next collection, and you said I was shameless?"

"It depends on what my CEO says about it," Cherise replied lightly and sent a message to Logan, not caring about Hudson's anger, and Hudson could only calm himself down while waiting for the CEO's response.

Cherise: [Where are you?]

Logan: [A minute away from your building.]

Cherise: [Good. That jerk arrived earlier than scheduled. Come up as soon as you can. I want to get rid of him as quickly as possible.]

Logan: [Got that.]



With that, Cherise put her phone on the desk and smiled at Hudson. “It seems our CEO agrees with your condition, Mr. Amery.”

She agreed? Hudson’s eyebrows shot up for a split second before he resumed his calm composure.

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Ten times the amount of penalty wasn’t small. He deliberately said that to ensure their partnership would still be in place.

How could such a mid-size company such as Angelworld Jewelry just agree to pay for it? Either Julian was backing it, or....

“Everyone out,” he said calmly, yet with authority **no** one could question.

Cherise raised her brow at Hudson’s audacity in giving an order in her office and to her people, but she kept quiet.

Miles and Hudson’s lawyer were used to such command, and they went out immediately without asking any questions.

Neil

and Cherise’s lawyer looked at her, seeking her approval, especially Neil as he was tasked to protect Cherise by Julian, but Cherise just nodded at them, letting them know that she agreed with Hudson’s request and they could leave the room and leave the two of them alone.

“What do you want? Just spit it out. I have other engagements after this,” Cherise asked impatiently once Neil, who was the last to leave, closed the door behind him.

“Are

you sure your CEO does not mind paying ten times the amount for breach of contract?” Hudson asked rather in disbelief, though his tone and face remained calm..

Cherise shrugged, took her phone, and waved it in front of Hudson. “That was what she said. I’m just a messenger.

“Are you sure you are not the CEO?” Hudson narrowed his eyes, making sure he wouldn’t miss any sign of his ex–wife lying to him. Was she secretly wealthy and hid it from him?

It was impossible for him to believe that she was just a personal assistant with the way she carried herself and how the lawyer and Neil, Julian Alster’s trusted assistant, were asked to leave the room.

her approval to

Cherise smirked just like before and spread out her arms. “Do you really think an orphan like me, who always stayed at home, with no business training before, always waiting for your beck and call, and bullied by your mother and sister, would have the ability to manage a company?TM

Hudson couldn’t **see** any signs of lying from her, and so he sneered. “Are you sure your CEO will not regret dissolving our partnership?”

“Oh, she won’t, Cherise smiled.

“She seems confident about it,” Hudson sneered again.

“Because she already has a backup plan,” Cherise’s smile widened, and at the exact moment, there was a knock on the door before it opened.

“And here **is our** backup plan,” she said as she stood up to welcome another gentleman into the

room.

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Posted by **Admin-J**, 93 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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Hudson swiveled his chair and growled out the name of whoever dared to enter the room when he **had** explicitly demanded to be left alone with Cherise.

Logan, comparable to Hudson's handsomeness but with a different temperament, looking dashing in a similar black three-piece tailored suit like Hudson, stepped toward Cherise at the same time Cherise stepped toward him, and they kissed each other's cheeks.

"You arrived just in time, or I might have punched him in the face already," Cherise whispered with a smile.

"Sorry for the delay, but I'd gladly see you bruise his face," Logan chuckled in a low tone.

Hudson, who was sitting in his seat, couldn't hear what they were talking about, but he nearly saw red from how Cherise and Logan were behaving – from the way Logan placed his hands on Cherise's waist, the way Cherise placed her hands on Logan's biceps, the way Cherise looked up and welcomed Logan's kiss and even kissed him back to the way they whispered and laughed between themselves.

In his eyes, those gestures were just too intimate to be done with business partners. Then he recalled how his ex-wife had danced with Logan and how that bastard punched him last time at the club.

And how dared they behave intimately like he wasn't even there? He, Hudson Amery, the CEO of the Amery Group, was supposed to be the center of attention everywhere he was, but this Logan Jennings did not even greet **him**, preferring **to** touch and kiss Cherise, who was just a personal assistant.

"Logan Jennings..." Hudson said through gritted teeth, not even bothering to stand up to greet him. Once again, he showed his dominance in his own way, with a cold aura, arms folded across his chest, and eyes boring deeply into his 'enemy'.

"Hudson Amery," Logan nodded with a slight smile to return Hudson's greeting, not feeling intimidated at all. He was used to all sorts of people, including the mafias.

Someone like Hudson could **not** and would not be able to intimidate him, no matter how much pressure he was giving out. Especially since Cherise was here and he felt the need to protect her.

“Aren’t you disrespectful and have no manners?” Hudson curled his lips into a slight smile that did not reach his eyes. “You know I asked everyone to leave us because I need to talk to Cherise alone.”

“Is that so?” Logan asked with a faint smile, one of his arms still circling around Cherise’s **waist**, a gesture that Hudson saw as one of possessiveness.

“But no one stops me from coming in,” Logan continued, and his smile grew gentler as he shifted his focus to Cherise, who was also looking at him with a smile of her own, her eyes gleaming with

amusement.

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Julian Alster **and Logan** Jennings, huh?” He took his eyes away from Logan’s hand **resting on** Cherise’s waist as if it had and would always belong there **and** fixed them on the woman who **had changed a lot**.

He could not recognize the timid and shy attitude his ex-wife had always shown him. Nothing **about** her now screamed ‘reserved. She was sassy, and what annoyed him most was how she didn’t shy away from powerful men around her.

Either Julian Alster or Logan Jennings... When she stood beside either one of them, she was not overshadowed by their presence. People would notice her; that was how much she had changed

now.

When they were married, she would mostly keep to herself when they went to social gatherings. or make her presence as small as possible, as if she wanted all the spotlights to focus only on him, but he didn't need it. It was the reason he never brought her along anymore after a few times.

She could not place herself in a situation, or so he thought. It seemed he was wrong. Now, she could even outshine the **two** influential CEOs from Country A and Country C.

"Well, Mr. Amery, as I've said, our CEO will not regret severing our partnership because. Angelworld Jewelry has already had a backup plan," Cherise smiled at him, not stepping away Logan's hold.

Her words brought Hudson's mind back to reality. Backup plan....

from

"You are going to cooperate with the Jennings Group?" Hudson gritted his teeth to the point others might be able to hear it. He was furious by Cherise's decision.

Yes, Jennings Group was as influential as the Amery Group in their respective countries, but they had had a successful partnership for the past three years!

Why would she suddenly terminate their contract when both companies had reaped sky-high benefits and chose Jennings Group, which had not even entered the jewelry market?

A thought popped into his head, and Hudson sneered at himself. It turned out right, after all. It was all to get his attention.

y might be

"Leave us alone," Hudson said to Logan, which Logan was about to say no, but Hudson threatened. Cherise in his next sentence. "Or I won't sign the termination contract."

Cherise looked at him in annoyance but whispered that it was all right for Logan to leave them

alone.

“I’ll be outside if you need me,” Logan said softly but enough for Hudson to hear, sneering at his so-called ‘ready to save the damsel in distress’ words.

“Speak,” Cherise didn’t bother hiding her irritation the moment Logan left them alone.

Hudson did reply right away. Instead, he rose from his seat slowly, gracefully, and took steps

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toward Cherise.

Cherise gritted her teeth, trying her hardest to stay still, not wanting to show how intimidated she felt at that moment, especially when Hudson came too close to her and loomed above her due to their height difference.

Hudson smirked when he saw all the subtle signs of anger, anxiety, and fear in Cherise’s body language. This should be how she behaved around him, he thought to himself.

“Julian Alster and Logan Jennings, huh? Do you think being with them is enough to make me jealous, Cherise?” He repeated his earlier words, and this time, Cherise was able to roll her eyes.

“This matter again?” she thought.

“Don’t think too highly of yourself, Mr. Amery. A partnership with Jennings Group will be more beneficial than with Amery Group as we can spread our wings to Country C,” Cherise tried to reply as professionally as she could.

How Hudson could think she was trying to make him jealous was beyond her. But then he was a narcissistic CEO: what did she expect?

“And please, you are being too close to me, and it’s very inappropriate,” Cherise tried to shove Hudson away from her, but she realized it was a wrong move to make because Hudson seized both her wrists.

“Mr. Amery, let my hands go!” She glared at him.

“Why?” Hudson tilted his head down until their faces were only a breath away.

Cherise turned her head sideways, not wanting to be kissed or even looked into his dark seemed to always be able to suck her soul away.

eyes that

“Because it is inappropriate,” she replied again, this time with more determination..

Hudson sneered and let her hands go. “So it’s inappropriate for me to be close to you yet it’s appropriate for Logan Jennings?”

“He’s going into partnership with Angelworld Jewelry,” Cherise glared at him.

“So it’s that way for you to get a new partnership?” Hudson narrowed his eyes. “To let every representative touch you anyhow they like?”

Cherise couldn’t take it anymore, so she raised her hand and slapped Hudson hard on his cheek. “Watch your word, Mr. Amery. You know nothing about me, so don’t accuse me of doing something I will ever do,”

Hudson rubbed his stinging cheek but didn’t get angry. “I’m just warning you, Cherise. It is how I see it, and that is how others will perceive it too.”

He then went back to his seat and sat down. “As for you saying I know nothing about you... You

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**seem to** be right. **You’ve** changed a lot since **we** divorced, which made me wonder.... Why **did** you pretend to be timid and shy when we were married?”

Cherise did not even want to answer such a stupid question, so instead, she said, “It’s all in the past. Need I remind you again, Hudson, that we are ex-husband and ex-

wife, and that means everything that happened between us in the past does not need to be brought up over and over again.”

“Then let me tell you something, Cherise,” Hudson’s tone grew cold. “As my ex-

wife, do not go around latching onto every wealthy man. It will reflect poorly on me.”

Cherise couldn't believe her ears. It would reflect poorly on him?

She couldn't contain her laughter of anger. “You are the one who cheated during our marriage. I don't think my closeness with Julian or Logan will damage your reputation even more. And rather than caring about my reputation, you should care more about your beloved Emely's reputation. You wouldn't want her to be labeled as a mistress, would you?”

Hudson frowned and wanted to reply, but Cherise was already walking toward the door and opening it. “Gentlemen, let's continue and finish our meeting now.”

With her words, everyone resumed their seats, with Logan sitting beside Cherise and their lawyers on the other side and Hudson and his lawyer across from them.

Logan's lawyer was the first to slide the two copies of their cooperation termination contracts, and Hudson's lawyer checked them while Hudson kept his eyes on Cherise and Logan. God knew they were whispering about what stuff, but it must be good, as both of them had smiles on their faces.

After ensuring everything was as discussed over the faxes, Hudson's lawyer passed him the contracts, and he signed them without even checking on them.

Miles and his lawyer were quite surprised because this wasn't like their usual meticulous boss, who would always recheck everything, but they did not dare question his action.

Next

it was Angelworld Jewelry's lawyer's turn to pass them both copies of their... termination contract, but unlike before, Hudson reached out to check the terms himself and sneered when he saw that the amount for breaching the contract had really been changed into ten times the initial amount.



Since they wanted it, then he would give it to them. He signed both copies without hesitation and stood up to leave. He did not want to be there much longer, but he still felt the need to deliver one last warning, "Do not regret this."

Logan and Cherise shared a look, and Cherise laughed out loud. What an arse. He would be the one who would regret it, not them.

After signing their new contracts, Neil brought them two glasses and a bottle of champagne to celebrate their new partnership.

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## Chapter 30

"Here is to a successful cooperation," Cherise lifted her glass and said with a smile. Logan smiled back and clinked his glass with her.

Now, he would at least do something to repay her. He would do everything in his power to ensure Angelworld Jewelry would be the most well-known jewelry company in Country C, just for the girl who was everything to him, he thought to himself while smiling at her