

The Returning Ex Chapter 18

John didn't know Sophia had this condition. Even though they were married for a year, he didn't know much about her. John quickly picked her up while the staff called a car over to send Sophia to the hospital.

She woke up for a bit when they were about to get to the car, but she puked all over John the moment she opened her mouth, and it was all blood.

Shocked, John quickly wiped her mouth. "Sophia! Wake up, Sophia! Can you hear me?!"

Sophia squinted at him, feeling as if she was dreaming. "John? Can't you stay out of my dream?"

John frowned. "What happened?"

Sophia smiled. "My stomach's acting up. It's been this way for a long time now." She leaned closer to him. She was dreaming anyway, so she could do whatever she wanted.

Then, she even hugged him. "Why can't you be nicer to me in real life, John?" I wouldn't have given up so easily if you were that bit nicer.

John froze up. The driver was trembling when he saw Sophia spewing blood everywhere, so he quickly drove them to the hospital. Exhausted, Sophia drifted to sleep in John's arms.

She was sent to the emergency room and went under an endoscopy test. Her stomach was filled with nothing but blood, caused by internal bleeding at a few points. Sophia was still out after the checkup, so she was admitted to a ward.

John's shirt was covered in Sophia's blood, so he called Zack, asking him to send his shirt here, much to Zack's confusion. "Your shirt? You're with Sophia?"

It's late now though, so I don't think I can make it. It's the same thing if I do it tomorrow, no?" Zack took this the wrong way and thought John stayed over at Sophia's room.

John lowered his voice, saying, "I'm in the hospital. Sophia's hospitalized."

Zack leaped up from his bed. "Whoa, you guys took it so far?" He sounded incredulous.

John closed his eyes, frustrated. "Stop talking and take my clothes for me. I'm in my pajamas now."

Mumbling murmurs of assent, Zack quickly stood up. "Right away, boss. Right away."

He hung up and went inside the ward. Sophia was lying on the bed with an IV drip beside her. She was still unconscious, her face pale.

This was a VIP ward, so they had everything here. John sat down on the sofa and stared at Sophia for a while before looking away.

He scrolled through his phone for reports on the finance world, then John opened his Facebook. He didn't have many friends there, since he changed the settings.

All the people on the list were his good friends and family—with Sophia on the list, too. He didn't know when she was added, but he knew he didn't do it.

Sophia posted two photos. The lighting was good, and she looked adorably clean, just like a fresh graduate. John looked at it for a moment and unfriended Sophia. They were divorced now, so cutting ties was the most appropriate course of action.