

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 71

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To see Emely crying and acting pitiful was expected, but to hear that Hudson had never cheated on Cherise was beyond anything they had imagined he would say.

Everyone in Cherise's office was frowning now; even Katherine had lost most of her usual seductive look..

They all had **the** same thoughts and emotions. If Hudson had never cheated on Cherise , what would that mean?

Without thinking, they looked at Cherise, afraid to see how she would react, but everyone was surprised when they saw her looking indifferently at the TV screen.

No emotions were displayed on her face. No frowning, no hope flashing through her eyes, nothing resembling happiness that her ex-husband turned out to be loyal during their marriage, and not even anger.

There was simply nothing. And it worried them. It would be better if she showed some emotions. But then they thought she must still be processing everything, and Hudson's words might have not sunk in yet.

It wasn't that they wanted her to feel happy that Hudson had never cheated on her or, that the baby wasn't his, or that he was only marrying Emely out of a promise he made to his late brother.

But shouldn't she be relieved? Or even shocked at his revelations?

Julian and Logan moved together, taking her hands in theirs, which finally made Cherise look at each of them

"I'm fine," she said, knowing they were all worried about her. But what was there to worry about?

"You are too quiet," Tristan mumbled the exact words he said when they first read the official statement on the

Amery Group.

"There is nothing to say, is there?" Cherise sighed. "No matter if he was marrying her because of a promise or love, we still ended up divorced. He still doesn't love me."

They all wanted to comfort her, but Cherise was saved by Neil knocking on the door and telling her about her next meeting.

Even though they wanted to stay, they knew it would be a waste of time with Cherise being so busy.

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Paula and Katherine hugged her, telling her they'd need another **girl's** night **out to** flush whatever she was feeling

at that moment.

Tristan also hugged her and whispered wickedly **that** he'd be digging more dirt **on** Emely, which earned him a laugh from Cherise, asking him not to be a busybody.

If she could, she didn't want anything to do with Hudson **or** Emely anymore. Humiliating Emely during the engagement

ty seemed enough, but she still hadn't gotten her revenge against Dahlia or Polly, as there were

no suitable situations yet.

Julian

and Logan reminded her not to work too hard, and if she needed to take time off from work, Logan could still take over her as the CEO, just like last time.

Cherise reassured them she was fine. If anything, getting busy would be better for her rather than letting her mind wander to places she didn't want to wander off.

Before leaving, Julian turned to Neil and told him to watch over Cherise's schedule and her rest time so she wouldn't get overworked.

This was not the first time Neil was reminded of it, and he nodded, showing Julian he understood the importance of it. He had been making sure to tailor Cherise's schedule to have longer breaks, especially after she fainted last time and gave him a scare.

When the five of them reached Angelworld Jewelry's lobby, they hugged each other goodbye, but Katherine caught Julian's wrist before he could walk away.

Julian frowned when he felt Katherine's thumb drawing circles **on** his wrist.

"Care to have lunch with me, Julian?" Katherine asked seductively.

Julian, ever the gentleman, gave her a soft smile while declining her offer politely.

"That's too bad." Katherine let go of his wrist. "Call me anytime you change your mind." She winked at him and sashayed away as if she hadn't just seduced him to join Paula, who was waiting for her.

Julian felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to see Logan, who had a smile on his lips.

"She's quite brazen, that one," Julian said and shook his head.

“Is she...” He wanted to ask if Katherine was the type of woman like Emely but didn’t know how to put it delicately. She was, after all, his beloved sister’s best friend.

“Someone as cheap as Emely?” Logan offered.

Julian chuckled. Even though they were not biological brothers, they could easily read each other’s minds.

Logan laughed and squeezed Julian’s shoulder. “Don’t worry. As I’ve told you, she’s harmless. Flirting and seducing are kind of a...power play for her.”

That made Julian feel relieved yet worried at the same time.

“She knows it’s a dangerous game, doesn’t she?” Julian asked Logan. If the men she flirted with *or* seduced wanted more and she didn’t, she’d put her life in danger.

Logan chuckled. “Don’t worry about it. Just like Cherise and Paula, Katherine knows self-defense.”

“She does?” Julian would never have thought someone like Katherine would be able to fight. Not that he was looking down on her, but Katherine was... Katherine. Someone seductive, someone whose only weapon seemed

to be seduction if she was a spy.

“Oh yeah,” Logan chuckled again. “Cherise has Taekwondo, Paula is more reckless while fighting, she simply uses anything she can get her hands on, but Katherine... She’s good at using whips and knives. Quite a female fatale.”

Now Julian was surprised, in a good way.

“She always
has a knife in her purse,” Logan said. “And if her bag is large enough, you can be sure to
find a whip
somewhere in there.”

“Those three women are more lethal than us.” Julian chuckled and shook his
head, which made Logan laugh.

In her office, Cherise buried herself in her work until she had her break and her mind cleared of any work-related
matter.

With nothing to do, her mind wandered to Hudson’s press conference.

It would be a lie to say that she wasn’t affected, but she didn’t want any of her brothers
or friends to worry, and
she tried hard not to think about it.

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But with only herself in her office, she couldn’t help but replay Hudson’s confessions.

It made her feel all sorts of emotions, but mostly it made her angry.

Why didn’t Hudson tell her the truth back then? Why
did he act like Emely was his mistress? Why didn’t he tell her the baby was not his when
she indirectly asked him about it at the hospital?

Cherise’s lips curved into a bitter smile. Of course, she knew the answer. It was because
he never loved her and

for him, she didn’t deserve to know the truth just
like she didn’t deserve to carry his child.

She hated herself for still being able to be affected by such news and thoughts. She thought she had finally

moved on. Maybe she needed to give her time to heal, just like Katherine told her, but that didn't mean she would let him or anyone connected to him bully her anymore.

The following morning while Cherise was getting ready for work, the doorbell to her penthouse rang.

She wondered who would visit her this early in the morning. Julian and Logan had their fingerprints on the

system, so it would either be Katherine, Paula, Tristan, or Neil, whom she had put on the list of people who had permission to visit her.

When she opened the door, she was surprised to see Hudson who looked too good in his tailored suit.

Cherise wanted to slam the door in his face, but he pushed it open, stopping her from closing it.

"What do you want?" Cherise asked, crossing her arms under her breasts, annoyed that the first person she saw in the morning was him.

Ever since he moved in, she had successfully avoided him and had nearly forgotten that he lived just across the

hall from her.

Hudson pursed his lips. He thought Cherise would at least be less irritated at him after the press conference but it seemed he was wrong.

"I bought breakfast," he said and showed her a plastic bag with containers on it. He had personally asked Miles to buy them breakfast from the most popular breakfast place in Country B.

Cherise looked at the plastic bag suspiciously.

“Don’t worry, I won’t poison you,” Hudson assured her.

Cherise rolled her eyes. She didn’t think he would poison her, but she was suspicious of the reason behind him buying her breakfast.

But since it was from the place that she loved, she took the plastic bag unceremoniously and murmured her thanks. As much as she didn’t want to feel grateful, she was raised to be a polite lady.

To her annoyance, the moment she took the plastic bag, Hudson stepped into her penthouse before she could shove him away.

“What do you want now?” Cherise asked, her annoyance growing with each passing second.

“I bought breakfast for two persons,” Hudson replied, and just strode to her dining room, leaving Cherise gaping

at his shamelessness.

She debated whether to call for security or even remove him from her penthouse by force, but remembering their fight in his place last time, she didn’t have the heart to fight with him and destroy her own place.

With a huff, she walked to the dining room and without even getting any plates, she took the containers out of

the plastic bag and opened each one, choosing the ones she wanted and giving the rest to Hudson, not caring if

he didn’t like her leftovers.

“May I have a glass of water?” Hudson asked.

Cherise's hand halted from putting food into her mouth because she had never thought she would hear Hudson talking politely to her in her whole life.

"Get it yourself," Cherise replied. She wasn't his wife anymore, nor were they friends. S he didn't need to serve

him in any way.

Hudson surprised Cherise again when he stood up to get his own water and even brought a glass for her without saying anything degrading to her.

They ate in silence until Hudson asked her, "Did you watch the press conference?"

Cherise swallowed her food and replied nonchalantly without looking at him, "I did."

Hudson opened his mouth but closed it again. If she did, why didn't she ask or say anything?

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"Everything I said during the press conference is the truth." He could only think of saying those words.

Cherise finally couldn't take it anymore and placed her utensil down. "So? It's not my problem, is it?"

Hudson pursed his lips. He wanted to say he did it for her, but it was obvious she didn't want to hear anything he

was about to tell her.

Cherise pushed her seat backward and stood up, her appetite disappeared with the way Hudson tried to do whatever it was he wanted to do.

"I'm going to get ready to go to work," Cherise said. "Show yourself out and don't forget to bring all the rubbish with you."

Hudson looked at her departing back before he looked at his surroundings.

Cherise's penthouse had the same layout as his, but the furniture made it feel homey while his was cold. It

reminded him of the villa.

His penthouse felt like the villa before Cherise put her small touches, while her penthouse felt like the villa after

she 'renovated' it.

Cherise looked at her watch, quickly put on her makeup, and changed her clothes, but once again was surprised

to see Hudson hadn't left. He had moved from the dining room to the living room.

"I need you to drive me to work," he said before she could say anything.

Cherise really couldn't believe the audacity of him to still order her around.

"I'm not your wife anymore neither am I your driver or servant," she snapped. "Do not order me around because I will NOT obey you like I used to."

Hudson realized the mistakes of his words and quickly corrected himself, "Miles bumped my car and it's now being examined by the insurance company. I have no car to drive now so I thought we could carpool since our offices are near to each other. We could use your car and I could drop you off before borrowing it to drive myself to my office."