

NEXT ONE IS A BABE

Chapter 4 Wicked Drunk

That night, Sophia did some charming makeup. During her days in the Constance Residence, a lot of people disliked her because she was a normie, and the reason for her marriage was ridiculous, so she led a careful life. Thanks to that, a smoky makeup now was enough to make her feel reborn. She chose a slightly sexy dress and looked at herself in the mirror, satisfied with her look. Then she hailed a ride and went to the biggest bar in town.

The bar was huge, enough for it to be split into a few sections across the different levels. There was a dance floor in the common area, and it was filled with customers there. Sophia looked around and saw a business area in a corner, which dissuaded her from going. Everything there is about business. Boring with a capital B.

Sophia went to an empty seat in the common area and sat down. When the waiter came to take her order, she called for two bottles of wine and a fruit platter. Then she leaned back on the sofa and sipped her wine while watching the other patrons dance. The light was glaring, and it blurred her vision, but Sophia could see that they were happy.

A moment later, she smiled. Sophia was richer than them, so of course she was happy. Then she called the waiter over to order a few snack platters. With the money John gave her and the dividends every month, she could live her life without working for a day.

After she had a bottle of beer, someone came to hit on her. She was good-looking, and she was alone, so anyone would come for her.

The man sat before her. "Alone?" Sophia squinted at

him. The man was in a casual tee, and he looked decent.

Sophia knew everyone who came here was in search of fun, and they were pretty much open to anything. Instead of answering, she toasted that man and downed her wine, then the man responded in kind. She smiled at him and put her glass down, then he refilled it quickly.

At least that cheered her up a bit. She was confident in her looks, so if nobody came to hit on her after a whole night, it would impact her greatly.

Even so, she fell into a trance, thinking about what John might be doing. They were finally divorced, so she thought he might find someone to celebrate. That idea worsened her mood, so she added more booze.

At the same time, John was in a room in the business

section of the bar. There was a meetup today, but it wasn't a formal one. It was an interested collaborator whose overseas market was doing well. The Constance Family wanted to penetrate the overseas market, so if he could work with this guy, it would make that journey that bit easier. More importantly, the collaborator invited John out himself, so he wouldn't refuse.

The collaborator was a middle-aged man who seemed to be a regular here, but after making a token conversation about the collaboration, this man called a lot of ladies into the room. John disliked this borderline sexual activity, for he would always think about hypocrites who eschewed this openly but indulged in it secretly. Even so, he forced himself to have a few glasses of wine.

Mr. Wolfe grinned. "You seem to be unaccustomed, Mr. Constance."

“I don’t really come here a lot.” John smiled.

Mr. Wolfe swirled his glass, hinting at something.

“Have some wine, and it might cure that.”

John smiled and toasted Mr. Wolfe. This red wine was brought by him, and it tasted dry, but not inedible.

John wondered what brand of wine this was, for it didn’t taste too well. After drinking two glasses, he leaned back on the sofa and nudged back, pushing the lady in his embrace away.

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