

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 31

Posted by **Admin-J**, 96 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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Emely, who had been discharged for a few days and staying with the mother–daughter Amery duo, sat on one of the benches in their garden and stared at the assortments of beautiful flowers in front of her absentmindedly until the cold wind brushed past her, making her shiver in the cold and her thoughts ran wild.

A frown marred her forehead as she thought of how Hudson had not visited her at all during the past **few** days. Had he changed his mind about marrying her?

No, she couldn't let it happen. She had done too many things to ensure it would happen, including saving him and getting rid of her baby. She wouldn't let any sacrifices and everything else she had done be in vain.

Looking at Emely from the window of her room, Dahlia crunched her nose in disgust. If she could, she'd rather not have her as her daughter-in-law, but as her son had done the damage by impregnating her and the whole upper class knew about it, she could only pretend to like her and accept her as her daughter-in-law.

Sighing, she took a shawl and went downstairs to the garden, and draped the shawl around Emely's shoulders.

"You shouldn't stay here too long while wearing such a thin dress, dear. And you are still recuperating." Dahlia said in her soft and motherly voice, trying to show that she cared about Emely.

Emely looked up and wrapped the shawl tighter around herself. "Thank you, Mrs. Amery,"

Dahlia pretended to scowl at her. "How many times must I ask you to call me Dahlia? You are going to marry Hudson soon, and people will call you Mrs. Amery."

Emely blushed and said shyly, "Alright, Dahlia."

Dahlia rolled her eyes inwardly, knowing Emely was also acting just like her. But outwardly, she chuckled. "Let's get you inside and have some tea to warm up."

Emely nodded and followed Dahlia to the living room just like an obedient daughter-in-law.

The

servant served them tea, and Emely **took** comfort from the warmth of the tea as she held the teacup and took a sip

from it.

At the same time, Polly came downstairs from her room and joined them, sitting down inelegantly, slumping on the couch.

"Polly, maintain your elegance," Dahlia berated her daughter.

"Oh, come on, Mom." She rolled her eyes but still regained her elegant sitting posture, as she had been taught since she was small. We are at home. I should be able to laze around."

"If you don't do it every time, you might slip up when you are outside," Dahlia said sternly before sipping her tea.

Too lazy to debate with her mom, she turned her attention to Emely.

"Why do you **look** so absentminded?" she asked Emely, who was indeed **gazing** at a distance.

Polly's question startled Emely. "I'm sorry. I just have a lot of things on my mind."

"A lot of things?" Polly asked, pouring herself a cup of tea before continuing with a teasing grin. I'm sure you are only

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thinking about my brother."

Emely blushed as her thought was laid bare by Polly.

“I knew It!” Polly laughed, but her thigh was slapped lightly by Dahlia. She looked at her mom with confusion....

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Being on the younger side and less empathetic, Polly didn't know the turmoil Emely was feeling, but Dahlia, with much more experience, knew about it.

“Don't worry about Hudson, Emely.” Dahlia tried to reassure her. “He is always busy, and I'm sure he knows you are well taken care of here, **so** he is not worried about it.”

Polly nodded repeatedly, agreeing with her mother. “My brother is ALWAYS busy. It's even hard for us to meet him, but I'm sure he doesn't forget about you or your marriage.”

Dahlia forced a smile to her face. She knew why Hudson seldom came to their place, but Polly didn't, so she patted Emely's hand reassuringly. “Just as Polly said, Hudson will always keep his promise and that includes him marrying you. I'm sure he'll visit you when he has the time.”

With the reassurances from both Dahlia and Polly, Emely felt better, and they started chatting about everything related to the engagement party and wedding reception

As they were chatting happily, they heard the gate of the mansion being opened, and the sound of the car engine making its way to the mansion's main door made the ears of the mother-daughter duo of the Amery family and Emely who were all sitting in the living room perked up.

“I'm sure that's my brother!” Polly jumped from her seat and ran toward the main door to welcome her brother.

As expected, Hudson's car came into view, and the butler opened the car door for him

Emely, after a **few** days of not seeing him, felt her heart beating fast from excitement. He was so handsome and majestic, always looking dashing with his suit, his dark eyes veiled by long lashes, and his cold demeanor seemed to even make him more attractive in every lady's eyes.

She wanted to follow Polly and just run into Hudson's arms, but she needed to keep her act of being a demure lady and not a desperate one.

So, instead of doing it, she tightened her hold on her teacup and took another sip, trying to look elegant until Hudson.

himself came to her.

"Brother!" Polly hugged him with eagerness before he could even enter the mansion."

Polly always looked up to her brother. She idolized him and thought that he was invincible. But because of that, she became spoiled and felt she was above everyone else. She was Hudson Amery's sister, and no one should dare to go

against her, that was what she thought.

Hudson pried her away from him and ruffled her head, "Did you cause any trouble these past few days?"

He knew sometimes Polly caused trouble, but for him, they were still acceptable. For him, the problems she caused were something like teenage pranks

What he didn't know was that Polly was not as gullible or as easily manipulated as he thought because she was raised **by** Dahlia, who was a snake herself.

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"No, I didn't," Polly tidied her hair and pouted.

"Good," Hudson nodded. "I can't always take care of your problems for you."

Dahlia whispered to Emely on the couch, "See what I told you? He'll come when he has time."

Dahlia stood up and walked toward Hudson with open arms and a smile, ready to hug her son. "How are you, Hudson? It's been some time since you visited us."

But Hudson, hating his mom, just passed her by and went straight to the couch area where Emely was sitting.

Dahlia bit her lip, feeling embarrassed even though she had expected this to happen, as it always did. But when she turned back toward the couch, her embarrassment vanished, replaced by a motherly smile.

"Hudson, you have kept Emely waiting," she pretended to scold him. "Even if you are busy, you should still make time to visit her, especially after what she has gone through,"

With her second sentence, she indirectly hinted and reminded Hudson that Cherise was an evil woman for causing Emely to miscarry.

Hudson looked at Emely, who didn't look frail anymore. She looked healthy, with a blush on her cheeks. It seemed his mom had taken good care of her.

He thought he should feel guilty for not taking care of her, for not keeping his promise to Luis, but he felt... nothing.

Yes, he still felt guilty about Luis, but not for not caring for his girlfriend. He shrugged it off as maybe because his mom and sis had taken care of her in his stead or perhaps because he was too busy with everything going on in his life, including all his interactions with Cherise.

But since he had promised his brother, he still sat beside her and asked with a voice softer than he usually used to talk to others. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling fine," Emely blushed because of the way Hudson's intense eyes were fixed on hers. "Your mom and sister have been very good to me."

Hudson nodded. "That's good. What did the doctor say?" They have a family doctor, so she should have checked on Emely.

"She said I'm healed and can move around freely now," Emely replied with a smile. "No more bedrest."

Before Hudson could reply, Polly plopped onto the space beside him and asked him, “Brother, whom announce your engagement with Emely?”

you **going** to

Hudson’s brows furrowed, and Emely’s heart skipped a beat. She prayed Hudson wouldn’t cancel it. She needed it for herself and also because of the man behind her.

“In a month’s time,” Hudson blurted out. He didn’t actually want it to be that fast because he had just divorced, but the Image of Cherise with Logan and Julian made him do it subconsciously.

His ex–wife had moved on, so why wouldn’t he, too?

“Yayyy!” Polly squealed in excitement and threw her arms around Emely. “Emely, we are going to be a family soon!”

But then Hudson thought of Cherise’s words of Emely being called a mistress, so he asked her, “Emely, you know I’ve just

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gotten divorced. Is a month too soon for you?”

Emely was confused by Hudson’s question. She was relieved Hudson still kept his promise. If it were her, she might even want to announce it tomorrow, so why would a month be too soon?

“Why would it be too soon?” Polly asked, confused by her brother’s question, too.

“Because Emely might be labeled as the third party who broke Hudson and Cherise’s marriage.” Dahlia answered for

Hudson

Polly’s eyes widened, and she got angry. “But she’s not! Hudson has never been in love with Cherise at all!”

"I *know*, Polly

Polly," Dahlia squeezed her daughter's hand to calm her down. "But not all the people in this country know it."

Emely frowned as their words registered in her mind. She didn't want to be labeled **as** a mistress, but **she** couldn't pass up this opportunity

"We can use the Amery Group PR team to tell the truth," Dahlia spoke before Emely could think of a solution. "We can say that Hudson and Emely have been in love for a few **years** and that Cherise and Hudson's marriage was just a... contractual marriage"

"That seems good." Polly nodded, always agreeing with her mom. Furthermore, many people know Emely was pregnant with Hudson's baby, and Cherise was never pregnant I bet you never touched her, have you, brother?

Hudson didn't bother to correct her but glared at his sister, making her cower in fear. "This is a conversation for someone

as young as you"

"Alright" Polly replied in a small voice, still afraid of her brother's glare from before

"Well now that we have resolved the issue, we should start planning for the engagement party." **Dahlia** said. "Since Emely needs the exercise why don't we start looking at the engagement and wedding rings?"

"You are right, Mom" Polly became excited again. We are the VIPs of the Ang elworld Jewelry, and they have sent us an

invitation to preview their new collection!"

Hudson nearly groaned when he heard the company's name, but on second thought, he wanted to meet Cherise again, and

maybe he could get lucky

"Alright, let's go," he said as he stood up, and the rest followed him to his car

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Once they reached the Angelworld Jewelry building, each one of them stepped out of the car and Polly looked at the entrance of the buildings in excitement and pulled Emely along with her while Dahlia looked smug.

Dahlia knew everyone was looking at them and knew who they were—the VIPS of Angelworld Jewelry, a membership that only a few could afford or had been extended to for their spending there.

Hudson stood behind them, looking at the towering building in front of him, and he felt bitterness in his heart.

Who knew he would come back here only a few days after terminating their co-operation? The worst part was that deep in his heart, the reason he wanted to be here was to catch a glimpse of his ex-wife, and that was if he was lucky.

Sighing, he followed his family to the entrance of the building.

The Angelworld Jewelry had two separate entrances located side-by-side. One was for the employees, and one was for the customers.

The staff recognized the Amery family, and they were escorted straight to the elevator, a special treatment reserved for VIPS.

With her smugness and confidence, Dahlia looked at Emely with a hint of contempt because she knew Emely would never enjoy such treatment if not for being with Hudson.

“Be used to this kind of treatment and establishment, dear. This is one of the perks of being an Amery.”

Polly, who always agreed with her mom, nodded and clung to Emely’s arm. “Mom is right, Emely. Once you are married to Hudson, you can get the best of everything you want.”

Emely clenched her fists slightly as she saw the contemptuous look in Dahlia's eyes, but she nodded with a blush and said, "Alright"

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"And see that we are brought to level 5, Emely?" Polly kept talking proudly. "It's a level for us VIPs while the commoners are not allowed in. They are only allowed to be on the fourth floor."

Hudson frowned as he heard his sister's words, wanting to warn her how to speak properly. Even though they were indeed VIPs, they shouldn't have outrightly talked about the differences in social classes in front of others as there was a staff there.

He hated being gossiped on, especially if it was because people thought he couldn't teach his family members proper public manners. But before he could do so, the elevator sounded, and the door opened.

The staff ushered them to the main hall and left them there for the jewelry staff to deal with them.

The room was adomed with purple and gold colors, a mix of colors that was supposed to look terrifying, like a lair of a vampire or something. Still, Angelworld successfully made it into something that looked like the room belonged to royalty.

There were shelves of jewelry, from limited editions, those specially designed for runways and **not** for sale, to those new collections that were for sale.

On one side of the wall, there was another door, and it was where the more senior staff would show the clients the jewelry they wanted to see from the catalog, and deals and payments would be made.

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As per usual, they sat on the plush couches and were served champagne, fruits, and a variety of small cute cakes.

The jewelry staff presented them with a catalog of their latest collection and one that had yet to be released.

Dahlia purposely took the latest collection to show off to Emely and the staff, who actually was already used to such customers and rolling his eyes inwardly at such disgusting behaviors.

“See this, Emely?” she pointed to one of the most expensive necklaces in the catalog. “I have this at home in my vault.”

“This is so beautiful, Dahlia,” Emely caressed the photo and pictured herself wearing such expensive and beautiful jewelry soon. She would be the envy of every woman in Country B, and she couldn’t wait for the time to come.

“Yes, and it is a limited edition,” Polly chimed in. “You do know the jewelry on this floor is all limited edition, right?”

Emely, who didn’t know about it, blushed in embarrassment. She had been a way from Country B for a while, and neither Luis nor Hudson had ever given her any jewelry from Angelworld.

This was the first time she had heard of this high-end local brand, and to be honest, all the jewelry was very beautiful, even more beautiful than international branded jewelry.

Seeing the embarrassment on Emely’s face, Dahlia scoffed internally. First Cherise, now Emely. Her son seemed to always choose someone who would embarrass their family name

But since Emely was someone like her, she could manipulate her, and she was still better than Cherise in that aspect.

“Don’t worry about not knowing anything for this moment, Emely,” Dahlia assured her in a soothing way. “You’ve been away for too long. You have time to learn about all these things.”

Emely looked at Dahlia and breathed in relief. “Thank you, Dahlia.”

“You are going to be my daughter-in-law soon, Emely. You don’t have to be so polite, Dahlia patted Emely’s hand and

stretched out her hand to take the second catalog

Hudson looked at both catalogs and frowned. The latest catalog was indeed the Angelworld Jewelry collection that hadn't

been released, but it was the collection that still involved their cooperation.

He crooked his fingers to the staff, gesturing to him to come.

"This collection," he said as he tapped the catalog. "This is not Angelworld Jewelry's newest collection."

The staff, whose only job was to serve them with this latest collection, assured him it was indeed newest collection, which was not even on the market yet and only available for VIPs like them to preview

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"No, it is not," Hudson said calmly, but his gaze brought chills to the staff.

"Please let me ask the other staff about it first, Mr. Amery, the staff said before asking all his colleagues about it, and all of

them said the same thing as him there was no other newer collection

He went back to Hudson and told him about it.

Hudson, still with his calmness, ordered him, "Call your manager for me

Knowing who he was, the staff didn't hesitate to call the manager for him.

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Once the manager arrived, Hudson went straight to the point and told him, "I want to see the 'True Love' collection."

The manager was surprised that Hudson asked to see it. For all he knew, Hudson should have seen the collection, but he also had heard that Amery Group was no longer involved in the collection due to their contract termination.

He deliberated whether to show Hudson the collection, as each piece of jewelry had yet to be inspected by their boss, but his thoughts were interrupted by an annoyed female voice.

“What is this talk about a newest collection?” Dahlia glared at the manager. “We are VIPs here, and yet you don’t want to show it to us?”

“That’s right,” Polly said. “Are you looking down on us? Don’t you know who my brother is? He is Hudson Amery, the most powerful CEO in Country B. Do you want to go against his wishes? Are you sure you want to do it?”

Hudson’s brows furrowed together in the middle of his forehead. He didn’t like how Polly was using his name to threaten other people. It wasn’t right to flaunt his name for others to do their bidding except if they were his employees or business

associates.

He himself had never done it and loathed doing it, because he knew his presence alone could bring fear to others in the business circle. He thought about talking to his sister about it once they were out of the public eye.

“You know we are wealthy enough to buy the collection,” Polly said with annoyance and impatience as she still saw the hesitation in the manager’s face. “What’s the harm in us looking at it anyway?”

Thinking about Polly’s words, the manager decided to show them the catalog. As she had said, there was no harm in just showing it.

Even though his boss had explicitly told him no one could pre—order them, they were VIPs who would most probably buy the collection the moment the collection was released.

The manager went to the other room and brought back a catalog, but it wasn’t enough for Dahlia.

“It seems your level of service has lowered,” she scoffed.

The manager looked at her with confusion. What else did this woman want? He had brought out the collection for them to see, but she was still complaining.

“We have never needed to wait for more than ten minutes before being ushered into the VIP room,” Dahlia pointed out. “But this time, we’ve been out here in the waiting room for more than thirty minutes, and I’m sure no one is in there at this

moment.”

“My mom is right,” Polly huffed. “This time, we are not treated like VIPs at all. And what’s so special about this “newest collection” that you hesitated to show us?”

She snatched the catalog from the manager, but it dropped to the floor and opened to a page with photos of rings for couples

Everyone looked at it, and before anyone could react, Polly squealed and scooped the catalog up in her hand. “Oh my God, this collection is for couples! This is perfect for Emely and you, brother!”

Seemingly forgotten about not being treated like VIPs, she dragged Emely back to the couch to see the catalog.

se are so great,” she gushed **and** said dreamily. “I wish I had someone to wear these couple bracelets with.”

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Curious about why her daughter seemed to change in a split second, Dahlia returned to the couch and took the catalog

from her.

She turned the pages slowly and carefully and couldn’t agree more with her daughter on how perfect this collection was. Even if one had no partner, they could still wear the jewelry themselves.

For her, this was the best collection of Angelworld Jewelry had produced so far. Every piece still had the same intricacy and Angelworld’s specialness, but this collection seemed to ooze with something else... What was it, she thought?

Then, one word popped into her mind love. **Now** she understood why it was called ‘True Love’.

She kept turning the pages until she **reached** the last page, which showed a simple yet stunning pair of rings. The man's ring would fit her son's personality to a tee—it was like it was created for him.

"I want to get this couple ring for my son and his fiancée. Bill it up to my son," she said as she pointed to the rings.

Hudson was used to his mom using his money, and he didn't care for rings, so he let her be.

"I'm sorry, but none of the jewelry in this collection is allowed to be purchased or even pre-ordered yet," the manager said politely.

Dahlia once again felt angry at the way they treated her today. She was never denied anything, but now she has been denied twice within less than an hour.

"We have to wait in the waiting room for a long time, and we are not allowed to buy anything. Do you still treat us as VIPs? Do you want to lose your VIP customers?" she asked contemptuously.

The manager wanted to explain, but then they all heard the elevator ding and a familiar feminine voice coming from the elevator.

All the Amerys and Emely turned their heads, and Polly was the first to speak in shock. "You!"

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Around an hour ago....

Cherise called Katherine and told her about what she had missed.

"Well, that's good news, sweetheart," Katherine replied in her usual sensual voice.

"Yes, it is." Cherise laughed. But now we need to see the collection in person. I need to check how **they** look in real life, check the quality of the materials, etc., and Logan and I are waiting for you to come back to the country."

“Uh huh.” Katherine replied lazily.

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Cherise rolled her eyes. “What do you mean by of hers sometimes was very cryptic.

“I actually arrived in the city two days ago, darling.”

Cherise then heard the sound of sheet **rustling** and Katherine groaning as if she was just waking up and stretching her body.

She sighed. She should have known her best friend was not a morning person, or she might have another ‘suitor with her in bed right now.

“Okay...” Cherise said slowly. “When will you have the time to show us the collection?”

Katherine’s seductive laughter sounded from the other end of the phone. “Darling, the collection is actually already in your company.”

Cherise’s eyes widened in disbelief, and she asked, “And you didn’t bother to tell me?!”

Katherine laughed again. “Well, it is yours, and which better place to keep it?”

Cherise thought about it and finally sighed. Katherine was right. Angelworld Jewelry was the best place to keep it. The staff was professional, and the place had tight security.

“Well, I’m going there to see it with Logan today, then,” Cherise decided.

She then heard another rustling sound, this time faster, and before she could register what was happening on Katherine’s end, she heard her friend’s voice.

“Let me meet you there too, love,” she said, and Cherise heard the sound of her shuffling around her room. “After all, they all think I’m the designer.”

Cherise couldn't help but laugh. People knew Katherine as the designer for Angelworld, but a few people, like Hudson, **knew** Katherine had worked with Angel', the famous jeweler, ever since their company partnership three years ago.

Even though now the employees knew Cherise was their CEO, the staff and manager at the store didn't know it because she didn't want too many people to know about her identity yet, and having Katherine with her would be a great way to see "True Love" without getting any suspicion,

"Alright," Cherise agreed. "See you in"

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"An hour," Katherine replied before Cherise could set the time. "You know I need time to get ready, sweetheart."

Cherise's lips twitched, exasperated at her best friend, wanting to tell her that she lived in an apartment in the middle of the city within a 10-minute walk from Angelworld Jewelry's building, but she kept her mouth shut and agreed instead.

There really was no point in arguing with Katherine, especially about her so-called 'time management'. She always had her own schedule.

Cherise sighed and said, "Let me tell Logan about it."

"Alright, darling." Katherine replied. "Ta ta."

Cherise chuckled and called Logan to tell him about their plan before getting ready herself.

Going downstairs, she saw her brother sitting on the couch and decided to have a little talk with him.

Hearing the clicking sounds of heels, Julian looked up and saw his sister descending the stairs. "You look nice," he praised her.

"You always said that no matter what I wear," Cherise laughed and sat beside him on **the** couch.

“My sister is beautiful and has a great sense of fashion. What can I say about that?” He shrugged, but his lips curled up into an adoring smile.

Cherise looked at her brother in amusement. With a brother like him, who would need a guy in her life? He **was** handsome, gentle, pampering, and had a sweet mouth.

She wandered which lady could capture his heart in the future. She must be one fortunate lady landing a perfect package like her brother.

Setting the thought aside, she turned serious. “Brother, I think it would be best if I don’t live here now.”

Julian raised his brow in question, wondering why Cherise suddenly wanted to move out.

“I don’t want people to know I’m an Alster yet,” she explained. “And I don’t want people to gossip about you living with some unknown lady.”

Julian laughed, feeling his sister was naive. “Why do we need to care about people gossiping at me? Shouldn’t we be more concerned about your reputation if we care about gossip?”

While Julian thought Cherise was naive, she also felt her brother was naive as well. She rolled her eyes and pointed out, “If

doubt, people think you are living with a lady, you won’t ever **find** a girlfriend.”

“So?” Julian asked. Like other younger CEOs, he didn’t think much about relationships or love at that moment. What he wanted was to make the Alster Group more well-known worldwide.

“I want a sister-in-law!” Cherise said exasperatedly. “You are already so old and have never had a girlfriend. People will think there is something wrong with you!”

“I’m old?” Julian gasped exaggeratedly. He was only 28 years old this year. How was he old?

“Yes” Cherise nodded. “You are nearly 30 years old.”

“So **you** think 28 years old is old?” Julian asked.

“For someone who has never had a girlfriend, yes.” Cherise nodded again.

“What about 70 years old, whether he is single or not?” Julian asked with a straight face, trying to set a trap for Cherise.

“That is ancient.

He should be displayed in a museum,” Cherise replied without thinking, and Julian laughed out loud, happy that his sister fell into his trap.

“Why are you laughing?” Cherise **asked** with narrowed eyes, feeling something was wrong with his brother.

Julian **tried** to stop laughing and replied, “It seems I’ll need to prepare to donate Grandpa to the museum now.”

Then it dawned on Cherise that her brother had trapped her to say those words.

“Noooooooo... Don’t do that, and don’t ever dare to tell Grandpa that I think he’s **old**.” Cherise started punching Julian’s biceps.

Julian laughed out loud and leaned sideways, still letting his sister hit him.

“Alright, alright,” he said in between laughter and finally caught his sister’s wrists because honestly, with the way she had been training Taekwondo since a young age, getting hit repeatedly by her still hurt.

Cherise glared at him before pouting and huffing.

“I won’t tell Grandpa, Julian pinched Cherise’s cheek, and before she could lecture him about it further, he deftly changed the subject. “On a more serious note. About you moving out....”

“Don’t tell me you disagreed,” Cherise said, still pouting.

Julian smiled as he looked at his cute sister. Twenty—one years old, and she still acted like a child, but he was more than happy to pamper her.

“I actually agree,” he said, much to Cherise’s surprise. She thought she needed to convince him more about it.

“As you said, people know this is the Alster residence,” he said and added thoughtfully, “If those people now you are living here and started to investigate your background...”

He didn’t finish his sentence, but Cherise knew what was on his mind. It was about those people who kidnapped her when she was five years old.

The Alsters still didn’t know if they specifically targeted Cherise or if they were child traffickers because Cherise only met that one young boy when she was kidnapped.

They had kept Cherise’s identity as an Alster hidden since then, and before they knew the real reasons behind her kidnapping, it would not be wise to let her be living with Julian,

She could still be seen out and about with him, but just like Hudson, people might think they were lovers instead of siblings because they did not really look alike.

While Cherise looked like their mother, who came **from** Country B, with blonde hair and blue **eyes**, Julian looked like their father, who had dark hair. The only similar feature they shared was the color of their eyes, but it didn’t make them look like siblings.

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And with the way Julian treated her when they were out in public? No one would have believed they were siblings if they didn’t know about Julian’s sister complex.

“That’s what I thought, too,” Cherise told him. “But do you know anywhere I can move to? Can you help me look for a place?” She started acting like a spoiled child again.

Julian thought about it for a while and told her, “There is a new apartment not far from Angelworld’s building. I heard the security is top-notch, and the price is sky–

high, especially for the two penthouses. And there are not many units per floor . It is a very exclusive apartment.”

Cherise always passed by the apartment building when she went to work, and she always thought it looked nice, but hearing about how it was from her brother made her want to get one of the penthouses.

“Get me one of the penthouses,” she bounced excitedly in her seat.

Julian chuckled. He knew his sister always wanted the best she could get for everything, including her living quarters. The more exclusive something was, the more she wanted it.

“I’ll ask Neil to get one for you.” He reached out for his phone, ready to order Neil to do it, as he didn’t want his sister to miss out on getting one of the penthouses.

“Thank you, Brother. You are really the best!” Cherise threw herself at him, and Julian laughed as he hugged his sister back.

“By the way, where are you going, dressing up so nice like this?” he asked, reminding Cherise that she had an appointment with Katherine and Logan.

Cherise checked her limited-edition watch and exclaimed in horror, “Oh no! I’m going to be late! I’m meeting Katherine and Logan at the Angelworld store. See you later, Brother.” She kissed Julian’s cheek and bolted out of the house into the car that was already waiting for her.

Julian looked at her and shook his head helplessly. How would he find a girlfriend if he had a sister who still needed his care, he thought to himself.

When Cherise arrived at the Angelworld building, she immediately saw Katherine just because of how she dressed. Even though the weather had turned colder, it still wasn’t the time to wear a fur coat yet, but there stood her best friend wrapped in pure white fur.

“Aren’t you feeling hot in it?” Cherise asked as she approached Katherine.

“Hello, darling,” Katherine greeted her, and they kissed each other’s cheeks before she replied, “It’s about fashion,

sweetheart.”

Cherise just nodded and went along with her through the security and staff, who led them to level 5.

With the temperature in the building being warmer, Katherine took off her fur coat in the elevator and it revealed the sexy dress with crisscross straps along her back.

Cherise, who should be used to Katherine’s sense of fashion, still couldn’t help but raise her eyebrows while Katherine just

winked at her

She should’ve known Katherine would not care about the weather. She would always dress sexily, and no one could stop

her.

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Once the elevator’s door opened, Cherise said, “I still can’t believe you thought of moving the collection here. It was a great move, though.”

Before Katherine could reply, they heard an angry young woman shout, “You! What are you doing here?”

Both best friends looked at the source of the voice, and Cherise groaned. Of course, she had to meet the Amerys and the

mistress. How unlucky....

SEND GIFT

Posted by **Admin-J**, 79 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

Chapter 34

“What are you doing here?” Polly asked again, her eyes seeming to emit laser beams at Cherise.

Cherise rolled her eyes and kept quiet. She didn't feel the need to reply to such an ungrateful person. She still remembered everything Polly had done to her or how she had always caused trouble and blamed them on her.

On the other hand, Katherine looked at Hudson and instantly knew who the other three women were.

"Ahhh... You must be the evil Amery mother-daughter duo and the mistress," she smiled, and as usual, she looked seductive when doing it, especially when her eyes lit up with playfulness.

"Who are you calling evil and mistress?" Polly glared at her and tried to fight Katherine's words. "She is the mistress. Hudson has been in love with Emely his whole life, and she came in between them."

Cherise couldn't help but laugh at Polly's stupidity.

"Why are you laughing? You are just a lowly woman already discarded by my brother," she said haughtily.

Cherise clicked her tongue and pointed out lazily. "If I'm not wrong, I was the awful wife of your brother.

We had the marriage certificate to prove it. So I'm asking you now... Who was the real mistress? Who was the one who got pregnant with someone else's husband's baby?"

Polly realized her mistake and blushed with embarrassment and anger, as did Emely. There were many staff around, including the manager of the Angelworld Jewelry, and now everyone would think she was really a mistress!

Hudson frowned as he heard all the things being said between the three women. It wasn't the case at all, and he wanted to stop them from saying anything anymore, but his mother beat him to it.

"No matter what, you are a murderer," his mother said loudly to ensure everyone heard it. "You killed her unborn baby because you were jealous."

"Is that so?" Katherine asked, still with that seductive playfulness of hers.

"What do you mean by that?" Dahlia looked at Katherine up and down with contempt. "You think Emely caused herself to have a miscarriage? You are the evil one to think that way."

“Just saying.” Katherine shrugged, but her playful eyes flitted to Emely, and Emely broke into a cold

Did she know? Did Cherise know?

She gave Hudson a quick glance and saw him frowning. Did he know? If he didn't, would this slutty woman's words make him think about it and investigate her?

“Stop saying such nonsense without any ground, or we'll sue you,” Dahlia said with a scornful glare, making Emely let out a secret breath of relief. She had Dahlia and Polly on her side and could always use Luis's promise to manipulate Hudson.

“For your information, my brother has proposed to Emely, and they will be engaged soon,” Polly added, wanting to hurt

Cherise with her words.

“He can marry her or **even** you or your mother, for all I care,” Cherise smirked. She really didn't care anymore. Her life was much better now without having to be near them, and she still had plans to take revenge on them; the thought made her

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smile widen even more.

“It is a great move indeed for my son to divorce you,” Dahlia scoffed. “Who would want a granddaughter with no manners like you who said such a diabolical thing like that.”

“I'm the one who divorced him, not the other way round,” Cherise reminded them.

“Hudson, aren't you going to say anything?” His mom turned to him, seeing him stay quiet while his ex-wife said shameless things.

Hudson's lips thinned out. It was indeed Cherise who brought up the divorce first, what could he say about it? He couldn't deny it.

As for her killing the baby... He felt Emely might have indeed provoked her first, as Cherise was also injured, and her injury couldn't be done by herself, and she might have just defended herself by shoving Emely away.

Seeing his son zipping his mouth up, Dahlia felt exasperated, especially since Cherise didn't look like she was living as poorly as she had expected.

"Who are you anyway? Are you friends with her?" she asked Katherine while pointing her finger at Cherise. Exasperated at Cherise's lack of hurt expression, she tried to attack from another angle.

"I am," Katherine flipped her hair and smiled again. "And proud to be one of them."

"Of course, you are proud to be one of her friends. You must be from the lowly class as hers as well," Dahlia scoffed in disdain. "Look at her ordinary clothes and look at your slutty clothes. I'm sure you guys picked them up at some cheap

second-hand store. Birds of a feather."

Cherise and Katherine looked at each other before bursting into laughter. Her clothes might seem ordinary, and Katherine's might seem too sexy for some, but they are of the highest quality.

Every piece of their clothing was tailor-made by Paula Laurent, their best friend and world-renowned designer. How could they be cheap?

If only these mother-daughter duo knew... how jealous would they be? And then knowing would be a face-slapping moment but since Paula wasn't with them, they would just call Cherise and Katherine liars.

Hudson, on the other hand, didn't think the same way as his mother.

The moment he saw Cherise and her friend, who he recognized as the one from the club that night, he was dazzled by her.

Cherise was not in her power suit today. She was wearing a mini white shirt–dress with a wide obi–like belt with suspenders, showing off her slender waist and knee–high boots that somehow gave a glimpse of her white and smooth thighs.

This made him want to take off her boots and run his hands and mouth from her ankles up to her thighs, and this thought

bothered him a lot.

He knew how hot his ex–wife **was**, but he shouldn't still be lusting for her after their divorce!

With the way his lower body was reacting, he had no choice but to sit on the couch, place any catalog across his lap, and flip through it to cover the tent in his pants and take his mind off her.

His mind was in a mess right now, and he couldn't really concentrate on what to say – whether to defend his family or ex-

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wife; he couldn't think about it.

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And just like Hudson, Emely felt the same way too. The moment she laid eyes on Cherise, even her friend who was so beautiful and seductive, she began to feel jealous and even threatened.

What if Cherise's friend caught Hudson's eye? She **eyed** Hudson, who had sat on the couch and looked bored as **he** flipped through one of the catalogs and breathed in relief. At least the seductive one didn't catch his attention.

But she still couldn't shake off the feeling of jealousy as she looked at Cherise. Why did she look happy? Shouldn't she suffer after being abandoned by Hudson just like when Agatha forcefully asked her to break up with Luis and she had spent all the money given?

Why did she look even more stunning now? Her skin was still smooth, and her cheeks were rosy even though she didn't wear any makeup except for the lip gloss on her lips. She looked healthier than the last time they met.

Did she really not feel any guilt for causing her miscarriage? Or did she really know something?

No, it couldn't be; Emely denied it. Cherise was no one, and even Hudson and Luis, who were from the powerful Amery family, did not know anything.

"Well.." Katherine spoke, breaking her chain of thoughts. "You are all also birds of the same feather. Bullying a weak girl who just wanted to love her husband."

"Who was bullying **who?**" Polly, being the usual bully, yelled at Katherine. "She's just a lowly gold digger who wanted my brother's wealth. She's worse **than** a maid; of course, **she** needed to be treated like **one**."

Emely, seeing a chance to sow discord between them, tugged at Polly's dress lightly and whispered like a meek **and** understanding woman, "Forget it, Polly. She is obviously happy now. Maybe she's found someone else."

Being easily manipulated, Polly snorted and said to Cherise, "I **knew** it! You said Emely was a mistress? But I bet you are a mistress of a big-bellied man, as does your slutty friend."

Katherine's seductive laughter rang around the room like a siren song calling for her victims, and all the male staff blushed

because of it.

"I'd like to know if some big-bellied men can handle me," she smiled, her eyes shining with teasing.

"Hush," Cherise slapped her best friend's arm lightly but laughed with her. No one could handle Katherine

always the one playing men.

so far. She **was**

"How did you get to this floor?" Dahlia suddenly realized how bizarre it was for these two lowly women to be here. She knew all those people who were allowed on this floor, and even the mistresses to the CEOs. If these **two** had managed to land on one of those big names, she would have heard about it.

“She must **have** seduced a staff member to reach this floor,” Polly said, pointing at Katherine.

“Poor women like you guys really have to resort to all means just to see beautiful and expensive stuff, huh?” Dahlia kept demeaning them.

“Is the stuff here really expensive?” Katherine asked with feigned innocence, which no one believed.

“Hah, like you didn’t know,” Dahlia snorted and insulted them. “You two would not even be able to afford the fruits or cakes they are serving us, much less the jewelry.”

JMM M

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84% **15:27**

“Yeah, even if you guys have become mistresses now, you still can’t afford anything here,” Polly nodded **and** agreed with her mom.

Suddenly, Dahlia pulled Emely close to her and started comparing her to Cherise. “Emely, even though she is not worthy of Hudson, she is still better than **you**. She has always been included in our social class because of her relationship with Luis last time and now Hudson, even if she’s from a middle-class family. She’s always been used to seeing and wearing expensive stuff.”

Cherise looked at Dahlia **with** amusement. What kind of comparison was that? She basically just insulted Hudson’s **fiance** straight to her face AND his face.

She looked at Emely, who was trying so hard to smile, but Cherise could see the way her jaw tightened and her fists clenched tightly together. It looked like she wouldn’t have a great future in the Amery household, either.

Next, Cherise moved her gaze to Hudson, wondering why he was keeping quiet when his mother was demeaning his fiance, but found he was looking at her instead,

Cherise rolled her eyes and sneered inwardly, thinking Hudson must be happy that his mom and sister kept insulting her and Katherine.

In truth, Hudson didn't really care about what his mom **said** about Emely because it was the truth, but he was waiting to see how Cherise would fight back. He loved the fiery side of hers she showed during their last meeting.

"Manager!" his mom suddenly turned around **to** face the manager of the Angel world Jewelry store, who had been silent. "Why aren't you asking the security guards to throw these two women out? They are not supposed to be here! They might

steal the precious jewelry when you guys are not looking!"

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Posted by **Admin-J**, 85 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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Suddenly thrust into the spotlight, the manager looked at Katherine and the Amerys awkwardly. Even the staff all felt awkward.

How could they not know the designer of the products they had been buying? Furthermore, they had been slandering her **and** her friend since the moment they arrived.

"Why are you hesitating? Dahlia stared at him in annoyance. "Do you really wish them to steal the jewelry?"

"Well... This..." the manager glanced at Katherine again in nervousness. Would she report their unprofessionalism to their big boss? But scenes like **these** were usual here, and they were not allowed to step in the middle of the upper-class disputes except if they started fighting physically.

"Guards!" Dahlia shouted at the two guards stationed on each side of the elevator and commanded as if she were the boss of the company. "Throw these two lowly women out of here."

Cherise laughed at Dahlia's ridiculousness.

"Laugh all you want," Dahlia snarled at her, looking more and more unladylike. "Wait till you get thrown off the building, and. I'll see if you can still laugh."

Cherise smiled, showing all her front pearly white teeth. “Do you know who the main designer for Angelworld Jewelry is?”

Katherine looked at her and knew what card her best friend was going to play now and couldn’t help but let out another bell-like soft laughter,

“Of course we know,” Polly was the one who answered with a snort, looking down at them. “Katherine Sterling, the second most renowned jewelry designer after Angel. Not like you lowlives will know.”

“Katherine Sterling? Have you guys met her?” Cherise asked, and she was able to make her expression innocently curious.

“Of course not,” Polly scowled at her. “Do you think anyone can just meet her? This shows that you know nothing about the upper class.”

“Really? Is she so difficult to meet?” Cherise frowned and looked at Katherine as if she didn’t know this information.

Katherine let out a giggle. “I heard that’s the case. She doesn’t like to make public appearances except for high-profile events.”

“But I heard she will make more public appearances now,” Cherise said thoughtfully. “Now that her best friend is back.”

“What are you talking about?” Dahlia scoffed. “Even your slutty friend knows it is so hard to her.”

meet

“Just saying,” Cherise shrugged as if her words earlier were just a fleeting thought, but then she asked curiously again, “Are you sure you haven’t met her, though?”

“You are really stupid, aren’t you?” Polly asked, insulting her for the umpteenth time since they met today. “How many times must my mom and I say that not even all the upper-class members had seen her?”

“Really?” Cherise’s lips curved up into a smile again. “Then I guess I must be more upper-class than you.”

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84%

Hudson, who had been listening quietly, narrowed his eyes as he looked at his confident ex-wife and her friend.

He might never have met Katherine, but he had heard of her. Although he never really put too much thought into it, he had heard how seductive she was.

And then realization dawned on him as he sized Katherine up. She fit the description of Katherine Sterling to a tee.

But how in the world could his ex-wife become the best friend of the renowned jeweler?

And for Katherine to say that she was proud to be one of his ex-wife's best friends was mind-boggling.

He opened his mouth to save his family from more embarrassment and humiliation but decided against it. This would be an excellent lesson for them to behave better in public.

"You? An upper class?" Dahlia and Polly laughed at Cherise like she was a clown doing a stupid performance.

Even Emely was biting her bottom lip to stop herself from laughing. She needed to maintain her graceful act, at least someone more graceful than this mother-daughter duo.

She couldn't believe Cherise was digging her own grave in the Angelworld Jewelry store where every staff member had officially seen their main designer.

"Yes." Cherise nodded. "Because I have met her many times."

"Yeah, right," Polly rolled her eyes. "Keep lying to herself."

"But I have," Cherise replied smoothly. "And you have, too,"

“What do you mean by that?” Polly’s eyes turned sharp but still couldn’t quite capture the meaning behind Cherise’s words while Dahlia started to have a suspicion.

Katherine spread her arms wide and introduced herself with a seductive flourish and cutting words, “I am Katherine Sterling, but I am sorry to say it’s not a pleasure to meet any of you.”

The room fell into a pin-drop silence before a shriek high enough to damage one’s eardrums was heard.

“How can this be?!” Polly looked at Katherine’s with her eyes nearly popping out of her eye sockets.

“Impossible!” Dahlia had the same expression but was more reserved.

Emely bit her bottom lip harder until she tasted the coppery scent of her own blood. She stared ugly- at Cherise. She didn’t want to believe it either, just like the Amery’s mother-daughter duo.

How? How did Cherise, the country bumpkin, the one person she had successfully driven away from Hudson, know someone as high-profile and influential as Katherine Sterling.

She herself had never been able to afford luxurious stuff if not for Luis or Hudson or even Dahlia or Polly now. But Cherise had actually become best friends with Katherine Sterling, and Katherine was proud of it, not the other way round.

Emely glanced at Hudson and saw him smirking in approval while looking at his ex-wife. Jealousy filled her entire being again. She had to do something. She swore to make Cherise suffer. She couldn’t lose Hudson to her now.

“You can ask the manager and staff if she is really Katherine Sterling.” Cherise smiled and gave the Amerys a chance to

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prove whether they were lying or telling the truth.

Everyone turned to see the manager, who **nodded** to confirm Katherine's identity. "Yes, she **is** Katherine Sterling, our company's main designer."

83% 15:27

"You must have taken bribes from them to say that!" Polly shrieked again, still not wanting to believe that it was true. She couldn't stand the thought that Cherise was better than her, that she knew more influential people than her or her mother.

Feeling offended by their words, the manager told them off sternly: "Mrs. and Ms. Amery, we do not take **such** heavy accusation such as us of taking bribes lightly, nor do we like it when you keep insulting our main designer. Maybe it is you and your family who need to be escorted out."

He was not supposed to be rude to VIP customers, but when they accused them of taking bribes, it would affect the company's name and was intolerable. He was sure his big boss wouldn't mind him asking the guards to escort them off the building for the sake of the company's good name.

"Oh, you don't have to escort them out," Cherise waved her hand off. "They are still our VIP customers, after all. And they are here to shop..."

She purposely stopped her sentence and cocked her head when she looked at her humiliated Amery's mother—daughter duo, Emely, the mistress, who looked green with jealousy and was ready to combust at any moment.

"Except if they do not want to shop anymore," she finished with a smirk.

"Shouldn't we take away their VIP status?" Katherine asked Cherise teasingly.

"Nah..." Cherise shook her head and winked at her best friend. "We can still rake as much money from them. Why should we do that?"

Katherine couldn't help but laugh at her best friend, who had just a little bit of revenge in her own way. "You are right. Let them spend their money, and we'll pocket it."

"Who wants to be a VIP in a shop like this?" Polly practically yelled out the words, frustrated that she was being looked down at by the woman who had been serving her for three years, but Dahlia pinched her hands.

"I'm sorry for the misunderstanding." Dahlia turned polite. "Please, go ahead with your business first, Katherine. We'll wait here and look at the catalog patiently to choose what **we** want to *buy*

"At least you still have some sense," Cherise smirked at her, which nearly cracked Dahlia's act.

Dahlia really wanted to slap Cherise, but she knew she couldn't do that with Katherine here. She knew there would come a time when she could do it in the future. She didn't believe Cherise, who was meek before, could be this confident when she

was alone.

Cherise felt it was enough face-slapping for today, so she turned to Katherine and went down to business. "Let's see the collection."

"Right. Let's go, darling-

" She linked her arm with Cherise's and looked at the manager, who understood her look. He led them to the other room to inspect 'True Love'.

Once they were gone, Polly complained to her mom. "Why did you still want to shop here?"

JMM M

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"Do you think there are any other jewelry that could match Angelworld's?" **Dahlia** glowered at her foolish daughter. "Do you think your friends will still want to socialize with you when you wear something that's not from Angelworld?"

At last, her mother's words sank into her mind, and she knew her mom was right, but she still couldn't contain her rage at being looked down on by Cherise.

She whispered to Emely, who had managed to get her act of being understanding once more. "I can't believe that bitch **knew** Katherine Sterling!"

"Maybe Katherine met her since she's with someone rich now," Emely said, still trying to put it into Polly's mind that Cherise was a mistress now.

"Yes, you must be right!" Polly seemed to have a light-bulb moment. "She must have manipulated Katherine in some way. That bitch! Let's see what I'll do to her the next time I see her alone!"

Dahlia, furious that her son just kept quiet the whole time, not even trying to help them, quietly scolded him, "Hudson, you should have helped us. We are your family, but you just ignored everything that was happening in front of you."

Hudson, who hated his mother, didn't hold back to bite back. "It should teach you to remember how to behave in public. You are a disgrace to the Amery family."

"How dare you say that to your mother!" Dahlia whisper-yelled at her son.

"You just called Katherine Sterling a slut so many times. Think about it," he reminded, and that successfully shut Dahlia up.

She frowned and quickly devised a plan to apologize appropriately to Katherine. She couldn't get on her bad side. She was THE Katherine Sterling, for God's sake, and she wouldn't want Katherine to shun her if they met in the future. It would not be good for her reputation.

Hudson, on the other hand, was lost in his own mind. From Katherine and Cherise's interactions, it seemed like Cherise Katherine's boss instead of just her best friend. Was it because she was the personal assistant of the CEO of Angelworld

Jewelry?

This piqued his interest: Julian Alster, Logan Jennings, and now Katherine Sterling. How was she able to connect with all the big names? There must be something about her he didn't know, and he intended to find out.

Just as he was still mulling over his thoughts, the elevator dinged again, and at his time, a man wearing a dark blue suit stepped out from it. He looked gentle, yet a dangerous aura emanated from him the moment he saw the Amerys.

Posted by **Admin-J**, 86 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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83% **15:27**

Hudson's eyes locked with Logan, and the temperature in the room nearly turned sub-zero, not that any of the ladies felt it, but the staff, who were used to seeing those looks of ready-to-fight between CEOs because their wives wanted the same limited edition jewelry, recognized it.

One of them quickly went to Logan, knowing who he was and that he had been expected to join their designer and her friend, who seemed to be Hudson Amery's ex-wife.

"Mr. Jennings, please follow me," she said politely.

Logan sneered at Hudson before looking away **and** following the staff to the room where Cherise and Katherine had waited for him. He didn't **even** bother to be polite in front of the Amerys. If he could, he would destroy them. But Cherise didn't want to because of Agatha, and he respected her decision.

It took every ounce in his body for Hudson not to bolt out from his seat and punch that bastard's smirk off his face. He still remembered the way they whispered and laughed softly during the meeting and how possessive Logan was to Cherise, which didn't bode well with him.

When Logan disappeared into the room, Polly, who seemed love-struck, whispered a question to no one in particular. "Oh my God, who is he?"

“Logan Jennings, the most successful CEO in Country C and the most eligible bachelor at that,” Dahlia answered. Even though she was not into business, she still kept an **eye** out for any upper-class bachelor for her daughter.

“He’s so handsome...” Polly sighed dreamily.

“Why is he here?” Dahlia’s brows knitted together.

“Jennings Group is the new partner of Angelworld Jewelry,” Hudson said without explaining anything further.

“What do you mean by that?” Dahlia asked in confusion. “Aren’t we Angelworld’s exclusive partner?”

Hudson was too lazy to explain to his mother, but he knew she wouldn’t let it go if he didn’t. She might even go to the company to ask around, which he didn’t want to happen. He didn’t want his mother anywhere near the Amery Group.

“We’ve terminated our contract, and Angelworld chose them as our replacement.”

“What?!” Dahlia asked with widened eyes, then she hissed out her next question. “Why did you allow that to happen? I know our contract with Angelworld was to still be at least in place for the next ten years or so.”

Hudson shrugged as if it didn’t matter. “They offered ten times the amount for breaching the contract. We still get more than we bargained for.”

If only they knew Cherise was the one who had been helping them and cherished her as she should, La Jewel would thrive forever and even have a familial connection with the Alster family.

It was too bad they didn’t know how to treat someone right, thought too highly of themselves, and didn’t know what a treasure they had.

Dahlia was mad at her son for shrugging off such an important matter. Now, she couldn’t brag about her connections with Angelworld Jewelry to her friends. And she knew that without Angelworld Jewelry, La Jewel might not be as thriving

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COMMENT

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anymore. She hoped her son was good enough to get 'Angel', who was even better than Katherine Sterling. If only she knew who 'Angel' really was, she knew it was impossible to recruit her.

Before she could scold him some more, Polly wedged herself between them and latched onto her brother's arm.

"Hudson, you know him, right?" she asked with expectant eyes, which made Hudson frown. "Please introduce me to him."

"No," he declined without hesitation. He knew what type of man Logan was—as ruthless as he was, he didn't have the patience for a spoiled girl like his sister. "He's not the right man for you."

"You are no fun," Polly whined, then turned to her mother. "Mom, Hudson doesn't think I'm good enough for Logan Jennings."

If Hudson were the type to roll his eyes, he would have done it now. His sister just put words in his mouth, but he just let her be. As long as it would prevent her from getting entangled with Logan, then so be it.

Dahlia glared at her son for not wanting to help his sister land the most eligible bachelor from Country C, but she patted her daughter's hand reassuringly. "Don't worry about your brother's opinion. He has nothing in his mind except business and Emely."

Emely blushed hearing Dahlia's words and sneaked a glance at Hudson, only to see him frowning again, and her heart dropped to her stomach.

This always happened after she was discharged from the hospital, and she wondered what had happened. He never talked about their engagement anymore except when Dahlia or Polly brought it up.

But she saw the way he looked at Cherise. Had he fallen in love with her? It seemed she needed to make a move soon, or

she would lose him.

When Logan entered the room, Cherise and Katherine turned toward him at the same time, and the sneer and coldness on his face because of seeing the Amerys melted away, replaced by a gentleness.

“Logan,” Cherise stood up, and he strode toward her to kiss her cheek. Cherise was now used to being held and kissed by Logan, just like Julian did to her. They were her brothers, after all.

“Do I not get a kiss, **too**?” Katherine’s seductive voice rang out, **and** Cherise laughed as Logan stepped away from her and kissed Katherine’s cheek.

“Of course, you get one, too,” Logan said, still with that same gentle smile. Katherine looked at him with a teasing smile but kissed his cheek back.

They were best friends and always did that whenever they met, just like when men fist-bumped or yo.. each other manly hugs.

“Let me look at ‘True Love,” he said, and the two ladies sat back down on their seats as he examined the jewelry on the table in front of them.

“Amazing, right?” Katherine asked with a smile.

QUE

Cherise had finished examining the collection and was happy with the results. Everything was as she had wanted each piece to be—from the materials and colors to each delicate extra detail she had put on each piece of jewelry.

Logan nodded as he saw the intricate jewelry. Although he didn’t know much about jewelry, he was still amazed by the

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designs.

Most of them were made with some sort of black metal, which was different from the usual white, yellow, or rose gold. They were simple but eye-catching.

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The men's collection was mostly adorned with black diamonds or other darker-colored diamonds and crystals, while the ladies had more colorful diamonds.

Cherise had really put her best for this couple's collection, but when had she ever not? Her designs were always unique, that was why she was the number one jewelry designer in the world.

"What do you think?" Cherise asked Logan.

Logan took one of the rings from the men's collection, slid it on his ring **finger**, which size fitted his finger perfectly, and showed them his hand.

"What do you think?" he asked the question back to her to make a point.

The ring looked so good on him—simple yet eye-catching because of its black color and the single dark sapphire placed in the middle of it.

"Of course, it looks good on you," Cherise laughed. Logan had one of those manly, long, slender fingers, and any rings would look good on them.

Katherine looked at Logan's finger and suddenly had an idea. She took the lady's ring – the matching one to the one Logan was wearing, slid it onto Cherise's fingers and took their hands in hers.

While Logan's ring had a simple dark sapphire embedded in it, Cherise's had a pretty pink diamond on it. Their hands looked so good together—slender fingers, manly for Logan and feminine for Cherise.

"I think I know the perfect campaign for it," Katherine said with twinkling eyes.

Logan and Cherise looked at each other and raised an eyebrow at their best friend.

"Both of you should be the model!" Katherine smiled alluringly at them both.

Logan and Cherise fell into silence and stared hard at Katherine as if she had grown another head.

Katherine laughed and turned to the manager. "Please give us a moment alone."

and

The manager, being commanded by Katherine Sterling, of course, did not object. He left the room and rinsed the door quietly behind him.

"Please be serious, Katherine," Cherise groaned at her idea.

"Listen to me first, okay?" Katherine said. "This is the first collaboration between Angelworld Jewelry and the Jennings Group. Many girls and women in Country C are madly in love with him. He'll be the perfect model."

"But what about Cherise?" Logan asked as the middle of his forehead creased into a frown. He knew Cherise didn't want to be too known in the public eye for **now**.

"We can hide her face," Katherine said. "We can ensure that every angle will not show her face. Even when you put the necklace around her face, we'll take it from an angle where your face will be covering her **face**."

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"Okayy..." Cherise said slowly. "But what about the rest? Like bracelets and rings?"

"Oh, we'll just need your hands for it," Katherine replied, dismissively waving her hand as if it would be an easy and great campaign. "Logan will be the one whose face will pop up on the screen once in a while."

"Do you want to do it, Cherise? For him, her comfort was the first and foremost."

"Will it work, though?" Cherise kind of doubted it. "Don't you think we should just recruit professional models?"

"Oh, this will work, trust me," Katherine's eyes twinkled with that seductive mischievousness again, and both Logan and Cherise knew her next words would either make this a very successful campaign or the worst.

“Because...” Katherine deliberately paused. “You will be doing this **as** ‘Angel’.”

Cherise’s eyes nearly popped out of their sockets at the absurdity of it. She didn’t want anyone to know of her identity yet any of her identities.

“That’s why you will make her appearance mysterious?” Logan caught up on Katherine’s idea: “Only showing parts of her?”

“You got it right.” She nodded and crossed her long legs. “True Love featuring Angel x Logan Jennings. Simple, mysterious, high fashion, romantic, and sexy all in one. It will blow up the jewelry industry and its customers.”

“What do you think about it, Cherise?” Logan asked. It didn’t matter to him that he would be a model as long as he could help her. And to be honest, he thought Katherine’s idea was great.

Cherise chewed her bottom lips. She also thought Katherine’s idea was great, but... At long last, she sighed. She should trust her best friends.

“As long as everyone involved signs an NDA so they wouldn’t leak out that I’m ‘Angel’,” she finally agreed.

“Great!” Katherine smiled, and her mind was already churning fast on ideas for making this campaign one of their best yet.

It was already ch

“Wait,” Cherise said. “You said Logan is popular in Country C. So you must have another campaign in mind for Country B?”

Katherine laughed softly and winked at Cherise. “You know me so well, Cherise.”

“So wh

what about it?” Cherise was curious. She knew Katherine was a genius when thinking of campaigns for their or her own jewelry collections.

“I’m thinking...” she tapped her well-manicured index finger to her chin. “You will still be the main female star, but you will be wearing a mask, which will be more extravagant than the one for Country C.”

A mask? That she could do as long as her identity remained a secret, even on national television.

“And the male lead?” Logan asked.

“I think it’s time we bring another of our friends back,” Katherine smiled mysteriously, and Cherise had a bad feeling about

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“And who would that be?” Logan asked with a raised brow.

“The most famous actor and model as of now...” Katherine deliberately paused, and Cherise groaned inwardly at the thought, as she already had an idea of who that person was.

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“Tristan Hart?” Logan asked.

And this time, Cherise groaned out loud, making Logan and Katherine look at her.

“You don’t approve of him?” Katherine asked. For all she knew, Cherise and Tristan were quite close before she married

Hudson.

She didn’t know how they knew each other, but Tristan was kind of like a puppy around Cherise. They used him for their first campaign during their first collaboration with La Jewel, and she had no problem with it.

Cherise shook her head and said, “No. I’m fine with him. His popularity will boost our sales.”

She couldn’t possibly tell them that Tristan was actually ‘Ace’, her subordinate as a hacker, and rejected the idea just

because of it.

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Posted by **Admin-J**, 89 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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“You’ll be okay acting with him?” Katherine asked to make sure.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine,” Cherise replied. It wasn’t like Tristan knew Cherise was ‘Q’ anyway, so it wouldn’t matter.

“So the campaign will be just like with me?” Logan asked, “Angel x Tristan Hart?”

“No.” Katharine shook her head and smiled mischievously again. “Since Cherise will be wearing a mask, she’ll be a Cinderella, and Tristan will be her prince charming.”

“**You** want to use the Cinderella story? Cherise asked in surprise. Give it to her best friend to come up with an out-of-the-

box idea,

“Yup,” Katherine replied, popping the ‘P’ at the end of the word. “Instead of leaving behind your shoes, you’ll leave behind your ring and bangle, which we need to customize snugly to fit your wrist.”

Cherise’s eyes twitched as she heard Katherine’s idea. Leaving behind a ring and bangle when fleeing a ball? How in the world would that happen?

“Alright, do as you wish.” Cherise, defeated by Katherine’s ideas, finally let her handle everything. This was Katherine, she should just let her be creative, and she was sure the campaign—BOTH campaigns—would turn out great.

“Are you okay with me bringing the collection to my store?” Katherine asked. “I need to plan how each piece will be used in the campaign.”

Cherise looked at her with amusement.

“It’s still yours, darling,” Katherine said and winked. “I have to get your permission to move it.”

“You don’t have to ask **me**. You are the designer, after all,” Cherise snickered.

“You won’t regret it,” Katherine winked again and called the manager to pack the collection in its briefcase before turning to Logan and Cherise.

“Logan, make sure our princess gets home safely,” she winked at Logan and blew a kiss to Cherise before leaving the two of them in the room,

“**She** never changed,” Logan shook his **head** helplessly and chuckled.

“She **WILL** never change,” Cherise corrected him and laughed.

“Are you going somewhere?” Logan asked. “I have no appointment today; I’ll accompany you anywhere you want.”

“The CEO of Jennings Group is so free?” Cherise gasped dramatically and teased him. “Maybe I should ask Julian and Grandpa to give you more things to do.”

“Not Grandpa,” Logan groaned, making Cherise laugh. They were all afraid of Charles’ mischievousness. One time, when they were young, he asked them to search for Dragon Balls just to meet the dragon.

Cherise’s phone suddenly rang, and she picked it up. She listened to the speaker on the other end, and her face lit up with excitement.

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As soon as she hung up the call, she looked at Logan and excitedly told him, “Julian has gotten me one of the penthouses at Regal Apartments.”

“You are moving out?” Julian frowned. He didn’t like the idea of her living alone.

Cherise sighed. “You know I can’t stay with Julian for the time being. Until..* ”

Logan nodded, understanding her meaning. "We'll need to place bodyguards around you."

Cherise rolled her eyes. Her two brothers were just so overprotective. "Having bodyguards will just draw people's **attention** to me," she said.

Logan stayed silent, but his green eyes bore deep into her, silently disagreeing. Even though Logan was just her adopted brother, he was way more protective than Julian and would not hesitate to break the law for her.

Cherise, trying to lighten the mood, nudged him. "You seem to forget I was once a Taekwondo world champion," she said.

Chuckling, Logan ruffled her hair. "That you are. But you are still a woman."

"Let's have a spar sometime, and I'll show you if I still need a bodyguard," Cherise challenged him.

Logan laughed, not accepting or rejecting her challenge. "Would you like to see your new apartment **now**?"

"Yup," Cherise nodded with a huge smile. "I'll call Neil to meet us there for the key."

"Alright, let's go." Logan circled his arm around Cherise's waist, and they left the room where the Amerys were still waiting.

They didn't bother to glance at the Amerys and went straight to wait for the elevator.

Hudson's eyes landed on them, and he felt the burning rage in his chest again when he saw where Logan's hand was.

"Mr. Hudson, Mrs. and Miss Amery, Miss Emely, please come in," the manager said, inviting them into the inner room.

"You guys go in. I'll wait here." Hudson waved a dismissive hand at them.

Knowing her son **didn't** like to go shopping, and this was his usual behavior, Dahlia stood up and pulled Polly, who looked ready to kill Cherise, and Emely, who had her head down so no one could see her hideous jealous expression, into the

room.

The elevator's door opened, and as Logan and Cherise stepped into it, Logan let her go. However, when the door was about to close, Hudson appeared fast, pulled Logan out, and let himself in.

Neither Cherise nor Logan expected it to happen, so they had no time to react

When they realized what was happening, Cherise was already trapped inside the elevator with her ex-husband.

"Fuck!" Logan cursed and ran straight to the staircases. He couldn't wait to punch Hudson in the face the moment the elevator reached the ground floor. Reputation be damned, he thought.

Inside the elevator, Hudson pulled the small lever to stop the elevator from moving, making Cherise furious to no end.

"Really, Hudson?" she snapped at him. "What do you actually want from me? Three years I married you, and **you** never even appeared except at night. Now you are everywhere, and it pisses me off."

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Hudson moved, pinning Cherise to the elevator's wall. He pinched **her** chin not too gently, tilting her head up so she **looked**

at him.

"Do they know?" he growled.

"Who?" Cherise gritted her teeth. She wanted to push him away, but where **could** she escape from this enclosed **space**?

"Julian and Logan. Do they know you are seeing both **of** them?" he growled again.

Cherise would have burst into laughter if not for the position they were in right now.

She glared at Hudson. Why did he keep asking her about the men around her? This was getting strange and boring even for

her.

Hudson took her hand and forced her to see it.

“Are you engaged to both of them now?” his growl turned even lower and more frightening.

Cherise looked at her hand and saw the ring Katherine had slipped on her ring finger earlier. She remembered that she and Logan had forgotten to take them off.

“Yeah, I saw him wearing the man version,” Hudson sneered

God, how low was this man’s IQ, Cherise thought. Logan and Julian were in the same circle. How could she be ‘engaged to them if they weren’t her brothers?

“You are stupid,” she spat out as she couldn’t keep that thought to herself any more.

“I dare you to say that again,” he growled and pinned her harder to the wall so that their bodies were pressed tightly together, and Cherise could feel every inch of his hard muscle.

“You are stupid.” Cherise looked into his eyes with fury. She wasn’t afraid of him anymore, and she wasn’t scared of hurting his feelings anymore. She wasn’t his meek wife anymore, and she didn’t need to think about how to please him anymore. She could say whatever she wanted.

Hudson, being blinded with rage and just wanting to shut her up, dove down and captured her lips, biting them to punish

her

Cherise caught unaware, gasped from the pain, and Hudson took the chance to drive his tongue into his mouth.

For a moment, Cherise was lost in the sensation until she realized what was happening, and she bit his tongue hard.

But instead of drawing back, Hudson became wilder, groaning and ravishing her mouth, and his big hand went to the back of her head, keeping her head still as he deepened the kiss.

Knowing if she **pushed** him away, Hudson would pin her hands to the wall, she used another technique. She punched Hudson's chin with the heel of her hand, snapping his head upward as he groaned in pain.

Cherise sidestepped him, and they glared at each other, both breathing hard from the kiss.

"Hudson, stop doing all this bullshit, or I will hurt you," Cherise warned him with narrowed eyes, even if she was still panting

a little bit. "And you know I can do it. I've hurt you twice, and it would be easy for me to hurt you again."

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"You are so smug now that two powerful men are backing you?" Hudson looked at Cherise's plump lips, still wet and shiny from his kiss, and he wanted to silence her in the same way again more than ever.

"Oh please, I don't need them to protect myself from you," Cherise sneered. "And three men, not two."

Seeing the flash of confusion and rage in Hudson's eyes, Cherise pointed to his crotch with a noticeable bulge. "You really are disgusting, Hudson. Go to Emily if you want sex. As you've said, I belong to Logan and Julian now."

Hearing her admit she belonged to other men now sent Hudson into another fit of rage. He moved toward her again, but Cherise was having none of it. The moment he was close enough, she lifted her leg and kneed him right at his family jewel.

Hudson, **who** never thought Cherise would ever do something like that, didn't have time to block her attack, and he doubled down in pain, clutching his crotch and glaring at her.

"I warned you, didn't I?" she glared back at him and pushed the lever back so the elevator could move again.

“Stop doing whatever you are doing. Hudson,” she said in disgust. “Or I’ll think you have fallen in love with me.”

“In your fucking dream,” Hudson growled. Fuck! She didn’t even hold back on her strength when she kneed him. Did she plan for him not to have **any** heirs?

“I don’t even want to dream about you,” Cherise looked at her reflection and started tidying her hair and clothes. She talked to her ex-husband through their reflection, “And even if you have fallen for me, it will be in YOUR dream that I’ll want you

back”

“I’d rather die than remarry you,” Hudson straightened up even though his balls were still aching. He didn’t need anyone to know how he had just been kneed there by his ex-wife.

“Good, at least we are on the same page,” Cherise smiled brightly with sarcasm.

The elevator door opened before they could bicker some more, and Logan rushed inside. His calm and gentle demeanor was gone, and he looked like a beast ready to tear the limbs of his enemy.

“Logan,” Cherise stepped in front of him and took his face in her hands. “Look at me,” she said sternly. She knew he would kill Hudson if she didn’t stop him. She knew how dangerous he could be.

Logan stopped

dead

moving, but his body was still quivering with rage; his eyes didn’t move from Hudson.

“Look at me,” Cherise repeated, this time softer, and her thumbs started caressing his cheeks, which she knew would calm

him down.

Finally, Logan’s gaze shifted, and looked down at Cherise. “He didn’t hurt you?”

Cherise laughed softly and shook her head. “I was the one who hurt him. I kned him on his balls.”

Hudson glared at the two of them, but Cherise and Logan didn’t pay attention to him anymore.

The moment Logan heard Cherise’s words, his whole body, which was taut and ready to pounce and hurt Hudson, **relaxed** and pulled Cherise into a tight hug.

“I’m fine..” Cherise ran a soothing hand across his back. She knew both her brothers would feel distraught if they thought she was hurt. Julian was also the same.

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Even if they protected her, she still needed to soothe them when they realized she wasn’t harmed. They were terrified of her being hurt, especially after her kidnapping

Logan had heard about it from Julian even though he didn’t know her then. Since she was his world, he would still be shaken if he thought she had been hurt

He lifted his face that was buried on Cherise’s top of head and snarled a warning at Hudson, “Touch her and make sure you suffer a fate worse than death”

With that, he gently pulled Cherise away from the elevator, leaving Hudson with his own rage. He didn’t like the way Cherise soothed Logan or her being hugged by Logan or Julian. He didn’t like any of it

He stepped out of the elevator to take a smoke to clear his head, and Cherise’s words popped into his mind—
Or think you have fallen in love with me

He snorted at the absurdity of it.

He spent three years hating her and still hating her for latching on to Julian and Logan so fast after their divorce Two men at once? Maybe Finley was right. Maybe her mother and sister were right. Maybe his ex- wife was a whore

But he didn't feel good the moment that thought entered his mind. He didn't want to think of Cherise as a whore. He didn't even like it when others thought of her that way, and he didn't know why

Sighing, he dropped his cigarette onto the ground, stepped on it to extinguish it completely, **and** went back to the elevator. His mom and sis should have finished spending part of his money by now, and he didn't want to be questioned by them.

Truth be told, ever since their divorce, he couldn't stop thinking about her, and he didn't know why. Maybe he needed to talk

to Keith about it

SEND GIFT

Posted by **Admin-J**, 82 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

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Hudson went back up, and the moment he stepped out of the elevator, his mother, sister, and Emely stepped out of the inner room at the same time.

"Where did you go?" Dahlia asked in annoyance.

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"Smoke," Hudson replied without blinking an eye.

"Go in and pay." Dahlia ordered him like usual. "We've bought everything we wanted,"

He shrugged and went past them without saying anything, went inside the room, closed the door behind him, and sat on one of the chairs.

The manager showed him the bill and told him what his mother and sister purchased.

Hudson rubbed his temple as he looked at the figures on the bill. His mom and sister didn't care about spending **his** money. It was like he was just their ATM Machine.

He was used to it but still felt angry and annoyed, especially toward his mother, who was clearly also a gold digger trying to climb the social ladder and succeeded by marrying his father.

He took his wallet from his suit pocket and took the black unlimited card without saying anything.

The manager quickly swiped his card and completed the transaction.

Suddenly, Hudson remembered Emely. He didn't know if his mother had bought anything for her, but he felt somewhat guilty for abandoning her all this time since he had promised his brother to take care of her and also after his moment alone with Cherise in the elevator.

He had promised to marry Emely. He should start to buy her something nice.

"Did my mother buy something for Emely?" he asked the manager.

The manager, used to having CEOs buying stuff for their mistresses, kept a professional face and replied, "I'm **not** sure. It was mostly Miss Polly who purchased most of the jewelry."

Hudson nodded before saying, "Give me one of the nicer bracelets that Polly or my mother didn't choose."

The manager opened a drawer and placed some limited-edition bracelets that had not been purchased by Polly or

Hudson's mother.

Hudson, being a man and still affected by the kiss he shared with Cherise and how Logan looked when he appeared, simply pointed to one absentmindedly.

The manager swiped his card one more time and went to take the right box for the bracelet. He carefully placed it inside before putting it in Angelworld Jewelry's purple and gold paper bag.

After finishing everything, he respectfully handed Hudson the paper bag, but when Hudson stood up to leave, the manager spoke to him, although awkwardly.

“Mr. Amery, Madam Che-” he cleared his throat and corrected his throat before speaking again. “Miss Cherise left a pair of

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rings she designed by herself.”

Hudson raised an eyebrow and sat back down, waiting for further explanation from the manager.

“About a year ago, she came here and showed us two drawings of rings, one for a man and another for a woman, and said they were rings she designed for you and her,” the manager explained and added. “She said they were a gift for your wedding anniversary.”

“Show me,” Hudson said, hiding his surprise,

The manager nodded and opened another drawer, taking out a small box of jewelry and opening it before sliding it to Hudson.

Hudson was silent for a long moment as he stared at the black rings. “Aren’t they part of the ‘True Love’ collection?”

“They aren’t, but they are quite similar to the ones Mrs. Amery wanted to buy before for you and... Miss Emely, the manager replied. “I called Miss Cherise around a week ago to ask when she would collect them, but she said she didn’t need them

anymore.”

A week ago...

Cherise had designed wedding rings for them but didn’t need them anymore because they had divorced. This brought back memories of Hudson never buying wedding rings for them, no matter how much she begged during their first year of marriage.

“Are you sure they are not part of True Love?” Hudson asked because the designs were very similar, yet he

never saw them when Angelwolrd showed them all their designs during their cooperation,

“No, Mr. Amery. I’m sure of it, the manager said with certainty. “I’m showing these rings to you because it would be a waste to just... throw them away **or** stash them in the drawer.”

He couldn’t showcase the rings, no matter how beautiful and unique they were, even more than ‘True Love’, because Cherise was not a jewelry designer. When Cherise came to them, he was reluctant to take the order, but their big boss agreed to it, even agreeing for Cherise to choose the materials and everything else. It was different than when someone asked them to custom design jewelry.

At that time, he thought Cherise was a jewelry designer, but when he asked her about it, she just smiled and said she wanted to choose the best and do everything herself to show how much she loved her husband. It was a pity they got divorced in the end because of a mistress.

He brought the box containing the two rings and inspected them. The more he examined them, the more he saw the differences between these two rings with the True **Love**’ collection.

Every piece of jewelry in the ‘True Love’ collection was simple, but these. These designs were more complicated yet still... simple, if it was possible to say it.

His was a simple black metal with leaves carving and no crystals or diamonds whatsoever, while hers was leaves woven together like a leaf crown with a simple single small diamond in the middle.

He took the male ring and put it on his finger, which fitted perfectly. For a second, he was dazed as he saw how perfect it looked on him.

Hudson quickly pulled off the ring and placed it back on the box, disliking the complicated feelings he had in his heart.

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"I'll take them," he blurted out without thinking. He then gave the manager his card again, but the manager shook his head.

"Miss Cherise had paid for the production and everything else," the manager explained

Once again, Hudson's eyebrows raised. Cherise had paid for them? How did she get the money for it? From Julian? From Logan? A rage filled his chest again, but it quickly extinguished because he knew Julian or Logan would not give her money to create rings for her and another man, at least, he wouldn't

After looking at the matching rings one last time, he closed the box and pocketed it. He didn't feel right placing the box together with the bracelet he wanted to give to Emely.

As Hudson was ready to leave the room, the manager gathered **his** courage and said to him, "Mr. Amery, I know this is not my place to say this, but..." He **t**
ook a deep breath before continuing his words, "Miss Cherise created them for the two of you. Please don't use them as your wedding rings with Miss Emely"

Hudson stood still, his back against the manager, who was sweating bullets. He knew he had crossed the line by saying all those things to the almighty Hudson Amery, but he couldn't help but remind him of it.

Wedding rings were sacred. He could imagine the heartbreak Cherise would feel if he saw the new couple wearing her creation **even** if they had divorced now.

Hudson, who usually ignored such nonsense or got enraged by **someone** somewhat ordering him what to do, finally broke the silence and said, "I know"

His words surprised both the manager and himself. The manager was relieved he didn't get to feel Hudson's anger, while Hudson was confused by himself. It seemed he really needed to meet Keith

When he exited the room, the three ladies looked at him and the paper bag he was holding.

"Brother, what did you buy?" Polly asked curiously.

Hudson handed the paper bag to Emely and said gently with a bit of guilt. "I'm sorry I haven't taken care of you as promised."

"Oh my God, open it, Emely!" Polly exclaimed in excitement.

Emely took the box from the paper bag and opened it, which showed a lovely bracelet.

"Brother, help her wear it!" Polly was even more excited than Emely herself.

Hudson took the bracelet and clasped it around Emely's wrist, making her blush. It really was beautiful, and although it wasn't really her style because the design was kind of for older ladies, she still loved it. After all, it was from Hudson. He

still had her in his heart and mind.

"My brother really loves you!" Polly nudged her, heating Emely's cheeks even more.

"Thank you, Hudson. It's beautiful," she said shyly.

Dahlia, who suspected Hudson went to Cherise when they were inside the room, smiled. It seemed he didn't, and he still wanted to proceed with the engagement and marriage with Emely.

She clapped her hand and said, "I think it's time to announce your engagement with Emely."

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Emely blushed again and sneaked a glance at Hudson who didn't seem to mind about the announcement.

"Come, let's search for the engagement ring now," Dahlia stood up. "We do not want Emely not to wear an engagement ring the next time the two of you are seen together."

Hudson kept his expression flat as per usual. He didn't feel like doing it. He didn't want to choose an engagement for Emely. He wanted to go and see Keith.

So, instead of following her mother's words, he handed her his card, which annoyed Dahlia and made Emely's

"I'm sorry, but I can't go with you," he apologized to Emely. "I have an important business to attend to."

face pale

Hearing he had an important task, Dahlia and Emely breathed a sigh of relief. They both thought he didn't want to choose the ring for her, which was not wrong, but Hudson kept it to himself,

"I understand, Hudson," Emely said softly.

"Come on, then." Polly pulled Emely up from her seat. "We'll find you the biggest diamond we can find so the whole world knows how much Hudson loves **you**."

Dahlia smiled, too, as she saw the card Hudson had given her was one of his unlimited cards. As her daughter said, they would find the biggest diamond for Emely so they would not be embarrassed when their friends saw the ring.

They went to

conflicted.

to the elevator **and** went their separate ways, with the ladies buzzing with excitement while Hudson was feeling

He called Miles to pick him up and ordered him to drive him to Keith's hospital. Between Keith and Finley, he could unload all his problems to Keith rather than Finley, who was a playboy and would just run his mouth, not knowing when to stop talking and just listen.

There was no talking to Finley, especially since Hudson knew how much he hated Cherise, and Cherise was the subject he wanted to talk about.

When he reached the hospital, he went straight to Keith's office and opened the door without knocking.

Keith, who was signing some paperwork, looked up and saw Hudson's expression. He gestured with his chin for Hudson to sit on the couch before he asked his secretary to prepare a pot of tea for them.

He kept signing the documents while Hudson slumped on his couch, his head resting on the headrest, looking up at the ceiling.

Once Keith's secretary came with their pot of tea, he told her not to disturb them unless there was an emergency. The secretary nodded, and Keith locked the door behind him.

He went to sit across Hudson and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Cherise," Hudson mumbled his answer.

answer

Keith knew about it the moment he saw Hudson's face when he walked in, but he pretended not to know. He poured them tea and waited for Hudson to elaborate.

After a long period of silence, Hudson lifted his head and looked at his best friend. "I don't know what to do with her."

Hudson's feeling

15:29

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Chapter 38

Keith kept quiet while sipping his tea, just ready to listen for Hudson to unburden his feelings.

“She’s changed,” Hudson continued, as if it were something new they hadn’t noticed before. “She’s always able to make me angry now, especially when I see her with other men.”

*Julian Alster?” Keith finally spoke for the first time.

“And Logan Jennings.” Hudson replied with a bitterness he didn’t know was heard by Keith. They kept touching her waist, hugging her, kissing her forehead, cheeks, and temples.”

“And that made you mad?” Keith asked calmly, his faint smile covered by the teacup in front of his lips.

” hate it” Hudson bit out. I wanted to punch them every time I saw it. Especially how happy she was when she was with them.”

Keith placed his teacup on the table and looked straight into his best friend's dark eyes

"Did you punch any of them?" Keith asked. "Other than Logan when we were at the club"

"No." Hudson shook his head

"What did you do then?" Keith asked in his usual calm voice.

"I kissed Cherise to punish her for being happy with them, for letting them touch her and kiss her," Hudson replied, not withholding any information from his best friend

Keith stayed silent, a faint smile grazing his gentle and handsome face until Hudson couldn't take it anymore

"Why are you smiling?" He narrowed his eyes on Keith.

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Posted by **Admin-J**, 84 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

Chapter 39

Instead of replying to his question, Keith gestured for him to drink his tea.

Even though he was annoyed by Keith's smile and teacup.

what seemed like an attempt to prolong the time in replying. Hudson still reached for his

He loved the tea Keith served him every time he visited. It seemed to be able to calm him down. He **had** asked Keith where he bought the tea leaves, but Keith said it was his own special blend, so Hudson stopped asking. If he put some anti-anxiety meds in it, so be it. He trusted Keith with his life.

In truth, Keith had received this special tea blend from Cherise. Since Keith wasn't such an asshole to her, even quite welcoming, and she knew Hudson loved to visit Keith, she asked him to serve this tea whenever Hudson came to him while in a bad mood.

Keith was skeptical at first, but knowing how much Cherise loved Hudson at the time, he chose to trust Cherise, and the tea worked wonders.

He had asked Cherise if Hudson would notice it was from her, but she assured him he wouldn't. She used a different blend at home, just a simple blend so Hudson wouldn't know she knew how to blend tea leaves. Maybe he needed to ask Cherise for a new batch since he was going to run out soon, but he doubted Cherise would want to give him any more, seeing how she had divorced Hudson.

While Hudson was sipping his tea, he welcomed the soothing warmth and feeling it gave him, but that didn't mean he wasn't still annoyed by Keith's smile. He was fuming, and it seemed like his best friend was enjoying it.

"Hudson..." Keith finally said as Hudson was still enjoying his tea. "You are jealous of Logan and Julian."

That was an answer Hudson had

answer Hudson had never expected, and he choked on his tea.

Keith laughed and patted his back hard while Hudson glared at him as he coughed hard and gasped for air until his tears ran down his face.

"Fuck you" he shoved Keith, who was still laughing, and wiped his tears with tissues from the table.

Once Hudson had stopped coughing and regained his breathing back, Keith looked at him seriously. He needed to let his best friend see the truth about his own feelings for his ex-wife.

1. sv. then what is it?"

“Hudson,” Keith said calmly, “You got angry and want to punch every man who got close to Cherise. If that is not jealousy,

Hudson snorted. “I hate her. Why would I get jealous? And you know I don’t do jealousy. I wasn’t even jealous when Emely chose Luis over me.”

“Are you?” Keith asked. “So what’s with you kissing her instead of punching Logan?”

“I told you it was to punish her for letting them touch her,” Hudson growled out his response.

Keith shook his head helplessly. This best friend of his was too stubborn to realize the truth or to own up to his feelings.

“That’s an...” Keith cocked his head to one side while rubbing his chin. “Unusual form of punishment.”

Hudson ran his fingers through his thick black hair in irritation. “I don’t know, Keith. I just couldn’t control myself when I was around her now. She told me she belongs to both Julian and Logan now, and I just wanted to shut her up.”

“And what’s wrong with her belonging to Logan and Julian now?” Keith asked, kind of enjoying this conversation.

“Do you think it would be good **for** her reputation to belong to two men at the same time?” Hudson growled again and looked sharply at Keith.

“No one knew about it except us,” Keith shrugged. “And to be honest, Hudson, it’s kind of not your problem anymore.”

“How can it not be my problem?” Hudson snapped. “She was mine before. What would it make me look like to have an ex-wife who behaves like

a wh-”

Chapter 39

“A whore?” Keith provided the word when Hudson stopped his sentence.

“Don’t ever associate her with that word,” Hudson growled again, his rage resurfacing at the thought of people thinking Cherise was a whore.

“You wanted to say the word,” Keith pointed out.

“But I didn’t, and no one should! Hudson banged his fist against **the** table, rattling it and nearly toppling the teacups and pot because of the force he exerted.

Keith sighed and looked at his best friend before slowly saying. “Hudson. You spent three years married to her. It’s not strange if you developed any feelings toward her during those times.”

“Like hell I did,” Hudson glanced sharply at Keith. “I hate her, and you know it.”

“**So** what are you gonna do about it?” Keith asked patiently. “She’s not your wife anymore. She can be with anyone she wants now.”

Hudson rubbed his big hands over his face. “I don’t know, Keith. I don’t even know what’s wrong with me. I can’t seem to stay away from her and the damndest thing is my body still reacts whenever I kiss her. Even looking at her today gave me a hard-on.”

from her,

Keith’s eyebrows shot up, nearly disappearing beneath his hairline. “You got hard just by looking at her?”

“She was wearing this..” Hudson waved his hand around, not knowing how to describe what Cherise had worn because all he could think about was the glimpses of skin that enticed him,

“Fuck,” he cursed, groaned, and placed his face on his palms. “What the hell am I gonna do with her, Keith?”

Keith looked at his frustrated friend and sighed. He had fallen so far down the rabbit hole and still didn’t want to admit it. What could he **do** as a friend now?

“Nothing..” Keith murmured, defeated by his attempt to convince his friend of his true feelings for his ex-wife. “Let her go, Hudson. She’s not yours the moment you brought Emely back and divorced her.”

At the mention of Emely, Hudson’s head snapped up; his eyes had turned bloodshot.

“Emely...” Hudson let out a heavy breath. “I didn’t mean to.”

“You didn’t mean to what, Hudson?” Keith pressed on. “You didn’t mean to parade her in front of everyone **and** treat her gently, showing everyone how much you favored her over your own wife?”

Hudson kept quiet. Could he tell Keith what truly happened? Why he brought Emely back?

“Did you not think that Cherise has feelings and she had put everything – her heart, her love, her EVERYTHING for you, even willingly being bullied by your friends and mother and sister, and you still had to rub it in her face by bringing your pregnant mistress?”

“Even then, I saw Cherise’s hospital record and how bad her injuries were,” Keith cut him off. “And the first thing you asked of her was to apologize to your mistress or choose to divorce. Even if you hate her, you were heartless, Hudson,” Keith laid everything out. He never pulled back from telling Hudson the truth, but this was the first time he said all those things without restrictions.

“I never meant to divorce her!” Hudson bellowed, startling both himself and Keith. “I never meant to divorce her, for fuck’s sake, even though I hate her,” he repeated with a softer voice.

“Even though I thought she **was** a gold digger, even though she comes from the countryside, even though she was boring. I could sleep peacefully when I was with her. And she never created any trouble for me. She was the perfect housewife until she got jealous of Emely” Hudson said, not realizing he had admitted a lot from his words.

“Then why did you divorce her if you didn’t want to?” Keith asked, withholding many of the things he wanted to point out **for** now from Hudson’s own admission.

Chapter 39

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"She chose it Keith, Hudson replied, his shoulders slumping as if he was shouldering a heavy burden. "She killed Emely's baby, for God's sake, Was it so difficult to apologize?"

"Do you think Cherise is that kind of person?" Keith asked as he looked at Hudson with intensity know Cherise would apologize if she did something wrong. She is or was that type of person"

I guess you were wrong. Hudson snorted, going back to his domineering and asshole attitude. "I guess we were all wrong. She was just pretending to be meek when she married me. You saw how much she has changed now."

"I heard from Miles that even though Cherise was injured at that time, she was still trying to help Emely before you barged in and shouted at her, accusing her before even knowing what truly happened, Keith said, ignoring Hudson's new accusations of Cherise.

This paused Hudson from retorting to Keith Cherise had somehow said the same thing to him, and Katherine had hinted the same thing earlier today at the Angelworld Jewelry store

Could Emely really be the one causing her own miscarriage? But why would she do it? There was no point in doing it.

Hudson didn't want to believe it. Emely was not that type of woman. She was gentle, and it was impossible for her to do such a cruel thing to her own baby.

"No matter what, Cherise pushed Emely, causing her to fall and have a miscarriage, and she didn't even show any remorse about it. Hudson's heart denied Emely being so evil. He would rather pin the blame on Cherise

"I would have divorced you too if I were Cherise, Keith said bluntly

"What do you mean by that?" Hudson

Hudson glared at him.

"For three years, she gave you everything, and in the end, that was what she got—**distrust**," Keith pointed out. "You didn't even investigate or anything"

"What was there to investigate?" he asked Keith with irritation. I've asked Cherise, and she challenged me instead. I asked Emely about it, and she said it was Cherise's fault for being jealous of my relationship with her. She only asked Cherise to cook her an omelet, and Cherise just pushed her away

"As your wife, it was her right to be jealous and not to be bossed around by your mistress." Keith said calmly.

"No, she didn't have that right," Hudson replied sharply. "I never loved her, and she knew it"

"If you say so," Keith said finally. There **was** no point arguing about this anymore, what with his best friend being so stubborn about it.

"So, are you going to marry Emely?" Keith changed the subject.

Hudson let out another heavy sigh and leaned back again, staring at the ceiling one more time.

him.

"I have to," he muttered so softly that Keith had to strain his ears to hear him

"Why?" he asked. "Why force yourself if you don't want to? If you still have that strong reaction toward Cherise, why not remarry her?" Keith tried to convince Hudson to get back together with Cherise.

"You know the only good thing about Cherise was the sex," Hudson said, not bothering to hide the fact or be embarrassed about it

"And that you could sleep peacefully when you were with her Keith pointed out lazily

Hudson ignored his words. He could sleep peacefully with Cherise, most probably because he was tired after their vigorous sex sessions.

"Are you still in love with Emely?" Keith asked as he poured himself another cup of tea

Was he? Hudson thought to himself. He was in love with Emely, yes, but his feelings had changed. She had become more like a family. He

wasn't in love with her anymore.

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Chapter 39

"I have to marry her, Keith," Hudson repeated.

"Why?" Keith asked again. "I asked you if you are still in love with her, but you didn't answer me, and as your best friend, I can assume you not in love with her anymore. So why is there a need to marry her?"

Should he tell Keith? Maybe it was time to let him know. Maybe if someone knew about it, he wouldn't feel so guilty anymore.

Hudson let out a shaky breath before saying, "Because Luis died in my place. He died because of me."

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Posted by **Admin-J**, 144 Views, Released on April 18, 2024

Chapter 40

There was a long period of silence after Hudson unburdened what had been weighing his heart and mind since Luis' death

Keith looked at him, thinking he had heard it wrong, so he slowly and carefully repeated Hudson's words: "Luis died... because of you?"

Hudson's body shuddered as he heard the words coming from someone else as if Keith was blaming him, but he knew Keith was just waiting for his explanation.

Keith stayed there, not saying anything, just waiting for his best friend to share his burden. He was just being the **good** listener he was, even though there were many questions he wanted to ask.

"When I last went to visit Luis... Hudson began softly, "There was an explosion at one of the factories, and we were there when it happened."

Keith nodded. He knew about this story. He knew Luis was injured, and his injuries were fatal, which caused him to pass away.

“What people do not know..” Hudson swallowed thickly before continuing. “I was supposed to be the one who was crushed by the bear.”

Hudson then looked straight at Keith, and his eyes were even more bloodshot than before. “He pushed me away, Keith. I was supposed to be the one who died that day, but he pushed me AWAY”

Keith opened his mouth but then closed it again, for once not knowing how to comfort his best friend. Jesus, to see his beloved brother’s blood splattered was fucked **up**. No wonder his best friend felt guilty, Keith told himself.

Hudson placed his elbows on his knees and began tugging on his hair. His frustration and guilt were gnawing **at** him, eating him **alive**.

“I should have died that day, not him,” Hudson continued his story. “You don’t know the feeling of seeing him crushed by the beam. All his blood...”

Suddenly, he felt a pair of hands wrapping around his, and he looked up to see Keith’s calm but worried face.

Keith untangled Hudson’s hands from his hair, which had lots of strands on them, and said softly. “It wasn’t your fault, Hudson.

“It wasn’t my fault?” Hudson’s rage bubbled in his chest and rose to his throat, so much so that he couldn’t help but grab Keith’s collar and yell straight into his face, “IT WASN’T MY FAULT? LUIS DIED BECAUSE OF ME!

Keith, ever the calm one, used to patients’ families behaving the same way when he delivered bad news to them, stared strain at Hudson’s murderous eyes. “It wasn’t your fault, he repeated softly yet firmly.

“Fuck you, Keith!” Hudson snarled and shoved him away, sending Keith tumbling back. He gasped as his back hit the corner of his work table.

Hearing his best friend gasping in pain, Hudson felt even more guilty. He went to Keith and **held** him up. "I'm sorry... I shouldn't have taken it

up on you."

dash

Keith winced as he rubbed his back but shook his head. "Nothing I can't handle. I'm a doctor with many nurses to help me tend to it."

Hudson's **body** was shaking from rage, from guilt, from everything he was feeling.

"Sit down, Hudson," Keith told him. "I'll ask for more tea."

Hudson nodded, nearly unable to reach the couch from how his knees were shaking.

Keith called his secretary to make a fresh pot of tea. After it was delivered, he poured one cup for Hudson. "Drink," he offered the cup to his best

friend.

As usual, the warmth of the **tea** calmed Hudson down a little bit. He placed the cup down and rubbed his face with his large palm. "I'm fucked up, Keith. I keep having nightmares about it."

Chapter 40

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"Hudson," Keith placed his own cup down on the table and laced his fingers together, looking like the professional doctor he was. "Lus saved you because he loved you. It is an instinct to save someone we love when we see them in danger"

"But he shouldn't have done it, for Christ's sake." Hudson ran his fingers through his hair in frustration again. "He has the company to think

"You know he always thinks you are more suitable to be the CEO of Amery Group than him" Keith pointed out.

"But what about Emely? Why couldn't he think about her before sacrificing his life for mine? Hudson snapped, still feeling the rage of his brother's sacrifice.

Keth raised an eyebrow at that. "Emely?"

"They were in a relationship." Hudson admitted.

"They were? They didn't break up?" Kerth asked in surprise.

Hudson shook his head. "They were until Luis saw Emely again and begged her to come back to him, to which she agreed but on the condition that no one else should know about it."

"But you knew."

"I accidentally found out when I visited Luis a couple of months ago." Hudson replied. "You know how my grandma hated her. She didn't want to put Luis in a difficult position."

Keith raised his eyebrow once again, Cunning woman, he thought. How could she not put him in a difficult position when, sooner or later, they would get married if Luis was still alive? But he kept the question to himself.

"So your monthly visit to Luis these past few months."

"Just so no one would get suspicious and for me to take **care** of her when he was working" Hudson answered.

"And the baby?"

"Wasn't mine. It was Luis: Hudson replied. "Emely loved Luis so much. Now you know why it was impossible for **her** to kill her own baby"

"And your promise to marry Emely?"

"Before Luis passed away, he grabbed my hand and made me promise to take care of her and the baby," Hudson shuddered again as he thought Luis' bloody fingers were grasping him, and he whizzed out just to make him promise.

Jesus, that was fucked up. Keth thought to himself:

“Hudson” he called his best friend’s name carefully. “There are other ways to take care of Emely instead of marrying her.”

“What better way, Keith?” Hudson had calmed down by now, he felt lighter after talking to Keith, who was a great listener. “I could keep her safe. and Cherise killed her baby. It was the least I could do for her.”

Now, it was Keith’s turn to heave out a loud breath. He couldn’t say anything, and he couldn’t ask Hudson not to marry Emely when he **had**

heard what had happened

“As long as you are sure it is what you want, I’m all behind you, you know that, Hudson, Keith finally said. “But are you sure that is **what** you

want?”

“As I’ve said, it’s the least I could do for her,” Hudson sighed. “My mother and sister agree with it, too.”

“They are?” This surprised Kerth again. Last time, **they** were **so** against Emely and **Luis’** relationship, which was why he guessed they had been keeping their relationship a secret

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Chapter 40

“They are now,” Hudson replied. “Maybe because they thought I impregnated Emely too, just like everybody else.”

“Why didn’t you tell them it was Luis’?” Keith asked curiously.

“Then I might not be able to take care of her,” Hudson replied softly as his head started to throb and he massaged his temple.

“You could have told Cherise the truth about it since you didn’t really want

to divorce her,” Keith pointed out calmly.

Hudson narrowed his eyes at Keith, but Keith was not affected by it.

I'm not judging you, Hudson. But it might not come to this..." he waved his hand in the air, "situation if you

"I'm just saying. Keith shrugged. "And I'm no were honest with her."

"It doesn't matter anymore." Hudson shook his head. "She still killed Luis' baby and didn't feel remorseful about it. She **was** the one who chose to divorce, Keith. How many times must I tell you this?"

"Okay," Keith just decided to let it go. "But what happens after you marry Emely? Will you sleep with her? You will have children with her?"

Hudson hadn't thought that far ahead, but then it was what everyone expected from a married couple, wouldn't it? But how could he touch his brother's beloved? The thought nearly made him want to throw up. He couldn't do that to Luis.

"Emely knows that I'm marrying her because of my promise to Luis," Hudson replied.

"Does she, though?" Keith asked as he picked up his teacup again. "Everyone with eyes could see that she wants you, Hudson."

"Don't think of something as disgusting as that, Keith," Hudson sneered at his best friend for once. "She loved Luis and still does. She just doesn't want to be labeled a mistress, and I won't allow her to be called one, either."

"You know what this means, don't you, Hudson?" Keith asked, glancing at him from behind his teacup

Hudson furrowed his brows, not knowing what Keith meant.

"Once your engagement with Emely is announced, you can't act on Cherise anymore" Keith stated, making Hudson freeze in his a

"You can't get angry when you see her with Logan, Julian, or any other man, Keith continued. "You can't drag her away or even kiss her anymore. If people see it, it would not be good for her reputation. She would be labeled as the mistress now instead of Emely. Or even worse, with that mouth of your mother, she would be called a who "

"I told you not to associate that word with her." Hudson growled.

"It's a fact that you need to acknowledge, Hudson, Keith pinned his best friend's gaze down. "Why do you think so many people in our social class called her so many names? Isn't it because of your mother? And you, as her husband, didn't do anything about it. I don't want to say this, but you failed her as a husband. You were an asshole to her."

Hudson knew. Hudson knew everything Keith said was true. He let his mother and sister bully Cherise, and he knew how people talked badly about Cherise behind his back, yet he did nothing to protect her.

That uncomfortable feeling that he felt after their divorce stung his heart again, and he absentmindedly rubbed the spot while Keith watched

him silently.

He could see the guilt in Hudson's eyes but kept silent. He needed Hudson to realize his feelings for Cherise alone now. If he pressed him, he would just deny it.

Hudson shifted in **his** seat and felt the ring box in his **pocket**. He took it out and placed it on the

table.

Keith looked at it and raised an eyebrow, silently asking if he could see what was inside. Hudson gestured for him to open it.

Keith reached for it and was stunned to see a pair of wedding **rings**. "You've bought wedding rings for you and Emely?" he asked, unable to believe Hudson would actually do that.

8 15:30

Chapter 40

"It was Cherise's and mine, Hudson said as his eyelid started to droop. He had a headache, and all those talks with Keith had left him exhausted and maybe relieved, too.

"Say what? Keith asked in disbelief.

"The designed them for us," Hudson replied as he lay down on the couch and closed his eyes. "It

was supposed to be our third **wedding** anniversary present, but she didn't want them anymore because we are divorced now,"

"And you took them with you instead. **Why?**" Keith asked, wondering about it.

"Because I had never given her any, and I didn't want them to go to waste," Hudson mumbled.

Keith sighed, picked up a blanket, and **dropped** it over his best friend, who had started to fall asleep.

"Luis' death isn't your fault, Hudson, Keith reminded him and squeezed Hudson's shoulder before going back to his desk to finish signing the rest of the documents, but when he saw the ring box, he couldn't help whispering. "You are going to regret letting her go, Hudson,"

Hudson heard Keith's whisper before he fell into a deep sleep, and his last thought was.... maybe he **would**.