

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 69

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Hudson's fists clenched tightly on top of his knees, his heart started thumping furiously, his breath quickened, and black dots seemed to appear in his visions when he thought of having to recount Luis' death to the world.

He heard Keith and Finley's voices, which sounded so far away. He felt like he was about to die until someone gripped his shoulders, hard, and Keith's voice speared through his consciousness or what was left of it.

"Hudson, breathe."

Breath? Wasn't he breathing? But why did he feel suffocated at the same time?

"What happened? What's happening to him? Why is he looking like he's dying?" Finley asked Keith, his anxiety palpable in his voice. It was the first time he had seen Hudson look so pale and shake badly.

"He's having a panic attack. Get him a glass of water," Keith answered quickly before focusing on Hudson again.

Keith grabbed Hudson's cheeks and forced his best friend to look at him. "Hudson, look at

me."

"I'm-

"Don't talk," Keith instructed. "Focus on me and follow my breathing."

Keith proceeded to breathe slowly, giving instructions on when to breathe in, hold, and breathe out until Hudson's breathing stabilized.

When Hudson had stopped hyperventilating, Keith took the glass of water from Finley and handed it to Hudson, whose hands still trembled a bit.

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Hudson tried to smile at his best friends to convey his gratitude, but his lips just couldn't curve up. He took a large gulp of the water before looking at Keith.

"I... I can't tell the whole world." He shook his head weakly. "I

died because of me."

't let them know Luis

Finley was shocked and a little bit angry by what he heard. Why hadn't anyone told him this? Weren't they best friends? Why did Hudson only confide in Keith?

He wanted to ask but knew better than to broach the subject now, with Hudson being so vulnerable.

“Hudson, it was never your fault,” Keith repeated his response whenever Hudson blamed himself for Luis’ death. “He chose to save you because he loved you.”

Hudson swallowed and closed his eyes when the painful memory assaulted his mind again. He tried hard to push it away, to not let guilt consume him whole.

“You’d do the same if the position were reversed,” Keith stated.

Hudson’s eyes snapped open, and he looked at Keith. “I would. Without a doubt.”

“I’m sure that was what was on Luis’ mind that day,” Keith said gently. “He would never want you to blame yourself.”

Hudson nodded like a robot. He knew Keith was right, but he couldn’t just wipe the guilt away.

“I want to make this right, but I can’t tell everyone about Luis’ death,” Hudson repeated.

Keith, always the calm one in their group, offered a solution. “You don’t have to go into details on how Luis died. You just have to make it clear that you were going to marry

Emely because of your promise to him to care for her, but after discussing it further, the

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two of you decided not to marry because she still loves Luis.”

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Finley frowned at yet another new piece of information he didn't know. He always thought Hudson wanted to marry Emely because she was his true love, and since Emely and Luis had broken up for so long, he was supportive of them, but not anymore now that he knew what kind of woman Emely was.

He never thought Hudson was going to marry Emely out of responsibility and a promise to Luis. But after everything he had heard today, he was positive Hudson had moved on from Emely a long time ago, and it only increased the guilt he felt toward Cherise.

Hudson thought about Keith's suggestion and finally nodded in agreement. He could do

1. it. He could clear out any misunderstanding without divulging the details of Luis' death.

“But you'll need to get Emely to speak with you at the conference, too,” Keith said.

“You think she'll do it? It will be the same as humiliating herself,” Finley said dryly. Emely

would need to explain why she sent those disgusting texts to Cherise or why she blamed Cherise for her so-called ‘miscarriage’.

“She'll do it,” Keith said without a doubt. He knew Emely's type. It was the perfect chance

for her to
whitewash her reputation. She'd act pitiful and all to gain sympathy. She would
not miss this chance..

Hudson was *too* tired, even more exhausted after his panic attack. He closed
his eyes and

placed his head against the couch's headrest.

"I'll talk to her about it tomorrow," he mumbled. He didn't want to think about anything right now. He just wanted to sleep and make everything right with Cherise.

"Let's get you to bed," Keith said, standing up from his crouching position in front of
Hudson.

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Keith and Finley made sure Hudson was tucked safely in his bed before leaving the villa
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"You guys started
keeping secrets from me, huh?" Finley finally grumbled his annoyance once they were in the car.

Keith only gave him a brief glance before looking out the window. "That's cause you are a blabbermouth."

"I'm not." Finley felt slightly offended until he realized Keith was right. He loved to gossip like a girl.

"Okay, you are right," he finally admitted. "But I can keep secrets if they are about the two of you."

Keith knew about it too, but that wasn't his secret to tell. It was Hudson's. So even if he trusted Finley, he still couldn't say anything about it.

He patted Finley on his shoulder and reassured him, "Fine, we'll talk to Hudson about all ways keeping you in the loop."

"You better be," Finley grumbled again, then asked, "By the way, what are you going to do

with the doctor?"

"What I've said," Keith shrugged. "I'm going to bring him to the medical association and get him to not be able to practice medicine again."

"Money and people," Finley sighed, then corrected himself. "Emely and her threats. I still can't believe how much she's changed. She used to be so gentle."

"Maybe she hasn't changed, but she is only now showing her true color," Keith said without thinking. He saw how Emely interacted with Hudson when they were in college and she was with Luis.

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“What do you mean?” Finley asked with confusion, and Keith only shrugged in response and closed his eyes.

She was leading Hudson at that time, seemingly wanting to keep both brothers in the palms of her hands. Others might see it as the three of them being best friends, but Keith could see her real purpose.

That was when he saw Cherise and the way she looked at Hu

as if he was the sun,

even though Hudson kept ignoring her. Keith could see her sincerity, unlike Emely. For that reason, he didn't really think Cherise was as bad as Hudson had painted her out to

1. be.

The next morning, when Cherise went down to have breakfast, she was greeted by the sight of her brothers, two best friends, and Tristan chatting animatedly in the dining room.

“Cherise, you are finally awake!” Paula, who saw her first, jumped from her seat and pulled her toward an empty chair. “They were just telling me about what happened last night, and Tristan just showed me the whole video of it.”

Cherise glanced at Tristan to see him smirking smugly. She shook her head. Ace seemed to

be too reckless. Was he not afraid they would get suspicious of how he could hack into the hotel system and show those texts and pictures on the big screen?

“That mistress is really slutty, isn’t she?” Paula asked. “Did you guys notice most of the men were middle-aged with beer bellies? I think she’s been a mistress not only to

Hudson.”

“Bet Hudson regrets taking her as his mistress,” Tristan laughed as if enjoying Hudson’s misfortune.

“Cherise, have you gotten yourself checked?” Paula asked.

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“Checked?” Julian asked in between chewing and swallowing his breakfast.

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“Emely had sex with God knows how many men, and she might have gotten some diseases which she could have passed to Hudson,” Paula said.

“Hey, we are eating,” Tristan complained. “Save the disease-related talk for later.”

“Fine,” Paula huffed. “But you should get tested, Cherise.”

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“I have, and all results came back negative,” Cherise replied after she took a sip of her orange juice. She had gotten herself tested after Paula’s first meeting with Hudson, Keith, and Finley.

“Thank God for that,” Paula said. “God, I still couldn’t believe you put Emely in her place last night. You knew she was going to pretend she wasn’t the one who invited you, didn’t you?”

Cherise smirked. “I had my suspicion. It’s one of the most basic moves to humiliate someone. But Tristan was the one who gave her the final blow by showing those texts and pictures to everyone.”

“I wouldn’t be able to do it if you didn’t stand up for yourself first,” Tristan said. “I just follow along.”

“And the social media is now full of last night’s event,” Paula said excitedly. “You are famous, Cherise.”

Julian and Logan frowned. Famous? That could be dangerous for Cherise. It seemed they needed to talk to their grandpa about speeding up their announcement of Cherise being

the Alster’s heiress.

They would rather people knew of that fact so everyone in the country could indirectly become her bodyguards or eyewitnesses if anything happened to her.

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“They compared you and Emely, even made a poll of who is more attractive and more suited to stand by Hudson’s side.” Paula showed her the polls, which Cherise only glanced at briefly.

“And you are winning in both polls,” Katherine said, her eyes twinkling beautifully. “What do you think of it, Cherise?”

“I’d rather not be associated with the two of them anymore,” Cherise replied nonchalantly. “And I know I’m more beautiful than her.”

Everyone laughed at her confidence. Cherise looked like she wasn’t affected by the polls, and they felt relieved. It was good that she had regained her confidence.

“Any plans for today?” Julian asked, to which everyone replied no. “Maybe you guys should work on the ‘True Love’ campaigns since you are all here.”

“What a great idea, Julian,” Katherine flashed him her most seductive smile.

Julian frowned but shook his head when he remembered Logan’s words about Katherine being seductive. It was just the way she was.

“Alright, I’ll work from home as well,” Julian said as they finished their breakfast and moved to the living room.

Julian asked the maids and bodyguards to move the furniture around so they would have enough room to practice their acts with Katherine as their director.

Paula kept her eyes on their acts and designed some sketches for their costumes, gowns,

and suits while Julian sat on one of the couches and did his work on his laptop.

Cherise had fun acting as a princess with Tristan as her prince charming or when it was her turn with Logan, which was more high fashion.

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They laughed a lot during their practice until suddenly Paula gasped loudly, halting everyone's movements and drawing their attention to her, even Julian, who was concentrating on his work.

"What's wrong?" Cherise and Katherine asked their best friend, worry lacing their *voices*.

"Quick, check the Amery Group's website or their official social media account," Paula said as she kept her eyes glued on her phone.

Cherise, Katherine, Tristan, Logan, and Julian looked at each other, puzzled by Paula's sudden exclamation, but none of them moved to check their phones.

Paula, sensing their confusion, groaned and urged again, "Check it on your phone. They have just released an official statement about Hudson and that shameless mistress of his."

Cherise and the rest exchanged glances again before she shrugged and moved to check her phone, and the rest followed her.

When they finished reading the announcement, they all became quiet until Tristan let out a whistle. "Wow."