

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

## Chapter 9

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Why did she leave them?

"I—I—

I..." Emely stammered for a while and acted pitiful again. "You know why, Hudson. I told you and Luis the

reasons."

"Because you feel you did not deserve to be with him due to the difference in our families' status?" Hudson repeated what Emely had told them a few years ago.

Emely looked down, her shoulders started shaking, and the sound of sobs could be heard from her before her soft voice replied, "Yes... I didn't want Luis to be looked down on because I come from a middle-class family."

Hudson's eyes flickered with unknown emotions as his lips thinned into straight lines. Why wouldn't she tell him the truth? Was she really a gold digger, just like his grandma said?

"Are you sure you don't want to tell me the truth, Emely?" Hudson asked; the atmosphere in the ward turned slightly chilly.

Emely froze momentarily. The truth? Did he really know the truth? But how? No one knew about it except...

"My grandmother told me how she gave you millions to leave us and disappear," Hudson stated coldly.

Emely's hands clutched the blanket unconsciously. It was really that old witch! She promised not to tell anyone about it if she disappeared, yet what did she do now? Emely thought after she married Hudson, she needed to teach that old witch a lesson!

For now...

She let her tears flow harder and lifted her face. Looking aggrieved, she cried, "I knew your grandma didn't like me, so I took the money but didn't use it for myself. I gave it to my parents so they could live better."

Hudson kept watching her with his sharp gaze, his lips still thinning out.

"I'm sorry, Hudson. You know I really love your brother. If I didn't love him, I wouldn't reach out to him again... I shouldn't have accepted the money, but I had no other choice," Emely kept blaming herself.

"I was already insecure, and my parents could live better with the money, so I... I..." she purposely didn't finish her words and wiped the tears from her face with the back of her hands.

"You don't have to take care of me if you think I'm bad. I won't blame you for it," she smiled and pretended to be strong.

As she had expected, Hudson softened as he heard her words. Every man she had been with was all easily manipulated, and the Amery brothers were no exception. She had long mastered the way to make men fall in love with her, knowing when to advance or retreat.

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Hudson took her hands, squeezing them lightly, gazing straight into her eyes. "Don't overthink it. I just needed to know the truth. And I won't break my promise to Luis."

Emely shook her head, still pretending to be strong. "You don't have to do that. You'll remarry, and I don't want to impose on your marriage or be called as a..." she bit her lower lip before continuing, "a mistress."

Hudson fell silent; his eyebrows started to knit together. No one knew what he was thinking until he blurted out, "I'll marry you."

Miles, who was in the room, nearly stumbled over nothing while Emely looked shocked.

“I need to have a wife, and I’ve promised Luis to take care of you,” Hudson explained plainly. That would be like throwing two birds with one stone, he thought to himself. People wouldn’t think twice if he went anywhere with Emely since he would marry her. That would be the best solution for his promise to his dead brother.

“Are... Are you sure, Hudson?” Emely was shouting with joy in her mind, but she acted hesitant.

“Yes,” Hudson answered without skipping a second.

“But what about... your grandma?” Emely looked troubled over the thought.

“Don’t worry about her. I’ll take care of it,” Hudson replied.

At that moment, the doctor and a nurse came into the ward.

“There should be no complications. You can be discharged soon, but you’ll still need to rest for two weeks because you’ve just had a miscarriage,” the doctor explained with a smile.

“Thank you, doctor,” Hudson replied with his usual stoic demeanor.

After the doctor left, Emely tugged on Hudson’s sleeve. “Hudson, about our marriage...”

Hudson patted her hand before releasing it from his shirt. “We’ll get engaged after you get better.”

Miles, who had been standing silently like a statue, looked at his watch and let out a cough to get the attention of

his boss.

Hudson knew what he wanted to say, so he stood up, saying, “Rest well here for a few more days. I need to go to the company now.”

Emely nodded like a gentle and obedient wife, not forgetting to remind Hudson to take his meals on time because he was working too hard.

Hudson nodded in answer and left the room with Miles tailing behind him.

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Looking at his boss straight back, he couldn't help but pity Cherise. Everyone loved Cherise. She was friendly and gentle. She always treated everyone fairly and never looked down on anyone, even if they were maids. And everyone knew how much she loved Hudson.

Now, his boss had brought a pregnant mistress out of nowhere, divorced her, and planned to get engaged soon to the said mistress. If he were Cherise, he would feel even more brokenhearted, Miles thought. His boss was really heartless!

They went into the car and drove to the company. Hudson knew there were company matters he needed to deal with, but suddenly, the pictures of Cherise's injuries came to mind, and he wondered how she was doing.

When they were married, Cherise always complained, even if she had a simple paper cut. Wouldn't she cry with such serious burn injuries now?

But then the scene of Julian telling him about Cherise's wounds popped into his mind, and his heart turned into stone again. He shouldn't really care about his ex-wife anymore. No matter how uncomfortable he felt, she had nothing to do with him anymore!

Emely, lying alone in the ward, was ecstatic with how things turned out. She didn't even need to try hard to make Hudson marry her! He proposed the idea himself and even faster than she thought.

She took her phone and dialed a number she had memorized. "He has agreed to marry me," she said anxiously once the call was connected.

A man's voice sounded from the other side with just one word, "Good." Then, the call was hung up.

Emely breathed in relief. At least she finally succeeded in achieving her goal. That man shouldn't bother her anymore.

With the thought of marrying Hudson, she started scrolling through her phone for anything related to weddings with a huge smile on her face.

In the comfort of Julian's mansion, Cherise didn't know how Hudson had proposed to marry Emely. After she checked her wounds, which had already started to heal, thanks to the magic ointment, her phone rang, and she smiled as she saw the caller's name flashing on her phone screen.

"Darlingg~~" A sing-song sweet voice sounded right away when she picked it up.

Cherise was speechless. Three years had passed, and one of her best friends, Erika Sterling, still hadn't changed.

"Why didn't you tell me you are back to your family?" Erika accused.

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"I was just about to call you," Cherise smiled. It was nice to finally hear her friend's voice again.

"And I hear you've divorced that asshole!" Erika squealed.

Cherise smiled helplessly. Was everyone happy that she had divorced Hudson? Did they not think about how it would affect her reputation after being a divorcee?

"Oh, pish posh. You are the heiress of the Alster family! There will be many guys wanting to marry you despite you being a divorcee," Erika said as if she could read her mind.

Cherise shook her head and chuckled. "How are you, Erika?"

"I'm beat," she whined. "You gave me too much work, and Logan is even more exhausted than me!"

Cherise didn't really feel guilty because she knew Erika was just being a drama queen.

"As compensation, we should hang out at the newest club tonight, and you need to pay for everything!" Erika

coerced her.

A nightclub? It had been three years since Cherise went to a club. She used to love dancing, so it might not be a

bad idea.

"Alright," Cherise agreed.

"Great!" Erika exclaimed with joy. "I'll ask Logan to come with us too. Don't forget to wear a sexy dress. See you

tonight, darling-"

"Cherise, can I come in?" Julian knocked on her door just after Cherise hung up her call with Erika.