

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

Chapter 6

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Chapter 6 – Grandpa Alster and Grandma Avery

“Gran-Grandpa is here?” Cherise gulped in nervousness and a bit of fear.

Julian, seemingly amused by his younger sister's reaction, smiled and flicked her forehead lightly. “Why are you so nervous and afraid of meeting Grandpa? He won't do anything to you.”

Cherise pouted and rubbed her forehead. “I'm not! I'm not scared of meeting Grandpa. It's just that...” She blushed with embarrassment when she thought of how confident she was three years ago while making the deal with him.

She was so sure of making Hudson able to fall for her within three years. She had even smugly said to her grandpa that she would only need one year!

Now, three years had passed, and not only did the Amery family hate her, but Hudson himself hated her! How embarrassing to see her grandpa when she had failed so miserably after being so arrogant!

Julian, still with his gentle smile, patted Cherise's head dotingly. “Don't worry. You are Grandpa's favorite granddaughter. He won't get mad at you.”

“Of course, I'm his favorite; I am his only granddaughter,” Cherise said smugly. Her grandpa also always doted on her, so she knew she had nothing to fear. But still...

“But he might tease you,” Julian laughed, making Cherise groan.

Despite already passing his 70th birthday, their grandpa was still known for being mischievous and liked to prank his grandchildren.

Not long after, they reached Julian's mansion, and when they stepped into the living room, they saw their grandfather leisurely sipping a cup of tea.

Despite his old age and white hair, Charles Alster, the patriarch of the Alster family, still looked majestic with the aura of a domineering president of the wealthiest family of Country A.

Cherise felt helpless as she saw her grandpa acting like she didn't exist. She knew she might have angered him, so she had to make the first move.

Acting spoiled, she went to him and called in an extra sweet voice, "Grandpa, I'm back."

Charles kept sipping his tea, pretending to be deaf.

Cherise pouted and looked at her grandpa innocently. "Won't you acknowledge your favorite granddaughter anymore?"

Charles finally reacted and gave her a brief glance. "I thought you were the one who won't acknowledge your grandpa anymore."

"How could it be?" Cherise feigned shock and clung to her grandpa. "You are the person who dotes on me the most. It's impossible for me to forget you!"

Charles set his cup on the table and finally looked straight at his granddaughter with a sneer, "Three years with no contact, and you said it's impossible to forget me?"

Cherise looked at him with embarrassment and guilt. In order to marry Hudson, she didn't keep in contact with anyone she knew. "I know it's my fault, grandpa."

Charles, still not wanting to let her granddaughter off easily, harrumphed. "You only remember me when you face troubles."

Cherise looked at Julian with pleading eyes, begging him to help her coax their grandpa, but Julian pretended not to see his sister's plea. Even if he doted on her, it was her decision to leave home and marry Hudson, so she should face the consequences herself.

"You have divorced him?" Charles asked Cherise.

“Yes...” Cherise mumbled her answer, her confidence dwindling under her grandpa’s watchful gaze.

“Good.” Charles’ answer made Cherise speechless. Why was everyone happy that she divorced Hudson?

“Grandpa, you are the only grandfather in the world who wishes for their granddaughter to divorce,” Julian laughed.

“You wish for your sister to divorce, too,” Charles sneered at his grandson, making Julian nearly choke on his tea.

“Your brother said you have signed the contract to take over Angelworld Jewelry?” Charles asked Cherise.

“Yes.” Cherise nodded. “I promise I’ll make it even more successful.”

“Really?” Charles looked at her with doubt and teased, “You can’t even manage your ex-husband and his family, but you are so confident in managing a jewelry company with hundreds of staff?”

“Grandpaaaa,” Cherise whined. “You don’t have to keep reminding me about it.”

Charles finally laughed and patted his granddaughter’s hand dotingly. “As long as you’ve realized your mistake and learned from it, I won’t tease you anymore.”

“I have no feelings for Hudson anymore,” Cherise said firmly. “He will be like a stranger to me from now on.”

Charles nodded, satisfied with her answer, but soon turned angry and distressed when he saw how thin Cherise was. “I’ve heard how they treated you during your marriage. The audacity of them treating my beloved granddaughter as a servant! Do you need your brother to teach them a lesson? It’ll be as easy as crushing an ant.”

It was true. The Alster family was wealthier and more powerful than the Amery family. While the Amery only had power in Country B, the Alster held power over several countries, with their companies dominating several industries.

So, if Cherise wanted to take revenge on Hudson, she could do so easily with the resources of the Alster family. But where was the fun in that? It'd be too easy, and furthermore, she didn't really want to bankrupt the Amerys because Agatha treated her well. She just wanted to make Hudson, his mom, and his sis suffer.

"Don't worry about it, Grandpa. I have my own plan," Cherise smiled mischievously.

In another part of the city, a similar scene was playing, but contrary to the warm scene in the Alster family, the atmosphere in the Amery Mansion was tense.

Hudson was facing his grandmother, Agatha Amery, the matriarch of the Amery family, who was looking furiously at him.

"You foolish child!" Agatha knocked her cane against the floor. "Why did you divorce such a great wife?"

"She's the one who wanted it, Grandma," Hudson replied.

"She wouldn't want to divorce you if you didn't do or say something bad to her!" Agatha was so frustrated by her grandson. She loved Cherise like her own granddaughter, as she knew Cherise loved Hudson for himself and not for his money or power.

Hudson could only purse his thin lips. He didn't feel like he did anything wrong. He only asked Cherise to apologize to Emely for causing her to miscarry. Was it wrong for him to do so?

"I've heard of what happened." Despite not being the CEO of the Amery group anymore, she still had eyes and ears everywhere and saw Hudson pampering Emely during his brother's funeral. Everyone with a brain could deduct part of the reason for Hudson and Cherise's divorce.

"You got your mistress pregnant," Agatha accused her grandson. "And that girl used to be your brother's girlfriend. How shameless of you! Is this how I raised you? To be a disloyal man?"

Hudson, feeling tired of being blamed, blurted out, "Cherise pushed Emely and caused her to miscarry."

“Are you sure? Did you see it with your own eyes? Cherise is so gentle she wouldn’t even hurt a fly. How could she harm a person?” Agatha asked a barrage of questions. “And I heard Cherise was hurt, too. Did you ask who hurt who first?”

“Emely would never hurt Cherise.” Hudson insisted. “She’s pregnant. Why would she need to harm others if she would get hurt in the end?”

“You still dare to defend that woman?” Agatha snapped, her patience wearing thin as she heard her grandson did not once defend Cherise.

“Grandma, you’ve just lost a great-grandson or daughter. Don’t you feel sad at all?” Hudson asked.

Agatha just snorted. Who knew how Emely got pregnant?

“Did she drug you so she could have s*x with you and get pregnant with your baby? And when did you start seeing her?” Agatha asked.

Hudson kept quiet, unable to answer both questions.

“I knew it! She’s so scheming!” Having lived so many years and seen different types of people, Agatha knew the kind of woman Emely was. That was why she could never accept Emely as her granddaughter-in-law. Unfortunately, both her grandsons fell in love with her.

Hudson frowned as she heard his grandma’s words. “Emely is not scheming.”

“Is she not?” Agatha glanced sharply at her useless grandson. “First, she had a relationship with your brother, and now you. Can’t you see she never loved any of you? She only wants the title of Mrs. Amery and every advantage that comes with it!”

Hudson opened his mouth to reply, but he thought better of it and closed his mouth again.

Agatha shook her head helplessly as she looked at her grandson being so stubborn.

“Do you know why she left your brother many years ago, Hudson?” Agatha tried to make her grandson see Emely’s true color.