

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

Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 – I Want A Divorce

“You pushed her and caused her miscarriage. Apologize!” Hudson demanded.

Cherise found her mind blank. There were only a few words registered in her mind at that moment – baby, miscarriage, killed.

Those words suffocated her, making her feel like she couldn't breathe. Her body swayed, and she felt a large hand close around one of her arms, not so much to steady her but more of a forceful grip that brought her mind back to reality.

“You have killed the heir of the Amery family. Are you still not going to apologize?” The iciness in Hudson's voice nearly caused Cherise to listen to him.

“B-baby?” Cherise asked instead. She was still in a state of disbelief. She needed to make sure everything that she had heard was correct.

Hudson didn't reply to her, he only shot a gaze as cold as his voice.

“B-but Hudson, didn't you say...” Cherise swallowed the lump in her throat. “Didn't you say you don't want children?”

For the past three years, they had engaged in husband and wife intimacies countless times, but he had always taken protective measures. He either wore protection or when he didn't want to, he would prepare morning-after pills for her.

Cherise had asked him when they could start having children, but his answer was always the same – he didn't like children, nor did they want any.

So why... Why did he impregnate Emely? And he looked pissed off when the baby was gone. Did he actually want children? And when did he impregnate her? Judging from her flat tummy, she should still be in her first trimester. Had he been secretly hooking up with her behind everyone's back?

A thought occurred to Cherise. Hudson had been going away nearly monthly for 'business trips'. So she guessed the 'business' was Emely.

Looking at her silent husband, Cherise fought back the tears that threatened to spill from her captivating baby-blue eyes. She didn't want Emely to feel triumphant. She didn't want that home-wrecker to see her breaking down.

"Why, Hudson?" her trembling voice betrayed the bravery she was trying hard to show. Why didn't her husband want to have children with her?

Hudson, who had been eyeing her coldly suddenly sneered. "You used my grandmother to marry me. But not only were you not content with having the title of Mrs. Amery, you actually want to bear my child?"

He walked to her and curled his long fingers around her neck, forcing her to stand up. Cherise was shocked by the action and tried to pry his hand away, but even if his hold was not forceful, she was still unable to escape.

With a faint smile and cold gaze, a charming expression filled with indifference and iciness that could always instill fear in Cherise's heart, he said the harshest words Cherise had ever heard him utter throughout their three years of marriage.

"Let me make one thing clear for you, Cherise. A lowly gold digger like you is not worthy to bear my child!"

Those words felt like a death sentence to Cherise. She felt her heart being stabbed right at the center, and slowly, it cracked and broke into pieces.

"Are you still not going to apologize? Do you prefer a divorce?" The calmness in Hudson's voice couldn't hide the underlying threat of his words.

Cherise opened her mouth to speak, but she saw Emely's smug smile, which practically screamed, 'I won, Cherise!'

"Over my dead body," Cherise blurted out and pushed her husband away. Without giving the adulterous pair another glance, she spun around to leave the hospital.

Hudson, taken aback by the sudden burst of his usually-timid wife, could only stand there watching the ward's door closed.

"Hudson... This is all my fault," Emely's pitiful voice sounded, snapping his mind back to the present. "You should follow her and clear the misunderstanding."

"There's no misunderstanding," Hudson replied firmly. "She pushed you and caused your miscarriage."

"But you should coax her.," Emely urged him. "I was the one who wasn't careful. I don't need Cherise to apologize to me."

Seeing how adamant the gentlewoman in front of her was, Hudson's expression gentled. "You are so kind, Emely, but she still needs to apologize to you. This is not a small matter."

"But what if she really wants a divorce?" Emely pretended to look troubled by the idea.

Hudson dragged a chair and sat down beside the bed. "She won't." He was confident of it. Cherise, an orphan, had only married him for his money and the title of Mrs. Amery. She wouldn't have the guts to ask for a divorce.

"But-"

"Just take a rest for now," Hudson cut her off and tucked her under the blanket. "I'll take care of it."

Meanwhile, Cherise had taken a taxi and arrived at their mansion. She stepped in, and Margaret, the housekeeper, quickly welcomed her.

"Madam, you are back." Margaret took her coat and bag from her and was shocked to see Cherise's bandaged arm and leg.

"Madam, your arm and leg..." Margaret said cautiously. She liked Cherise and to see her coming back alone in a taxi with such injuries distressed her.

"I'm fine, Margaret," Cherise smiled at the middle-aged housekeeper who always treated her kindly. "I need to rest for a while."

Margaret watched the kind Mrs. Amery who loved her husband very much but had been treated indifferently with pity in her eyes. She wished the master could see all of Cherise's good qualities and learn to love her.

Cherise went back to the master bedroom to take a nap. By the time she woke up, it was past dinner time. She quickly washed up and went down to have dinner.

"Margaret, you don't have to wait for me to finish. You can rest now," Cherise smiled at her and quickly added, "I'll take care of my injuries myself."

Although reluctant, Margaret found herself obeying the order of the Missus and retreated to her room.

Cherise had her dinner in the silence of the mansion, something she was used to.

After dinner, she walked around the mansion, remembering every room and every memory she had with Hudson, except there were...none.

There were memories of her alone in the kitchen cooking for him, alone in the dining room, alone in the living room as she waited for him to come back home every night, and the memories of her welcoming her husband at the door with happiness.

The most memories they had were in the bedroom. Hudson always came back every night if he wasn't on a business trip, always taking intimate pleasure from her body.

But that was all. There were no happy memories within the silent mansion.

Going back to her bedroom and resting on the bed, Cherise let out a self-deprecating laugh.

Three years of marriage. Three years of trying to be the perfect wife for him despite the indifference and coldness she received from him, hoping that one day she could move his heart to love her. Three years of being bullied and belittled by his mother and sister.

Three whole years of enduring the sufferings from the Amery family, and this was what she got? To see her husband bringing back his first love and showing off his gentleness toward her in front of everyone? To hear that she wasn't worthy of him? That she wasn't worthy of bearing his child? What a joke.

After shedding all her tears, Cherise sneered and thought she shouldn't take this kind of treatment anymore. They were the ones who weren't worthy of her, and she would show them!

She made up her mind and took her phone, sending a one-sentence message to her husband.

[I want a divorce.]

Then, she went to the study and drafted a divorce agreement.

In the hospital ward, Emely was being coquettish as Hudson tended to her tenderly, making sure that she was comfortable. After all, it was his wife who caused her miscarriage.

"Hudson..." Emely tugged his sleeve gently. "You should go back home. I'm fine being alone here. There are nurses and doctors who will tend to me."

Hudson smiled and was about to disagree with her when his phone suddenly vibrated. He swiped the phone screen, and a chilling aura instantly replaced his gentleness as he read what Cherise had sent him