

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 109

Sophia's POV

Julia's gaze lingered on my exposed shoulder, where a small red mole marked my skin. I shifted uncomfortably under her scrutiny.

"Julia? Is everything okay?" I asked, trying to sound casual, though her intense stare was unnerving.

Julia stepped closer, her expression shifting from curiosity to something more severe. "Sophia," she said slowly, "how long have you had that mole?"

I blinked, taken aback by the question. "I don't know. Forever, I guess? Why?"

Instead of answering, Julia leaned in closer, examining the mole with a strange intensity. Her face transformed from shock to horror, and I instinctively took a step back and grabbed a cardigan to drape over my shoulders.

Julia seemed to snap out of her trance. "I need to... I need to shower," she muttered, her voice shaky. Without another word, she turned and hurried toward the bathroom.

Just then, I noticed a delicate bracelet on the bedside table. I picked it up, turning it over in my hands. It had an intricate design, and I knew that it was the one that helped Elijah identify Julia as Sabrina. He'd mentioned it in passing before.

The realization hit me hard. I thought the bracelet looked familiar, but I wasn't in the habit of wearing jewelry. Yet, something about it tugged at a memory I couldn't quite place.

"I'm sure I've never seen this bracelet before," I whispered to myself, yet doubt gnawed at me.

My phone buzzed, pulling me from my thoughts. I reached for it and saw Elijah's name, making my heart jump.

This was his message: I want to take Reese to see my family when I get back from this business trip. Can we talk about this?

I frowned, the words blurring as memories of Morgana's aggressive demeanor flashed in my mind. Reese adored Elijah, but I wasn't sure how I felt about her being around his family, especially Morgana. She never missed an opportunity to remind me of my past mistakes, even those that were non-existent.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my thoughts when my phone buzzed again. This time it was a message from Adrian:

Hey, Kayla told me you're in New York. Can we meet for dinner tomorrow?

My mind raced. Despite what Elijah had told me about Adrian, I could sense that he was someone I could trust. Besides, he might have helpful information about that day someone hit my head on the beach.

Without analyzing more, I typed a response to Adrian Sure, dinner sounds good. See you soon.

The following evening after the second day of the design conference, I went to the local pizza place where I was supposed to meet Adrian. I spotted him at a corner table, surrounded by a group of excited fans, all vying for his attention. He flashed his signature smile as he signed autographs, making each person feel special.

"Wow, look at you, Mr. Popular," I called out as I approached, grinning.

Adrian looked up, his eyes lighting up when he saw me. "Sophia! There you are!" He finished signing the last autograph and waved the fans off with a charming goodbye.

He stood up to give me a hug, and I couldn't help but notice how effortlessly he drew people to him." Here," he said, handing me a CD. "My new album, hot off the press."

"Wow! Thanks, Adrian. Can't wait to listen to it," I said, tucking it into my bag. We sat down, and a server came by to take our orders.

Once we were alone, I leaned in slightly. "Hey, Adrian, do you remember when you found me on the beach? Did you see anyone suspicious around?"

Adrian's expression turned serious as he thought back. "It was dark, Sophia. I couldn't see much, but honestly I don't recall anyone suspicious. Why?"

I hesitated, choosing my words carefully. "The person who masterminded everything wasn't the one who attacked me."

Adrian's eyes widened in surprise. "Really? Then who was it?"

I studied his face, looking for any sign of deceit. "I haven't found the culprit yet," I admitted. "I'm trying to piece everything together."

Adrian looked genuinely puzzled and concerned. He probably noticed that I was giving him a

suspicious look, because his next words were, "Sophia, I swear I haven't done anything to you. I only wanted to help."

“Okay, I believe you...” I said, though my voice sounded uncertain. We finished our food and talked more before I told him that I wanted to go back to the hotel already.

As we were making our way to the exit, someone called my name. I turned to see Elijah and Julia sitting at one of the tables. Elijah’s brows were furrowed, his glare directed at Adrian.

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Julia’s POV

Seeing Adrian made my heart pound. His stare seemed to drill a hole through me. Did he recognize me? I straightened my shoulders and smiled, trying to look confident.

No one will know the truth. I’ve taken care of everything.

Suddenly, I remembered visiting Serena befo

in my head.

this New York trip for work. The memory was very vivid

As I walked through the bleak corridors of the prison, I couldn’t help but smile. And I just couldn’t resist rubbing it in her face – that she was never going to get out of there, that setting her

he was never going to get out of there, that setting her up

had been part of the plan, after all.

Poor Serena. She won’t know what hit her. After all her scheming, she didn’t even realize that she was just a pawn in all this.

A guard led me to a small room, and I saw Serena pacing inside, her eyes wild with desperation. The moment she saw me, she rushed to the glass partition, her voice trembling.

“Julia! Thank God you’re here. Please, you have to help me get out of here. I won’t tell Elijah, I swear!”

I took a seat, casually adjusting my jacket as I looked at her. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Serena.”

Her face fell, and she pressed her hands against the glass. “Please, Julia, you have to help me. I can’t stay here. I’ll do anything!”

I leaned forward, savoring the moment. “Serena, you deserve everything you have today. All the scheming, all the lies, all the illegal activities and company violations -did you really think it wouldn’t catch up to you?”

She shook her head, tears streaming down her face. “I know I messed up, but please, help me. I’ll do anything.”

do?

I let out a small chuckle, unable to hold it back any longer. “Elijah doesn’t trust you at all. He never did. I know you used to run to him for help, but he saw right through you.”

Serena’s knees buckled, and she sank to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. “Please, Julia. I have no one else. I can’t stay here.”

“Tsk–tsk. Poor Serena, now begging for freedom. Didn’t you do this out of love for Elijah? Then you should just stick by your decision and live the consequences.” I could feel a devilish smile coming onto my lips as I watched her suffer.

“You made me do all of this!” Serena’s voice cracked, her tone shifting from pleading to anger. “I’ll tell the police everything if you don’t help me!”

I raised an eyebrow, unfazed by her outburst. I glanced down at my perfectly manicured nails, a smile playing at my lips. “Oh, Serena, darling, you really think I don’t have proof of everything you’ve done?

I’m not an idiot.”

Her eyes widened in shock, and for a moment, she was speechless. “You... you can’t do this to me!” she stammered, her voice quivering.

I tilted my head, studying her. “I can, and I will. My brother, Henry Stanford, has quite a good relationship with the police. It won’t be difficult to keep you where you truly belong.”

Serena’s face contorted in rage and frustration. “You’re a monster,” she spat out.

I shrugged nonchalantly. “Hmm, maybe we’re just the same. But I’m just smarter than you are... But at least now, I won’t have to worry about you anymore. One down and one more to go. Then I can have Elijah all to myself, including his love, wealth, and success.”

As Serena’s threats of pressing charges echoed in my ears, I felt no fear. There was no way she would succeed. I had all the cards in my hand, and I intended to play them to the fullest.

As I sat across from Serena, she stared at me, her eyes searching mine for answers, for some semblance of remorse perhaps.

"I can't believe you would do this to me," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the din of the room.

"I'm sorry, Serena. I never meant for things to spiral out of control like this," I replied in an apologetic

I have to understand, tone, but I didn't really mean any had no choice. It was the only way." of it. But

She shook her head, disbelief etched on her face. "We could have figured something out together. But instead, you chose to betray me! Did you plan all this from the beginning?!"

"I don't understand what you're talking about, Serena. I think that your time here has loosened some screws in your head. You're imagining things and making up stories now." I chuckled, standing up and blowing her an imaginary kiss. "I didn't do anything, dear. You did all of it."

Serena's jaw dropped as she stared at me in shock. Then without warning, she began screaming her head off until the police had to take her back to her cell.

I gave her a little wave then turned on my heel with a smile.