

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 101

Sophia's POV

"Sophia, how about joining us for a stroll in the park this morning?" Grandpa George suggested as he joined us. "If you don't have to go yet, it would be great for you to join us. It's Evelyn's daily exercise, and she could use your help."

"I'd love to," I replied, which made Evelyn smile widely and look quite eager to get started.

The three of us made our way to the park, the cool breeze carrying the promise of a beautiful day. As Grandma Evelyn practiced walking, she was unusually cheerful and talkative. She kept sharing stories of Sabrina, which I found entertaining.

"Her favorite part was always the slide," Grandma reminisced, her eyes glimmering with delight. "And she loved playing hide and seek with Elijah. They were inseparable."

The mention of Elijah brought a smile to my face. I could almost see him as a child, his eyes wide with excitement.

But amidst the warmth of Grandma's stories, a shadow of doubt lingered in my mind. Could really be Sabrina? Julia had the DNA results to prove it, after all. 1

Yet, as I spent more time with Grandma Evelyn and Grandpa George, I couldn't shake the feeling of connection I felt toward them. It's just really weird, I thought. Weird but comforting, somehow.

Lost in my thoughts, I barely noticed the time passing. Before I knew it, we were heading back to their house. I thanked them profusely and said that I had to be on my way because Reese was expecting me and I still had to go to the office for work. I was glad that Evelyn finally let me go, but not without asking me to come visit again soon.

After checking up on Reese, I left my apartment with peace of mind. I headed next to the office, my thoughts drifting to the projects awaiting me. The first person I encountered in the lobby of the building was none other than Julia.

Fate has a way of being funny, I thought sarcastically.

"Hey, Sophia!" Julia's voice was unusually warm, her smile wide and welcoming. How's Grandma Evelyn doing? I heard that you stayed at their house last night.

I nodded, a faint smile touching my lips. "Yes, I did. She's better now, thankfully."

“That’s so nice of you,” Julia exclaimed, her tone sincere. But as her eyes searched mine, I couldn’t help but feel a hint of doubt. Was her kindness genuine, or was there something else behind it?

Inside my head, guilt gnawed at me for even entertaining such thoughts. Julia was supposed to be my friend, after all. And the plagiarism issue that had put a gap between us was already in the past.

“Chris mentioned that you also went to our childhood house,” Julia said slowly, seemingly leaning closer to check my reaction. “How did you find it?”

“Oh, very warm and cozy,” I answered genuinely. “It must have triggered so many memories for you.”

“Oh, yes, definitely,” she quickly replied. “And meeting Chris’s parents, our parents... That was quite life- changing for me! I never expected to feel the way I did, you know?”

I nodded, though I couldn’t really relate.

“So how come you never talk about your parents?” Julia’s curious question astonished me. “Since we knew each other way back in Paris, I haven’t heard you mention them.”

I could suddenly sense that she wasn’t just merely curious, but had a hidden agenda. Naturally, she was feeling threatened because Evelyn preferred me over her and kept insisting I was Sabrina.

I have no time for this, I thought impatiently. I need to go and work.

“It’s personal,” I eventually said, my voice firm but gentle, hoping to deflect her prying.

Julia’s expression shifted, and I could almost see the cogs turning in her mind. “You know, Sophia, sometimes I wonder if you’re really who you say you are,” she said, her voice low and contemplative.

I blinked, taken aback by her statement. “What do you mean?” I asked, my heart rate quickening.

Julia leaned in slightly, her gaze intense. “I mean, are you really Sophia?” Then she paused dramatically, her eyes narrowing at me. “Or are you Sabrina?”

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Sophia’s POV

Am I Sabrina? What kind of question is that, coming from Julia?

I gave her a puzzled look, remembering those moments when Elijah and I were just getting to know each other and I thought that he could really begin to care for me and eventually fall in love with me.

Apparently, he was just using me as a substitute for Sabrina, I thought bitterly. That's why he never learned to appreciate and truly love me.

"What do you mean, am I Sabrina?" I asked Julia, bewildered.

She blinked and suddenly looked flustered. She straightened her shoulders and replied, "I mean, you look like you really want to become Sabrina, you know. And that was probably the reason Elijah became attracted to you in the first place."

A crease formed on my forehead and I felt a surge of annoyance. "It doesn't matter, we're divorced already. And no, I don't intend on taking your place as Sabrina. I'm not sure why your grandmother keeps saying I'm Sabrina, but it's not who I want to be. I just want to be myself, thank you."

I could sense that she felt threatened, but it was odd how she seemed to be so jealous and suspicious. If she was the real Sabrina, then there was nothing to worry about, right?

"Why are you suspicious of me, Julia?" I could not help asking. "Everyone knows you're the real Sabrina."

The expression on her face turned sour. "Apparently not Grandma Evelyn and Elijah," she muttered with a hint of bitterness and sadness. "They're not acting like it."

My eyes widened and I didn't know what to say. But yes, I've definitely noticed that.

"Actually, maybe it's time for you to know that..." Julia trailed off.

I was just wondering what she was about to say when I heard someone calling me. When I turned around, I saw that it was Trevis.

"Hey, Sophia! Julia! Why are you still here in the lobby?" he asked. "We're having a staff meeting in a few minutes."

"Oh, right," I said sheepishly. "Sorry, I almost forgot. Let's go up now."

We all headed to the elevator while Trevis briefed us on the agenda for the meeting. At the back of my mind, I continued to wonder what Julia wanted to say before Trevis interrupted us. Well, maybe I'll get another chance to find out later.

After the meeting, we all went our separate ways. I headed to my own office where my assistant Lilith for my current project was already working.

I couldn't help but feel a sense of joy as I worked on the real estate design for Chris's grandparents, Evelyn and George. Spending time with them had been delightful, and I felt a deep connection to their love story and their success. As I envisioned the rustic, elegant house they desired, I knew it would be a perfect reflection of their journey.

Beside me, Lilith was meticulously organizing the samples and sketches. She glanced up at me, a smile tugging at her lips.

"You're in a good mood today, Sophia," Lily observed, her eyes twinkling with curiosity.

"This project always puts me in a good mood," I replied, my tone light. "It's hard not to be when you're designing something as special as this."

Just as I placed the final touches on a sketch, a knock sounded at the door. I glanced up to see Trevis, his usual confident demeanor softened by a genuine smile. He stepped into the room, his eyes scanning the spread of designs on the table.

"Sophia, these are incredible," Trevis said with admiration. "You've really outdone yourself."

"Thank you, Trevis," I replied, feeling a warm flush of pride. "Evelyn and George's story inspired me. I want this house to be perfect for them."

Trevis nodded, his expression thoughtful. He lingered by the table, examining each piece carefully. Then, he turned to me, his tone shifting to a more serious note.

"Sophia, there's something I need to discuss with you," he began, his eyes meeting mine.

"Sure, what's on your mind?" I asked, sensing the weight of his words.

"Julia approached me earlier," Trevis said slowly, choosing his words with care. "She expressed a strong interest in joining your design team for this project."

I blinked, the shock of his statement settling over me. Julia and Chris were siblings, and I knew Julia had been feeling threatened by my growing bond with their grandparents. Our earlier conversation replayed in my mind, and I couldn't shake the feeling that this was more than just professional interest.

"Julia wants to be part of this project?" I repeated, trying to mask my surprise.

"Yes," Trevis confirmed. "She believes her insights could be valuable, given her close relationship with Evelyn and George."

I took a deep breath, my thoughts racing. Despite the tension between Julia and me, I knew rejecting her outright could create more problems. Besides, if Evelyn and George wanted her involved, I had to respect that.

“Alright,” I said finally. “She can join the team.”

Trevis looked relieved, a hint of a smile returning to his face. “Thank you, Sophia. I think this will work out for the best.”

“I hope so,” I replied, my mind already buzzing with the potential challenges ahead. “Let’s make sure this project remains about Evelyn and George’s vision.”

“Agreed,” Trevis said, nodding firmly. “We’ll keep their wishes at the forefront.”

He was about to leave but then seemed to remember something. He stopped by the door and turned to me. “Oh, by the way, there’s an upcoming design conference in New York and I’ve decided to take two of my best designers with me you and Julia. “Oh, wow. I didn’t know whether to feel grateful and excited,

Julia. “Oh, I or to dread having to spend more time with Julia who seemed to have something against me.

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Sophia’s POV

I made my way down the narrow aisle of the airplane, scanning the seat numbers until I found mine. The anticipation of attending the design conference in New York with Trevis filled me with excitement and nervous energy.

Nevermind if Julia’s there. Hopefully she won’t be weird anymore.

Just as I was about to settle into my seat, a familiar voice stopped me in my tracks.

“Hi, Sophia!”

I turned, and there was Elijah, smiling at me. “Elijah? What are you doing here?”

He grinned, a hint of mischief in his eyes. “Business trip to New York. I heard about the design conference and thought I’d drop by. So Trevis and I booked our tickets together.”

Before I could respond, Julia, who had been walking behind me, piped up. “Well, isn’t this a coincidence? How about we switch places, Trevis?” She didn’t wait for a response, immediately taking Trevis’s seat next to Elijah.

I glanced at Trevis, who shrugged and gave me a reassuring smile. “Guess it’s you and me, Sophia.”

As we settled into our seats, I couldn’t help but feel a pang of discomfort watching Julia and Elijah together. Julia seemed overly enthusiastic, laughing at something Elijah said, her hand casually resting on his arm. I tried to focus on the in-flight magazine, but my eyes kept drifting back to them.

Trevis caught my eye and leaned in. “Don’t worry, Sophia. Elijah just thinks of Julia as his sister.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Oh, I’m not bothered at all...” I lied. Then I added curiously, “You seem to know them pretty well.”

Trevis chuckled. “That’s because I’ve been their friend since we were kids. Elijah and Sabrina have always been close, and I think it’s only now that he’s really seeing Julia as Sabrina. They’re just beginning to revive that bond. Maybe because they haven’t seen each other for decades.”

I didn’t say anything. It did seem like Elijah was becoming more comfortable now with Julia.

Trevis’s face lit up. “I remember there was a time Elijah got stuck in a tree trying to rescue Sabrina’s cat. He was up there for hours until the fire department came.”

I laughed, picturing a young Elijah clinging to a tree, a determined look on his face. “Sounds like Elijah.”

Trevis continued, sharing tales of their childhood adventures. There was the time they all tried to build a treehouse and ended up with a pile of wood and nails. Another story involved a summer camp prank war that escalated to epic proportions.

I had to admit, the stories were quite entertaining. But at the same time, I felt a twinge of envy that Elijah and I weren’t able to create many of our own happy memories. I could count with one hand our best memories together, and they weren’t even that happy.

It shouldn’t matter anymore, though. It doesn’t matter.

Eventually, Trevis and I talked about our different design projects, and I also shared with him the work I was doing with Kayla at Raven Media. Hence, my attention was diverted and I found myself enjoying the rest of the flight.

It wasn’t long before we landed in New York. It was a blur of noise, lights, and activity as we stepped off the plane. I was still adjusting to the sudden change from the calm of the airplane to the hustle and bustle of JFK Airport. My mind was swirling with the upcoming project, the new environment, and, of course, the presence of Elijah.

“There’s a service waiting for us,” Trevis announced, leading the way through the throng of passengers.

I glanced over at Elijah, who was walking beside Julia, and my heart did a peculiar flip. This trip had taken an unexpected turn when I found out Elijah was staying in the same hotel. I silently reprimanded myself for the foolish flutter in my chest.

We followed Trevis through the terminal, where a chauffeur was holding a sign with our names on it. The drive to the hotel was filled with polite chatter, but I mostly kept to myself, gazing out the window and admiring the new scenery.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” Elijah’s voice came softly from behind me, and I turned to find him looking at me with an amused expression.

“Yes, it really is,” I agreed, quickly turning back to the window. I needed to keep my mind focused on the project, not on the confusing feelings Elijah stirred in me.

The hotel was a towering structure of glass and steel, its lobby a symphony of modern luxury with marble floors, sleek furniture, and an impressive chandelier. This is all so wonderful, but I can’t wait to rest alone in a lovely, luxurious room.

But when we approached the front desk, unexpected news was waiting for us.

“I’m sorry, there seems to be a problem with some of the rooms,” the hotel staff member said apologetically. “But we have upgraded you all to our executive suites. However, Ms. Sophia, you will need to share a room with Ms. Julia.” Oh, no, I thought anxiously. I glanced at her, and she seemed just as unenthused about the arrangement.

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Sophia’s POV

The elevator ride up to the executive suite was enveloped in an uneasy silence. Julia and I stood side by side, the quiet hum of the elevator filling the space between us. I glanced at her reflection in the mirrored walls, noticing the furrow in her brow and the way she kept wringing her hands.

When the elevator dinged softly and the doors slid open, we stepped out and walked down the plush carpeted hallway.

Gosh, she seems so tense. I wonder what’s going on in her mind.

We reached the door to our suite, and I swiped the keycard, pushing the door open.

The moment we stepped inside, Julia broke the silence. “Sophia,” she began, her voice wavering, “I need to apologize for the way I acted the other day.”

I turned to look at her, surprised. "What do you mean?"

She took a deep breath, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "I was rude to you. I said some things I shouldn't have. I... I was missing my grandmother a lot that day. Grandma Evelyn... she's never really accepted me until now. She's always been aloof, distant. And when I saw how much she seemed to like you, it hurt."

I softened at her words, my irritation from our last conversation melting away. "Julia, I understand. Family dynamics can be really complicated... And especially in your case."

She nodded, biting her lip. "There's more to it, though. Grandma has Alzheimer's. Sometimes she gets things mixed up. I guess this is the reason why she keeps imagining you to be the little Sabrina she remembers, and... well, I hope you don't take it seriously if she does."

"Oh, I see," I said in surprise. "But I get it. Don't worry. Both of us know you're the real Sabrina and I'm not."

As I said those words, I suddenly recalled the snapshot of little Sabrina that Evelyn had shown before. The girl in the picture could pass off as Reese's sister! And Reese certainly resembled me a lot. Maybe this is why Evelyn kept mistaking me for Sabrina...

Julia smiled. "Thanks for understanding. Oh, and I'm really grateful that you still accepted me to be part of the project team for Grandma and Grandpa's house design. I'm hoping it will also help me become closer to them."

"Ah, yes, of course. That would be nice, and you'll surely have a lot of good input. We can meet about it after the conference."

"Actually, I've already discussed some things with Lilith, and I also talked to Grandpa," Julia said excitedly, her eyes shimmering. She began describing some ideas that she had, a couple of which would change the whole concept that I'd already laid out.

I wanted to tell her that I was still leading this project, but I didn't want to hurt her feelings. And besides, she was too eager at the moment.

It's wiser to just smile and nod for now, I thought. Anyway, I still have to share a room with her and be with her for the rest of the design conference. It's best that we set aside all our differences first. Who knows? This New York trip may just be our chance to learn to work better together.

Suddenly, there was a sharp knock on the door, interrupting our conversation.

"I'll get it," I said, rising from the bed. Julia nodded, her eyes twinkling with curiosity.

Opening the door, I froze. Standing there was Elijah, looking as composed and handsome as ever. “Hello, Sophia,” he said smoothly. “We haven’t really had a chance to talk much since the flight.”

I blinked, momentarily lost for words. “Elijah... Hi.”

He gave me a small, almost nostalgic smile. “Would you join me for dinner? We have some important matters to discuss.”

I felt my heart rate spike. There was only one important matter that came to mind. Reese.

“Okay,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady. “We can eat somewhere and talk there. I’m starving!”

Elijah chuckled. “Yeah, me too. Let’s go.”

Julia, who had been listening intently from her perch on the bed, suddenly interjected, “Oh, dinner in New York! There are so many great places. I’d love to join you both. There’s this fantastic Italian place just a few blocks away-”

Elijah turned to her, his expression polite but firm. “Julia, I think it’s best if Sophia and I have this dinner alone, for now. We have some personal matters to discuss.”

The room’s atmosphere shifted palpably. Julia’s cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and she stammered, “Oh, yes, of course. I understand. Personal matters.”

Elijah, always the diplomat, softened his tone. “I apologize, Julia. How about tomorrow night? After my business meeting, we could all go out for dinner. You, me, Sophia, and Trevis.”

Julia pouted slightly but nodded, her enthusiasm dampened. “Yeah, sure.”

Okay, here we go again. I really hoped she wouldn’t be too sensitive about this. She should understand that Elijah and I have a child together and thus will always be somehow connected in an exclusive way.

“Have fun, guys,” she called out as we stepped away from the door. But her tone seemed a little overenthusiastic, and her smile certainly didn’t reach her eyes.

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Sophia’s POV

The restaurant Elijah chose was tucked away on a quiet street, its dim lighting and vintage decor exuding an old-world charm. I took in the cozy ambiance, feeling both excited and uneasy. This feels an awful lot like a date.

Elijah led me to a corner table and, to my surprise, pulled out my chair for me. "Here you go," he said with a small smile..

"Thank you," I replied, sitting down and trying to ignore the flutter in my stomach. Elijah had never treated me like this when we were married. It made me wonder if he had changed since I left him.

We perused the menu in silence for a moment before the waiter came to take our order. I chose the pan-seared salmon, while Elijah opted for the house special, a hearty beef stew. Once the waiter left, Elijah leaned back in his chair, his eyes softening as he looked at me.

"So, how's Reese doing?" he asked, his voice gentle.

"She's good," I said, trying to keep my tone light. "She's been really into drawing lately. It's amazing how focused she gets." (1

"That's wonderful. She's always been creative, hasn't she?" Elijah's smile widened, and I saw a flicker of pride in his eyes. "I wonder who she takes after..." He trailed off teasingly, making me grin.

"Probably me," I joked, laughing.

"Or most likely both of us," Elijah said with a grin.

We both laughed, and in that moment, it felt like we were an actual married couple joking around about our daughter and having a light, friendly banter during our date.

"You know, she loves it when Kayla comes over with new art supplies," I shared. "They could spend hours together, just drawing and painting."

"Well, it's good that your best friend's also a designer," Elijah remarked. "I'm glad Reese has both of you to inspire her more."

"Yeah, we have a lot of fun together."

Just then, his expression changed into a more serious one. "I'm really sorry I haven't been able to visit her much lately. There were so many things going on at Sinclair Realty, and I needed to leave the city and even the country on several occasions."

"Oh, it's alright," I assured him with a wave of my hand. "Don't worry. Reese understands. She's actually more like seven years old at times rather than just three."

That made us both laugh. It also triggered a round of anecdotes about Reese acting or speaking like she was older than her real age.

“When we get back, I promise I’ll take her out again,” Elijah said, his gaze seeming to melt me. “I’d love for you to join us too, Sophia. And I’m sure Reese would be happier if we’re both there.”

He seemed to hold his breath as he waited for me to answer. But I was saved by the bell when the food arrived. I changed the topic to my work as the design department head at his company, and the conversation flowed naturally from there.

But then, for some reason, he paused at one point. His gaze turned thoughtful as he took a sip of his water. “Sophia, I want you to know that I’ve been thinking a lot about us, about everything that happened.”

I looked up at him, my heart pounding. “Elijah, I—”

He held up a hand, stopping me. “Just hear me out. I know I made mistakes, and I’ve been working on becoming a better person. I want to be there for Reese, and for you, in any way I can.”

His sincerity took me by surprise. The Elijah I remembered had been distant, focused on work, and often neglectful of our relationship. But now, sitting across from me, he seemed different—more present, more attentive.

“I appreciate that,” I said softly. “Reese needs her father, and I want her to have a good relationship with you.”

“Yes, and it’s not just Reese, but —”

There was a commotion by the entrance that made him stop and look over there. I turned around too to see what was going on. It was as if the entire restaurant suddenly shifted its focus to this one spot.

“What’s the fuss all about?” I wondered out loud.

“I’m not sure...” Elijah said.

People were crowding around someone, their voices a blend of excitement and curiosity. I couldn’t see the person at first, just the backs of heads and the flutter of servers trying to maintain order.

Elijah’s gaze was fixed, his brow furrowed, but I couldn’t read his expression. I craned my neck, trying to get a glimpse of the figure causing all the stir.

As the crowd parted slightly, the man's profile began to emerge. My heart skipped a beat, and my pulse quickened. The face, still partially obscured, seemed familiar, stirring a sense of recognition deep within me. Then, he turned fully, and I gasped in shock. It's Adrian!

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Elijah's POV

"It's Adrian," Sophia whispered, her eyes wide with recognition. "I haven't seen him in a long time. I should say hi."

Before I could react, she was already standing up. I had no choice but to follow her as she weaved her way through the tables towards the entrance. My mood soured with every step. The evening was supposed to be about us, not some guy from her past. Adrian should certainly stay in her past, but somehow, he keeps showing up in her present. I just hate it. And I really don't trust this guy.

As we got closer, the crowd around Adrian began to thin. Sophia looked eager, almost glowing with excitement, which only served to annoy me more. Who is this Adrian to her, anyway? The good evening we were having suddenly felt overshadowed by this guy's presence.

Sophia turned to me, her voice filled with enthusiasm. "Adrian's been busy doing local tours for his new single. People are loving him. He's a really great singer and songwriter."

I grunted but said nothing. My mind was screaming, So what? Sure, he may be talented, but does that mean he could just waltz in and hijack our evening?

Before Sophia could get close enough to say hello, more fans surrounded Adrian, clamoring for autographs and selfies. He didn't see Sophia, but she didn't seem to mind. Instead, she looked genuinely happy for him.

"It's great he's getting so much recognition," she said, more to herself than to me. "It means his musical talent is being discovered by more people. He'll definitely get better and better in the future."

I was well aware that it was Sophia who had recommended him to Kayla, and recently she had also helped design photo shoot sets and other stuff for that Adrian guy.

It just makes me loathe him more.

I watched as Adrian interacted with his fans, a wide smile plastered on his face. There was something familiar about him, something that tugged at a memory.

“Sophia,” I began, my voice low, “there’s something you need to know.”

She tore her gaze away from Adrian and looked at me, her brow furrowing in concern. “What is it, Elijah?”

I took a deep breath, steadying myself for what I was about to say. “The police investigation... about -the attack on the beach... they found out it wasn’t Serena.”

Her eyes widened in shock, her lips parting slightly. “What? But... I always thought-”

“I know,” I interrupted gently. “We all did. But the evidence points to someone else.”

Sophia’s expression turned grim, the color draining from her face. “Who, then? Who would want to hurt me like that?”

I glanced over at Adrian, still surrounded by his adoring fans, and then back at Sophia. “I think Adrian might be a suspect.”

Her eye’s followed mine, landing on Adrian. For a moment, she seemed to be processing what I had just told her. The gravity of the situation sank in, her face reflecting a mixture of fear and disbelief.

“Adrian? But why? Why would he do something like that?” Her voice trembled, and she reached out to grip my hand, seeking reassurance.

“I don’t know yet,” I admitted, my fingers closing around hers. “But I promise you, Sophia, I’ll find out. And I won’t let anyone hurt you or Reese.”

“I... I can’t believe it could be Adrian,” she said, obviously trying to calm herself. “It’s surely not him. He was good to me after he saved me at the beach. He could have had many chances to harm me again.”

I frowned, not liking it that she seemed to believe in his goodness so much, that she couldn’t make herself doubt him. “Just stay away from him for now, Sophia. It’s better that way. At least after the investigation.”

Sophia gave Adrian one last glance, and then let me lead her back to our table. We couldn’t very well head out yet while he and his fans were there in the way. I was relieved that Sophia didn’t go ahead and talk to him.

As I sat down on my chair, my phone rang. I narrowed my eyes when I saw that it was Julia. Upon answering it, I immediately heard the panic in her voice, which made my blood run cold.

“Help me, Elijah,” she hissed into the phone, sounding desperate and frightened. “Please come back, to the hotel now. I’m here at the bar alone and I don’t know where

Trevis is. He's not answering his phone! Please come. There are some guys harassing me!"

I stood up hurriedly, feeling alarmed. "We have to go back to the hotel now," I told Sophia.

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Elijah's POV

As I stepped into the hotel lobby with Sophia, the exhaustion of the day hit me. I knew she was tired too, so I suggested, "" don't have to get involved. Why don't you go up and get some rest? I'll take care of this quickly and send Julia up to the room."

Sophia yawned, nodding in agreement. "Okay. I hope she's okay."

"I'm sure she will be," I reassured her, grateful for her understanding. "Thank you for dinner. I had fun. We should do it again soon."

She smiled warmly before heading toward the elevator, leaving me to make my way to the bar. As I scanned the area, everything seemed normal at first. But then, in a corner booth, I spotted Julia, her eyes red from crying.

I approached her, and as soon as she saw me, she rushed into my arms, sobbing. I felt awkward at first, not knowing how to react. But then, instinctively, I wrapped my arms around her, stroking her hair soothingly.

"It's okay, Julia," I whispered, my voice gentle. "Everything will be okay. You're safe now."

She clung to me, seeking comfort, and I held her close, trying to be the pillar of strength she needed in that moment.

"I was just dancing by myself at first, enjoying the music..." she explained between sobs. "Then... Then these three guys surrounded me, dancing around me and taunting me, telling me I should go back to their hotel room with them."

She started crying hard again. "I was just so scared that I ran to the bathroom and called you. And I didn't come out for a long time..."

I looked around warily. "Where are they now?"

"I don't know."

Her sobs quieted slightly, but she clung to me as if I was her lifeline. I looked over at the bartender, a grizzled man in his late forties, wiping down a glass with a rag.

“Hey, can you tell me what happened here? Who were those guys?” I asked.

The bartender glanced around before leaning in closer. “They’re regulars. Always causing trouble. I’m sorry she had to go through that. I’ve told ‘em off before, but they don’t listen.”

I nodded, my jaw tightening. “I’ll file a police report. They can’t get away with this.”

He gave a curt nod. “Good. Someone needs to put them in their place.”

I turned my attention back to Julia. “Let’s get out of here,” I said softly.

As we made our way to the elevator, I kept an arm around her shoulders, trying to provide some semblance of comfort. She was still shaken, her breath hitching occasionally as she tried to compose herself.

When we reached the floor of our rooms, I paused. “Julia, do you want to go to your room? Sophia’s there.”

She shook her head vehemently. “No, Elijah. Please. I want to stay with you longer.”

There was a desperation in her eyes that broke my heart. I sighed and nodded.

Inside my suite, I guided her to the couch and sat down beside her. “I’ll just try to get a separate room for you. Sophia might be fast asleep now, and I don’t want to disturb her.”

“No, Elijah,” she insisted, clutching my arm. “I’d rather stay here. It’s been a frightening evening, and I... I feel safer with you.”

I hesitated, looking into her pleading eyes. Finally, I relented. “Okay. You can stay here.”

I stood up and grabbed a blanket from the closet. “You take the bed. I’ll sleep out here in the living area.”

Julia shook her head. “You don’t have to do that. I don’t want to inconvenience you.”

“It’s okay,” I assured her, unfolding the blanket. “You need rest, and the bed is more comfortable.”

She bit her lip, but didn’t argue further. I was so tired that I instantly fell into a deep slumber.

But some time in the middle of the night, I stirred from my light sleep, feeling a warm presence snuggle into my side. My mind, foggy with dreams, registered the sensation of

soft curls tickling my cheek and a familiar scent wrapping around me. I sighed contentedly, subconsciously tightening my arm around her. It felt too real to be a dream, yet my tired mind refused to fully wake.

“Elijah,” a whisper brushed against my ear, and I felt her breath warm my skin.

“Sophia,” I mumbled, still caught between the realms of sleep and consciousness.

She nestled closer, her head finding the crook of my shoulder, and I relaxed, surrendering to the warmth and comfort of the moment.

When the morning light filtered through the curtains, I blinked my eyes open. As I moved to stretch, I felt a body next to mine. My heart skipped a beat. Sophia? I thought, my mind racing with confusion and a hint of hope. But when I turned to look, my eyes widened in surprise. It’s Julia! She was here, next to me on the couch, her face serene and peaceful.

My phone buzzed loudly, pulling me further from my drowsiness. I reached for it, careful not to disturb Julia.

“Hello?” I croaked, my voice rough from sleep.

“Elijah! Where are you, man? Sophia and I are waiting for you downstairs,” Trevis’s voice boomed through the speaker, too loud for my morning ears. “Let’s eat breakfast before we start the day.”

I glanced down at Julia, her eyes fluttering open at the sound of Trevis’s voice.

“Good morning,” she murmured, a sleepy smile tugging at her lips.

Trevis’s voice cut through my confusion. “Wait, did I just hear a woman’s voice? Are you with Julia in your hotel room?!”

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 108

Sophia’s POV

I sat across from Trevis, trying to focus on his animated explanation about the day’s design conference.

The hotel’s fine restaurant was bustling with activity, the aroma of freshly baked pastries and brewed coffee filling the air. Trevis was in his element, enthusiastically detailing the key speakers and workshops we had to attend.

“...and then there’s the panel on sustainable design at ten,” Trevis said, his eyes sparkling with excitement. “We can’t miss that one.”

I nodded absentmindedly, my thoughts far from sustainable design. I couldn't shake off what I had overheard earlier: Trevis exclaiming that Julia had slept in Elijah's room last night. Julia hadn't returned to our shared hotel room, and now my mind was spinning with the implications.

"Are you even listening, Sophia?" Trevis asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Sorry," I mumbled, forcing a smile. "Just a bit distracted."

Trevis leaned back in his chair, looking at me curiously. "Everything okay?"

Before I could answer, a shadow fell over our table. I looked up to see Julia and Elijah standing there. Julia's face was glowing with happiness, while Elijah's expression was a fusion of guilt and confusion. My heart sank.

"Good morning," Julia said brightly, her eyes darting between me and Elijah.

"Morning, guys," Trevis replied, pulling out a chair for Julia. Elijah sat next to her, his gaze briefly meeting mine before he looked away.

"How was your night?" I asked, trying to sound nonchalant. "What happened to you at the bar?"

"Oh, that's all good now," Julia said with a wave of her hand. "Elijah came to my rescue and let me sleep in his room because I was so scared."

I forced a smile. "I, uh, I'm glad to hear you're okay."

She doesn't appear the least bit frightened now, I couldn't help thinking sarcastically.

I was glad when we all got up to fill our plates from the breakfast buffet spread. Elijah tried to approach me, but I made up an excuse and slipped away quickly. It was a good thing that Trevis kept talking about the conference the entire time we were eating together at the table.

Later on, the moment we arrived at the design conference, I felt great excitement enveloping me. The exhibit and booths were fantastic, showcasing the latest trends and innovations in the design world. For a brief moment, I forgot about Elijah and Julia.

Trevis and I found seats in the plenary hall, and soon Julia joined us. The anticipation was apparent in the air as the first speaker took the stage.

"Isn't this amazing?" I whispered to Trevis, my eyes gleaming with enthusiasm.

He nodded, equally captivated. "Absolutely. This is going to be so insightful."

The talk was even better than I had hoped. I found myself engrossed in the presentation, scribbling notes furiously, soaking in every piece of information. The speaker's passion was contagious, and I felt a renewed sense of purpose and creativity bubbling inside me.

During the break, I stretched and turned to Trevis. "That was fantastic. I can't wait to implement some of these ideas."

Julia, who had been quiet throughout the talk, finally spoke up. "I agree. This conference is just what we needed."

As we made our way to the lobby, I spotted Elijah. My heart skipped a beat as he waved and started walking toward me.

"Sophia!" he called, a warm smile on his face.

Before he could say anything else, Julia intercepted him, linking her arm with his. "Elijah, you have to see this display of interior designs for residential areas. It's absolutely marvelous," she said, steering him away.

I shook my head in disbelief. She was doing it on purpose now. But it's fine. I don't care about Elijah anyway, do I?

"Let's check out the next booth," Trevis suggested, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Good idea," I replied, determined to push Elijah and Julia out of my mind.

As we explored the exhibits, I found myself gradually getting back into the groove, my enthusiasm returning.

That afternoon, Trevis and I split up because we wanted to attend different breakaway sessions. We had no idea which one Julia went to.

When the day was done, Trevis and I couldn't find Julia anywhere. "Let's just go back to the hotel, Sophia. I'll send Julia a message."

"Okay," I agreed. But deep inside, I felt anxious. Where the heck is Julia? Is she with Elijah? Perhaps she went to that meeting of his and didn't bother attending the afternoon sessions anymore!

Back at my hotel room, I let the water cascade down my body, a warm shield against the world outside. The steady stream of water drowned out the noise in my head, allowing me a moment of peace.

But then, the click of the hotel room door broke through the soothing sound, signaling Julia's return. I heard her before I saw her, whistling a happy tune that floated through the bathroom door.

Reluctantly, I turned off the water and stepped out, wrapping myself in a plush towel. I dressed quickly in a tank top dress that left my arms bare, then began the familiar ritual of drying my hair.

"Hey, Soph!" Julia's voice called out from the other room. "What session did you go to?"

"Innovative design," I replied, running the towel through my hair. "Trevis was the one who attended the sustainable design workshop. What about you?"

I stepped out of the bathroom to find Julia sprawled on the bed, her face lit up with excitement. She looked up as I entered and began to recount her afternoon in animated detail. I was glad to know that she had not gone with Elijah anywhere.

"...and then he said-" Julia's voice cut off abruptly. I looked up to see her staring at me, her eyes wide with concern. "Sophia, what's that on your shoulder?"

I glanced down at my shoulder, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

With wide eyes, she got up from the bed and walked over to me, inspecting something on my shoulder. She gasped, saying, "You've got a red mole!"