

# **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 111**

Elijah's POV

When I got back to the hotel after my business meeting, all I wanted was to kick off my shoes, order some room service, and get some rest. But as I stepped into the lobby, I spotted Julia waiting for me. She looked up, relief and excitement in her eyes.

"Elijah!" she called out, waving me over. "Trevis had to go meet up with someone, so I'm left with no one to have dinner with."

I could feel the weariness in my bones, but I didn't want to disappoint her. I also wondered where Sophia could be, but I didn't want to ask Julia. I actually sent a text message to Sophia a while back, but there was no reply.

"There's this cool pizza place I read about online," Julia continued. "Would you join me?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I was just planning to stay here tonight."

Her face fell slightly, but she quickly masked it with a hopeful smile. "It won't take long, I promise. And I heard their pizza is amazing."

I sighed, unable to say no to her. "Alright, let's go."

The pizza place was a pleasant surprise. It was trendy and vibrant, the kind of spot that made you feel at ease the moment you walked in. We found a cozy corner and ordered a couple of their specialties. As the food arrived, I found myself relaxing, the tension from the day slowly melting away. The pizza was as good as promised, and the atmosphere was infectious.

"This reminds me of when you used to come over to my family's house for dinner," I said, taking a bite of my slice. "Remember those days?"

Julia smiled, an eager glint in her eyes. "Honestly, it's a little fuzzy. But I know that Morgana made the best lasagna."

"That was your favorite before!" I said, chuckling.

As we talked and laughed, I reminded myself that this woman was Sabrina—my childhood best friend and first love. I should have felt at ease with her from the beginning, but so many years had passed, and we had both changed. It was challenging to bring back the same comfortable feeling, the same rapport.

Just then, Julia's expression turned serious. "Elijah, can I ask you something?"

“Sure,” I replied, setting down my fork.

“Do you believe that I’m Sabrina?” she asked quietly “It seems like you haven’t acted that way since we discovered my real identity.”

Her words hit me hard. She was right; I had been holding back because I wasn’t sure at first if she was really Sabrina. “It’s not that I don’t believe you, Julia–Sabrina,” I corrected myself. “It’s just... a lot to process.”

“I understand,” she said sadly. “But it makes me feel... disconnected. Like you don’t see me as your Sabrina anymore. Like you can’t accept me as someone special in your life again.”

I took a deep breath. “I’m sorry if I’ve made you feel that way. It’s just... so much has changed.”

She nodded, then showed me the bracelet she was wearing. Of course I recognized it because I’d seen her wear it before. “Do you remember this?” she asked, holding it up.

“I made that for you when we were kids.”

“And look,” she said, removing her jacket and turning her shoulder to show me a small red mole. “This is the mark you always teased me about.”

I stared at the mole, memories flooding back. It was the same mark, the same bracelet.

She is Sabrina Baker. The realization hit me with full force, and I felt a wave of guilt for doubting her. I even had her investigated, but the results still turned out the same. The DNA results weren’t fake. The outcome of the investigation also led to the same truth.

“I’m sorry, Sabrina,” I said, my voice thick with emotion. “I should have trusted you from the start.”

She smiled. “It’s okay, Elijah. I’m just glad we’re here now, together.”

I then remembered something in the investigation report that had caught my attention. Julia had grown up in a rich family after she got lost as a child, and she became close to their real son whom she considered a real brother. His name was Henry Stanford, and he was a very influential man in France and in the United States.

I opened my mouth, intending to bring him up. But then, Julia’s eyes narrowed as she seemed to recognize someone. When I followed her gaze, I saw Sophia walking toward our direction, which she needed to pass going to the exit. She wasn’t alone, though.

Adrian! I shouted angrily in my head when I saw the man she was with. Does she really like him that much, to go out with him even after I informed her that he could be a

suspect in her case? Or is he some kind of stalker, following her here to New York and persuading her to meet up with him?

My heart skipped a beat, and jealousy surged through me. Adrian's confident stride and Sophia's radiant presence made for an infuriatingly perfect pair. I glared at Adrian just as Sophia looked in my direction, her eyes widening in recognition.

Before I could react, Julia stood up abruptly, her chair scraping the floor. "Sophia!" she called out. "Hey, what a coincidence!"

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Elijah's POV

I had no choice but to follow Julia's lead, my feet moving almost automatically. Besides, I also wanted to face Sophia. It angered me that she would still go and meet him after that last time when I'd stopped her from saying hello.

What is she trying to prove? Does she just want to rub it in my face that she's now free from me and can do whatever she wants? Or maybe... The next alternative filled me with dread. Maybe she really, really likes him. Who knows what went on between them during those days she was with him in his beach house?

Sophia and Adrian turned to face us, surprise written across their faces.

"Hi!" Sophia greeted casually. "Fancy seeing the two of you here." She looked between me and Julia, and I could sense that she didn't like seeing us together.

"I feel the same way," I said coldly, gazing into her eyes. "Small world, huh?"

Sophia frowned. She knew I didn't want her to see Adrian because I didn't trust him. I just didn't want to risk her getting hurt again. What if he's really the culprit?

Meanwhile, Julia was grinning from ear to ear. "Hello! I was wondering why I couldn't find you

anywhere after the conference, Sophia. Trevis and I looked everywhere for you. Now I see it's because you're on a date with a famous singer."

I felt a wave of discomfort and annoyance. I clenched my jaw, trying to keep my emotions in check. Sophia's face flushed as she quickly shook her head.

"It's not a date, Julia," Sophia answered firmly. "Adrian and I are just two friends hanging out. And besides, I sent Trevis a message to inform him, but maybe he didn't get to read it."

“Oh, okay,” Julia answered with a shrug. “Looks like a date to me, though. But don’t worry, you guys look wonderful together.”

I wanted to protest and say that Adrian was too young for Sophia, but I held back.

Looking at Julia, Sophia answered, “Trevis is in the city to promote his new album, so we got together because I needed to ask him something important.”

My mind whirled, curiosity eating at me. What can she possibly need from him? My eyes bore into Adrian, who stood there with a smug look, seemingly enjoying the attention.

Julia raised an eyebrow, looking between Sophia and Adrian. “Just friends, huh?” she said, a hint of skepticism in her voice. She grinned again afterwards and then added in a cheerful, casual voice, “So what was this important question?”

Sophia seemed startled that Julia was asking her directly about this. “It’s personal,” she uttered, her Nook of surprise turning to irritation.

That really triggered my jealousy and annoyance. In a low voice, I couldn’t help saying, “Perhaps it’s because Adrian’s a suspect in the case too. I don’t know why Sophia, knowing this, even met up with him.”

When Adrian heard this, his features darkened and he glared at me. I could sense him wanting to punch me right that moment, and I had no intention of backing down. He keeps brainwashing Sophia. I don’t know what his intentions are. What if he’s really the one who harmed her, then pretended to save her?

“That’s my decision to make,” Sophia spoke up defensively. “And besides, I trust Adrian.”

Her words suddenly made my blood boil. “You can’t be serious.”

We gazed at each other defiantly.

“I think we better go now,” Julia suddenly quipped, tugging at my arm. But I couldn’t move yet. I wanted to drag Sophia out of there, away from this man whom all of us didn’t know that well.

I certainly can’t leave her alone with him. What if he takes her somewhere private and hurts her there? I wouldn’t be able to forgive myself if something bad happened to her.

“You I didn’t notice that—Adrian had already turned his attention from me to Julia until he spoke up. know, Julia, you look very familiar... I feel like I’ve seen you somewhere before...” He seemed to be racking his brain for that memory, but he was staring at her in a strange way.

I couldn't read the expression in his eyes, but his words seemed to send a chill down my spine. And glancing at Julia, I saw that the color had been drained from her face.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 113**

Julia's POV

Adrian stared at me with a puzzled expression, his brow furrowing slightly. "You look really familiar," he said, his eyes narrowing as if trying to place me.

At that moment, a memory flashed through my mind like a lightning bolt—seeing Adrian at the beach where I'd hit Sophia on the head. I felt myself paling and a wave of dizziness threatened to overwhelm me. I took a deep breath, willing myself to stay calm. Everyone's eyes were on me—Sophia, Elijah, and Adrian—waiting for my response.

I forced a smile, trying to keep my expression nonchalant. "I don't think we've met before," I said confidently. "I only know you from Sophia and Elijah's stories."

Adrian tilted his head, still looking uncertain. "Are you sure? I could swear I've seen you somewhere."

I shrugged, doing my best to appear casual. "Maybe you saw me in a photo or something. But no, I don't think we've ever actually met."

Sophia, sitting next to Elijah, glanced between us, her eyes filled with curiosity. Elijah remained quiet, his expression unreadable.

Adrian finally nodded, though he still looked unconvinced. "Maybe," he said slowly. "It's just weird. I usually remember faces pretty well."

I smiled at him, but inside I was seething. But I also wanted to hurry out of there already.

I wasn't fine. I was back on that beach, reliving every calculated move.

It had been a foolproof plan. Everything had gone perfectly—except for not killing Sophia outright. I could still see her crumpled form on the sand, hear the waves crashing in the distance, and feel the adrenaline coursing through my veins. I had messaged Sophia to come get her daughter, Reese, at the beach, making sure she didn't know it was me behind the messages.

I was so close to having gotten rid of her, I thought bitterly.

Serena had been so easy to manipulate. After all, she was desperate to have Elijah all to herself. Just a few days before, we had planned to scare Sophia away by kidnapping

her daughter. I'd told her I would do the rest. Serena didn't know that I had intended to eliminate Sophia entirely.

Surprise, surprise!

Earlier that day, Serena had dropped by her favorite bakery and then took Reese away from her school. I had instructed her to take pictures of Reese so I could use them to lure Sophia to the beach.

Everything had been meticulously planned. Serena had no clue about my true intentions. She believed we were just going to frighten Sophia into leaving town.

I remembered the feel of the sand under my feet as I waited, hidden, for Sophia to arrive. When she did, her eyes filled with terror as she saw more of Reese's pictures. That moment was seared into my memory.

I had hit Sophia, hard. The sound of the impact echoed in my mind. But then, I heard someone talking in the distance. Panic surged through me. I ran away fast, not getting the chance to finish what I had started.

"Julia, you sure you're okay?" Sophia's voice was filled with concern now, her eyes soft and caring. It made me sick.

"Yeah, just a little tired," I lied, forcing another smile.

Luckily, I had been wearing Serena's clothes and shoes, and I had a big hat on. If anyone had seen me, they would have likely identified me as Serena. It was the perfect cover.

Even if something went wrong, I wasn't worried. I meant the world to my brother Henry and I know that he's always got my back. He has plenty of connections that can surely get me out of the mess, just in case.

Henry Stanford, my greatest protector and the best brother in the world. Even when we were kids, he would always do everything for me.

I would have wanted Reese to have been gone for more days, but Serena was an idiot. She easily got actually funny that Elijah was the one who found out and had her picked up by the police. That must have been so heartbreaking and traumatic for her!

caught before we could take that little girl further away. It was

And now she's behind bars. That's a big bonus for me! I thought with an evil smile.

As I stood there, watching Sophia, a cold determination settled in my heart. I had failed once, but I wouldn't fail again. No one would stand in the way of what I deserved—not Sophia, not anyone.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 114**

Julia's POV

Standing in the pizza parlor with Elijah, Sophia, and Adrian felt surreal. The warmth of the place clashed with the tension in the air. Adrian's smile was confident, almost too masterful, as he looked at me after I insisted we had never met before.

"Maybe we all need some ice cream for dessert," Adrian said, his eyes glinting with something unspoken. "To cool down and relax after dinner."

I blinked, bewildered, as Adrian continued, "Why don't you and Elijah join us? It'll be fun."

Sophia glanced at him with uncertainty, but she didn't say anything. Instead, she pressed her lips together, the expression almost imperceptible unless you were looking closely.

I took a breath, determined not to appear flustered. "Sure," I answered, forcing a smile. I wanted to prove my innocence, to show I wasn't afraid of anything. Besides, I was confident Adrian would never recognize me as the person who had hurt Sophia on the beach.

To my surprise, Elijah nodded. "Sounds good," he said, and followed Adrian and Sophia to a table. His agreement felt off, like he had another motive. I knew that he was suspicious of Adrian and just wanted to protect Sophia. The thought greatly annoyed me.

It's always about Sophia. He already believes I'm Sabrina, but he's still hanging on to her. I hate it.

We settled at a table, and soon enough, bowls of delicious ice cream were in front of us. The small talk began, punctuated by Elijah and Adrian's veiled sarcasm and dirty looks.

"So, Elijah," Adrian said, his tone almost too casual, "how's work been treating you?"

I could tell that he had something up his sleeve. But what?! Why did he invite us to join them when he knew that Elijah was thinking he's behind the attack on Sophia?

"Busy as ever," Elijah replied, not missing a beat. "Keeps me out of trouble, unlike some people."

Adrian smirked. “Well, sometimes, what you refer to as trouble can be a blessing in disguise, like meeting a special someone.”

He was mocking Elijah, talking about meeting Sophia. And naturally, it irked Elijah. I saw him balling his fists, and I felt a sense of excitement stirring within me. It would surely make Sophia mad at him if he punches Adrian!

Sophia stirred her ice cream, visibly uncomfortable with the exchange. “Julia, do you like the ice cream flavor that you chose?” she asked, attempting to divert the conversation.

“It’s great,” I said, nodding. “Bubblegum ice cream is my favorite. Reminds me of childhood. What about you, Sophia?”

She gave a tight smile. “I got pistachio. It’s good.”

Adrian leaned back, his eyes never leaving Elijah. “Oh, you guys can go ahead, okay? I just realized Sophia and I still have a lot to talk about.”

Sophia stiffened, her eyes questioning Adrian.

Elijah looked furious, but I grabbed his hand and prepared to leave, since I saw that his ice cream was almost finished. There was no more reason to stay longer there. I’ll drag him back to the hotel if I have to.

“I’ll be back in the hotel in a few minutes,” Sophia informed us. It was a sort of assurance for Elijah.” We’re staying here and not going anywhere else.”

“It’s none of our business, anyway,” I said. “Right, Elijah?”

He simply let out a grunt and eventually stood up.

“See you around,” Adrian said, grinning mockingly.

It was the last day of our New York trip. The design conference was all done, and Trevis was already buzzing with excitement about how we’d bring the new learnings back to the team at Urban Next Design Studio. But for now, Sophia and I were at the mall, indulging in some last-minute shopping.

Sophia had been unusually quiet most of the time. I knew she was still mulling over the confrontation between Elijah and Adrian the other night. She hadn’t gone to meet Adrian again the following day, which had disappointed me. A part of me wanted to manipulate the situation, to nudge them closer together, maybe even get them drunk or drugged and secretly take photos of their intimate moments. Anything to make Elijah hate Sophia, to make things easier for me.



We wandered into a boutique, and I watched Sophia half-heartedly browse through a rack of dresses. Her mind was clearly elsewhere.

“Sophia, are you okay?” I asked, trying to sound genuinely concerned.

She looked up, startled. “Yeah, I’m fine. Just...thinking.”

I nodded, pretending to be deep in thought as well. “About Elijah and Adrian?”

Sophia sighed and put the dress she was holding back on the rack. “Yes. I just can’t get it out of my head. What happened that night...it was so intense... But anyway, Adrian’s back on tour so at least no more trouble for now.”

“Wow, you must really care about him to have recommended him to Kayla at Raven Media!” exclaimed.

“Oh, it’s nothing like that,” she replied. “I just think he’s really talented and it would be a waste not to share it with the world.”

I felt disappointed. She didn’t seem to be interested in him romantically. But maybe with a little push... I could feel my head spinning with fresh ideas on how I could push them together, use this to my advantage.

As we continued shopping, there was something else hovering in my mind – an idea that I came up with last night.

“I need to go to the restroom before we head back to the hotel,” I told Sophia. I started to move away, but then pretended to have forgotten something. “Oh, wait! Do you have a hairbrush I could borrow maybe?” I was certain she had one in her bag.

“Ahh... Yeah,” Sophia replied, taking her brush out of her bag and handing it to me.

Inside the restroom, I examined the brush in my hand, a mischievous glint in my eyes. My heart beat with eagerness. It was clean, but there were a few strands, almost unnoticeable, left that matched Sophia’s hair color. I took several and placed them in a resealable plastic container that I had in my purse. Perfect!

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 115**

Elijah’s POV

After getting back from New York, I offered to drive Sophia home. I figured it was the perfect excuse to talk to Sophia about bringing Reese to meet my parents eventually. But all I told Sophia was that I was eager to see Reese, she immediately agreed.

“Sophia,” I began, breaking the stillness. “I was thinking... Maybe you could take Reese to meet my parents.” I had mentioned this to her before, but last time she didn’t seem too keen about it.

Sophia glanced at me, her eyes wary. “Are you sure that’s a good idea? Do you think Morgana would want to meet Reese? I mean, surely Reese would remind her of me. And she had always hated me.”

I frowned for a while, knowing that it was true. But then I nodded, trying to convey my conviction. “I’m sure it will be okay. My stepmom might have her issues, but once she sees her adorable first grandchild, she’ll forget about the past. And my dad, he’s often busy, but he’d certainly welcome the arrival of a sweet little kid that’s his own flesh and blood.”

Sophia hesitated, biting her lower lip. But eventually, she sighed and said, “Okay, let’s do it. Maybe we won’t stay long, though.”

“Yes, that’s perfectly fine. And we’ll do it in my house, not in theirs.” The thought of having Sophia again in my house, along with our very own daughter, made me very excited. Maybe we can be a family again.

We reached her apartment, and as soon as we stepped inside, Reese rushed toward us, her little arms outstretched. “Mommy! Daddy!”

I scooped her up, feeling her small body against mine, and smiled as she hugged both of us tightly. The nanny appeared from the kitchen, greeting us warmly.

“I’ve just prepared sandwiches for everyone,” she said, smiling.

Sophia headed into the kitchen, and the nanny took her luggage to the bedroom. I followed Sophia, watching her as she began to pour juice into glasses. Reese tugged at my sleeve, and I knelt down to her level.

“Hey, sweetheart, do you know Uncle Adrian?” I asked gently, making sure that Sophia wouldn’t be able to hear me.

Reese nodded vigorously. “Yes, Daddy!”

I smiled and asked, “Who do you prefer, Daddy or Uncle Adrian?”

She laughed, a delightful sound that filled the room, and pointed to my chest before hugging me tightly. “I like you more, Daddy!”

That simple declaration filled me with an indescribable happiness. I lifted her up, carrying her toward the kitchen counter. “Let’s eat some yummy sandwiches,” I said, feeling a warmth spread through me.

Sophia turned, a glass of juice in each hand, and smiled at the sight of us. "Let's enjoy some snacks," she said, placing the glasses on the table and then handing over the sandwiches.

We settled down, the three of us, and began to eat. Sophia told Reese about our New York trip, and our little girl listened intently with fascination. I watched Reese with a sense of contentment, feeling that maybe now, everything was starting to fall into place.

Just as I finished my sandwich, my phone buzzed on the counter. I glanced at the screen and saw Julia's name flashing. With a slight frown, I picked up the call.

"Hey, Julia," I greeted.

"Elijah, I can't get into my house," she said, sounding a bit flustered. "I think I left my keys in your car before we went to New York."

I remembered driving her home after work a day before our flight to New York. "Oh, right. I probably still have them. Hold on a second." I looked at Sophia, who was now watching me with a curious expression.

"Julia left her keys in my car," I explained. "I need to drive over and give them to her."

Sophia nodded understandingly, but I could tell that she was wary of Julia. "Of course. Go ahead, Elijah."

I knelt down to Reese's level. "Hey, Reese, I have to go help a friend, but I'll see you again very soon, okay?"

Reese's face lit up. "Okay!"

I smiled, feeling a tug at my heart. "Next time, we'll bring you to meet your grandparents." I gave her a quick kiss on the forehead and stood up. "Take care, Sophia."

"You too, Elijah," Sophia said softly.

I left the apartment and drove to Julia's house, the one her wealthy adoptive parents had bought for her when she moved back from Paris. The neighborhood was quiet and dark, the houses looming like silent sentinels in the night. I parked in front of her place and got out, calling her name as I approached the house.

"Julia? I'm here. Where are you?"

There was no answer. I tried the front door, expecting it to be locked, but it swung open with a creak. Instantly, my senses went on high alert. Something wasn't right.

“Julia?” I called out again, stepping into the darkened hallway. “Julia, are you here?”

Before I could take another step, Julia appeared out of the shadows, her eyes sparkling mischievously. Without warning, she jumped at me, her lips crashing into mine, kissing me passionately.