

## NEXT ONE IS A BABE

### Chapter 2 A Long Time Coming

The question took her by surprise, but she smiled. “I don’t really want to ask. You must have been dying to get this divorce, and I could feel it.” Sophia was already prepared for this ever since they were married. She knew their married days were numbered, but it came a bit quicker than she’d imagined. It hadn’t even been two months since Old Mr. Constance’s passing, and John was already getting the divorce.

John was surprised by her answer, but only for a moment, then he snorted. The lack of explanation made Sophia think she hit the bullseye. John puffed a few more times and put out the remainder of his cigarette in the ashtray. Instead of continuing the topic, he asked, “What’s your plan now?”

Sophia pondered. “Plans? Nothing for now. I just want

to go around for some sightseeing.” She was worried about what would happen after the divorce, for everyone would laugh at her, especially when the reason she was married to him in the first place was rooted in superstition.

She was married off to the Constance Family as a ward. Old Mr. Constance was declining, so he forced John to marry her in a desperate attempt to bring luck and overturn his condition. Sophia remembered that John was unwilling to do this, but because he was fettered by his morality and familial ties, it was impossible for him to reject this outright.

John resigned to his position and married her reluctantly. A human ward was superstition, of course, and in the end, all it did was delight Old Mr. Constance, but it didn't help with his condition. He suffered a lot longer than he had to, and in the end, he passed anyway. It hadn't been a year since then,

so Sophia could imagine the mockery she had to endure. Going into hiding is a good idea. She looked down at her glass of water. “I’ll come back in a couple of months to pay my respects.”

John thought about it. “Call Zack if you need anything. He can help you.” Zack was John’s assistant who had been working for John for a long time now. He was responsible for all of John’s work-related matters and the occasional personal matter.

Sophia didn’t refuse his offer. “Okay, then. I won’t be holding back.” When the cuisines were served, Sophia dug in without a care. She didn’t say anything, for she didn’t know what to say. They didn’t communicate much in their short-lived marriage, aside from the occasional after-dark fun on the bed. Now that they were divorced, the gap between them became a chasm, and they had even fewer shared

topics.

John didn't seem to have much appetite, so he stopped after a few bites, but Sophia ignored him and kept on eating. The impulsive order earlier came to bite her in the back, for it was too much for her. Sophia couldn't take another bite after only having half of the food. She leaned back on the chair and rang for the waiter. When he came, she pointed at the food. "Pack all of these for me."

All those who had their meals in this hotel were famous figures, so it was rare for someone to pack their food up. The waiter was surprised about this request, but John said, "Pack it up."

"Of course. Please give me a minute." The waiter felt awkward.

When the waiter went to take the packing box, John

stared at Sophia, much to her discomfort. “What? Did I embarrass you?”

John snorted and didn’t answer that. Instead, he asked, “I never asked you this, but why did you marry me in the first place?”

Sophia blinked. “Because you’re rich.” Before he could say anything, she added, “But then I thought there are a lot of people who are richer than you.”

John arched an eyebrow. “Is that why you agreed to the divorce so readily?”

To that, Sophia only replied with a smile. The waiter then came back and packed up their food. After that, she took the boxes and left with John. John had to go somewhere else, so he hailed a ride for Sophia. After entering the taxi, through the car window, she asked, “What about you?”

“What about me?” John frowned.

“Why did you marry me in the first place?” she asked.

He looked at her calmly. “Because you’re pretty.”

However, before she could laugh, he added, “But then I realized there are a lot of women prettier than you.”

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