

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 72

Hudson knew he sounded unbelievable and unreasonable. He was the richest man in Country B, he had more than one car available in his garage, each one as expensive as the one he usually used.

Even if all his cars were in the workshop, he would have a selection of cars ready for him to buy with just a snap of his fingers.

But after realizing his feelings for his ex-wife, he wanted nothing more than, desperate even, to spend as much time as he could possibly be with her, even if it reduced him to a shameless idiot.

And it was not like he hadn't done so for the past three years they were married and the months after. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jobnib.com. Visit Jobnib.com to read the complete chapters for free. This time Cherise didn't even bother to mask her disbelief. "Are you kidding me? You have more than one car at the villa! You can ask Miles or someone else to pick you up using one of those cars!"

"It'll take too much time and I'll be late," Hudson tried to persuade her, and his mind churned fast like a motorboat engine to think of an excuse.

Then it came to him, the most excellent excuse he could think of. "I'll pick you up after work. Grandma has been begging me to take you to see her."

Those words stopped Cherise from rejecting Hudson's offer. It had been a long time since she met Agatha.

Agatha was the only nice family member of Amery to her. She even treated Cherise like her own granddaughter.

Cherise felt guilty for divorcing Hudson without telling her and didn't contact her at all after that.

Cherise sighed and gave in just this one time. After all, she owed Agatha for being nice to her during her marriage to Hudson.

"Fine," she huffed and walked out of her penthouse with Hudson following close behind her.

Hudson couldn't keep the smile off his face but maintained his cool demeanor again once they stepped into the elevator that went straight to their exclusive parking lot so Cherise wouldn't see how elevated he was.

Thankfully he had already called Miles to drive away his car when Cherise was getting ready so his bullshit excuse of his car being looked at by the insurance company seemed to be true.

He let Cherise walk in front of him as he assessed her from behind. Cherise, unlike other women working in an office, preferred to wear pants rather than skirts.

But he'd be damned if she didn't look good in them. Today she wore a black suit just like him, which accentuated her slender form, especially her long legs.

For once, Hudson wished there were paparazzi to take pictures of them together because they would look great standing side-by-side. Like a power couple.

He let out a deep sigh. Why hadn't he seen this side of her when they were married? He remembered her trying to give him some advice about his business, but at that time he scowled and sneered at her, thinking what could a mere country bumpkin know about business?

Regret crept up on him again. He should have been nicer to her just like Keith had told him many times. He should have erased his prejudices about her, then maybe they wouldn't be in this situation now.

But what was done was done. He couldn't take back all the hurt he had done to her. All he could do was to try to make everything right – make up for every hurt he had inflicted on her, get close to her, get in her good grace, make her fall in love with him again, and get her back.

Suddenly Cherise stopped and turned to face him, handing him the key of her car.

Hudson took the key casually and froze when he saw the car. He had forgotten Cherise drove a soft pink car!

Cherise saw his expression and smirked. "Is Hudson Amery too embarrassed to drive a pink car?"

Hudson swallowed in nervousness. He really wanted to be with her, but driving a pink car? God, what would they do to his reputation?!

Cherise moved to take the key away from his hand, still smirking, enjoying Hudson's embarrassment, but Hudson snatched his hand away and strode to the passenger seat to open the door for Cherise, surprising her.

She really thought he would give up on driving with her! She couldn't get her mind on why Hudson would do things normally he wouldn't do for her, even going as far as swallowing his pride to drive her around.

For all she knew, Hudson seldom drove himself. He preferred to be driven by Miles, his friends, or his chauffeur.

Bringing her breakfast, eating comfortably together without him glaring at her and even driving her pink sports car were not things Hudson Amery did.

But since he was willing to do those things, why not take advantage of it?

Cherise slid into the passenger seat elegantly and let Hudson close the door for her. She watched as he circled toward the driver seat and slid in, adjusting the seat and rearview mirror.

Hudson caressed the steering wheel, feeling the soft leather yet hard enough for his grip not to falter in case something happened.

He started the car and enjoyed the rumbling of the engine. This was a car that was only being manufactured in five units all over the world. He didn't know whether to continue enjoying it or trashing it since Julian was the one who gifted it to Cherise.

"Where's the button to close the hard top?" he asked, trying to at least maintain his dignity by not allowing anyone to see him driving a soft pink car.

But of course Cherise wouldn't give it to him. She smirked again and said, "I prefer to enjoy the wind."

"But it's cold," Hudson complained softly, knowing this was a battle he wouldn't win.

Heck, he didn't even try too hard to convince her they needed to close the hard top.

At this point, he might just about do anything she asked him to do other than staying away from her. Cherise shrugged and took a lipgloss and compact mirror from her bag, applying it as she told him, "This is my car. Take it or leave it."

Hudson sighed helplessly and started driving, glancing at his ex-wife out of the corner of his eyes from time to time.

Seeing her leaning her head back and enjoying the cold autumn wind around them with her eyes closed, a small smile playing on her lips brought a smile to Hudson's own lips.

That didn't mean the drive wasn't torturous for him. Her lips glistening from the lipgloss she had applied seemed to be calling out to him and he had to ground himself from stopping the car on the sidewalk just to have a taste of those luscious lips.

When they reached the Angelworld building, Cherise could feel many pairs of eyes looking at them, but she ignored them.

She opened her door, slid out, closed it, and turned around to face Hudson, issuing him a warning, “One scratch and I’ll make sure you won’t be able to produce any heir for the Amery family.”

Hudson winced inwardly, knowing she meant every word and could deliver her threat without even batting an eyelid, but outwardly, he showed his usual aloofness.

He nodded and said, “See you later after work.”

Cherise turned to enter the building without looking back while Hudson kept watching her until her figure disappeared before driving to his office.

Miles was already waiting for him when he reached the Amery Group’s building and he and the other employees nearly dropped their jaws to the ground when they saw their cold CEO getting out of a pink convertible car.

“Say one word and I’ll fire you,” Hudson warned him and gave him the key so he could park them in the underground parking lot.

“Oh, and one scratch on the car and I’ll cut your balls off,” Hudson warned him with the same threat Cherise had issued him.

Miles nearly peed on his pants when he heard his boss’ threat. He had never driven a limited edition car, how could his boss threaten him like that?!

But being the perfect PA, he kept quiet and slipped into the driver’s seat and carefully maneuvered Cherise’s car into the parking lot, all the while praying for his poor balls that had been threatened.

The first thing Hudson did when he sat on his chair in his office was to call his grandmother.

“Finally stopped being stupid?” Agatha’s voice rang in his phone the moment the call was connected, without even bothering to say hello.

“Grandma...” Hudson greeted helplessly.

“What do you want to tell me this time?” Agatha asked impatiently. “If it’s something about that scheming woman, I won’t listen to it.”

“I know I was wrong,” Hudson apologized. “I’m just calling to tell you I told Cherise you asked me to bring her to meet you for dinner.”

There was silence for a few seconds before he heard his grandmother sneering, “You finally realized what a perfect woman she is and used me to get her back?”

Hudson pursed his lips, not knowing how to reply, but then he heard Agatha's curious voice.

"So, did she agree?"

"She did," Hudson replied.

"That is good news!" His grandmother practically screamed with joy into the phone and he heard her ordering the maids to cook Cherise's favorite dishes.

Hudson could only shake his head at how different the treatments his grandma was giving him and Cherise.

"We'll see you at dinner, Grandma," he mumbled, knowing Agatha was already only half-listening to him. "Yes, yes. Go and do your job," Agatha said and hung up the call without even a single goodbye. Hudson looked at his black screen phone before setting it down on the table and started working, wishing the day could be shorter than usual.

During her break, Cherise thought of what to bring when she was meeting Agatha later on.

After thinking for a while, she called Julian and asked him if she could take some of his tea collections.

Julian, as the protective big brother, had already heard from Neil about Cherise and Hudson and asked her about it.

Cherise had no problem telling him about what happened and why she needed the tea.

Julian knew Agatha was the only one who treated Cherise nicely during her hell of a life as Hudson's wife, so he had no problem giving us tea to her.

He asked Neil to get them from his mansion and reminded Cherise to be careful of Hudson.

Cherise laughed and reminded him of how she trashed Hudson's apartment the last time he tried to touch her, and even though Julian was still worried, he believed his sister could protect herself from Hudson, especially since Agatha would be there with them.

When Cherise had finished all her work for the day, she took the tea and went down to the lobby to find many female employees loitering around instead of going home as usual.

Some of them were giggling and whispering with each other, but most of them were gawking toward a spot outside of the building.

When they saw her, they parted a way for her to exit the building and Cherise's steps halted as she saw the source of the female employees's giggles and whispers.

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Cherise looked at the person who drew the attention of her employees and passersby alike, and it would be lying if she didn't see the appeal as well.

There stood Hudson leaning against her car with one hand tucked into his pocket pants while he had a cigarette on the other, either oblivious to how much he was drawing attention or he was just so used to it that it didn't bother him. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jobnib.com. Visit Jobnib.com to read the complete chapters for free. His six-foot-tall figure was wrapped in a tailored three-piece suit and a long black coat, which did nothing to hide the muscles beneath it.

His usually tidy hair was wind-swept; some of the strands had fallen in front of his face and instead of making him look unkempt, it actually made him look younger and more attractive.

Her pink car in the background did nothing to dampen his image. It instead added a sweetness to him.

Now she knew that the giggles and whisperings from her female employees were not because of Hudson and the pink car, but because he looked so attractive.

Cherise's heart skipped a beat because this was her dream when she was married to him – to Hudson waiting for her like this instead of sitting impatiently in the car whenever they were going out.

She hesitated to walk toward him because she knew everyone would talk about them and their pictures might even be spread across all social media with how many people were watching them.

She could ask her employees not to take pictures, but what about the passersby? She could do nothing about them.

She could already picture the headlines because she knew how the media worked – 'Hudson Amery is driving his ex-wife. What does this mean?', 'Hudson Amery is wooing his ex-wife', or even 'Match Made in Heaven' because of their matching outfit with their black suits, white shirts, and black long coats.

It didn't matter whether what they wrote was factual, as long as it could sell, they would just write about anything to satisfy the gossip mongers.

Cherise had already started to regret agreeing to his request and wanted to find an alternative for them to meet at Agatha's place instead of driving there together with him.

Just as she was hesitating, Hudson's eyes locked with hers and he let the cigarette butt fall from his hand to the ground before crushing it with his perfectly shiny leather shoe.

He moved gracefully and yet still manly toward her, without giving Cherise any room to flee away and she could already hear more whispering around her.

Cherise swallowed as Hudson stood before her, his scent of sandalwood and cinnamon enveloped her even though they were out in the open air.

She cursed herself for still getting an effect from him even though it hadn't before. It must be because of him waiting for her and nothing more, she convinced herself.

Hudson took the tea box from her and asked, "Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah." She nodded and felt Hudson's hand on the small of her back, stirring her toward her car, opening the door for her, placing the tea box in the back seat, and going to the driver's seat as though it was a natural occurrence for them.

There was no awkwardness in any of the actions. He did everything flawlessly, and as usual, with that manly gracefulness of the wealthiest man in Country B.

Hudson started the engine and the car cruised along the road to the Amery Mansion.

"What did you buy for Grandma?" he asked to fill the silence between them.

"Tea," Cherise replied without looking at him and pressed the button to let the hard top cover them as the wind was getting too much for her and they still had a long way to go until they reached their destination.

Hudson didn't feel anything by Cherise blanketing them with the hard top. He was already used to people seeing him driving Cherise's pink car, to the point of not being bothered by it, but he still welcomed the warmth nonetheless.

"Tea?" Out of everything he could think of, he never thought Cherise would buy tea for his grandmother.

"Agatha loves tea," Cherise said and Hudson glanced at her from the corner of his eyes to see her smiling slightly. "We used to drink tea and talk about anything and everything every time I visited her."

Hudson saw the sad look on Cherise's expression and felt regretful again. He knew Cherise and his grandmother were tight, but he didn't know the extent of their closeness.

Judging by how sad she looked now, it seemed he had hurt her relationship with Agatha with their divorce.

Cherise was an orphan, and maybe she felt Agatha was a mother figure, just like he did, and he had taken that away from her.

Hudson did not know what to say to that without talking about their divorce, so he cleared his throat and asked. "What kind of tea does my grandma like to drink?"

He knew she liked tea, but since he wasn't a tea drinker and the only tea he liked was the one in Keith's office, he felt all other teas were just that – tea. They all tasted similar albeit had different aromas of flowers.

Cherise laughed. "Your grandma loves exquisite blends of tea."

Hudson forgot to breathe for a second as he heard Cherise's laughter. It had been so long since they had such a lighthearted conversation, or maybe never, and he wished for their encounters in the future to always be like this.

"So how did you get such exquisite blends in such a short amount of time?" he asked, wanting this relaxed conversation to keep going.

"Oh, Julian is a tea lover as well," Cherise shrugged. "So I asked for some of his collections."

Hudson's grip on the steering wheel tightened and he wanted to sneer at her. Julian, huh?! It always was all about Julian!

But he managed to keep his expression neutral as he wanted to show her he'd changed. He wouldn't become his old self who only knew how to either ignore, be angry, or force her.

"I'm sure she'll love your gift," he said with as much neutrality as he could muster and a hint of a smile.

Cherise peeked at Hudson from the corner of her eyes. She was puzzled by all of Hudson's actions today, and this time was not an exception.

She had expected him to be angry at the mention of Julian just like what usually happened, but this time, he wasn't even affected by it and seemed genuinely pleased with her gift for Agatha.

And she couldn't believe how easy it was to talk to him. There were no sneering or insults from him as of far yet, and she'd rather for it to remain this way. She didn't want her mood to be ruined when she was going to meet Agatha.

Cherise didn't want to delve too much into the reasons behind Hudson acting like a normal human being, though.

Maybe he really was happy that she had gotten Agatha something she loved because he loved her too and it'd make him happy when his grandmother was happy.

They remained silenced for the rest of the drive, but unlike the usual awkward and tense silence, this time it was a comfortable silence.

Forty-five minutes later, they arrived at the gate of the Amery Mansion which was situated at one of the most high-priced land in Country B.

Amery Mansion was something like what you read about castles, except that it was surrounded by vast greenery and there was a lake.

The whole area was encircled with high bricks and a tall gate. It would still take more than ten-minute drive from the main gate to reach the mansion.

The mansion itself was not as old as it had dated. It was opulent and white, with pillars, giving it an understated high-class look, unlike most mansions which basically screamed wealth with the owners making sure of it.

Hudson and Cherise reached the main huge door of the mansion to see Agatha already waiting excitedly for them with a huge smile on her face, leaning on her cane and with her trusted maid by her side.

"Cherise!" Agatha waved with energy that didn't match her age.

Cherise didn't wait for Hudson to open her door for her as she saw Agatha trying to come and get her from the car.

She rushed toward Agatha and embraced the old lady who had been too nice to her, her eyes tearing up at how much she had missed the only mother figure she had ever known ever since her mom died.

Agatha returned her hug and patted her back before drawing back and brushing Cherise's hair away from her face.

"Look at you being even more beautiful now," Agatha said, her own eyes shining with unshed tears.

Cherise wasn't the only one who was filled with emotions. Agatha really loved Cherise and at one point wished Hudson would fall in love with her because she could see what a loyal, dedicated, and caring young lady she was.

Alas, her grandson was too blinded by his prejudice against women, and even though now he seemed to have had a change of heart, Agatha did not know whether he would be able to get Cherise back.

“And you look even younger and more energetic than the last time I saw you,” Cherise smiled at her. “How is that possible? You have to tell me your secrets.”

“Oh, you young lady,” Agatha slapped Cherise’s arm lightly and playfully. “Always know how to make an old lady feel young.”

Hudson had never really paid attention to the way his ex-wife and grandmother interacted, but he smiled and felt warm by the view in front of him.

Cherise chuckled and hugged her again. “I’ve missed you. I’m sorry I divorced him without telling you and haven’t contacted you since.”

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about it.” Agatha waved her hand. “None of it was your fault. If any, it was my idiotic grandson’s fault.”

Hudson’s lips, which were curved up into a smile changed into a thin line. Wasn’t his grandma supposed to help him? Why was he calling him an idiot in front of Cherise?

She should point out all his best qualities and not remind her what a jackass he had been toward her during their marriage!

“Come, let’s go in.” Agatha pulled Cherise into the mansion with the help of her maid. “You arrived just in time. Dinner is just ready to be served.”

Hudson looked at his grandma helplessly. Not once did she acknowledge his presence ever since he and Cherise arrived here.

He took the tea package from the back seat and followed them silently into the mansion.

“Grandma, Cherise bought you something,” he called out, not wanting to be excluded.

“You are such a caring lady, Cherise,” Agatha said and gestured for her maid to take the package from Hudson. “Always brought me presents every time you came. Too bad my grandson was too blind to see how nice you were.”

She looked and sneered at Hudson as she said the last two sentences, nearly making Hudson slacked-jaw. Again with the sarcastic remark?

He had started to regret bringing Cherise here tonight. Maybe it wasn’t a good thing to ask his grandma to help him.

Agatha and Cherise went to the dining room and sat on the dining table, but when Hudson pulled out a chair, Agatha stopped him.

“You don’t get to sit with us,” Agatha said sternly. “You’ll sit at the children’s table.”

Hudson looked at his grandma in confusion. Children table? Since when did they have one?

Even Cherise was confused by Agatha’s words. She didn’t want to sit at the same table with Hudson if she could help it, but children’s table?

Knowing what was on their mind, Agatha pointed to a spot a few feet away from the dining table. Hudson and Cherise looked in that direction and Cherise nearly laughed out loud when she saw Agatha had placed a single table there.

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Hudson looked at the lonely table in the corner of the room, and his lips twitched. Not only had his grandmother not greeted him or been the wingman he wanted her to be, but she had also put him in a corner like a small child in a time-out!

He wanted to protest but thought better of it. He could give the two loves of his life a time to catch up with each other. From the way they teared up when they embraced each other, it was obvious they needed it.

Furthermore, he could still hear their conversation from where he would be sitting and gather whatever information his grandmother was willing to dig out from Cherise for him.

He walked toward the table and sulked a bit. Even if he thought he was okay with it, it still didn’t feel good to be excluded.

Cherise only remembered she was still wearing her coat when one of the maids offered to put it away for her. She apologized because of etiquette and everything, but Agatha just brushed it off, telling her it was alright.

Cherise stood up and shrugged off her coat, revealing her power suit, which lit Agatha’s eyes up.

“You look good in a suit, my dear,” Agatha praised her, making Cherise smile. “Sit. I heard you’ve started working for Angelworld Jewelry. Tell me all about it.”

Cherise sat down and looked quizzingly at Hudson, who shook his head. He never told his grandmother about Cherise working at Angelworld Jewelry.

“You knew?” she asked as she turned to look at Agatha.

“I’m still the matriarch of the Amery family, you know?” Agatha said proudly. “Even if I’m not out and about, I have sources to tell me things.”

“So you knew about the contract termination between Angelworld and La Jewel?” Cherise asked, feeling guilty about it because it would still affect Agatha.

Agatha waved her hand as if it didn’t matter at all, and maybe it didn’t because the Amery Group was huge with many sectors, and La Jewel was only one small sector of it.

“I personally think your CEO was too nice to my grandson,” she paused to glare at her so-called grandson, who was listening closely to their conversation.

“She shouldn’t have given that much to him,” she added. “She should just terminate the contract without giving him anything.”

That made Cherise giggle. “You know it’ll affect your bank account, right?” she asked.

“I have more than enough money to last for the rest of my life and many lifetimes over, and they have more than enough as well,” Agatha pointed out.

Cherise knew the feelings. Her family also didn’t need to work if they didn’t want to but then what was the fun in that?

She wasn’t like all those high-society women who only wanted to lounge around, shop, gossip, have tea parties, and all. She loved working.

Actually, she loved the sense of achievement from doing something, just like being the champion of Taekwondo, being Miss X, and being Q.

She guessed Katherine and Paula felt the same way as her, while Julian, Logan, and Hudson, as men, sought the feeling of having power and influence over others.

Agatha and Cherise stopped talking as the maids brought up their dinner, and Cherise became teary again as she saw most of the dishes were her favorites.

“You still remember..” she whispered.

“Cherise, of course, I remember.” Agatha reached out and squeezed her hand. “I love you as one of my own. Of course, I’ll always remember.”

Cherise stood up and went to hug the old lady who always cared about her from behind. “Thank you. I love you, too.”

Agatha patted Cherise's arm and felt her eyes become misty. She always felt guilty for not being able to protect Cherise from Dahlia and Polly, and even Hudson, but like others, she didn't know the extent of Dahlia and Polly's bullying toward Cherise until Hudson and Cherise divorced.

Dahlia very seldom came to visit her, while Polly, even though she visited more often than her mother, always acted clingy and like a cute little child whenever Agatha told her to be nice to Cherise.

Since Polly was her only granddaughter, Agatha had a soft spot for her in her heart and never once thought she could be so cruel to her own sister-in-law.

Of course, Agatha knew they disliked Cherise, but once she knew how much they hated her, she called them to her mansion and chastised them about it.

She wanted to punish them more, especially Dahlia, but they were under Hudson's care. Hudson was the one who could cut them off any allowances, but he was blinded by his prejudice and Emely.

Unfortunately, by then, Hudson had divorced Cherise and Agatha felt too guilty to try to contact her.

She felt Cherise needed to distance herself from anyone connected to her grandson, and as much as it pained her to lose such a lovely granddaughter-in-law, she could understand her decision and respected it.

Which was why she felt elated when Hudson told her he was bringing Cherise home for dinner. She made sure the chef cooked Cherise's favorite dishes to let her know she would always be welcomed by Agatha.

Hudson, being served at the same time but only for one person, looked at the exchange between his grandmother and ex- wife and felt his heart squeezed uncomfortably again.

He really regretted divorcing Cherise. He could now see clearly how close those two women were, and he had torn them apart.

He regretted taking Cherise away from his grandmother. He knew his mother and grandmother weren't close, and Polly only visited Agatha once in a while.

His grandmother must have been lonely, and Cherise must have visited her lots of times throughout their marriage for them to become this close, and he had taken away the one person who truly cared about his grandma other than him.

Agatha cleared her throat and said, "Alright, enough of trying to make an old lady cry. We should start eating before the food gets cold."

Cherise blinked her eyes, smiled and returned to her seat where they began eating while Agatha asked about her job, with Cherise happily answering any questions thrown at her.

Hudson started eating at the same time and realized he really knew basically nothing about Cherise. He didn't know the things she loved or her favorite food, which, judging by the spread of dishes in front of him, was seafood.

He listened intensely to Cherise and Agatha's conversation while he ate, and the more he listened, the more confused he became.

From the way Cherise was describing her job, it didn't feel like she was just a mere personal assistant. It felt like she was the CEO of Angelworld Jewelry instead.

But it was impossible. As much as Julian loved her, he wouldn't give away a company to his girlfriend, would he?

At least Hudson wouldn't. Did Julian love Cherise so much that he was willing to let one of his companies be a playground for her?

That thought made him want to growl in anger. If Cherise wanted it, he could also give her La Jewel.

He would fight Julian for her.

He had lost her once because of his stupidity; he would try his hardest to get her back, even if it meant going against someone more influential than him this time.

Soon, their dinner ended, and the maids cleared their table. Hudson kept waiting for his grandmother to ask him to join them but sighed in defeat when he finally realized his grandmother would not relieve him from his corner time soon.

"Can I open your gift?" Agatha asked Cherise.

"Of course." Cherise smiled at her, and Agatha asked her maid to bring Cherise's gift to her.

She unwrapped the gift to find a huge tin, and when she opened it, she found a few smaller tins inside.

Agatha picked one in her hand and smiled brightly before closing it and opening the others then chose one to be brewed for them to enjoy.

"How did you get these tea flowers?" she asked Cherise. "They are not available in this country."

“I actually stole them from Julian.” Cherise laughed. “We love tea, and he always has an assortment of them ready at his place.”

Jealousy coursed through Hudson’s pores again. They loved tea, and Julian always had an assortment so Cherise could drink whatever tea she wanted,?

He really wanted to take those tea flowers from his grandmother and dump everything at the lake outside the house.

Alas, he could not do it, or his grandma would behead him on the spot.

“Speaking of Julian Alster, I heard you are with him now?” Agatha teased Cherise.

Cherise only laughed in response. With Hudson sitting within earshot, she couldn’t tell Agatha she wasn’t ‘with’ her brother. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jobnib.com. Visit Jobnib.com to read the complete chapters for free.”But I heard you are also close to Logan Jennings,” Agatha continued. “Which one is your beloved now?”

Cherise shook her head and this time she could answer with certainty. “Logan is not my beloved, but I’m close with him.”

“I understand.” Agatha nodded in understanding. “If I were you, I would choose Julian as well. He’s handsome and wealthy. And that body... Very dreamy like his grandfather. Logan is not bad, too, but I heard he could be brutal.”

Hudson nearly passed out hearing Agatha’s words. He did not need to listen to his grandmother’s preference for men or how dreamy she found them!

“You knew my-” Cherise realized her mistake and quickly corrected herself. “You knew Julian’s grandfather?”

Thankfully, it seemed like neither Agatha nor Hudson caught on to her mistake, as Agatha replied, “Yes, I do know him. My husband and Charles Alster used to do many business together.”

That made sense. The Alster and the Amery had always been among the top groups of their countries. It wouldn’t be a surprise if they had worked together before.

“So many ladies were clamoring for his attention and I would have too if I weren’t already in love with my late husband.” Agatha laughed.

“Was he as gentle as Julian?” Cherise asked, wanting more information to tease her grandpa about it, and Agatha didn’t disappoint her.

“He is, but he is more flirty than Julian.” Agatha laughed again as she reminisced about the past. “From what I heard, Julian always kept away from the ladies until you came along, but not Charles.”

“You mean he was a playboy?” Cherise asked in shock. Never in her life she pictured her grandpa as a playboy.

“No, not a playboy.” Agatha shook her head, her smile still playing on her lips. “Just a flirt. Until he met and fell in love with Eloise, who was such a lovely woman.”

Eloise Alster, her grandmother, just like Agatha said, was a very lovely woman. She, Cherise, and her mom used to be close until they died and left her with the men of the family.

Agatha gave her the same feeling Eloise used to give her, and maybe that was why Cherise became close to Agatha. Then she thought of Agatha’s words about her grandpa being a flirt. Maybe her grandpa was like Katherine.

Cherise couldn’t stop imagining what would happen if he was still one. The image of her grandpa flirting with another old lady or even a younger one gave her goosebumps.

Not that she would be against her grandpa having another wife even if he was too old for it, but she did not need to have that image in her mind.

Luckily, the maid served them the tea Agatha had chosen, and Cherise could stop thinking about it as she enjoyed her cup of tea.

Hudson took a sip, finding it to be quite pleasant. It brought back memories of Cherise bringing him tea whenever he worked late in the villa.

He frowned when he remembered the taste of the tea from Keith’s office and the one Cherise gave him. They tasted the same. Did Keith give her some so he could sleep peacefully? Maybe he needed to ask Cherise or Keith about it later.

“Cherise, did you watch Hudson’s press conference?” Agatha suddenly asked, surprising Cherise and making Hudson’s ears perk up.

Was his grandma finally going to help him get her back?

“I did.” Cherise nodded.

“You and Julian... Are you guys serious?” Agatha asked carefully, and Hudson held his breath while waiting for her answer.

Cherise couldn’t answer that question without revealing her identity, so she chose not to reply.

Hudson didn't know what to feel because Cherise neither confirmed nor denied her relationship with Julian every time his grandma asked her.

But then he thought it didn't matter. As long as they weren't married yet, he still had a chance.

Agatha looked at Cherise calculatingly before asking, "Now that you know the truth about Hudson and Emely, do you think you can forgive him and give him another chance?"

Sorry Sir I Don't Want You Back Chapter 75

If Hudson was anything like Finley, he would have let out a whoop and punched his fist in the air as his grandmother finally tried to help him.

But he was Hudson Amery, the cold and aloof man everyone knew him to be. So, he kept his expression indifferent and sipped his tea, pretending not to listen to their conversation.

"I know you might think he was just saving his reputation by saying all those things, but he told me all about it and cried in my arms," Agatha added. "He would never lie to me about such things."

Hudson's eyes twitched. Did his grandma need to tell Cherise that he bawled his eyes out while pouring his feelings to her? That would damage his image.

In her mind, Cherise had somehow expected this matter to be brought up even though she wished Agatha wouldn't, but she could understand why Agatha asked her those questions.

Agatha seemed to hate Emely and she always loved Cherise. She always told her what a perfect granddaughter-in-law she was and she must have missed spending time with her.

"Agatha..." Cherise said helplessly.

"I know what Dahlia and Polly bullied you, and I'm sorry I didn't see how bad it was," Agatha continued. "But I promise I'll protect you from now on. And from what I saw, you've changed too. You might not even need my protection as you can protect yourself."

Cherise shook her head and said firmly, not caring that Hudson could hear her. Maybe it would even be better if he could hear her every word.

"Agatha, I'm sorry, but my marriage with Hudson was a nightmare. He had never loved me, will never love me, and he let his mother and sister bully me. And I'm sure he couldn't manage Dahlia and Polly. He even still keeps Emely by her side. I don't want to go through such a miserable life again."

Hudson felt his heart plummeted. But what did he expect? For her to say yes to getting back together with him quickly?

She might even think she was a rebound because things didn't work out between him and Emely. It was quite apparent that she didn't quite believe he had a relationship with Emely other than him thinking of her as his sister-in-law.

He drew a deep breath to calm himself down. He knew she would answer like this, so he shoved down his disappointment, kept thinking he deserved this, and wouldn't give up trying.

Agatha glanced at Hudson, silently asking permission for her to tell Cherise that he had a change of heart, but Hudson pursed his lips and shook his head slightly.

Agatha understood his grandson. He needed to prove his love for her. If she told Cherise that Hudson was in love with her now, Cherise wouldn't believe her and she didn't want to force Cherise into anything anymore.

Instead, she sighed and apologized to Cherise again. "I shouldn't have asked you to marry him in the first place."

Looking at Agatha's guilt, Cherise quickly reassured her that it wasn't her fault.

"I went into the marriage willingly, so please don't think any of it was your fault. Please don't blame yourself."

"Cherise, do you know why I chose you to marry Hudson even though you were an orphan, and that was against the norm of high society?" The change of topic startled both Cherise and Hudson.

Cherise didn't care about it, but Hudson was intrigued by it. His grandmother had never asked him to marry anyone or be involved in any of his affairs, so three years ago when she demanded him to marry Cherise, he was livid.

But he loved his grandma and, at first glance, thought Cherise was attractive. She was the first woman to make him feel any desire. He thought she would be good enough as a bed warmer but hated the rest of her.

Cherise chose to keep quiet again. She didn't know why Agatha chose her for Hudson, for she had hidden her background well.

"As you know, it is easier for people in our class to marry for connections. An heir to a powerful family marrying an heiress to a powerful one would no doubt strengthen and establish the power of both families; that is why parents prefer that for their children," Agatha explained, which Cherise nodded in response because she knew all about it.

“But I never wanted Hudson or Polly to be used as a tool to strengthen the Amery Group’s stand in the upper class,” Agatha continued. “They are my grandchildren. They are human beings.”

Hudson’s lips thinned out. He never thought his grandma saw marriages of convenience in that way, but now that she said it, he didn’t want to be a tool.

Agatha then let out a long sigh. “But I realized by marrying you to Hudson, I was selfish and somehow made you a ‘tool’ indirectly.”

“I didn’t feel used,” Cherise reassured her. Not in the way Agatha intended, though she was used as a ‘tool’ by Dahlia, Polly, and Hudson in their own ways.

“I married my late husband out of love and that was what I wanted for my child and grandchildren,” Agatha kept continuing. “But Dahlia was scheming and drugged Hudson’s dad to impregnate herself, and as a gentleman, my son decided to marry her. That was how Hudson was born.”

Cherise couldn’t keep the surprise from her expression.

“You didn’t know, did you?” Agatha chuckled, and Cherise shook her head, while Hudson felt a pain in his heart. He didn’t want Cherise to know about his parents’ marriage or how he was conceived, but maybe if she knew, she could see why he used to detest her so much.

“Dahlia was a social climber and a gold digger. She never cares about Hudson or her marriage as long as she is Mrs. Amery. I saw how unhappy my son was, and I didn’t want my grandson or granddaughter to have such marriages.”

A flicker of sympathy for Hudson passed through Cherise’s heart. She always knew Hudson wasn’t close to his mom, but to know he wasn’t loved at all, that his mom chose reputation and money over her own child, was painful.

Cherise grew up in a loving family. Her grandparents love each other, her parents love each other as well, and they always showered Julian and her with love and affection; even Logan, who was adopted, was treated the same way.

That, in turn, made her love Julian and Logan, and they loved her as best as they could as well. It was all about showing familiar love in her family. She couldn’t imagine living with family members who didn’t love her.

“Hudson grew up without maternal love and saw how vain his mother was... Still is I supposed,” Agatha spoke again. “And trust me, I know my grandson, Cherise. He had a prejudice against women who came from... lesser backgrounds.”

Cherise didn't think too much about why Agatha used past tense in some of her words. Maybe Hudson had changed; perhaps the things that happened with Emely made him see some things differently, but she couldn't care less about it now.

She glanced at Hudson and saw the hurt in his eyes. She didn't know why Agatha was saying all these to her in front of him, but she must have her reasons, and Cherise could only listen silently.

"I know this does not excuse him for looking down on others, but this should give you an idea of why he thought you were a gold digger and how much he hated you because of it."

Cherise could only nod in response. She could understand it, but it still wouldn't and couldn't erase the hurt he inflicted upon her during their failed marriage.

"When I first met you, I knew from the start you are such a caring girl," Agatha continued since both Cherise and Hudson had nothing to say. "You helped an old lady you didn't know and stayed with me until Hudson arrived. You knew we were rich, and when I wanted to give you some money, you rejected me politely."

Cherise remembered the time. After she helped Agatha from falling down the stairs, she kept her company until Hudson arrived as Agatha had said, and that was when she fell in love with Hudson.

She realized now that she was a vain person, too. She fell in love with Hudson because of his physical appearance, but love could spring out of nowhere, and unfortunately, that turned out to be the beginning of her three-year living nightmare.

Agatha had wanted to transfer her some money to show her gratitude, but she declined because she didn't need it. Even if she were really poor, she still wouldn't accept it because she helped Agatha out of the goodness of her heart, and she really liked Agatha.

"With Hudson being brought up with less love than he deserved, he became this cold and aloof person that we all know, and I thought at that time, you could thaw his heart," Agatha finally explained why she chose Cherise as her granddaughter-in-law.

"I could see the love you had for him. Unlike his mother, I felt you would be good for him, not for his money, influence, power, or family name. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jobnib.com. Visit Jobnib.com to read the complete chapters for free. I thought he would feel your love and change – opening his heart and having a happy marriage full of love just like what I wanted him to have."

"I thought I could make him fall in love with me too..." The words escaped Cherise's lips in a whisper before she could stop them.

Hudson felt his heart being pierced again. If only his mother weren't a gold digger. If only she loved him. If only she loved his father like Cherise used to love him, then Hudson wouldn't have a strong prejudice and distaste for women far beneath their class.

Without the prejudice, at least he could judge love fairly, unlike what he had been doing before he realized he was in love with Cherise.

But his lips curled into a bitter smile. Who was he kidding? He was a grown man. He shouldn't blame everything on his mother. If he really wanted to, he could be nice to Cherise when they were married.

Even if he didn't love her back then, as her husband, he should not treat her like a sex doll whom he only used to have sex with.

He should even protect her from the bullying she received from his mother, sister, and friends.

But he didn't do it, did he? He did the opposite. He showed his hatred toward her, which propelled everyone to mistreat her. So, it wasn't because of her mother not loving him. Maybe partly it was because of it, but the most significant part was because he was simply a jackass.

He saw every woman with a lesser background as a gold digger, except Emely. They had been friends for so long, and she was the first girl to show him kindness and even save him from the car accident.

He projected his hatred for his mother onto every other woman, which was just so wrong, and it made him lose the chance to be in a loving marriage with someone who loved him for him.

He hated himself for being blinded by hatred toward his mother. He hated himself for treating Cherise who loved him so much with disgust.

But this only strengthened his resolve to get her back. He had done her wrong, and it was time for him to make it right by her.

"Is there any chance of you giving Hudson another chance?" Agatha asked, knowing she was pushing her luck.

As much as Cherise hated disappointing Agatha, she shook her head with no hesitation. "I'm sorry, Agatha, but I can't. He hurt me too much, and I don't want to deal with Dahlia, Polly, his friends, and Emely. I'm happy with my life now."

Agatha had expected as much, given how Cherise had been poorly treated, and now they have an additional scheming woman in their family named Emely.

As much as it saddened her, she knew if she were Cherise, she might most probably choose not to go back to his grandson.

“I understand,” Agatha patted her hand reassuringly and added when she saw the look of guilt on Cherise’s face. “Don’t feel bad about chasing your happiness.”

Cherise breathed in relief. “I’d like to visit you from time to time if you don’t mind.”

Agatha smiled at her and said, “Of course, I don’t mind. I’d love it.” Then she added, “Well, it’s getting late. I really enjoy our time together.”

Cherise and Hudson stood up at the same time. They knew Agatha needed to rest, so it was time for them to go.

“Thank you for having me here tonight and for the delicious dinner,” Cherise said as they hugged at the main door.

“Anytime, Cherise,” Agatha said and seemed to remember something. “Oh, it’ll be my birthday in a month. I hope you’ll attend.”

This time Cherise hesitated. She didn’t want to have too many interactions with Hudson or anyone connected to him except for Agatha.

As if being able to read her mind, Agatha added, “Don’t worry about my foolish grandson, granddaughter, Dahlia, or that other scheming woman. If they do something, you have my permission to fight back just like you did during the engagement party.”

Cherise couldn’t help but laugh. With those words, how could she reject the invitation?

“Alright, I promise I will come.” She nodded.

“And you can bring Julian and Logan. God knows my poor old eyes need something beautiful to look at.” Agatha winked at Cherise, making her laugh, and Hudson groaned.

“You might bring Katherine, Paula, and Tristan as well,” Agatha added. “I’d like to know your friends.”

“Should I be creeped out by you knowing about my life?” Cherise laughed.

“Gossip is my entertainment now,” Agatha laughed along with her.

They then said their goodbyes and Hudson got to finally hug his grandma and kissed her cheek while she whispered to him that she had done what she could do, the rest was up to him, and for him to drive safely.

Hudson and Cherise remained silent during the drive home.

When they reached their floor, Hudson handed her car key back and opened his mouth after not talking to her throughout dinner.

“Cherise, I’m sorry.”