

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

Chapter 3

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back by Little Angelic Devil Chapter 3

Chapter 3 – Sign It!

Hudson held his phone with such force that it nearly cracked from the pressure. The temperature seemed to drop in the ward, making Emely shiver.

“H-Hudson, is something wrong?” Emely had never seen him this angry before, and it frightened her.

He smiled a smile that didn't reach his eyes and patted her head. “I need to go home. Miles will stay in the hospital.”

Emely was startled. She was just saying those words to show her being understanding, never really meaning them. She knew by pretending, Hudson would stay with her tonight.

She quickly smiled gently and nodded. “Go and solve the misunderstanding with Cherise.”

Without delay, Hudson left the room and sneered.

Divorce? When did his meek and obedient wife grow a backbone? She preferred to divorce rather than apologize, huh? Such a vicious woman!

He would see if his meek and obedient wife really wanted a divorce. She loved him so much all this while despite being a gold digger. Could she live without him? He doubted it, Hudson sneered.

Emely, being left alone and failing to make Hudson stay with her, felt anger rise in her chest. She knew Hudson and Cherise had been intimate, and she couldn't let them stay the night together.

Her face contorted into an ugly, demonic-like, unlike her usual pretty and gentle face. Now that she was back, she would NEVER let them spend the nights together again. Her brain worked fast, thinking of ways to separate them tonight.

Upon reaching home, Hudson found Cherise, who usually waited to welcome him, nowhere to be found, and the mansion was dark.

‘She was getting bolder by throwing a tantrum, huh?’ Hudson thought to himself.

Hudson was about to go to their bedroom when he was stopped by Margaret, the housekeeper who had been working for the Amery family since he was small.

“S-sir...” Margaret wrung her uniform with her fingers, showing her nervousness.

“Speak,” Hudson was impatient and wanted to deal with his disobedient wife as quickly as possible.

Margaret took a deep breath and looked into his eyes. “Please be gentle with Madam. She is injured.”

Hudson frowned. Injured? Cherise didn’t seem injured. She was able to push Emely until she miscarried and even talked back to him.

Other than throwing tantrums, she now learned how to invoke pity? Let’s see if he could catch her pretending.

With a wave of his hand, Hudson dismissed Margaret and strode upstairs toward the bedroom.

At the same moment, Cherise was wincing from pain. Luckily, she had a very effective burn ointment that could heal and leave no scars within three days. She undid the bandages and began lathering, sighing as the coolness of the ointment seeped into her skin, alleviating the pain.

Just as she finished rebandaging the wound and leaving a small light on, the bedroom door opened, and a tall, graceful man with a noble temperament entered.

Hudson looked at his wife, who was sitting on the bed shrouded by the dim light. He must admit that his wife was beautiful and had a great figure. He didn't mind keeping her as Mrs. Amery if she remained obedient.

But thinking of what had happened tonight, anger and frustration rose in his chest again. Loosening his tie further, he rubbed his temples and asked, "What's the meaning of the text?"

Cherise looked at him, and when Hudson thought she would tell him she was wrong, she mocked him instead. "Don't tell me the great Mr. Amery couldn't understand such a simple sentence."

Hudson's veins on his temples throbbed. "Cherise, enough! Is it difficult for you to admit your mistake and apologize to Emely? You killed a life, for God's sake! Don't you have any conscience?"

"I don't," Cherise deadpanned. After thinking about it and seeing Emely's smug look, Cherise had concluded that Emely purposely let herself have a miscarriage. The question was why, though. So that Hudson would hate and divorce her? If that was the case, then Emely was truly vicious for sacrificing her own flesh and blood to get what she wanted.

"Remember the choices you gave me, Mr. Amery?" Cherise asked with a coldness matching his own. "Apologize or divorce. I chose the latter. I'm tired of this marriage." Maybe she could still endure the mistreatments and indifference, but being told she wasn't worthy of having his child while he impregnated his mistress? That was the last straw for her.

Hudson was surprised and felt uncomfortable looking at her usually soft-spoken wife saying words like 'divorce' so carelessly.

He still didn't believe she would throw away the wealthy lifestyle and status he was giving her, so he moved fast, pinning her down to the bed. "Are you mad because I didn't sleep with you last night?"

Cherish was indeed mad, not because of the reason he said, but because he thought she was mad at him because of it!

His words and actions at that moment humiliated her, and she immediately struggled. "Let me go!"

"Isn't this what you want, Mrs. Amery?" Ignoring her struggle, Hudson gathered her hands above her head, pinned her wrists there, and began kissing her.

Not wanting to be taken advantage of, Cherise kept struggling, but while struggling, Hudson pressed down on her injuries. She gasped, and cold sweat started forming on her forehead as she ceased struggling.

Feeling the change in her, Hudson lifted his head and saw his wife's pale face and furrowed brows as if she were enduring some kind of pain.

He frowned as he remembered Margaret's words – Cherise was injured. His desire for her was extinguished when he saw her bandaged arm and leg.

Hudson pulled back and sat on the bed, pointed to her arm and leg, asking, "What happened to them?"

Cherise, although still feeling the pain, smirked at him. "What did you think happened, Mr. Amery? And what concern is it of yours?"

"Cherise!" Hudson, feeling impatient and disliking how she addressed him so formerly, raised his voice.

Getting irked by his raised voice, Cherise took the divorce agreement she had drawn up from the bedside table and slapped Hudson's face with it.

"Sign it!" Cherise flipped her hair behind her shoulder and crossed her arms under her breasts.

Suppressing his anger at seeing his wife acting all high and mighty, Hudson read the document, and his face darkened when he saw the bold letter on the document – Divorce Agreement.

Out of anger, he burst into laughter and cupped her jaws again.

“Divorce, Cherise? Do you think you can leave the life of luxury I have given you?” Only a fool would do that.

“Give your luxurious life to your mistress, Mr. Amery,” Cherise yanked her chin out of his hand and sneered as she saw him studying the document as if he was afraid she would cheat him.

Driven by anger and forgetting about her injuries, he swiftly signed his name in the box next to hers. But when he saw the blank compensation page, he sneered and thought Cherise was too full of herself.

“Are you sure about this, Cherise?” he asked with a condescending look.

“As sure as I ever will be,” Cherise smirked in return.

Hudson opened his mouth to say something else when his ringtone pierced through the otherwise silent bedroom.

“Speak,” he ordered Miles, who was calling him.

“Sir, Ms. Harris had a nightmare and has been crying nonstop looking for you,” Miles reported.

Hanging up the phone, Hudson looked at Cherise, who seemed disinterested. “We’ll talk about this when I get back.” Even though they would go their separate ways, he wouldn’t leave her without a penny under her name, especially since they had been spouses for three years.

With that, he got up to leave the house.

Later? Cherise sneered. As if she still wanted to stay another second in this hell hole.

She picked up her phone, and when the call connected, her whole demeanor changed from indifference and infuriation to one overflowing with sweetness. “I’m ready.”

“I’ll be there in a minute,” a man’s voice sounded from the other end of the call before Cherise hung up.

Taking one last look at the room she had shared with Hudson for the last three years, Cherise shed all the melancholy she felt.

She picked up the suitcase she had prepared, went down the stairs, and opened the mansion’s main door to see an elegant black car waiting for her.

Cherise rushed toward the car with a huge grin and stuffed her suitcase in the back passenger car before slipping into the front passenger seat herself.

She looked at the handsome man with a noble temperament wearing gold-rimmed glasses, stretched out her arms, leaned forward seeking for a hug, and called the man with a sweet voice, “Brother...”