

# The Returning Ex Chapter 17

Sophia was woken up by the pain that night. Her stomach was burning, while she felt awfully nauseous. In a daze, she climbed out of her bed and stumbled toward the bathroom.

She clutched her stomach all the way through and didn't turn on the lights. Sophia rummaged around by memory until she got to the basin, then she puked. Instinctively, she thought it was bile. The light switch was right beside her, so she turned it on, but what greeted her was a horror scene filled with blood.

She closed her eyes. This wasn't the first time this happened, so she didn't panic. Sophia turned on the faucet to drain her blood out, then she gurgled. A moment later, she went back to her bed, still feeling dreary.

She took her phone from beside the pillow and checked the time. One in the morning. Sophia inexplicably felt like laughing. If I die here right now, nobody will probably find out.

All her fear, anger, and sadness welled up, but Sophia pushed through them. She lay down on the bed, planning to tough this out until morning, but ten minutes later, the nausea attacked again.

She quickly went to the bathroom, and after another round of puking, she thought this would kill her. Stumbling and wobbling, Sophia quickly went back to her bed, thinking she should call Zack, for only he could help her here.

Her stomach was churning badly, and she broke out in cold sweat. With shivering hands, she opened her contacts and squinted at the names. After finding Zack's number, she called him.

The phone started beeping, so she put it down and curled up with her hands on her stomach. It only took a few seconds for Zack to pick it up, but it felt like an eternity.

"Hello?" He sounded hoarse.

Sophia took a deep breath. “Zack, I’m—” Before she could speak, the wave of nausea washed over her again, but Sophia held it together. “I’m feeling uncomfortable, so can you come over for a bit?” She sounded feeble, for it took everything she had to hold herself together.

“What’s wrong?” Zack asked.

Sophia started shivering from the pain, and she was drenched in cold sweat. “Just come over.” She couldn’t explain more to him, for the nausea was impossible to hold back now. She made a run for the bathroom and vomited blood everywhere.

Sophia started seeing stars.

Her stomach had always been in bad condition, and vomiting up blood happened a few times. The doctor had told her to take it slow, for her condition was hard to deal with, especially when it had been there for years.

She was suddenly reminded of how much alcohol she consumed over the past two days. It wasn’t much, though certainly a bit more than what she was used to. Damn. All I want is just an outlet to vent after my divorce, and my body can’t even take it.

Two times. It was two times, and this is the feedback it gives me. She held the basin, while black spots started appearing.

It was a short trip back to the bed, but she had no idea how she managed it. All she remembered was how loud Zack was shouting when she came back to the bed.

“Sophia! Can you hear me?!” Sophia wanted to say yes and tell him he was loud, but she had no strength for that. Zack booked this hotel for her, and he knew her room number, so there was nothing to worry about. She curled up and closed her eyes, then she sighed.

John knew her room number too, for Zack the loose lips told him about it when he came back from the beach. Thus, John went to the reception without even bothering to change. Sophia sounded off in the end, then nobody replied when they called out to her.

There was a receptionist working at this hour, so he quickly led John to Sophia’s room with the card in hand. When they opened the door, John saw that the bathroom’s light and the bedside lamp was on.

She was curled up on her bed, her hair and face drenched with sweat. John quickly went up to her. “Sophia? Sophia!” Sophia didn’t react, and she was deathly pale.