

# The Returning Ex Chapter 1

It was Valentine's Day—a day for love—but ironically, Sophia and John were about to get divorced. Couples crowded before the marriage registration counter, a stark contrast to the one for divorce. Sophia peered at the counter for a while and smiled bitterly. Well, at least we don't have to queue up. It's a good day to get divorced, in a way.

John took a while to arrive, and Sophia saw him right when he entered. Sophia felt smug, for even though she wasn't the one who proposed the divorce, at least she didn't cling onto him. Instead, she was even happy to cooperate at this point. No matter how she looked at it, at least her dignity was still intact.

John came over to her and frowned. "How long have you been here?"

"Quite a while now. I didn't expect you to be late." Sophia smiled.

John grunted. "An emergency meeting came up, so I got delayed."

"Let's go, then. There's no line here." Sophia nodded.

They had signed the divorce agreement, and John was generous enough to provide her with enough alimony as well as some shares of the company. He had also given her some of his properties too. Since they were childless, there were no arguments in this area, so the process went without a hitch.

When their marriage certificate was taken away and replaced by a divorce certificate, Sophia stared at it for a while and fell into a trance. This is it, huh? As fast as the day we were here for our marriage certificate. Marriage and divorces were easy, but love wasn't.

Sophia knew John had never loved her, so when he proposed the divorce, it only took her a moment to agree. No point trying to grab onto someone who doesn't love you. She wasn't that type of woman.

John stared at the divorce certificate for a long while, then he stood up and looked at her. "It's lunchtime, so let's grab a bite."

Sophia paused and gave him a smile. "Sure. Let's have our breakup meal." John peered at her before leaving, while Sophia heaved a sigh before following him out.

They went to a five-star restaurant, and Sophia had to admit that this breakup meal was lavish. Sophia was unsettled about the divorce, but she didn't want to show it explicitly. There was, of course, another way to do that, so after taking the menu, she stared at the prices, then said, "It's your treat, right?"

His head lowered, John took out a box of cigarettes and pulled a cigarette out. "I gave you a ton of cash, and you can't even treat me to one meal?"

Sophia snorted. "Of course, I can't. I have no job, no skills, and no income stream, so I have to save whenever I can."

John held his cigarette in his mouth. "The dividend I pay you every month should be enough for your expenses."

"Just tell me whether it's your treat." Sophia looked up at him.

"It is." He grinned. "Mind if I do it?" He arched his eyebrow.

He was referring to him smoking, and Sophia looked at his cigarette. He never smoked in front of me. Wow, does he change quickly, and it hadn't been two seconds since we got divorced. She retracted her gaze and looked at the menu. "No, I don't." Then, Sophia turned to the waitress. "Give me all of the most expensive stuff here."

The waiter was shocked. "Are you sure? There's a lot of them."

John was lighting up his cigarette, and he didn't even glance at what Sophia ordered. "Yes, so get going."

The waiter smiled awkwardly. "Of course. Do please give us some time to prepare."

John smoked deep, then he puffed it out. He gazed at Sophia for a quiet while before asking, "You haven't asked me why I wanted this divorce."