

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

Chapter 8

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Miles was speechless. Didn't his boss just say they had divorced and had nothing to do with each other? What was the point of asking about it now?

"Well?" Hudson's fingers tapping the armrest could be heard clearly in the car's silence.

"Ma..." Miles quickly changed his way of addressing his boss' former wife, "Miss Cherise was burnt by the porridge she was cooking, and the hot pan also hit her."

Hudson couldn't help but frown. "She told you this?"

"No, Sir, I saw it myself," Miles replied and immediately regretted it because he knew he shouldn't have said it.

"You saw what happened between Cherise and Emely?" Hudson narrowed his eyes at Miles, making Miles swallow in nervousness as their eyes met through the rearview mirror.

Should he tell his boss the truth? But it'd show his mistress was the one who created trouble first!

"Speak!" Hudson demanded; the tapping of his finger became faster.

"I saw Miss Emely pulling Miss Cherise's arm, causing the pan to fall and the porridge to cover her," Miles explained. "Miss Cherise pushed Miss Emely in reflex, and you saw the rest yourself, Sir."

Hudson's finger stopped moving as he frowned once more. Emely caused trouble first?

"Did you hear what she was saying?" Hudson asked Miles.

“No, Sir. I had just arrived and saw it from afar.” Miles was standing near the front door and couldn’t hear their

conversation then.

“How was Cherise’s condition when you helped her?”

“She was covered in porridge.” Miles didn’t say anything else anymore. He knew his boss didn’t really care about his former wife.

But he was wrong!

When they reached the hospital, instead of going to Emely’s ward, Hudson asked him to lead him to the doctor who treated Cherise.

Since Hudson was a shareholder in the hospital, getting Cherise’s information was easy. When he saw the picture

of Cherise’s injuries, anger surged into his heart out of nowhere.

“Why didn’t you tell me she was badly hurt?!” Hudson thundered.

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Miles was sweating bullets and didn’t know what to say! He couldn’t possibly say ‘because you were caring for your mistress, Sir’!

Ultimately, he could only say helplessly, “You never cared about what happened to Miss Cherise, Sir.”

Hudson was stunned into silence. What his PA said was true. He never cared about Cherise during their marriage. He purposely went out early and went back late to avoid her. If he didn’t need sex, he wouldn’t even want to go back home.

Unfortunately, Cherise had a great figure, and every time they had sex, it was always satisfying for him, so he always went back home every night.

Then why did he care about her now? Was it because of Julian? The thought of Julian and Cherise really didn't sit well with him. He was sure they had been in contact before he and Cherise divorced, or their interaction wouldn't be so natural. Now he hated Cherise with a passion for cuckolding him!

Throwing the folder containing Cherise's information onto the table, Hudson turned around to go to Emely's ward.

To hell with Cherise!

He never cared about her; it was good that she was now his ex-wife. He could take care of Emely as he had promised his brother without needing any meddling or jealousy from a wife!

While Hudson's heart was in turmoil, Cherise was having the best time she had ever had after three years of having to serve her mother-in-law and sister-in-law.

She had just had the most sumptuous lunch, and although her grandpa had been furious after seeing her injuries, her brother had helped her to calm him down, and now she was in her room, just lazing around.

This was what her life should be. Being carefree and not serving anyone like a lowly servant! Cherise and her family had always treated their servants nicely, but when she was married to Hudson, she was always ordered around and kept being humiliated, even worse than a servant. And she stupidly obeyed them.

Still, due to her upbringing, she treated the Amery's servants nicely, and they, fortunately, didn't look down on her. They pitied her instead, which she also didn't like the feeling.

But now Cherise Alster, the heiress of the Alster family, was back! She shouldn't bow down to anyone anymore! Well... Maybe just to her grandfather and Agatha since she was lovely. And also to anyone who respected her.

Those who had looked down on her....beware. Cherise Alster always held grudges until she took revenge and was satisfied with the punishments they deserved.

Thinking of it, she searched for her laptop and fired it up, entering a string of code, bringing her to a black page with only one participant other than her.

Her white username, 'Q', blinked on the screen and suddenly she received a message on her screen.

Ace: Boss, is that really you?

Q: It's me. Is there any update?

Ace: You are alive! I thought you had died!

The corner of Cherise's lips twitched as she read the message. Really? Her subordinate thought she had died?!

Q: Are you cursing me?

Ace: No, no. Of course not, Boss. I'm just glad you are back. It's been three years since we last saw you online!

Q: I was married and needed to go off-grid.

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Ace: YOU WERE MARRIED?????

Cherise thought, 'Damn, I shouldn't have told him. She quickly typed another reply, asking him her previous question, but she should've known he wouldn't let the matter go.

Q: I'll tell you another day. Tell me of any new updates.

Jango: Unfortunately, there are none.

It happened many years ago. Even you, the best hacker in the world, couldn't find anything. Whatmore me, just a measly second-tier hacker *self-pity emoji*.

Cherise rolled her eyes. Her subordinate was such a drama queen.

Q: Keep trying.

Then she slammed her laptop screen, feeling frustrated that nothing had been found for many years.

Cherise closed her eyes, and the image of the boy who had sacrificed his life for her popped into her mind. It has been a long time, just like Ace said, and her memory of the boy started to get vague.

She was five years old when it happened, and he was only around twelve years old. She was startled when the

thought of the boy looking like Hudson flashed through her mind. But he couldn't be Hudson, as the police found his corpse.

It was her reason to keep investigating – to find justice for him and to find out the person behind it. Cherise sighed. Maybe she should ask Julian since she knew he had kept investigating, too...

At the hospital, Hudson entered Emely's ward and saw how her face lit up when she saw him. He scrutinized her to see any guilt in her eyes, but there was none.

Dragging a chair to her bedside, he slowly sat down.

Emely noticed his unusual behavior, and her heart somehow started to beat faster. "Hudson... What's wrong?"

Hudson leaned back and, for the first time, spoke with a cold and flat tone to her. "Emely, why did you provoke Cherise when you knew you were pregnant?"

Emely froze. Did that bitch tell him how she purposely banged her tummy so she would miscarry?

"Well?" Hudson's face was expressionless, but everyone could hear the impatience in his voice.

Emely snapped back to her senses, and tears started pouring from her eyes, making her look pitiful and even more fragile. "I didn't mean to. I was just asking her to cook me something else, but she turned me down and accused me of being a shameless mistress."

Hudson kept looking at her with his sharp gaze. He didn't know what to think. Could Chrise really be that coldhearted? She had always been meek and obedient; it seemed unbelievable for her to say such harsh things.

Seeing Hudson might not believe her, Emely cried harder and changed her tactic. "I'm sorry, Hudson. I should've told her the truth; then you wouldn't have to divorce."

Finally, Hudson sighed, and his entire countenance softened. "It wasn't your fault. Just don't provoke anyone anymore. I will take care of you, and you know it."

Emely looked at Hudson, and her tears had started to stop, her lips and eyelashes trembling slightly, looking as if she was so touched by his promise.

Just as Emely was to sigh in relief, Hudson asked her another question that made her tremble in fear and nearly lose her acts and composure.

"Why did you leave us a long time ago? Why did you break up with my brother and leave the country? Who helped you?"