

The Returning Ex Chapter 13

Now John looked back at Sophia. He was wearing an aloha shirt today. The collar was unbuttoned, revealing his collarbone underneath. Instead of his neatly combed hair, he was sporting a casual hairstyle today. John was mostly the aloof type, but now he looked more approachable.

Sophia noticed his look from the corner of her eye, but she kept on watching the show on the stage. John stared at her for a few moments, then he looked back at the stage. His companion looked at her too, but as a rival. Naturally.

Women are always hostile to their own. However, she relaxed after hearing the man calling Sophia his girlfriend. Zack was shocked to hear that, then he glared at Sophia, though she ignored him.

She didn't care what was going on on the stage, for her mood was ruined when John came here. After finishing her wine, she refilled it.

The bottle was near her, and when she went to take it, John looked at the bottle, but he said nothing. After watching the show for a bit, John's companion huddled together with him and mumbled something.

John leaned slightly toward his companion, though his eyes didn't leave the stage. A while later, the woman chuckled, while John smiled vaguely.

Sophia tried to not look at them, but even so, their interaction annoyed her. It was easy pretending they didn't know each other, but she was still unsettled by this. She looked somewhere else in an attempt to distract herself.

The sea unfurled itself before her, its waves crashing onto the ivory sands of the beach. She had never seen the sea in its true glory before, but thanks to her divorce, now she had the cash to come here.

The beach was getting rowdier after the waiters started serving the grilled meat to everyone. Some guests' dancing soul was lit up, so they performed around the bonfire. The man beside Sophia leaned closer. "Wanna grill some meat? Taking part yourself makes you feel accomplished."

Sophia glanced at him. "I prefer to have it already cooked. I'm lazy, after all."

John suddenly chuckled. The waves should have covered it, and it wasn't too loud either, but Sophia heard it. It stung her, reminding her of what he used to say.

John complained about her skills in bed, saying she was too lazy and passive about it. He only blurted that out whenever he was drunk, though.

Sophia closed her eyes. It's pointless thinking about that. She stood up. "Why don't we go and take a look?"

The man smiled and stood up. "Let's go, then." He thought Zack had a thing for Sophia, so he wanted to leave this place.

When they came to the bonfire, the hotel staff quickly handed them some meat skewers, but Sophia didn't take them. "I'll just watch."

The man took it though. "I'll do it. I'll grill it for you."

"How should I call you?" Sophia looked back at him.

The man smiled. "Trevor Cohen. Just call me Trevor. I might have been a bit rude talking to that guy. I hope you didn't mind."

Sophia knew he was talking about him saying he was her boyfriend. "It's fine." She shook her head, since nobody would believe it either.

Zack kept staring at them. A few moments later, he approached John. "Boss, the madam is—" John glanced at him, and he changed his tune. "Sophia is such a slut!" Zack said angrily.