

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 61

Posted by **Admin-J**, 56 Views, Released on April 19, 2024

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Keep on investigating about Emely's miscarriage?

"We should," Hudson replied without hesitation.

It was after all Luis' baby. He **needed** to know the truth. Whether it was caused by an accident from Emely's side or Cherise, he

should know about it.

"You know the truth might not be what you thought of, right?" Keith asked thoughtfully. This case is suspicious. Why would the doctor suddenly resign?"

Hudson felt the same way as Keith. But no matter what the truth was, he would find it out, and there must be an explanation for

everything

"Are you ready to accept if it was actually Emely's fault?" Keith glanced at his best friend.

Hudson frowned. He didn't believe Emely would purposely kill her and Luis' baby, especially since she had told him she was still in

love with Luis

"I don't think she would be cruel enough," Hudson replied though he felt unsettled when he thought about it, but he still wanted to give Emely the benefit of the doubt.

Keith sighed and said nothing else. The trust Hudson had in Emely could be his downfall. He needed to help Hudson find the truth as fast as possible.

He had the niggling feeling in the back of his mind that Emely was the one who got rid of the baby, but he couldn't say it out loud as he had no evidence backing his theory. Finding the doctor would hopefully shed the truth of the

ter.

Keith didn't want Hudson to turn out like his father – married to a snake. That was why he always thought Cherise was a great wife for Hudson. Because she didn't covet Hudson's wealth. All she wanted was Hudson's love. Too bad Hudson couldn't see it before.

Keith sighed and took out the food from the plastic bag that Finley had bought for them. He placed each container on the table and

had some utensils for Hudson to use.

Hudson took it and they ate in silence while thinking of the best way to find Emily's attending doctor. He had asked Miles to look into it, and Keith, with his special task force, would help too..

But they might not be able to find him if he had hidden himself. Hudson should try to track the doctor himself, but he felt so damn

tired.

After they finished their meals, Keith, who noticed how haggard Hudson looked, offered him to wash up and sleep in his en-suite bedroom in the office.

"Go," he nudged Hudson toward the bedroom. "I'll put a sleeping pill on the bedside table for you to take."

Hudson had no energy to reject him, so he went to the bathroom and when he finished showering, he took the pill and went straight

into a deep slumber.

The next morning, he showered and called Miles to pick him up at the hospital .

"I'm going to see my grandmother," he told Keith as they ate their breakfast. "Mom didn't ask about my opinion when she released the news of my engagement, so I haven't had time to talk to Grandma about it."

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“Dahlia is getting bolder, huh?” Keith eyed him. “Agatha didn’t contact you and ask **you** about it?”

“No.” Hudson shook his head as he ate another spoonful of his breakfast.

“She must be really pissed,” Keith chuckled.

“I’m going to tell her the truth behind my engagement with Emely and also my deal with her,” Hudson said.

“Good for you,” Keith agreed that Agatha should know the truth. “Though things would’ve turned out differently if you didn’t lie to her from the beginning”

Hudson pursed his lips. “I didn’t want Grandma to take Emely’s baby from her. You know how much she dislikes Emely. If she knew it was Luis’ baby, Grandma and Mom would take the baby and separate them from each other.”

Keith sighed. Somehow he pitied his best friend. The situation he was in now was quite complicated. With how Dahlia had blown out the news of Hudson’s engagement, he couldn’t get away from it. And this happened when Hudson finally realized his feelings for

Cherise.

“Thank you for letting me stay here last night and for listening to my dilemma,” Hudson said gratefully.

“That’s what a best friend is for.” Keith smiled at him.

Hudson nodded and left the **room**, but instead of going to the lobby, his feet brought him in another direction to the VVIP ward.

He just needed to make sure Cherise felt better even if he could only only see him from the other side of the door.

He reached Cherise’s ward and peeked inside to see Julian wasn’t there and Cherise was still sleeping.

Opening the door carefully, he walked toward Cherise's **bed** silently, placed a hand on her forehead

had gone down.

and felt relieved that her fever.

Despite wanting to stay longer, he willed himself to leave because as Julian had said the night before, he had no right to be here.

He placed a lingering kiss on Cherise's forehead, a gesture he never thought he would ever do to her but now couldn't seem to get enough of, and then left to go to the Amery Mansion to face his grandmother.

When he arrived at the Amery Mansion, Agatha was having tea in the back garden.

"Grandma," he greeted her and bent down to place a kiss on her cheek.

Agatha snorted. "I didn't think you still remember you have a grandmother."

Guilt washed over Hudson as he sat down beside her,

"I'm sorry, Grandma," he apologized sincerely. "I wasn't even aware of the announcement. When Miles told me about it, the news had spread like fire and I couldn't do anything about it."

"You are really going **to** marry that scheming woman?" Agatha gave him the stinky eyes.

Hudson frowned, "Grandma, please don't call Emely scheming."

Agatha snorted again. "She was with your brother and promised to break up with him but in the end still ended up with you. To get **both** brothers wrapped in her fingers. She is even better than your mother"

"Grandma." Hudson frowned even harder. "Please listen to me first. Emely told me why

she took the money from you."

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“She’d say anything to make herself look good,” Agatha scoffed.

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“Alright.” Hudson knew his grandma didn’t want to listen Emely’s reason, but he was sure she’d want to hear why he chose to marry

Emely

“Then please listen to me about..” Hudson swallowed the lump in his throat. “About Luis’s death.”

“Your brother’s death?” Agatha’s whole demeanor softened

Hudson closed his eyes and recounted the explosion that led to Luis’ death and how he had saved Hudson

Agatha could hear the guilt and grief in her grandson’s voice as she listened to his story, and she pulled him into a motherly embrace.

“It wasn’t your fault, Hudson,” she comforted him like when he was a child, running her hand along his back. “Luis chose to do it. You didn’t force him to save you. It wasn’t your fault.”

Hudson shuddered in his grandma’s arms. Keith said the same thing, and he kept telling himself what they told him- that it wasn’t his fault, but he couldn’t erase the guilt that easily.

“And I’m sorry you have to witness Luis’ death, Agatha continued soothing him. “It must have been very painful, and to keep it to yourself... You should’ve told me sooner, Hudson, then Grandma could have helped you deal with your emotions.”

With Agatha’s soothing voice and the way she stroked his back, Hudson felt like a small kid again and **couldn’t** hold back the tears bursting from his eyes.

Agatha kept comforting his grown-up grandson as he wept silently. She didn’t know he had been carrying this burden alone, but she hoped the comfort she was giving him now could erase his guilt even if only a bit.

Hudson finally stopped crying and quickly wiped his tears away, embarrassed that he had act

thirty years old.

te a child when he was nearly

Agatha held her grandson's face with her palms on his cheeks, and told him again, "Remember that Luis's death wasn't your fault,

Hudson

Hudson nodded and gently removed Agatha's hands from his cheeks because he was embarrassed. The last **time** she did it to him was when he was ten years old! He didn't want to be treated like a child now.

Although he removed Agatha's hands from his face, he kept **holding** them in his arms.

Hudson cleared his throat and continued his story, "About Emely's baby... It wasn't not mine. It was Luis",

Agatha stilled and asked to confirm if her hearing was right, "The one she mis carried? It wasn't yours?"

"No." Hudson replied softly and told her about Luis and Emely being in a relationship behind their backs, and how Luis made him promise to take care of her and the baby in his stead.

"Why didn't you just tell me the truth?" Agatha frowned, the wrinkles between her brows becoming more pronounced. "Or Cherise? Why did you let everyone assume it was your child?"

Hudson told her the reason, which Agatha understood. She might not have done it, but Dahlia most definitely would do it just to have

a grandson who she could use as leverage in the Amery family.

"But now the baby is gone, why do you

still need to marry her?" Agatha

Agatha asked. "Are you still in love with her?"

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"No," Hudson's reply was swift and firm. "I just want to keep my promise to take care of her."

"You know there **are** other ways to do that," Agatha huffed. "You don't have to marry her."

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"I wasn't thinking when I asked her to marry me," Hudson explained. "I thought since I was single and needed a wife, then I could marry her and kill two birds with one stone."

"Are you sure you want to marry her?" Agatha pressed. "Don't you feel revolted that she had had sex with your brother and then will

have sex later on?"

id ever

"We are not going to have sex," Hudson still answered even though this was the most awkward conversation a grandson could

have with his grandmother.

"Explain," Agatha said gently, and Hudson told her about the deal he made with Emely regarding their marriage.

"Do you think she'll actually follow through with the plan?" Agatha asked. "She could drug you and have her way with you."

"No, we have a clear understanding about our marriage arrangement and she's very okay with it."

Agatha looked at her grandson who was supposed to have a high IQ but was quite dumb at that moment.

"How are you going to have heirs if you don't have sex with her?"

Hudson's eyes widened because he had never thought of the issue.

"By keeping a mistress on the side?"

That was the last thing Hudson wanted to do. Never in his life would he cheat. Even when he hated Cherise, he never touched other women inappropriately.

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"You don't want to have a mistress, do you?" Agatha asked.

"No." He was never interested in women, then his chest squeezed again because he felt it now. Cherise was the woman he wanted.

the first and only

"This is such a mess. Agatha muttered under her breath.

"I know, Grandma. I'm sorry I didn't listen to all your advice to be nicer to Cherise."

Agatha was surprised to hear that last sentence. "Are you regretting your decision, Hudson?"

"I am," he admitted. "But now she's happy with Julian and I have a responsibility to Emely."

Agatha didn't respond because she didn't have an answer to that.

"About Emely and Luis... Agatha tried to change the topic. "How long was their relationship?"

Hudson thought about it and answered, "I think around three or four years."

"And you still think she's a good woman?" Agatha asked. "She didn't hesitate to take my check but then reappeared again, breaking our deal. And then you brought her back where she successfully made you divorce Cherise and would be your wife soon."

When what had happened **was** laid out like that, Hudson could actually understand why Agatha felt that Emely was evil.

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Before Hudson could reply back, Agatha **stood** up with the help of her maid.

“I’m sorry, but I won’t be attending your engagement banquet, Hudson,” Agatha said.

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Hudson was stunned. Did his grandmother hate Emely that much?

Seeing her grandson’s expression, Agatha tried to explain her decision, “Hudson, I’ve always loved and proud of you and Luis. But ever since you treated Cherise badly during your marriage with her, I’ve been disappointed in you. That wasn’t how I **raised** you to be.”

Once again, guilt struck Hudson. Hard. He knew he had made a terrible mistake.

“Grandma, I-”

raised her hand to

Agatha raised her hand to stop him from speaking any further.

“There are **ways** for you to fulfill your promise to Luis, but you chose the wrong way to do it,” Agatha continued. “And if you are going to sleep with a woman who used to carry **your** deceased brother’s baby...”

Agatha couldn’t continue her words because the thought of it made her sick. It was just wrong.

“Grandma, I’m not going to sleep with Emely,” Hudson insisted.

“But you’ll need an heir, and as you are marrying her, it goes without saying that she will be the one carrying your heir.”

Hudson shifted in his chair, feeling uncomfortable with the way Agatha was looking at him. This visit really made him feel like he was a small kid, and this time he felt like he was being chastised after doing something wrong when he was small.

"I love you, Hudson, but this time I can't support you," Agatha said. "That's why I won't go to your engagement banquet."

"I'm sorry, Grandma," Hudson could only apologize sincerely.

Agatha looked at her grandson for one last time **and** shook her head in disappointment before turning around to enter the mansion and go to her room with the help of her maid

Hudson's heart sank as he saw the disappointment in his grandmother's eyes. He knew he

used up a huge time this time.

He didn't think this through, especially about the heirs' part. Just like his grandma had implied, to sleep with someone who had once carried Luis' baby was just sick.

Even thought of it made Hudson's stomach churn. Not that he would sleep with Emely. But he also wouldn't and couldn't take a mistress. It was not in his blood to do something so despicable even though his marriage with Emely would be fake.

God, what had he done?

But what could he do now? He couldn't cancel their engagement since it was only less than a week now and everyone thought Emely's baby was his. If he canceled it now, they would think he was a heartless asshole for abandoning a woman who had lost his baby

Not that the media had not painted him badly because he had a mistress and impregnated her, but at least he had decided to marry her and not abandon her.

And everyone knew how he despised Cherise, so when the news of him bringing Emely home and about her miscarriage was circulated, no one was really shocked.

It was the norm for men in upper society to have mistresses, but most of them were discreet about it and most probably would abort their illegitimate sons or daughters.

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So, his mother's idea to hold a conference about his engagement with Emely had actually saved his reputation. Moreover, with the story that she was Hudson's first love, it made a romantic headline.

But he didn't feel good about it now.

Should he come clean about the truth? Held a conference about it? That the baby Emely had carried was Luis' and not his?

That he was just marrying her to fulfill his promise to Luis? That he never thought of Emely other than as a **good** friend and soon-to-be sister-in-law ever since she chose Luis over him?

But the media would turn to Cherise and implicate her, hounding her and asking her questions. That was the last thing he wanted to happen. He didn't want to hurt Cherise anymore. He didn't want anyone to disrupt her life because of him. He couldn't do that to her

anymore.

Never had in his life Hudson felt so down and disappointed in himself. He had disappointed his grandmother who had raised him to be the outstanding man he was **now**, and he had hurt the person whom he should've loved instead.

Hudson left the Amery Mansion with a heavy heart. In the car, he looked out the window and silently watched the scenery fly by.

Miles, who was driving, felt there was something wrong with his boss. Usually, Hudson would read documents or do **some** work on his laptop during their drive, but this moment he was just gazing out the window.

This had never happened before. Did he and Agatha have a fight? It seemed unlikely since they were always so **close**.

Agatha loved her grandsons too much to stay mad at them, as did both Luis and Hudson who loved their grandmother with all their hearts.

“Miles, how is the investigation about Emely’s doctor going?” Hudson suddenly asked, nearly making Miles swerve the car as he was shocked by the sudden voice interrupting his thoughts.

Luckily he was able to keep the car steady or he would lose his high-paying job.

I went to the doctor’s house, but no one answered and the neighbors said he had moved out a few months ago,” Miles told his boss

of his findings.

Hudson frowned as he listened to Miles’s result of the investigation.

“Do any of the neighbors know where he **moved** to?” Hudson asked.

“No,” Miles replied as he concentrated on the road in front of him. They said he just packed and left suddenly.”

Hudson tapped his finger on the car door and his frown lines became more pronounced. That felt very suspicious. Why would the doctor resign and move so suddenly? It was like he was fleeing from something.

Knowing Miles would not be able to procure any more information, Hudson didn’t ask him to investigate further.

Instead, he texted Keith and asked him about it, to which Keith replied that the doctor had fled the country, but he couldn’t **find** any

more information yet.

Sighing, Hudson closed his eyes and knew he needed to do the digging by himself. It should be a piece of cake for him, and he promised himself he would do it during his free time today.

He arrived at the office and went about his business and meetings until Miles told him he had an hour before another conference call would start.

Miles left him alone and Hudson quickly typed in codes on his laptop and waited for a while until all the information about the doctor

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was displayed on his screen.

He read through every bit of information, then typed in some more codes and found out the doctor had left for a small country just two days after Emely was discharged.

Did he go back to his hometown? But from the information, he was from Country B. So, what was he doing in a small country when he had a career in a prestigious hospital in Country B?

Hudson quickly hacked into the doctor's bank account to see it had been emptied and all the money had been transferred to another bank in that small country.

But his gaze stopped on the name of the account holder. It wasn't the doctor's name.

As his mind was questioning why the doctor transferred all his money to someone else, a small black screen popped on the right corner of his screen.

Ace: Yo, what's up, King?

Hudson's eyebrow raised and he typed his answer.

K: King?

Ace: Isn't K an acronym for King?

K: Who said?

Ace: Me and Q. Ace, Queen and King *grinning emoji*

K: Q is Queen?

Ace: Yup.

K: Q is female.

Hudson never thought Q was a **woman**. It wasn't that he looked down on female hackers, but were good, but none even were as good as Ace, whose ability was still below him.

were only a handful of them who

So it wouldn't be a surprise if he never thought of Q as a woman. The whole hacker community might even be shocked if they knew

Q was a woman. Her skill was paralleled to him, and God knew he was the best hacker in the world.

Ace: Oh, shoot! Don't tell her I told you, please *puppy-dog eyes sticker*

1. And she knows I'm a man.

Ace: It was just our speculation. But you are, right?

K: I Am. Who is she?

Ace: I don't know. We chatted just like you and I are now.

Most hackers prefer to stay anonymous, so he just brushed it off and did not press Ace to tell him more about his and Q's **conversation** or her identity.

K: Want to help me with something?

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He still needed to prepare for the conference call, and getting help from Ace would certainly be beneficial in speeding the

investigation up.

Ace: Hell yeah! Working with you and Q is always a 'yes' for me.

Hudson's lips twitched. This Ace sounded young. And from Ace's choice of words, Ace should be a male.

Hudson could easily find out his identity if he wanted to, but he respected every hacker's choice to remain anonymous

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Though he did try to find out once who

Q was out of curiosity, but he couldn't find any information about her. Not a surprise there with her being as good as he was. No one could find his information as K too.

K: Help me find out the address of this man,

Hudson provided the information he had gathered the name of the doctor and the country he **had** moved to, and the name of the bank account holder as well.

Ace: On it!

K: I'll come back in an hour. Let's see if you have improved.

Ace: You are just as bad as Q!

Hudson chuckled and logged out of his hacker account.

The preparation and meeting took around 1.5 hours, and Hudson let Miles have some free time while he logged into his K account

again.

Ace: K! I've found out everything.

1. Tell me.

Ace: There

is no known address for the doctor in that small country. I thought he might have moved, but then I searched for

information on the bank account holder and found out it was a fake name.

K: A fake name?

Ace: Yes. He doesn't have a past, like none **at all**. No information about him. So I dig around.

K: What did you find?

Ace: Your doctor has changed his name.

K: They are the same person?

Ace: Yeah. I found the doctor's ID and the bank account holder's ID. They have the same face. And there is a difference of five million dollars between his balance on his Country B account before he moved with the balance when he opened the account in the small country.

1. You mean he deposited an additional five million dollars when he moved?

Ace: Yup. And it's a cash deposit.

Hudson thought about it and couldn't come to a conclusion. Who would carry 5 million dollars in cash while traveling between

countries?

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Ace: Is he trouble? His record seems clean.

K: Forward me everything you found.

Ace: Sure thing.

A minute later, Hudson received all the information Ace had found.

K: Thanks a lot.

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Ace: Hah! I think I might have surpassed your ability now if you couldn't find all this information by yourself.

K: Don't be too cocky.

I had other things to attend to and you were here so I used you.

Hudson quickly transferred him two million dollars for his help. Even though he didn't need to, Ace still helped him and his research was thorough.

Ace: Oh **wow**, thanks a lot, man! At least you are not as stingy as Q.

Hudson's lips quirked up. Ace seemed to have no filter when it came to **Q**.

K: A token of gratitude for going further than what I asked you to do and saving **me** time to search for the information myself.

Ace: Q trained me to search for every angle when we want to investigate something.

K: You and Q are close.

Ace: She's my boss. She gave me some of the jobs from her clients.

Ah, no wonder, Hudson thought.

K: Need more jobs? I could forward some to you too.

Ace: Just those for my level, please. Don't give me jobs that need you or Q's level of ability. Q" when I tell her the jobs are beyond my level.

Hudson chuckled. It seems the relationship between Q and Ace is closer than he initially thought.

Ace: And please don't be as stingy as Q *begging emoji*

give me those and **scold** me

Hudson shook his head and chuckled again. Ace was like a child who kept whining about his big sister.

1. That depends on your ability. I'll forward you some jobs and just let me know when you've finished each one of them so I can assess your ability and how many percent I should give you

Ace: I don't know whether to feel hopeful or terrified.

Hudson opened up a list of jobs offered to him and chose the challenging ones to forward to Ace.

K: Done forwarding. I have to go now.

Ace: Sure thing.

Hudson swiftly saved all the information gathered by Ace and went to Keith's office. He needed to talk to Keith about this and also hopefully to have a glance at Cherise.

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"Are you sure you are fine?" Paula asked Chrise for the umpteenth time since she and Katherine arrived at Cherise's ward.

Cherise had to stop herself from rolling her eyes at her best friend. "I am! It was just a fever. Julian is being his usual overbearing big-brother self by keeping me here longer than necessary."

"You scared Julian and me when we found you unconscious in your waiting room," Paula huffed.

"Thankfully the hot Xay was there for Cherise." Katherine winked at both of her best friends.

Cherise groaned. "I feel so embarrassed. That was my first time dancing with him and I fainted afterward."

Katherine laughed and winked again. "That should be kinda romantic, though. You fainting, and him catching you in his arms."

"But I wanted to see his face," Cherise grumbled. It might be the first and last time they danced together or crossed paths, and she ruined it by fainting.

"You were exhausted and unwell. You shouldn't even dance in the first place," Paula glared at her, partly because she was concerned, and annoyed because she knew Xav was Hudson.

"He's handsome, right?" Cherise looked at Paula,

Paula swallowed. She really didn't want to talk about Xav or Hudson, but if she didn't answer, Cherise would suspect she was keeping a secret

“Yeah, yeah, he’s handsome, she answered and busied herself by peeling an apple so Cherise wouldn’t see the guilt in her eyes.

“Look at Paula flustering.” Katherine laughed. “He must be very handsome.”

“If Julian, a man, said he’s handsome, then us ladies might have gawked when we saw him,” Cherise giggled. “And Paula is so lucky to see him.”

If only her best friends knew why she was flustering, Paula thought. It wasn’t because Hudson

needed to keep this a secret!

“I think Paula might have gawked. Or even swooned, Katherine snickered.

handsome, but because she

Cherise laughed at the thought of Paula swooning. She had never seen Paula being affected by a man before. Paula was the only one in their group who had never had a boyfriend before.

“Oh please, I’m content with looking at and being around Logan and Julian,” Paula smirked.

“Then get with one of them and you’ll be my sister-in-law!” Cherise squealed. She would be happy if either or both of her best friends

ended up with her brothers.

Paula rolled her eyes. “Not that content to the point I want to be with them.”

“What’s your type? Cherise asked as she popped a piece of the cut apple into her mouth.

Paula mulled over Cherise’s question. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to fall in love and have a boyfriend, but in her line of work, she met plenty of handsome men. Business men, scholars, models, and many other types that she became somewhat immune to handsomeness’.

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"No type," Paula shrugged.

"I think she needs a man who o can match her witty banters, Katherine said.

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"Hmm.... You might be right." Cherise nodded in agreement. "**No** one could win an argument with Paula. It would be nice to meet someone who could match her bite"

"Hello, I'm here guys," Paula waved her hands. Her best friends were talking about her like she wasn't in the room with them. "And **I** do not bite."

Cherise and Katherine looked at each other and laughed out loud.

"You bite, Paula. And **you** know it," Katherine smiled.

"Cause men are mostly annoying creatures," Paul scrunched her nose in disgust.

"Creatures?" Cherise and Katherine couldn't help but laugh out loud again. This is friend of theirs.

"Enough about me," Paula said and tried to change the subject. "I've finished both of your dresses for Hudson and that bitch of his mistress' engagement banquet."

Katherine and Cherise perked up as they listened in excitement while Paula showed them the pictures of their dresses and told them about those dresses.

Soon, the room was filled with the girls talking about shoes, dresses, bags and everything related to women.

At that point, they didn't know a figure was hovering outside Cherise's ward, looking inside from the small window on the door.

Hudson's lips curled into a smile as he saw Cherise looking better and how animated she looked when she was talking to her friends.

But then that smile disappeared when he thought how she would never smile at him warmly again.

He sighed and took one last glance before going to Keith's office. He wasn't content just looking better than nothing. At least he knew she was getting healthier and was happy now.

from far away, but it was

Not bothering to knock, he pushed the door of Keith's office open, and as usual, saw his best friend looking at some X-rays.

Keith glanced at him and raised an eyebrow.

"I found out some information about the doctor," Hudson said as he took a seat on the other side of Keith's large glass table.

Keith switched off the light of his X-ray viewer and sat down on his swiveling leather chair.

"That was fast," Keith said as he took the USB Hudson had placed on his desk and plugged it into his computer.

He opened each file, and his brows furrowed as he read the information Hudson had collected.

"It looked like he was determined to flee the country and didn't want it to be found," Keith said as he kept clicking on each picture.

"Five million dollars," Hudson muttered. "Think he was dealing in something illegal?"

"Might be," Keith replied though he had suspicions about what kind of illegal activity the doctor was involved in. But he couldn't tell Hudson because he wouldn't believe it

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Keith looked at the country's name where the doctor now resided and thought about it.

"You want me to get him back **here?**" he asked Hudson.

"Yeah." Hudson nodded. "I don't have anyone to send."

"When?" Keith asked.

"As soon as possible, Hudson answered him. He was determined to find out the truth.

Keith leaned back against his **chair** and tapped his chin. "That country is small but it might not be easy to get him. It mostly consists of mountains and forests, and is not really developed."

Hudson's eyebrows shot up. He didn't know much about the country, but then he didn't **have** a special task force like Keith.

"You can't get to him?" Hudson asked.

"I can, but not in a day," Keith started typing on his keyboard. "The return flight itself will take more than a day, **and** with the terrain and the road there... It won't be possible to get him here in less than three days."

"Even with your task force?" Hudson asked in surprise.

Keith spent some time in the military and made many connections that he even had a special task force that could help the government.

It was part of the reason why his family allowed him to become a doctor instead of handling the family business.

"Even with my task force," Keith said matter-of-factly.

Hudson drummed his fingers on Keith's table and sighed. As long as they could get the doctor, then the time it would take wouldn't be a problem.

"Don't they think it's suspicious that someone suddenly moved there and deposited a huge sum of money into their bank?" Hudson asked.

"They most probably think he's just a random retired rich guy who wants to live in seclusion." Keith shrugged.

That made sense, Hudson thought.

"Alright then," Hudson said. "I'll leave you to it." He trusted his best friend to help him.

Days passed and it finally was the day of Hudson and Emely's engagement.

Cherise, Paula, and Katherine were in Cherise's bedroom, with makeup artists and hair stylists tending to Cherise and Katherine.

Paula was giving instructions on the look she wanted to achieve for her two best friends and would make the final adjustments on their gowns later on.

"Paula, you should come with us," Cherise said while being dolled up by the makeup artist and hairstylist.

"I didn't get

an invitation," she said as she checked the two gowns, making sure every s

sequin and crysta

l crystal was sewn perfectly.

"You could come as my plus one, or Katherine, or Julian," Cherise told her. "We all don't bring a plus one."

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"Cause you guys are each other's plus one," **Paula** laughed.

"True" Cherise smiled. "But you can still come with us."

715

"Nah, I'll **pass**," Paula declined "God knows that stupid Finley will be there and I'm too lazy to argue with a simpleton like him."

One encounter with him and Paula knew they would never become friends. She hated men like Finley. A spoiled playboy who only knew how to waste money and sleep around. For her, Finley was a waste of society.

“Furthermore, they don’t know I’m Paula Laurent. I want them to insult me like they did to you and Katherine, then face slap them with my identity.” Paula smirked

Cherise and Katherine laughed at her words. Paula’s way of thinking was just different from anyone they knew.

When they had finished being dolled up, the makeup artists and hairstylists helped Cherise and Katherine into their gowns and did final touch-ups as instructed by **Paula** before leaving the Alster Mansion.

Paula quickly made some final adjustments to both dresses so it looked even more perfect while being worn. When she was satisfied with her work, she ushered Cherise and Katherine to Cherise’s massive walk-in wardrobe and let them check their appearances on the full-length mirrors adorning nearly one side of the wall.

Cherise and Katherine smiled as they saw their reflection. They were always happy with Paula’s creations and the makeup and hairstyle she chose.

For this special occasion, Paula created a strapless satin black mermaid gown for Cherise with black crystals around her waist, making it look like she was wearing a belt.

The gown made it a little bit difficult for Cherise to move as it hugged her body tightly **and only** flared out at a point just above her knees, but it didn’t matter to **her**.

Her makeup was nude smokey eyes with her hair styled in a simple and messy low ponytail with a bump at the crown of her head..

Katherine, on the other hand, always went for her signature style. She had on a one-shoulder V-neck sleeveless deep red gown with a very high slit and a little bit of tail.

The gown was made mostly from satin, except for the strapless part which was covered in red sequins.

Her hair was curled loosely and let down her back. Her makeup was also smoky, but instead of nude lipstick, Paula asked the makeup artist to give Katherine red lipstick a **shade** darker than her red dress because this was Katherine.

“Paula never fails, Cherise chuckled.

*She always

always makes us look gorgeous,” Katherine winked.

Paula laughed in glee at her best friends’ praises. No matter how many times she heard it, she was always happy to receive their praises

“I wish both of you were my model,” Paula sighed wistfully.

“We are, but not on your runway or campaign,” Cherise pointed out.

“Maybe you can be my model after you disclose your identity as an Alster to the world?” Paula asked with hope.

“Maybe,” Cherise grinned. It would be fun to walk the runway with Katherine for Paula.

Chapter 63

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Paula squealed and hugged Cherise and Katherine, knowing Cherise ‘maybe’ meant yes,

“Okay, let’s go down. I’m sure Julian and Logan are already waiting for their gorgeous ladies,” Paula said.

“I can’t wait to finally meet Julian,” Katherine smiled, and that playful seductive twinkle appeared in her eyes.

“Just don’t scare him,” Cherise laughed.

"You know I can't promise you that." Katherine winked and the three of them laughed as they made their way to the grand staircase.

Logan and Julian looked up and smiled as they saw Cherise, but Julian's body stilled as his eyes shifted and landed on Katherine.

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT

Posted by **Admin-J**, ? Views, Released on April 19, 2024

Chapter 64

Julian had heard so much of Katerine and of course had seen her pictures, but it still didn't prepare him to face the real deal.

He thought she was purposely being seductive just like many ladies he had encountered, but Katherine was different.

Everything about her, without her even doing anything and just standing there at the top of the staircases with Cherise, was just that

– seducing

But thankfully he wasn't interested in looking for a girlfriend and she didn't affect him that much.

Paula bounced down the steps and asked the two gentlemen, "How are my creations?"

"Stunning as always," Logan chuckled as he hugged and kissed her cheek.

Julian did the same when Paula turned to him, and praised her, "Gorgeous works."

"They are, aren't they? Paula sighed and smiled brightly at her two best friends.

Cherise hooked her arm with Katherine's and asked, "Ready?"

Katherine laughed, the alluring sound filled out the spaces between them. "You like to feel like a princess, don't you?"

"I do," Cherise grinned and tugged her gently forward. "Let's go."

The two best friends walked down slowly and carefully and when they reached the bottom, Julian went straight to Cherise.

"You look beautiful," he said as he hugged his sister and pecked her forehead, careful so as not to ruin her makeup or hairstyle.

"Don't I always?" Cherise looked at Julian with shining eyes full of happiness and a hint of teasing.

Julian was happy to see Cherise like this. All dolled up and finally back where she belonged.

"You always are," Julian agreed.

"Cherise, you look good," Logan pulled Cherise away from Julian and gave her a big hug whic

se returned happily.

Katherine took the chance to look at Julian, Handsome and gentle – those were her words to Gribbe Julian. She had heard about his ruthlessness, but she knew he had a soft spot for Cherise and her friends.

She stepped toward Julian and boldly snaked her arms around Julian's waist, startling the man who was looking at Cherise and

Logan,

"Julian, I'm Katherine. Glad we finally met," she said, her lips next to Julian's ears.

Julian, who was startled by her boldness, quickly regained his composure and hugged her back. There was nothing wrong with it, he thought. He always hugged Paula whenever they met, and Katherine was Cherise's friend, just like Paula.

“Yes, we finally met,” he replied gently.

The next second he jerked and drew back his head when he felt a tiny sharp pain in his earlobe.

Did Katherine just...

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She chuckled, making Julian frown, and couldn't help but blurt out, “Are you a dog?”

Katherine winked and stepped away from him, joining Paula, Logan, and Cherise who were chatting.

Cherise turned to see her and remembered she hadn't introduced Katherine and Julian.

“Oh, Julian,” she looked at her brother. “This is Katherine.”

“She has introduced herself,” he replied dryly.

Cherise looked back at Katherine and whispered, “You spooked him, didn't you?”

“A tiny bit,” Katherine chuckled.

Cherise laughed, knowing it would happen. “Don't worry, he'll live.”

Paula suddenly spoke, “You guys better go or you'll be late.”

“And that's something we don't want to do,” Cherise said, her voice full of mischievousness.

They all went to the waiting car, and before they got in, Paula reminded them to record any ‘altercations’ that would happen at the banquet.

Cherise and Katherine laughed and promised her because they knew for sure those ‘altercations’ would happen.

At the hotel where the banquet was being held, Emely tried to sit still despite her excitement.

Finally... Finally, she'd get

et what she desired. She would be engaged to Hudson and soon be the country's most envied woman.

She pretended to concentrate on what Polly was rattling about while her mind was already envisioning the wealthy life she'd be having.

She knew Agatha would not come, and while she pretended to be sad and blamed herself when Hudson broke the news, in reality, she didn't really care because she'd still be engaged to Hudson even without that old witch's blessing.

While the ladies were bustling with excitement, Hudson was in another room with Keith and the sphere was solemn. while

"They should arrive soon," Keith told Hudson.

After a few days of locating the doctor, his special force was finally able to bring him to Country B.

True to his words, the men he sent told him the doctor lived far up the mountain where not even a car could reach. They had to rent motorbikes to get to him and practically forced him to come with them.

"Where do you want to place him?" he asked.

"The villa," Hudson simply replied. He would question the doctor right after the banquet.

Keith typed in his instructions and Hudson's villa's address to his men before teasing Hudson, "You don't look happy for a soon-to-be engaged man."

Hudson glanced at Keith and shrugged. "You know why I'm doing this."

Keith regarded his best friend and said slowly, "Actually you can still do something about this."

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“Do what?” Hudson asked. “Cancel the engagement and humiliate Luis” beloved in front of the guests and the whole country?”

Keith sighed and said nothing anymore. Hudson was too loyal to his brother and unfortunately realized his feelings for Cherise too late

Hudson realized he’d now be shackled in a marriage worse than his first, but this was his own doing. This was the best decision, he kept reminding and convincing himself even though he knew it wasn’t.

A knock sounded and Finley’s head poked in when the door opened.

“You ready to be engaged, Hudson?” He grinned.

Hudson shrugged and stood up, going to the door with Keith following behind him.

Finley eyed Hudson warily and asked, “Why do you look like you are headed to the death sentence instead of getting engaged?”

Keith chuckled, thinking Finley could also see how miserable and against the idea of this engagement Hudson was.

“You could at least shed that...” He made a gesture of pointing to Hudson’s whole body and continued his sentence, “whatever. Your usual coldness, I guess, and smiled.”

Hudson brushed past him without saying anything as he went to Emely’s suite to fetch her so they could go to the ballroom together.

How could he smile when he was feeling unhappy about this arrangement? Besides, he seldom smiled in front of others and he didn’t need to force himself to do it. Everyone knew how aloof and cold he was.

“What’s wrong with him?” Finley asked Keith in confusion.

Keith grabbed his shoulder and squeezed before walking away to go to the ballroom.

Finley chased after him and said, “You know, I have had this feeling since we met at your office...”

He stopped talking when the elevator arrived and they stepped into it before continuing in a hushed tone, “I think Hudson doesn’t want to marry Emely anymore. I think he likes Cherise now.”

Keith gave him a sidelong glance and shook his head. See, even a simpleton like Finley could

“The less you know the better,” Keith murmured as he leaned against the elevator mirror wall.

ne change in Hudson.

Finley was quiet until he gasped like he had just discovered a big secret. “I knew it!” he whisper-yelled. “But why is he getting engaged with Emely and not trying to get Cherise back?”

“You really have changed your mind about Cherise,” Keith said softly as they stepped out of the elevator and walked toward the ballroom.

Finley smiled sheepishly and rubbed the back of his neck. “Yeah, she might actually be awesome.”

“Hudson has his reasons,” Keith said and reminded him, “And keep this a secret. We don’t want our best friend to be in trouble.”

Finley might not be the best at keeping secrets, but once he heard he might get Hudson in trouble if anyone knew, he would keep the secret since they were best friends and he was loyal to both Keith and Hudson.

When Polly opened the door and saw her brother, she smiled widely and told the love birds that she’d meet them a before leaving the room.

at the ballroom

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Chapter 64

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Emely, who had specifically chosen a white long gown shy of a wedding ballgown to look pure, smiled at Hudson and hooked her hand around his arm.

“Thank you for doing this, Hudson,” she said with a shy and gentle smile.

“This is the only thing I could do to take care of you,” Hudson uttered.

Emely froze for a split second but got her bearing back as they walked toward the elevator.

“Still, I need to thank you,” Emely forced herself to keep smiling gently. He didn’t need to remind her he was doing this because of Luis, she thought to herself.

“I promised you,” Hudson said with his usual aloofness as they stepped into the elevator and braced himself to act like before-when he hadn’t realized his feelings for Cherise and could still be gentle toward Emely.

He forced himself to relax as they walked into the ballroom and took the stage as the host introduced them to the guests.

Cherise, Katherine, Logan and Julian arrived late, but that was what Katherine had planned. She wanted them to be the center of attention to get back at Dahlia and Polly.

When the car stopped at the hotel’s lobby, Katherine stopped Julian and Logan from going with them.

“I’ll text you when you can come in.” She winked at both men,

Logan chuckled as he had a guess of what Katherine had in mind. Julian just looked at the exchange between friends and settled back against his seat, trusting whatever they were going to do.

“Is Katherine going to be a bad influence for Cherise?” Julian suddenly asked Logan, which startled Logan.

“Why do you ask?”

“She seems bold and shameless, Julian shrugged.

Logan laughed. “What did she do to you?”

“She hugged and bit my earlobe.” Julian was suddenly annoyed at the memory.

Logan’s laugh became louder in the silent car. “That’s just the way she is. I’ve gotten worse treatment from her. Just be prepared to feel like she’s seducing you all the time.”

“As long as she won’t be a bad influence to Cherise.” Julian said, in which Logan reassured him she wouldn’t.

As Katherine had predicted, the door to the ballroom had been closed.

Cherise looked at Hudson and Emely’s picture near t

the door and felt a pang in her h

banquet, much less an engagement banquet.

heart. She and Hudson had never had a

never had a wedding

“Cherise, you okay?” Katherine’s worried voice broke through her reverie..

Cherise shook her head to clear her mind and get rid of the uncomfortable feelings in her heart.

“I’m fine,” she smiled.

“Are you sure?” Katherine asked with concern. “We don’t have to attend if you are still not ready to see them together.”

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“No, I’m truly fine,” Cherise reassured her. “It’s just... I never got to have my dream wedding.”

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Katherine hugged and comforted her, “You loved him too much for three years. So much so that you were willing to throw away all your privileges and become their maids. It’s natural to still feel hurt now and again.”

Cherise chuckled. Being best friends, Katherine would know what she was feeling even if she lied.

“You are right.” She sighed. “I know I don’t want him back and time will heal.”

“Yes, you will find someone better than him and you’ll be happy.”

Cherise nodded and gave Katherine a squeeze. I’m fine. Let’s show them what I’m made of.”

Katherine assessed her best friend and when she saw that Cherise was really okay and determined to face Hudson, his family, and mistress, she nodded.

Looking at the closed door, she asked with a faint smile, “You are going the dramatic way, aren’t you?”

“You know me.” She winked and they signed their name on the guestbook before showing the bodyguards guarding the door their

invitations, and they were let in.

When the door was opened, all the guests had been seated in their assigned seats and everyone turned to see them.

Dahlia who saw Katherine quickly rose from her seat and went to welcome her.

“Katherine, I’m so glad you could make it,” she said warmly and hugged Katherine, putting on a show for all the guests.

“I really love the True Love’ collection,” Dahlia added in a voice loud enough for many guests seated at their tables around them to

hear her. “I can’t wait for it to be released.”

And as she had predicted, the guests began whispering

“Is she Katherine Sterling?”

“I can’t believe Dahlia knew her!”

“They look like they are close. Dahlia had even seen her newest unreleased collection.”

All those whispers fed Dahlia’s vanity and she felt smug inwardly.

“Is she your plus one?” Dahlia, still acting warmly, turned to see the lady who came along with Katherine and froze when she realized who the lady was.

SEND GIFT

COMMENT

Posted by **Admin-J**, ? Views, Released on April 23, 2024

Chapter 65

Dahlia narrowed **her** eyes **as she** took in Cherise’s appearance. She was shocked by **how great Cherise looked but** then sneered inwardly.

What **was the** point of looking good? Once a country bumpkin, always a country bumpkin. She **could** look **good** but it wouldn’t change her origin.

“Dahlia,” Cherise greeted her with a faint smile. She would’ve smirked, but she knew a faint smile would **rattle** Dahlia more.

“Cherise.” Dahlia nodded in return, forcing herself not to show her disgust toward Cherise in front **of** so many guests. No one knew how badly she and Polly had treated her.

They knew she didn't like Cherise, but not the extent of her disgust. Dahlia, after **all**, **still** had to maintain her image. A mother-in-law who treated her daughter-in-law as a maid was **still** looked down upon no matter how much she hated and repulsed the said daughter-in-law.

The crowd whispered even more.

"That's Cherise? Hudson's ex-wife?"

"Are you sure she's **a** country bumpkin? She's so gorgeous and elegant!"

Dahlia's face turned sour **as** she heard some guests praising Cherise, but her expression eased up when she heard **others** commenting about her ex-daughter-in-law.

"What **is** she doing here?"

"**Is** she trying to sabotage the engagement?"

"She's **so** shameless."

Dahlia smiled smugly at Cherise when **she** heard the guests looking down on Cherise.

Katherine tilted **her** head to one **side** and seemed confused until she clicked her tongue.

"Oh, you **are** Dahlia, the evil ex-mother-in-law of Cherise," Katherine pretended **she** had just remembered who Dahlia **was**.

"No calling me a slut anymore?" she asked with shining eyes and a teasing smile.

The crowd gasped.

"Dahlia called Katherine Sterling a slut?"

"**Is** she mad?"

"Which

part of Katherine screams ‘slut“?”

“Dahlia **is** doomed!”

Dahlia’s **face** turned red from embarrassment and humiliation. She could not **believe Katherine** was **brave enough** to tell the **gusts** about their encounter.

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Chapter 65

She quickly took Katherine’s hand and said warmly, “You **know it** was **just a misunderstanding, Katherine. I’ve apologized to** you and you coming here **means** you’ve forgiven **me, am I right?”**

used to

“**A misunderstanding?” Katherine** asked and smiled sweetly. “**Because** I’m friends with Cherise who **you** bully? **Calling** her cheap, **slut** and bullying her as you made **her** your **maid instead** of loving **her as a daughter-in-law?”**

Cherise bit her lips **to** stop herself from grinning. Katherine could be as vicious as **Paula because** she was protective

of her.

“Oh my God, did **you** hear that?”

“Dahlia bullied Cherise and treated her like a maid?”

“Should we feel lucky that she’s not our mother-in-law?”

The younger ladies in attendance gasped in horror.

Dahlia’s **face** reddened even more as she tried to not **blow** up and said something she’d regret.

“What’s the matter here?” Suddenly a deep and husky voice sounded and Hudson and Emely appeared joined them.

Hudson froze **as he** saw his wife looking drop-dead gorgeous in a gown that even though **wasn’t** revealing, left nothing to the imagination as the fabric clung around her body like a second skin, showing all her curves.

But what was she doing here? Was she here to congratulate him for getting engaged? That thought pained Hudson. **He** didn’t want Cherise here, but he wasn’t involved in the planning of the engagement banquet, and **he** didn’t even know who his mother had invited.

From what he could see, the guests were all very distinguished businessmen who, he **was** sure, his mother had invited to show everyone how well connected they were.

Polly also appeared, and as she was still young and arrogant, she wasn’t one to hold back on her words.

“You!” She pointed at Cherise. “What are you doing here? This is an invite-only banquet. And Katherine didn’t **tick** yes for bringing a plus one.”

Dahlia finally remembered the seating arrangements, and Polly was right. They didn’t have a seat for Cherise. She turned smug again. If she wanted to stay, then she could just stand against the wall where she belonged

Cherise knew this might happen. After all, she knew she was invited to be humiliated.

She shrugged and showed her invitation. “**I** was invited.”

Polly snatched the invitation from her hand, saw **the** hand—writing and scoffed, “You even went **so** low and faked an invitation? My mom personally wrote all the names herself and this for **sure wasn’t** her handwriting.”

T

Emely was watching from beside Hudson, and couldn’t help but feel the triumph in her **heart**. She didn’t need to **get** her hands dirty as she knew Polly and Dahlia would do the job for her.

But still, **she** was jealous of Cherise’s appearance. **Emely** chose white to look pure, gentle, **and** innocent, but **Cherise** had chosen black, the opposite of her, and **she** was **so** elegant **and** gorgeous.

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Chapter 65

Cherise gasped at Polly and asked, “You don’t know your soon-to-be sister-in-law’s handwriting?”

“What do you mean?” Polly glared at her.

“Emely invited me,” Cherise smirked at Emely, who froze as she suddenly became the center of attention.

“Oh my God, why would Emely invite Cherise?”

“Is she trying to rub **her** success in snatching Hudson from Cherise to her face **?**”

“That is despicable.”

The

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guests began whispering again, and Emely felt her face going pale, especially as she felt Hudson’s piercing eyes directed at her.

This wasn’t how she thought the scenario would play out. She didn’t know Cherise would strike back. Wasn’t she supposed to be shy and timid? She should

d be the one being ridiculed instead of her, but why was the situation reversed now?

“I—I didn’t.” Emely shook her head and tried to deny it.

“You didn’t?” Cherise asked innocently. “But who else could get their hand on a blank invitation?”

“Cherise, I know you are still mad at me, but you can’t accuse me of something I didn’t do,” Emely said, putting her best look at being aggrieved.

“Really?” Cherise asked and smirked. “Then why don’t we ask your fiancé? He should know your handwriting.”

Emely began panicking and tried to snatch the invitation from Polly, but Hudson’s hand was **faster**.

He checked the handwriting of Cherise’s name and the temperature around him became cold. He looked at Emely in an eerily calm demeanor and Emely knew she had been caught.

“I’m so sorry, Hudson, I thought being her ex-husband, you would want to stay friends with her or be civilized,” Emely tried to correct her mistake, appearing to be gentle and selfless.

“But you didn’t tell my mother and Polly about her coming and she has no seat,” Hudson pointed out calmly, but Emely could see the coldness in his eyes.

#

“I—I forgot to tell them,” she explained, but even the guests felt her explanation was weak.

They began gossiping again, saying how Emely was trying to humiliate Cherise by inviting her and not preparing a **seat** for her. They all thought Emely wasn’t as gentle as she seemed, instead, she was scheming.

Emely became **paler** and held onto Hudson’s hand. “I swear I didn’t mean to **do** this, Hudson,” she said desperately, but the damage **was** already done.

O

Before Hudson could speak, the door of the ballroom opened, and three fine specimens **of** men stepped inside.

The younger unmarried ladies suddenly squealed in excitement.

“Oh my God, that’s Julian **Alster!**”

“And isn’t that Logan Jennings with him?”

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“And Tristan Hart too!”

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The sight of the three men appearing together nearly made the ladies swoon. How could it not be not? Two mature and powerful CEOs who were handsome with contrasting outer appearances – Julian with his dark hair and Logan with his dark blonde hair, and betwe

them stood a younger equally handsome successful star with his

longish hair in half updo and half down.

Many ladies secretly took videos and pictures with their phones and some even openly did it and received a wink Many ladies secretly took videos and pictures from Tristan, and those who did screamed like a schoolgirl.

Logan went straight to Katherine, snaked an arm around her waist, and placed a kiss **on** her temple, while Julian did the same to Cherise, and the guests didn’t even bother to whisper now.

“Logan Jennings and Katerine Sterling?!”

“That’s not the point!”

“Julian Alster is with Cherise, Hudson’s ex–wife?”

“Oh my God, she’s so lucky!”

“Divorced from Hudson and landed Julian Alster who was even wealthier and more influential!”

“But they look good together, don’t they?”

“Cherise does not look like a country bumpkin at all!”

Tristan went to Cherise and hugged her, earning gasps from the guests.

“She even knew Tristan Hart?”

While the guests went wild, the party involved seemed not to hear any of the comments.

Hudson clenched his fists that rested on his side tightly, trying not to pull Cherise away from Julian’s hold.

“What seems to be the problem here?” Julian asked.

“Emely invited me but she forgot to tell Dahlia about it, so I don’t have any seat now,” Cherise pouted as she leaned against Julian.

“Really, now?” Julian arched an eyebrow and fixed his gaze on Emely who nearly cowered under his cold gaze.

“Not only did the mistress shamelessly steal the ex-husband, but **now** she wants to humiliate my woman by doing something so scheming?” Julian moved to pin Hudson with his gaze which was still cold, but his smile was as gentle

as ever.

Cherise **was** having so much fun after watching Katherine humiliate Dahlia, and how Emely had tried to humiliate her but **failed** and instead made Emely herself look bad.

“And everyone said I’m here to sabotage the engagement,” Cherise pouted again.

“Did they, now?” Julian looked at his sister and had to bite back his smile. This sister of his was shamelessly using him to get back at her ex-husband and mistress

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40%

Chapter 65

"I know, right?" Cherise said and nuzzled herself against Julian. "Why would I want to sabotage the engagement when I already have you?"

"Cherise would be crazy to want to go back to Hudson who had cheated. And his family bullied her and treated her like a maid. Why would she want to go back to such a toxic relationship?" Katherine chimed in, fanning the flame even more.

Hudson felt the sharp pain in his heart again. Katherine's words reminded him of how badly he had treated Cherise and how he had let his mother and sister bully Cherise.

"And I'm not stupid enough to want to be terrorized by Emely again," Cherise rolled her eyes.

Emely froze. Cherise wouldn't dare! If she showed Hudson their chats, she would be doomed because she had lied!

Hudson frowned and looked at Cherise. Terrorized? "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Oh, you didn't know?" Katherine asked.

"Know what?" Hudson asked but didn't avert his eyes from Cherise.

"Your fiance bombarded my woman, who was still your legal wife then, with **texts** about your sexual prowess the night after your brother's funeral," Julian replied and pinned his cold gaze on Emely again.

Emely felt her head explode and her blood drained away from her body. She clenched her dress tightly and shook her head fervently. "It wasn't me," she denied.

"Not you?" Cherise asked her and a small taunting smile was playing on her lips. "But you sent me a picture of the two of you in bed."

Hudson became even more confused. "Show me the texts."

"It doesn't matter anymore." Cherise waved her hand dismissively. "You guys finally got rid of me and it's in the past."

"Show. Them. To. Me," Hudson said through gritted teeth.

O

Tristan, who wanted to help Cherise, took her small clutch and phone from it, earning him an eye-roll from Cherise.

"Why don't we let everyone see and judge?" Tristan winked and placed Cherise's phone in front of her face to unlock it, quickly scrolled through it, and when he found the text, he hacked into the hotel system.

There was a huge screen showing pictures of Emely and Hudson, and the next moment, the photos were replaced by Emely's texts to Cherise.

Emely wanted to take the phone away from Tristan, but she was frozen in her spot, pinned by Julian and Hudson's cold gazes.

The next thing she heard were horrified **gasps** from the guests.

Posted by **Admin-J**, ? Views, Released on April 23, 2024

Chapter 66

Emely spun around fast and gasped, nearly fainting when she saw every word she had sent to Cherise was displayed for all to see. Every indecent and explicit word she has used to describe their so-called lovemaking. Every taunt, threat, gloat, and word to describe how disgusting **Cherise was**.

The guests were now in an uproar. Most of the ladies were mortified to read such indecent words, and many couldn't believe how the gentle-looking Emely, who was Hudson's so-called first love, would use words unsuitable for upper-**society** ladies to say.

“Emely is so disgusting”

“If I were Cherise, I would’ve slapped her.”

“Yes, Cherise was **still** Hudson’s **legal** wife, but Emely sent those texts.”

“What a shameless mistress,”

Emely wished she could run away **from** the ballroom, but she was **too** afraid, **and** her feet seemed stuck on the floor.

Hudson turned around to look at the big screen and read every line of texts Emely had sent to Cherise, and the air around him plunged to nearly the point of freezing **everyone** around him.

He couldn’t believe what he read. He had never even had sex with Emely. That night, he only fell asleep for around ten minutes before he left her, but Emely made it seem like he stayed and had sex with her the whole night.

And the words she used to describe their ‘sessions, the derogatory words she had used to call Cherise...

Was this really the Emely he knew? Was this really the Emely her brother had loved all his life, even up to his last dying breath:

Hudson glanced at Emely; his sharp gaze could cut her into pieces, and Emely shuddered.

She kept shaking her head and wanted to open her mouth to defend herself, but what could she say? Everyone **had** seen it, **and** there was no way she could defend herself without telling everyone that she had lied.

“Hey, Emery, Tristan called Hudson with a cheeky smile. “You know, I have a friend in Country D who was in the same circle **as** Emely. Wanna see what she’d done behind your back?”

Tristan tapped his phone, and the texts from Emely disappeared from the big screen, replaced by pictures of Emely with different men – dancing intimately, kissing, being groped in her intimate places, and in all the photos, it could be seen she was a willing participant and enjoying it.

The guests, **Dahlia**, Polly, and even Finley, who had joined them, gasped.

It was mortifying to see how one woman could be so wild. No lady **with** dignity and class would do it.

“Oh, my.” Even Cherise was shocked to see the pictures.

“SHUT IT DOWN!” Hudson bellowed. He didn’t want to see such disgusting pictures.

The hotel staff quickly turned off the big screen and unplugged the electrical cord to ensure it was off for good.

The guests had become quiet because of Hudson’s roar, and the **ballroom** fell into pin-drop silence **as** if everyone was holding their breath, afraid of angering Hudson even further, until they heard **a** chuckle.

“Is this the woman you deem worthy to bear **your heirs**, Amery?” Julian asked lightly. “A woman who slept around and had

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no **shame** in being groped by many men while Cherise, who was loyal to you, who had never been touched by any other men before you and during your marriage, is not worthy to bear your child?”

“Shut up, Alster!” Hudson growled as his eyes snapped to Julian.

Julian chuckled again. “Can’t take it? You were the one who told Cherise she wasn’t worthy to carry your child.”

“Are you sure the child in her belly was yours, Amery?” Logan added, taunting Hudson. “How fortunate that she miscarried, so you couldn’t do any DNA test, huh?”

“The timing was just so impeccable,” Katherine joined in, her seductive smile playing on her lips. “She sent all those disgusting texts the night before, and the next morning, she hurt Cherise AND slipped and fell, which caused her miscarriage. She even blamed **Cherise** for it.”

“Then voila, she got you to marry her even without knowing if the child was yours,” Tristan **said** playfully and grinned. “I think you got played, Amery.”

The guests were once again in an uproar over the information they had just heard. This was no doubt, the biggest, most shocking gossip of the century.

Emely, feeling humiliated, finally snapped and turned to lash out at Cherise.

“This is because of you!” she shouted and pointed her finger at Cherise. “You came here to humiliate me, didn’t you? You did this to make sure Hudson won’t marry me so you can get him back! You are a despicable bitch, Cherise!”

At that moment, Emely had forgotten about her mask—the mask of a gentle and elegant lady. Now, she looked like a deranged woman. Her eyes were wild with craziness, and her body trembled as if she was ready to pounce at and punch Cherise at any moment.

“Oh please, you were the one who invited me here and wanted to humiliate me in the first place.” Cherise rolled her eyes. “If I wanted your **fiance** to know those texts, I would’ve shown it to him much sooner. And for your information, I **was** the one who divorced him, not the other way round.”

Emely was so blinded by rage that she snarled and lunged at Cherise. “Cherise, you bitch!”

Julian moved quickly, pulling Cherise into his embrace, and turned his back in case Emely managed to get to them.

“Keith!” Hudson barked at the same time. He didn’t want to touch Emely, but he couldn’t let **the** guards manhandle her either.

Keith, who, just like Finley, had joined them, sighed, quickly strode toward Emely, and locked his arms around her middle, dragging her back easily **as** she was petite.

“Amery, get a hold of your woman,” Julian snapped and threatened Hudson, “If she touched even one strand of Cherise’s hair, I’ll make sure the Amery Group will be gone within three days.”

Emely struggled to break free while still hurling curses at Cherise. She looked like an ugly beast who wanted to kill her prey.

“Enough!” Dahlia stepped in front of Emely and slapped her cheek so hard the force snapped Emely’s head sideways, and it cleared her mind..

“I—1-1,” Emely stuttered. What had she done? She had shown her true self and crushed the image of a gentle and graceful lady she had built **for** so long.

“You are such a disgrace,” Dahlia spat. If the Amery Group is going under, I’ll make sure you are going down **with** it too.” Emely swallowed and went limp in Keith’s arms. She knew there was no point in fighting or saying anything **now**. All her efforts had been destroyed by Cherise, Julian, and their friends. Worst of all, she had lost control in front of everyone.

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“Keith, the villa!” Hudson ordered as he marched toward the lobby, not looking at the guests or anyone else. With his phone in his hand, he texted Miles to get the car ready. “And bring her.”

“Emely, will you behave now?” Keith asked.

Emely nodded weakly. If Hudson still wanted to bring her to the villa where Cherise used to live, then maybe she could still salvage the situation. She could apologize and make up excuses and reasons.

“Let’s go.” Keith said; his tone wasn’t as gentle as usual.

“Hey, wait for me!” Finley chased after them and managed to slip into Keith’s car before they drove away.

“Damn. Emely,” Finley cursed. “You fucked up big time.”

“I can explain,” she said in a small voice, her head bowed and her fingers clutching her dress.

“Save your explanations for Hudson,” Keith **said**.

At the ballroom, the guests were in a state of shock and disbelief. They were all talking to each other about what had happened until Dahlia went on stage and told them the engagement was canceled until further notice.

Cherise, Julian, Katherine, Logan, and Tristan exchanged glances before Cherise let out a breath and laughed softly. “Well, that was something.

“Went much better than I had imagined,” Katherine’s lips curved up.

“THAT was better?” Cherise elbowed her best friend playfully, then sighed. “I didn’t plan to let anyone **know** of those texts, though.

“Might as well let Hudson, his family, and everyone know **what** kind of woman that shameless mistress is,” **Tristan** shrugged.

“Let’s go home.” Julian said **and** stirred Cherise toward the lobby where their limo had been waiting.

“Room for one more?” Tristan asked with hope shining in his eyes.

“Sure,” Cherise smiled, and Tristan whopped before getting into the limo with them.

“God, that was awesome,” Tristan grinned.

“Do you really have a friend that runs in the same circle as Emely in Country D?” Cherise asked him curiously.

“You know me.” Tristan winked at her, making Cherise shake her head.

Just as she had expected, he had dug out information about Emely after learning about her divorce from Hudson and Emely’s involvement

“Were you planning to broadcast it today?” Katherine asked.

“Nah, I was going to give them to Cherise for her to use them against Emely,” he replied.

Cherise scrunched her nose. “I don’t want anything to do with the cheating couple.”

“That’s why I broadcasted it during the banquet.” Tristan **grinned**. “I know you might not want it, and since you had those awful texts from her, I took the opportunity to let everyone, including Hudson, know what kind of woman he is marrying.”

“Maybe it won’t change anything,” Chierise said.

“You mean Hudson will still marry her after **knowing what** kind of woman she is?” Tristan gaped at her.

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“She’s his true love.” Cherise shrugged. “He asked the hotel staff to switch off the big screen. He’s protecting her.”

The men in the car exchanged glances, and Julian spoke, “Maybe he’s not protecting her. Maybe he’s protecting his image. He was, after all, nearly engaged to her.”

Cherise **raised** an eyebrow at her brother. “Are you on his side now?”

Julian smiled **gently** and pulled her into his embrace. “Of course **not**. We will always be on your side.”

“Didn’t seem like it. Cherise grumbled softly and leaned **against** Julian. “But whatever. He’s not my problem anymore”

No one spoke after that until Cherise felt four pairs of eyes looking at her.

She straightened in her seat and asked everyone, "Why are you guys looking at me like that?"

Logan

stretched out his arm and took Cherise's hand in his. "Are you alright?"

Cherise's eyebrows furrowed. "Why wouldn't I be alright?"

"Cherise," Katherine spoke softly. "You just saw your ex-husband, the man you used to love deeply for three years, nearly getting engaged."

"So?" Cherise asked in confusion.

"So it's natural if you feel sad or hurt," Katherine said.

Cherise smiled widely. She was happy that she was surrounded by people who cared about her.

"I'm fine, she assured them. "I'm really fine. Maybe there was a little hurt **there**, but I'm mostly fine."

"It's too bad Paula couldn't see what happened. She must be mad for missing it," Cherise added, laughing to lighten the mood.

"Oh, don't worry about it," Tristan said with a **grin**. "I can get the recording from the security cameras in the ballroom. I'm sure they captured everything **that** had happened tonight."

"How are you going to get it?" Katherine asked curiously.

"I'm Tristan Hart," he said smugly. "I have my way." Then he winked at Cherise.

Cherise rolled her eyes at him. Ace would most likely hack into the hotel system to get it.

When **Keith**, Finley, and Emely reached the villa, they saw Hudson sitting in the living room.

Emely rushed toward Hudson, sitting beside him, and tried to take his hand, but Hudson pulled his hand back.

Emely curbed down her disappointment and placed her hands on her lap. "Hudson, I can explain everything," she said softly and put on her most pitiful look.

What she didn't realize was instead of looking pitiful, she looked like a mad woman, with her gown wrinkled and her hair messy from when she struggled while being shackled by Keith's arms.

Hudson rubbed the bridge of his nose and said, "Save it for later."

He didn't want to deal with Emely yet. He **was** still confused and angry about everything, mainly about why she sent Cherise those taunting texts.

"Keith, the doctor, he ordered.

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Chapter 66

Keith texted someone on his **phone**, which confused Emely. Keith was a doctor. If Hudson had a headache, why would he **ask** for another doctor? Did he have some illness that needed a specialist?

"Hudson, are you alright?" she asked with worry.

"I'm fine," Hudson replied coldly.

"Then why do you need a doc-"

Before she could finish her sentence, she heard footsteps coming their way, and she looked toward the source of the footsteps.

There were two burly bodyguards and another man between them. When she realized who the man was, she felt her blood drained from her body again, and this time, she couldn't help herself from fainting.

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Posted by **Admin-J**, ? Views, Released on April 23, 2024

Chapter 67

Before Hudson could react, Keith leaped forward, catching Emely's shoulder as she fell backward onto the couch.

Keith quickly laid Emely down on the couch, which thankfully was long enough to accommodate Hudson's body and Emely's who lay across it.

The doctor, who was now on his knees and trembling, said with evident fear in his voice, "Mr. Amery.."

Hudson held one hand up, silencing him. As much as he wanted to question **him**, he still needed to know about Emely's

condition.

Keith placed two fingers against her wrist's pulse point while looking at his watch and finally said after some time, "She should be fine, but let me get my medical kit from the car."

As a doctor, he always had his medical kit in his car for emergencies.

Hudson nodded, allowing him to take his kit.

Finley, who had been kept in the dark and **was** confused as hell, **looked** at Hudson, **the**—doctor, and Emely before he decided to follow Keith.

Keith reached into his car, retrieved his doctor bag, **and** returned to the villa, with Finley following him like his shadow.

"Keith, what's happening?" He stepped closer and whispered the question to his best friend.

Keith was looking grim. He noticed Emely's reaction when she saw the doctor before fainting. If his suspicion was correct... He shuddered and thought Emely was even crueler than he had **thought** of her.

"No matter what you hear later on, don't react, don't **ask** questions, and most importantly, keep everything a secret," Keith told Finley.

“Why? What’s wrong?” Finley became anxious. There was a doctor, and Emely had fainted.

No matter what he had witnessed during the engagement banquet and how repulsive he felt toward Emely, she had been close to them ever since they started knowing Hudson and Luis, and he still cared about her well-being.

“Is Emely sick?” Finley asked as they hurried back toward the living room.

“No,” Keith replied tersely. “Just remember what I said.”

Finley had no choice **but** to nod his agreement and keep quiet as he **sat** on one of the single couches, not getting in Keith’s way when he checked on Emely.

Keith crouched beside Emely, took a small flashlight from his bag, and examined Emely’s eyes.

“She’s fine,” he **said as** he returned the flashlight to his bag. “Just getting the shock of her life.”

Hudson frowned, and his eyes collided with Keith. When he saw Keith’s grim expression, he whipped his gaze to the doctor, then Emely, **then** back to Keith.

Being best friends for many years, they didn’t need to speak to know what each other was thinking.

Hudson felt a **chill** down his spine as he realized Keith’s suspicion about Emely **and** the doctor.

“Can you **wake** her up?” Hudson asked, his voice devoid of any emotions.

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Chapter 67

Finley **was** about to open his mouth and asked his best friends if it'd be better to wait until Emely **woke** up naturally **or** even **get her** to the hospital, but he closed his mouth as he remembered Keith's warning.

Keith rummaged through his doctor's bag, pulled **out a small** bottle of liquid, and put it close to Emely's nostril.

"Smelling **salt**, he explained to Hudson.

Emely groaned **as** she smelled an unpleasant and strong odor. Her eyes opened slowly, and she blinked before jolting up when she remembered what had happened.

She looked at Keith and couldn't see any trace of gentleness he usually exuded; then she looked at Hudson, who wasn't even looking at her. Instead, he was looking at the shivering doctor kneeling on the floor between the bodyguards

.

"Hudson. I-

Hudson held up his hand. **Looking** at how cold his demeanor was, Emely knew better than to **speak** further.

She hoped the doctor would **not** spill their **secret**. But even if he did, she would deny it as there **was no** evidence. With that thought, her racing heart began to slow down.

"Speak," Hudson said with an icy calmness, his word directed at the doctor.

"I'm sorry, Mr. **Amery**," the doctor blurted out in panic when Hudson asked him to speak. "I didn't mean to keep it a secret, but Ms. Emely gave me five million dollars to say that she miscarried"

Emely went pale as what she had dreaded happened but quickly regained her composure.

“What do you **mean?**” she asked in a small voice. Her expression made it look like the doctor had wronged her, **and** she looked like her usual pitiful self.

“Quiet, Emely,” Hudson snapped at her for the first time they had known each other, shocking Emely into silence.

“Explain,” Hudson said in a one-word order to the doctor.

“When she was brought to the hospital, I ran some tests and found out she had taken an abortifacient,” the words rushed out from the doctor’s mouth.

The room became chilly as Hudson radiated a cold aura.

“I asked **Miss**. Emely about it, but she said not to tell you,” the doctor continued. He was so scared of **Hudson** that he just wanted to tell the truth and hopefully get out of his place in one piece.

“But then she told me not to tell you and to **temper** with the examination result, changing it to become a case of miscarriage.”

And you helped her with it.” It wasn’t a question but a statement from Hudson.

“I had no other **choice**. She threatened me! She said if I didn’t do it for her, then she’d find another doctor and bribe the doctor to tell you that I could’ve saved the fetus but gave her the wrong medication, which led to her miscarriage.”

“She threatened you with malpractice,” Hudson stated coldly.

Emely felt her world was falling apart. “No, you are lying.” She shook her head fervently. “I never asked you to do it.”

“I have evidence!” the doctor said, fumbling to take something from his pocket.

Emely felt herself going pale. Evidence? How could he have evidence? She had never texted **him** anything and had asked someone to deliver the cash to him. After he agreed, they never contacted each other anymore.

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“I asked Miss. Emely for ten minutes to think about it, and because I was afraid one day you’d find out one day when I went back to see her, I recorded our conversation.”

Emely stood up instinctively and wanted to snatch the phone away from him, but a pair of arms locked around her middle again, immobilizing her. She knew it **was** Keith who had stopped her, just like at the banquet,

“Hudson...” her voice shook badly, She wanted him to stop the doctor from playing the recording, but Hudson didn’t even spare her a glance.

The doctor scrolled through his phone with shaking fingers and tapped on it. Emely’s weak voice was heard from the phone’s speaker.

“Have you thought about it? Would **you** rather be stripped of your medical license and let Hudson Amery go after you for killing his child, or would you rather help me with the simple task of altering the medical result?”

Emely struggled with all her might against Keith’s strong hold. She couldn’t let Hudson hear the rest of their conversation. “No, no, no,” she kept chanting, hoping Hudson would ask the doctor to stop playing the rest of the recording.

“Quiet, Emely, and stop struggling, or **you’ll** make it worse,” she heard Keith’s calm voice, which was as cold as Hudson’s.

She had never heard Keith talk to anyone with this tone before, and it sent shivers down her spine. She looked at Finley, trying to find an ally in him since he was always encouraging about her and Hudson’s relationship when everyone thought she had broken off with Luis

But when she saw the disbelief and disgust in his eyes as he looked at her, Emely knew she had lost this battle. She stopped struggling, and her head bowed down, tears streaming down from her eyes.

"If I do this for you, can you promise me Mr. Amery would **not find** out? And you won't use another doctor to frame me?" **the** doctor's voice sounded from the phone.

worry about Hudson. You just need to tell him I miscarried because of my fall and leave the rest to me. He trusts me unconditionally and won't question me. But just in case, I'll give you five million dollars. You have to move and stay in a remote country for a few years. **And** no, I will not frame **you**"

"Alright. I'll do what you say," the doctor said. Then there were sounds of the door being opened and closed, and then the recording stopped.

"I swear I tried to tell her off, Mr. Amery, but she threatened me!" the doctor cried.

"Taking bribes from patients and altering examination results will result in the medical board revoking your doctor's license," Keith **said** coldly,

He hated this type of doctor. So what if he was being threatened? That doctor could come to him and tell him about all of **these**, yet he preferred to be a **coward**.

Please don't, Director," the doctor pleaded, but Keith wasn't having any of it.

"Take him to a hotel, and don't let him leave the **room** until everything is resolved," Keith ordered the guards, who obliged him.

They hurled the doctor up to his feet and dragged him away, with the doctor still begging Keith not to tell the medical

board.

Hudson closed his eyes as he tried to calm the swirl of emotions he was feeling: confusion, anger, and disappointment toward Emely.

"You can release her, Keith, Hudson uttered.

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Chapter 67

Keith released her and moved to sit on another couch.

When Hudson opened his eyes and looked at Emely, his eyes had turned bloodshot.

“Why?” he asked, his voice cold with **a tinge** of every emotion he was feeling.

Emely opened her mouth and closed it again, not knowing where to start, afraid to say anything wrong that would make Hudson even more furious at her.

“Why did you abort the baby?” Hudson’s voice was gruff.

“I—I didn’t mean to,” Emely sobbed. “I never wanted to, but I was scared of being a single parent. You know how much I love Luis. I would never abort his child if I had a choice.”

“But **you had a choice**, Hudson stressed out the words. “You knew I promised Luis to take care of you and the baby.”

“I didn’t want the child to be called a bastard,” she sobbed even harder. “If I’d known you’d marry **me**, even only on paper, I wouldn’t abort it.”

Then why blame everything on Cherise? Why sent all **those** vile texts and lied to her that we slept together **and** made it seem like we were **in** a relationship? Why taunted her?”

Finley, who **had** broken free from his shaken state, couldn’t control himself **and** sneered. “What other reasons did she have other **than** wanting you and Cherise to divorce so she could marry you?”

Emely’s heart beat fast in her chest as Finley accurately stated the reasons for everything she had done to Cherise.

“No, no.” Emely shook her **head**. “I was scared you wouldn’t go through with your promise and leave me all alone with the child.”

“Is that how you think of me, Emely?” Hudson’s voice dipped dangerously low. “After the many years we’ve known each other, you think I would break a promise I made to a brother I loved? A promise I made when he was dying?”

“No, I didn’t mean that!” Emely cried. “Please, believe me, Hudson. I love Luis and the child. But that night, you left. **You** left me alone at the hotel while I was grieving about Luis, and it was all I could think about, so the next morning. I took the abortion pill, but **then** you came to get me, **but** it was already too late.”

Have you ever thought about Hudson’s situation?” Keith asked. “He had a nightmare. He needed to see me that night. Even if he didn’t come to see me, he had a wife. You and he weren’t married or engaged or anything, and you expected him to stay with you instead of going home to his wife?”

He kept saying he hated Cherise!” Emely cried again. “So I thought taunting her a bit and blaming her wouldn’t be a problem. I didn’t want him to **hate** me.”

She was my wife, and you demeaned her and let her think we had an affair!” Hudson lost his composure and roared, his fist slammed down hard **against** the table, making Emely jump in fear.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry,” she sobbed. “I was pregnant, Luis **had** just died, and I was hormonal; I didn’t know what I was doing at that time. I didn’t know how much it’d affect you. I never meant to make you divorce Cherise,” she blubbered up any excuses and lies she could think of at this point.

Keith snorted. If she didn’t mean to get Cherise and Hudson divorced, she wouldn’t have sent all those disgusting texts to

Cherise.

You took the abortion pill and created trouble so Cherise would push you, making it seem like she was the one who caused your miscarriage, and then let Hudson believe it and blamed her for it as well?” Keith asked.

Before Emely could open her mouth to deny it, she heard Hudson growling out a warning, “Don’t lie.”

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She had **no** choice but to tell him half of the truth. “Yes,” she said with her head **bowed**, **not** daring to look at him or even Keith and Finley.

She couldn’t tell them she only took the abortion pill after she arrived at the villa and **saw** Cherise. The abortion pill acted fast, so after she took it, she deliberately made sure Cherise would push her so she could blame her for her ‘miscarriage’

Hudson took a deep breath, which calmed him down a bit.

“The baby... Was it Luis?” he asked as he remembered the photos of Emely with many different men.

Posted by **AdminH**, ? Views, Released on April 23, 2024

Chapter 68

The b—baby?

“Of course it was Luis!” Emely cried out. “I always stayed by Latis’ side and you know it, Hudson. I was always there whenever you visited.”

“What about those pictures?” Hudson didn’t really believe her, but for Luis’ sake, he would give her the benefit of the doubt. and a chance to explain.

“It was before I met Luis again,” she started to sob again, using her best weapon, appearing pitiful. “I was lonely. I tried to move on from Luis, so I went on dates.”

Finley snorted. “Dates? You called being groped by men as dates? Even I, as a playboy, will not do those sorts of things to

women.

“I was... I know I was wrong.” Emely’s shoulders started to shake badly with each broken sob. “I was in a new country with no one to be there for me. I drowned myself in alcohol, getting drunk to forget Luis and mend my broken heart. I imagined all – those men were Luis.”

“Did he know?” Hudson asked through gritted teeth. “Did he know about your...” He couldn’t say the word disgusting. “Your dalliances?”

Emely nodded vigorously. “He knew. I told him about it. He understood and accepted me as long as I wouldn’t *do* it again.”

“Did you ever cheat on him?” Hudson asked, his tone as cold as the Arctic when he thought how his gentle and lovable brother might have been played.

“No, no.” Emely shook her head fervently. “I’ve told you I never went out without him and when he was working, I stayed *at* home to wait for him. You know how we lived, Hudson. I was as good as married to him.”

Hudson thought about it, his anger and suspicion eased a bit. He had seen how Luis and Emely interacted whenever he visited them.

Just like Emely had said, she always acted like a loving housewife toward Luis. And for now, he would believe her.

“I still can’t forgive you for aborting Luis’ baby,” he said, his tone clipped. “If you love him, you’d have given birth to the baby because that’s the only reminder and connection we will have with him.”

“I know,” Emely sobbed, her tears hadn’t stopped and her makeup was ruined now, but she didn’t care about any of it now. All she cared about was to convince Hudson.

“I regret it now,” she continued. “I really regret it. I was scared and acted impulsively. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“You fucked up, Emely,” Finley said in disgust.

Emely was starting to get annoyed with Finley, but she maintained her remorseful look and sobs.

“I’m sorry.” She looked down and clenched her dress.

Hudson felt everything was too much. He didn’t want to be in close proximity with Emely for now.

“Emely, I need to think of everything, and I can’t be with you here,” he said, trying to keep his voice calm.

Then he ordered Finley, “Finley, drive her home.”

“Like hell I will,” Finley snarled. He was so angry with Emely. He felt betrayed. He had always been nice to her, and had always supported her when she was with Luis and when Hudson wanted to marry her.

He even always purposely brought up her name in front of Cherise to compare them, how Emely was way better than Cherise. He always thought of her as a gentle lady, but now the truth was revealed and he couldn’t stand the sight of her.

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Chapter 68

Cherise, even if she was really a gold digger, was still much better than someone who killed their own flesh and blood no matter what reasons they had.

And Cherise had never talked badly about others, unlike the texts Emely had sent her. Yes, she now had Logan, Julian and Tristan, but he knew Cherise wouldn’t act like a cheap slut like Emely in those pictures.

“If you want me to strangle her, then I’ll drive her home,” Finley continued. He couldn’t trust himself not to say hurtful things to Emely right now.

“Ask Miles to drive her home,” Hudson’s voice had lost its coldness, he was tired after everything that had happened today.

Finley left the room to call Miles,

“Hudson, I can’t go back to your mom’s place,” Emely said quietly. “She hates me now.”

“Miles, get Emely to a hotel,” Hudson ordered when Finley and Miles appeared.

Emely bit

her lip. She had said that in the hope that Hudson would let her live in the villa, but she knew she couldn't ask for anything now, so she just went along with Miles.

Inside the car, she kept her head bowed to keep the act of feeling remorseful

and hid her expression. She had been lying straight through her teeth during Hudson's questioning.

Honestly, she didn't know whether the baby was Luis' or not as still fooled around with men whenever Luis had to fly overseas for business.

Luis was loving, gentle, and generous, but he wasn't exciting. He loved to stay at home and spend quality time with her while Emely preferred to go out, spend money, brag about things she had, and also party.

She was also a gold digger. No matter how generous Luis was, she still needed to have her own savings and she got *that* by sleeping with other men.

She couldn't risk her future to give birth to the baby since there was a high chance it wasn't Luis.

Finley was still fuming and felt like a fool for being not able to see how Emely truly was. As playboy, as he was, if he impregnated a lady, he would ask her to marry him and not abort the baby.

Hudson had gone quiet from his emotional tiredness while Miles was the calmest amongst the three best friends as he had had suspicions about Emely and the doctor.

"I can't believe Emely is such a woman!" Finley hissed. "Don't tell me you believe her words. She has no one? She still has her parents!

It's obvious she wants to be your wife, which is kinda disgusting considering she had slept with Luis."

Hudson took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. He didn't want to think about whether

Emely had lied to him when she agreed to be his wife on paper only.

“No, I don’t believe all her words, especially the ones about why sent those texts to Cherise. She made Cherise believe we had an affair, for God’s sake!” he said instead.

Finley snorted and said, “Not like you don’t have any part of it.”

Hudson looked at him sharply, which usually made him squirm, but he was too angry to feel such a thing.

“What?” Finley glared back. “You made everyone think you were having an affair with her. You didn’t even tell me it wasn’t your child she was carrying and you were going to marry her. Of course everyone would have thought she was your

mistress.”

Keith couldn’t help his lips from curling into a smile, but quickly turned serious again. “Finley was right. Emely was wrong, but so did you. You treated Cherise badly, brought a woman back, treated her gently, blamed her for causing Emely’s miscarriage, divorced Cherise, and from what I could summarize from Julian’s words, you told Cherise that she was unworthy to carry your child.”

“Damn, that’s harsh even for you, Hudson.” Finley said.

Hudson groaned and buried his face in his palms. “Must you list everything our?”

“It was what you did, and that wasn’t even everything.” Keith said flatly.

Hudson wanted to deny it, but he couldn’t because what Keith said was true. He couldn’t only blame Emely. He had wronged Cherise even more than Emely. If he had treated Cherise as his wife and loved her, if he had told Cherise the truth about Amel and the child, it wouldn’t have come to this.

“You are not still thinking of marrying Emely, right?” Finley asked.

“No” Hudson replied, his words muffled. “But I will still give her an apartment and monthly allowance. That’s the best I could do to not break my promise.”

Finley wanted to protest but kept his mouth shut. He knew how much Hudson loved Luis. Even though Emely was not with child anymore, she was still the woman Luis loved until he died. And since Hudson had promised to care for *her*, then no one could change his mind about it.

Keith sighed.

He looked up at his best friends and asked, “What can I do to make this right?”

Keith and Finley looked at each other and Finley’s anger disappeared with a poof as he looked at Hudson’s dejected expression. He looked so vulnerable right now, and that was not something Hudson usually showed,

“By make this right, I guess you are talking about Cherise?” Finley asked.

Hudson nodded, not bothering to conceal the fact that he had a change of feelings for his ex-wife.

Finley suddenly laughed. “Hudson Amery falling in love. Never thought this day would come. And with his ex-wife who he used to hate no less

Hudson glared at him and Keith let out a soft chuckle.

“Not like you didn’t change your mind about Cherise’s either,” he pointed out at Finley.

This time it was Finley’s turn to groan and his cheeks pinkened. “You don’t have to keep rubbing it in my face. Speaking of I’ll need to apologize to Cherise too,” he mumbled.

Alright, back to Hudson’s issue,” Keith said, diverting the topic to the initial and important one.

“Well, you could always give them flowers or jewelry,” Finley, back to his playboy thinking, suggested.

“That only works for your conquests,” Keith pointed out.

“Hey! It always worked whenever a girl was angry with me!” Finley defended himself sheepishly.

Hudson ignored his two best friends but Finley’s words stuck in his mind. Flower? Jewelry?

“I don’t think it’ll work with Cherise,” he said thoughtfully. “She left everything I’d ever given her during our marriage.”

“She didn’t even take a single thing?” Finley asked in disbelief.

“No.” Hudson shook his head. “She even gave me back the card I gave her and I checked the balance. She never used it.”

Finley whistled and said with embarrassment. “We were really wrong about her, weren’t we? She was never the gold digger we thought she was.”

“Yeah,” Hudson replied and felt really bad. He was the one who let everyone think Cherise was a gold digger.

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“She’s with Julian now,” Keith said casually, which soured Hudson’s mood even more.

“And the way he treated her is so much better than our boy had ever treated her,” Finley added. “He seems to love her a lot and she him.”

“Are you on my side or his?” Hudson glared at his two best friends.

“Between you and Julian... If I were Cherise, I might choose Julian too. He’s gentle, unlike you who was cold toward her and had treated her badly” Finley shrugged, earning him another glare from Hudson.

“Hey, I’m just pointing out the truth!” Finley said with his palms up.

“Finley is right,” Keith spoke. “It might not be possible to get Cherise back, but there is a way for you to make this right.”

Hudson's eyes flashed with hope. Even if she had Julian now, they weren't married yet. He still had the chance to get her back.

"Tell me," he said, the desperation in his voice obvious for Keith and Finley to hear, making Finley snicker but quickly purse his lips when Hudson sent him another glare.

"By tomorrow, I'm sure the social media will be filled by tonight's event," Keith said. "The younger guests had taken pictures and videos, and since it's social media, you can't delete everything that pops up."

"And your point?" Hudson was getting impatient.

"One way to make this right, even if Cherise wouldn't believe you or even if Cherise might not come back to you, is for you. to tell the truth," Keith said, looking him dead in the eyes. "Hold a press conference with Emely and tell everyone the truth. Set things straight. Are you willing to do it? No. Will you be able to do it?"