

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

Chapter 5

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Chapter 5 – Congratulations On Your Divorce

“Are you sure you don't want me to accompany you?” Julian asked his sister.

Cherise rolled her eyes and said, “I'm not a little girl anymore, brother. No one needs to be escorted by their family members during a divorce.”

Julian chuckled and rubbed Cherise's head. “Go ahead and divorce him. I'll be waiting here.”

Cherise hugged Julian, feeling grateful and lucky that he was supportive and didn't criticize her for being stupid.

She walked toward City Hall and sat on one of the seats. Looking at her watch, she saw there were still 10 minutes left until her appointment time with Hudson.

There weren't many people in the City Hall that day. Not many were registering for marriage, and the line for divorce wasn't long either.

Hudson, who had returned from taking a smoke, stood rooted in his spot the moment he laid eyes on his soon-to-be ex-wife.

As the weather was getting chillier, today Cherise wore a long tan coat that didn't hide her slender and tall figure. Her hair was pulled back into a messy bun with tendrils falling to frame her delicate face.

Hudson pursed his thin lips. He couldn't remember the last time Cherise had dressed up. Had she ever dressed up? In the past three years, he never really paid attention to her, and something uncomfortable settled in his heart. He had always known his wife was pretty, but with a touch of light makeup, she looked radiant. Finally, after 5 minutes of taking his fill, his long legs moved.

Cherise, who was looking at her phone, saw a pair of shiny man's leather shoes from her peripheral vision. By instinct, her eyes traveled upward, seeing the long legs in front of her clad in pressed long black pants with nary a wrinkle. Even his legs were captivating, Cherise thought to herself.

Her gaze moved upward even more, taking in the muscular build of the man, thinking of how the muscles beneath that black shirt felt and flexed when they were having s*x.

"I'm giving you one last chance to back out from this divorce, Cherise," Hudson's cold voice was like a bucket of ice water drenching her, bringing her mind back to the present. She felt embarrassed to have daydreamed about the man who soon wouldn't be in her life anymore.

Standing up and ignoring him, Cherise walked toward the clerk for the divorce procedure, showing her resolution to divorce him.

Hudson gritted his teeth and hurriedly went after her. "Don't regret this."

Cherise kept treating him like air, not looking or speaking to him.

After ten minutes of queuing, it was finally their turn.

"Are you sure you want to divorce, sir and mam?" the clerk was stunned to see the stunning couple before her.

"We are sure," Cherise replied firmly.

The clerk looked at Hudson, who had no expression and thought it was such a pity for them to divorce, but as her job, she produced two copies of divorce papers for them to sign without saying anything.

It didn't take long for them to receive their divorce papers, just as long as when they created their marriage certificate.

Cherise glanced at it briefly while Hudson looked at it in a daze. He had never planned to divorce Cherise, at least not under this circumstance. She was, after all, a great wife to him, although annoyingly so, what with her being so dull.

When Hudson emerged from his dazed state, Cherise was no longer around. He walked fast toward the exit to see Cherise looking like she was waiting for someone. Hudson felt smug. She should have been waiting for him and wanted to beg him to give her another chance.

Hudson walked to her when suddenly a luxurious black car zoomed past him, and he stopped walking to admire the car. Like any other hot-blooded male, he loved seeing a beautiful car, especially a limited-edition, which was only produced in two units worldwide.

The door of the passenger's seat was opened, followed by an expensive shiny leather shoe and the long leg of a man in black pants, and Hudson was dumbstruck when the man appeared in his line of vision.

Julian Alster, the CEO of the Alster group, the wealthiest family in Country A, was holding a bouquet of exquisite red roses.

What shocked him more was that Julian handed the bouquet to Cherise, his ex-wife!

"Congratulations on your divorce, Cherise." Julian handed her the flowers and dotingly tucked her loosened hair behind her ear.

Cherise beamed at him. "Thank you! When did you buy this?"

"While I was waiting for you." Julian was relieved that the divorce didn't sadden his younger sister.

Hudson's blood boiled as he looked at the lovely scene of his ex-wife with another man, especially the way Cherise seemed so happy.

He rushed toward the couple and grabbed her arm, causing her to wince in pain as her injuries still hadn't fully healed yet. "Cherise, who is he?"

Julian frowned as he saw his sister in pain. He forcefully shook Hudson's hand away and said with a lazy smile, "Surely you know me, Amery. We've met a few times."

Although they had no business dealings before, with both being powerful CEOs, their path had crossed a few times.

“Cherise, I’m asking you!” Ignoring Julian’s mock, Hudson reached out to grab Cherise’s arm again.

Julian stepped between them as a barrier; his demeanor changed into one of coldness. “Is it not enough that your lover hurt her, Amery? Are you going to harm her further?”

Hudson was furious seeing Julian protecting Cherise. “Heh, she’s just faking. She’s just a lowly gold-digger, and you fall for her trap. No wonder you are so eager to divorce me, huh, Cherise?”

Julian suddenly laughed, looking at Hudson as if he was a clown. He purposely threw his arm around Cherise’s shoulder, drawing her close. “Even if I fall for her trap, what business is it of yours, Amery? You are just her ex-husband who never appreciated her. She’ll be better off with me.”

Cherise, who had been enjoying her brother’s protection, giggled. Of course, she’d be better off with her own family. Her brother had always pampered and doted on her. How could Hudson compare?

“Julian, let’s go. Don’t waste any more time with a cheater.”

With that, Cherise turned around. Hudson, still fuming with anger, still tried to stop them from leaving.

“I’ll ask you again, Amery. Are you going to harm her further?” Julian asked as he opened the door for Cherise.

Hudson was about to retort, but Julian cut him off. “If you say she’s faking it, why don’t you check the hospital record? Or your PA? Or even your lover? They all know the truth.”

Without giving Hudson a chance to reply, Julian got into the car and asked the driver to drive away.

Cherise, who was sniffing the roses, let out a laugh. "I can't believe I was married to a fool. He thinks you are my new sugar daddy!"

"He'll know about your identity as the heiress of the Alster family sooner or later. That would be a slap to his face for calling you a gold-digger," Julian replied.

"We still can't tell the world for now, though." Cherise furrowed her brows.

"We can tell them anytime you want. If you still want to keep it a secret, then we will keep it a secret," Julian said and smiled mischievously. "But for now..."

Cherise suddenly had a bad feeling. "For now?" she asked hesitantly.

"Grandpa wants to see you," Julian grinned.

Hudson, stranded and left alone in front of the City Hall, took a puff of his cigarette. He couldn't believe his ex-wife had cuckolded him! How did Cherise manage to know Julian Alster, who was even richer than him? How long had their relationship been going on?

He wanted to know the answer, so he called Cherise, only to curse when he realized she had blocked his number.

He called Miles instead to pick him up. Once he got into the car, his phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and let out a helpless sigh.

"You incompetent grandson!" Agatha berated her grandson the moment the call was connected. "I heard you've divorced Cherise. What a fool you are!"

Hudson pursed his lips and narrowed his eyes at Miles, who pretended he didn't see his boss trying to kill him with his gaze.

"Come see me now. I have to punish you for doing such a stupid thing!" Then, the dial tones were heard before Hudson could say anything in return.

Hudson rubbed his temples, knowing what was to come, and ordered Miles, "Go to the Amery Mansion."