

The Returning Ex Chapter 6

Everything after Sophia came out of the bar was a blank for her. It wasn't after she puked did things become clearer to her. She took the glass of water John gave her and gurgled before standing up, the fog in her mind cleared. "God, that felt better."

John was leaning against his car as he lit his cigarette and unbuttoned his collar. "Get in right now if you're feeling better. I'm leaving," he hissed. The night might be cool, and it might have eased his frustration, but it was still there.

Sophia leaped up, shocked. "John? Why are you here?"

John puffed and frowned. "If it wasn't for me, you would have been sleeping with a random guy."

Sophia stood up and looked around, noticing that she was at her home's doorstep. She looked at John. "So you went to the bar earlier? Were you the one who brought me back?"

John said nothing. He wanted to ask his driver to send her home, but with how drunk she was, John's driver was worried something might spiral out of control, so John had to do this himself.

Sophia was less than thrilled. So this guy went to celebrate after all. Her anger was fueled further by the alcohol she drank, so Sophia went ahead and leaned against him, smirking. "So, were you trying to catch a fling too?"

John noticed what she was trying to say, and he looked into her eyes. "Too?"

Sophia smiled, and she was all the sexier for her makeup. John had taken off his jacket, revealing the white shirt underneath. She never used to be this daring, but now Sophia was tugging at John's belt, her tone suggestive. "You messed up my fling, so what now?" Then, she started pulling out his tucked-in shirt.

He quickly held her hand and looked at her. Now the alcohol was working its magic, fueling his flame of lust that had abated earlier. He took a deep breath and gazed at her. "Do you know what you're doing, Sophia?"

Sophia chuckled. "Of course, I do. Why? Don't you?"

After a while, John smiled. He tossed his unfinished cigarette away and cupped her chin. "Were you going out with a fling in mind today?"

As Sophia gazed at him, the feeling of dejection sprang up within her again. She loved this man for a long time now, but even though they were married, he still ran away from her in the end. She had nothing to lose now, so Sophia stood on tiptoe and pecked his lips. "Yeah. Why else?"

It was only a split second later, and John held her in his arms. "Great. You'll be getting what you came for." Sophia gasped and held his neck, while he strode into the house.

It was fingerprint-locked, but luckily Sophia didn't delete his identification data, so with one hand holding her, John unlocked the door and went inside.

Everything after that was a blur for her, but when they were about to get down to things in the bedroom, she suddenly pinned him down. There was a burning question in her heart which she longed the answer for. "Have you cheated on me when we were married, John?"

"No." He lay on the bed, his gaze deep, his voice hoarse.

Satisfied, she quickly went ahead with the main event, but she wasn't really great at this sort of thing, so she grunted, feeling defeated. She didn't know how she should continue with this, but luckily, John took the reins.

We just got divorced today, and now we do this? Is this really a good idea? Not that we're stopping anyway though. Under the influence of alcohol, Sophia drifted to sleep, but John stayed awake. He looked up at the ceiling in the dark, his eyes sunken.

A while later, she turned around and moved around like she used to do. After finding where John was, she leaned closer to hug him before resuming her sleep. John didn't move, but he started to frown.

A moment later, he pushed her away and went to take his phone to call Zack. After the call went through, he said, "I want you to look into the deal with Focker. See if he spiked the wine he brought today."