

The Returning Ex Chapter 5

John wasn't in the mood to do anything today, for he was haunted by a feeling of frustration ever since he had lunch with Sophia.

When he was back in his office, he didn't read the documents he was supposed to either, and what his grandfather told him before his passing rang in his mind. He told John to take care of Sophia, to which John agreed, but in the end, they still got divorced.

He heaved a sigh. This divorce was going to happen one way or another, so he didn't regret it. Ever since they were married, he was looking forward to this day, for it wasn't his idea to marry Sophia. He felt guilty though, toward his late grandfather.

A few more glasses of wine later, John became more frustrated. He felt uneasy for some reason, and in his confusion, John thought about Sophia, but not about the divorce. Instead, he was taken back to many nights ago when Sophia was taking his pounding. He quickly shut his eyes and started sweating. I think I know what's wrong with me.

Mr. Wolfe was in the mood now, so he caressed the lady's hand. "Why don't we go somewhere else?"

John slowly opened his eyes and smiled. "Sure."

Even though he wasn't in his best condition, John had to be composed. Luckily, it was cooler outside, so it eased John up a bit. After exiting the room, he texted the driver, asking him to come over quickly.

Mr. Wolfe was ahead of him, holding a woman in his arms. Buoyed by the atmosphere, he even hummed. They went past the dance floor after exiting the business section, and they were just in time for the climax of the night.

The spectators were buzzing with excitement, for the dancers were starting to strip, much to Mr. Wolfe's interest. "Well, they do know how to throw a party." He smacked his lips.

John looked at the dance floor, but then he looked further ahead and saw Sophia chatting with another man behind the dance floor. He had to squint to recognize her, for Sophia looked totally different with her getup today.

He stared at her for a long while, but she didn't notice him. It had been a few glasses of booze since then, so she was tipsy, but not drunk.

Her unfocused eyes didn't escape the man before her, so he went to sit down beside her. "Are you drunk?"

"No." Sophia smiled. She could still remember the things she wanted to forget, so she wasn't drunk.

The man put his hand on her leg. "Why don't I bring you somewhere to sober up?"

She looked down at his hand before staring up into his face, then she shook her head. "No." No matter how she looked at him, John was leagues ahead of this man. Thanks to him, she wondered if she could fall for any other man after their relationship had ended.

Oblivious to her thoughts, the man tried to hold her face. "Let's go. I'll bring you somewhere fun."

However, before he could touch her face, someone grabbed his hand. I must be hearing things, Sophia thought. "You never think before you leap, don't you?"

John mocked. John? She slowly looked up, and even though her vision was blurred, she could still see his face clearly. John was still as aloof as ever, but now he was scoffing at her.