

# The Returning Ex Chapter 7

John was already gone when she woke up the next day. She scratched her head in perplexion, for her memory was fragmented, though she could still remember how she got it on with her ex-husband last night.

Wow, am I really this perverted? We just got divorced, and then we f\*ck? I thought this only happens in novels! She then remembered Googling what a divorcee should do to relieve the pain, but while she scoffed at having a one night stand, she ended up doing it anyway.

Sophia flung the blanket open to look at her crotch. She could vaguely remember how hard John pounded her last night, and the sex felt fun because it was illegal.

She dragged herself to take a bath, then when she was done, her phone rang. Sophia quickly went to take the call, and Zack told her he had booked her a ticket to Tri Asel.

The location didn't matter to her. "Sure. When's the flight scheduled?"

Zack said, "Tomorrow morning. Thought you said the sooner the better. How's this for size?"

Sophia nodded. "Sure. Best time slot for me. Send me the exact time, and I'll travel to the airport tomorrow."

Zack hung up without saying he would send her off, then he texted her the flight details. Sophia sat on the bed and read through the text while she dried her hair.

After reading through it, she put her towel down and sighed. Sophia knew this would be a long trip for her, and when she came back, she would have probably gotten over John.

After dressing up a bit, she went to have her meal and bought a bouquet of flowers before going to Old Mr. Constance's grave. It was... grand, to say the least, for his family had spent a lot on it.

She came up to the tombstone and put the flowers before it. "Hey, Grandpa. Hope everything is well for you up there. There's something I need to tell you.

John and I... Well, we got divorced." Then she added, "I don't blame him though. He couldn't fall for me no matter how hard he tried. I know it's torture living your life with someone you don't love, so this is for the best. He gave me a lot of money, enough to live a good life."

He looked fierce in the photo, but Old Mr. Constance was an approachable man, and he treated her the best in the whole family. She teared up, but Sophia didn't allow herself to cry. He can't rest in peace if he sees me crying.

She then told him she would embark on a long trip, but she would eventually come back, even if it took decades. Sophia even told him she would bring some souvenirs back for him. After talking for a bit, she left.

There wasn't much to pack even if she wanted to. Sophia hadn't stayed here for too long, so there weren't many things here. Besides, taking too much baggage with her on a trip was less than ideal.

In the end, she didn't even fill up a small luggage. Sophia sat on the bed, deliberating if she should call John. Eventually, she decided to call him.

He should be resting at this hour. Quickly, the call went through. "Yes, do you need anything?" He sounded formal.

Sophia was about to talk about last night, but his formal tone killed her mood. After a few moments of pause, she said, "Nothing. I just want to tell you I'm leaving tomorrow, and I might be off for a long time, so this is goodbye."

"I know," John replied coolly.

Sophia pouted, feeling insulted. She was about to retort when a woman said, "John?" Shocked, she quickly hung up, but a moment later, she held her phone, looking defeated. It's just a woman, so why did I get so nervous? Why did I hang up? She thumped the bed.