

## NEXT ONE IS A BABE

### Chapter 12 My Girlfriend

Sophia wasn't surprised that the man was stunned after she smiled. She knew she was pretty, and even John acknowledged it.

The man noticed his rude behavior, so he smiled sheepishly. "Won't your family get worried you come out alone?"

"My family, huh?" I don't have a family, so they won't worry. Her parents had fled when she was a child, leaving her to fend for herself all these years. They were dead to her, so the only ones she could call family were the Constances, but now that John had divorced her, she lost them, too. For a split second there, she fell into a trance.

But it was in that split second that she heard a familiar voice. "Hey, there are a few spots here. What do you

think?” Sophia looked back and saw Zack, while John was behind them, though John had someone else by his side now.

Sophia only took a glance at the woman beside him, then she looked away. The woman was wearing a revealing mini skirt, her fair, long legs visible, rocking a spaghetti strap tank top, and she had some great assets, but she wasn't as good-looking as Sophia.

Zack didn't care how many people were here around the table, facing Sophia as he insisted, “Hey, lady, I see you have a few spots here. We'll take it if you don't mind.” There were six of them here, so if Zack, John, and the lady with him were to sit here, there wouldn't be enough space. Sophia looked at Zack like he was an idiot. Doesn't he feel embarrassed? He's exaggerating things.

The man beside Sophia noticed the impending crisis, so he waved Zack down. “We’re out of spots here, so you can’t sit here. There are more seats there though.”

Zack ignored him. “Eh, we’ll just bring two more chairs here. We want to sit here.” Then he looked back. “Come here, boss. The view’s nice here.”

Yeah, right, Sophia thought. You can’t even see the stage. There are pretty women up there performing, but you can’t see them from here. As if the view’s nice. Zack was a master liar, then he took two chairs to the table. John didn’t refuse him, so he followed suit.

Sophia looked at John and nodded politely. It was easier pretending to be strangers than friends. Coming along with them was the woman beside John. The four women who were here to begin with looked

at each other, then they left huffing and puffing.

Well, at least now we have space.

Zack wanted to have John sit beside Sophia, but John was quicker. He sat down two chairs away from Sophia, leaving one space between them, which his companion took. Sophia was still leaning back and watching the show.

Zack sat across from Sophia and asked, “Are you here by yourself, lady?”

Before Sophia could answer, the man beside her interrupted, “No, we’re here together.”

Oh, I think he mistakes Zack as another guy hitting on me. Sophia sipped from her glass, a smile dancing on her lips.

Zack was surprised, then he glanced at Sophia, then at John. John was looking at the stage, just like Sophia was, but Zack couldn't care about that now. He gave Sophia a look and asked, "Is that so? You two look alike. Are you siblings?"

Sophia almost chuckled, then the man beside her said, "No. She's my girlfriend."

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