

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

Chapter 1

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Chapter 1 – He Brought Back A Mistress

“Hudson, where did you go last night? And why...why did you bring her here?” Cherise nervously asked the man who had just entered their bedroom early in the morning, her heart thudding in her chest as she waited for his answer.

Yesterday was the day of his brother's funeral, but instead of grieving with his family like every other sane person did, he brought back a woman – a pretty, gentle, and delicate-looking woman.

And the worst of it all? He had put all his attention and gentleness toward that woman and then disappeared for the whole night with her, only appearing in the house so early in the morning.

Cherise had woken up early to prepare breakfast for him as usual, only to catch a glimpse of him walking into their marital house from the balcony of their bedroom. And he wasn't alone. He had actually brought that woman home!

Hudson Amery stopped in his tracks toward the bathroom and turned to see his timid and meek wife.

He reached out and squeezed her jaw with his big hand, making Cherise wince from the pain.

“What's wrong, Mrs. Amery? Can't stand to sleep alone at night without being touched by your husband?” he asked with a faint smile and cold gaze.

“No,” Cherish blushed when she thought of their passionate nights. “I'm... I'm your wife and...”

Hudson's faint smile vanished, and his cold gaze turned mocking. "Remember not to ask any more questions," He released Cherise's jaws with a forceful push, nearly sending Cherise tumbling to the floor. "Just be content with being Mrs. Amery."

He then walked toward the bathroom and didn't even stop the strides of his long legs when he added, "And it's none of your business where I go or who I bring back to the house."

Cherise rubbed her aching jaws, and tears pooled in her eyes. Even though she had expected his answer, she still felt she was wronged. She was his wife. Was it wrong for her to ask about her husband's whereabouts or the women around him?

Which wife wouldn't get uncomfortable and jealous if their husband neglected her and stayed by another woman's side all day long and night?

But this had been their dynamic ever since they married three years ago. She should be used to his coldness and indifference.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Cherise went downstairs to the kitchen only to see Emely Harris, whom everyone knew as Hudson's first love and who used to be his brother's girlfriend during their college days, sitting demurely in the living room with a shy expression which turned into a sneer when she saw Cherise instead of Hudson.

Cherise walked past, ignored her, and began preparing breakfast until she felt another presence in the kitchen. She didn't need to see who it was.

"You are still here? How shameless you are. Did my messages last night not show you enough that I am the one Hudson loves?" Emely's mocking voice sounded from the kitchen door.

Cherise's hand tightened around the spurtle's handle she was using to stir the porridge in the cooking pan.

She knew. Of course, she knew.

How could she not know? Last night, Emely had bombarded her with pictures of her and Hudson sleeping in an embrace. Even though they were wearing clothes, there was no denying the intimacy they shared.

Cherise nearly dropped her phone when she saw the pictures, and her tears gushed out, her heart broken into pieces, but she didn't want to believe the man she had been deeply in love with for the past three years and had been sharing her bed with would do such a heinous thing.

It was precisely for that reason that she asked Hudson about it – to get the truth from him. But as usual, he didn't think she deserved to get any explanation from him. He could've lied to her, but even then, he didn't bother to. Cherise felt bitter as she thought of how low her position in his heart was.

“And you are cooking porridge? I hate porridge! Cook me a plate of pancakes!” Emely ordered her like she was the mistress of the house and Cherise was her servant.

Knowing Emely was deliberately provoking her, Cherise kept quiet and pretended she didn't hear anything.

“Hey, didn't you hear me?” Emely, looking at Cherise, ignoring her, couldn't hold back her anger anymore and pulled her arm, demanding attention.

In the process of being pulled around, Cherise's arm brushed against the pot of porridge, and it tipped over from the stove, pouring the boiling content all over Cherise and burning her smooth arm and leg.

She gasped and subconsciously pushed Emely away only to hear her scream, “Cherise, no!” before she saw Emely fly a few steps back, and she turned at the last second, resulting in her stomach hitting a corner of the kitchen island forcefully.

Emely groaned and slid to the floor with her arms crossed around her stomach, holding it protectively.

Cherise was shocked when she saw how far and forceful she had pushed Emely away. She was weak and trembling from the burning pain; how could she be that powerful?

Her face became even paler when she saw blood on Emely's skirt.

Did she cause Emely to be severely injured?

No matter how much Cherise hated Emely, she didn't mean to get Emely injured.

Ignoring the burning pain in her arm and leg, she moved to help Emely, but suddenly, Emely whimpered and started shedding tears.

"Cherise, I didn't mean to come between you and Hudson," she sobbed. "I came back to attend his brother's funeral, and he accompanied me last night because I was depressed. Please don't misunderstand us."

Cherise was confused and still tried to help Emely up until she heard the bellowing voice of her husband accusing her. "Cherise, what have you done to Emely?"

"I-I-" Cherise felt her blood drained from her body. She knew how this situation might be seen by outsiders. Even Hudson would see this as her attempt to harm his first love.

"Please don't blame her, Hudson." Emely reached out with a pale and pitiful face, cutting off Cherise's attempt to explain what had happened.

"I didn't do anything!" Cherise finally found her voice. "She was the one-"

"Hudson, my tummy! It hurts!" Suddenly, Emely cried out. "It hurts."

Hudson cursed as he saw the blood that had soaked most of Emely's skirt. He picked her up in his arms, narrowed his eyes at Cherise, and gave her an ultimatum through gritted teeth. "Cherise, if something happened to her, I'll divorce you!"

Cherise froze as she watched her husband carry another woman in his arms hurriedly in a panic. Was Emely so important in his heart that he was willing to divorce his wife of three years for her?

"Madam, let's get you to a hospital." Cherise heard Miles', Hudson's personal assistant, soft voice. "You are injured and need to be treated immediately."

At that moment, Cherise finally felt how painful her injuries were. Her arms and legs were red from the scalding, and some parts had swelled with thermal burns from getting hit by the hot pan.

“Thank you, Miles,” Cherise smiled in gratitude as Miles helped her walk to the car.

Once they arrived at the hospital, she was quickly treated in the emergency department. Her arms and legs were bandaged, making her look like a mummy.

“Don’t get them wet before they heal,” the doctor reminded her.

Before she could thank him, she heard Hudson growling her name, and she was yanked and dragged toward a VIP ward, giving her no choice but to follow him.

“Apologize!” he threw her unceremoniously to the floor, disregarding her injuries.

“But she was the one who injured me first!” Despite how her knees hurt from being connected to the floor and how her heart ached from being manhandled by Hudson for the first time, Cherise defended herself.

“Hudson...” Emely’s sob sounded from the bed, and Cherise saw her lying there with a pale and weak face, looking very pitiful with tears streaming down her face. “It’s not Cherise’s fault. Maybe the baby is not supposed to be born.”

Cherise felt like she had been struck by lightning.

“B-baby?”

“Are you happy now, Cherise?” Hudson asked her coldly. “Are you happy now that you have killed her baby?”