

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 116

Elijah's POV

I felt the warmth of her lips on mine before my brain could fully process what was happening. The dark hallway of Julia's house enveloped us, but the shock of her sudden kiss pierced through the obscurity. I pushed her away, my breath catching in my throat as I fumbled for the switch on the wall. The lights flickered on, illuminating her flushed face and my bewildered expression.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I demanded, my voice edged with anger.

Julia looked flustered, her eyes darting away from mine. "I just.... missed you, Elijah. I've missed you so much."

"So you just made up an excuse for me to come here, but you had substitute keys?!" I spat out, feeling a mixture of betrayal and confusion.

"No, it's not like that," she insisted, shaking her head. "I couldn't get in at first, but then I remembered I had extra house keys hidden in my luggage."

My anger flared, a bitter taste rising in my mouth. "This isn't right, Julia. You shouldn't have done that."

She stepped closer, her eyes pleading. "I thought we were getting close again, building a new connection."

She threw her arms around me but I peeled them off and moved away.

"We're still building our friendship again, Julia," I retorted, my voice firm. "Do you want to ruin that?"

Julia's face fell, desperation seeping into her features. "I don't like that you only see me as a sister. I thought...maybe if we kissed, you'd realize you have feelings for me. That I can be good for you, romantically."

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Julia, you can't force feelings that aren't there. I care about you, but not in that way. I don't want to hurt you, but this isn't the answer."

Her eyes glistened with unshed tears. "But Elijah, what if you're wrong? What if you just need time to see it?"

I shook my head, my heart heavy. "I'm sorry, Julia. It's not about time. It's about what's real and true. And what's real is that you matter to me but I see you only as a sister, nothing more."

She bit her lip, tears finally spilling over. "I just...I can't stand the thought of losing you again."

"You're not losing me," I said softly. "But you have to accept our relationship for what it is. Anything else will just lead to more pain."

Suddenly, her reaction was immediate and violent. She screamed, the sound echoing off the walls, raw and heart-wrenching. "No! Elijah, you can't mean that!" It was the first time I was seeing this side of her. Even when we were kids, she had never thrown a tantrum like this.

I took a step back, the intensity of her response catching me off guard. Julia, please. Calm down."

She crumpled to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. "Please, Elijah. Don't do this. Don't throw everything away." Her desperation was evident, her hands trembling as she reached out to me.

I knelt beside her, trying to soothe her. "Julia, I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt you."

Her sobs turned to anger in a heartbeat. She looked up, her eyes blazing. "Is it Sophia? Are you trying to get back together with her?"

I hesitated, then nodded. "Yes. I never realized what I'd lost until she left."

Julia's fury erupted. "How could you, Elijah? You promised Sabrina you would marry her! I'm Sabrina!" She began crying again, her face contorting to an expression of deep pain. "I'm Sabrina, and you promised me! You said we'd grow up and get married, and have a happy life together."

The mention of Sabrina hit me hard. I took a deep breath, trying to find the right words. "Julia, I'm sorry. I know I made promises, but we were still kids then. So much has changed. We were separated for decades and had our own lives. I'm sorry, but my heart has always belonged to Sophia."

Her tone shifted again, from anger to pleading, making me feel an overwhelming sense of guilt. "Elijah, please. We can make this work. I can be what you need. I'll do whatever you want. I can make you happy, unlike Sophia who only keeps hurting you."

I shook my head, feeling the weight of my words. "Julia, I can only offer you friendship. I don't have feelings for you like that. I'm really very sorry."

She stared at me, her eyes searching mine for any sign of hope. When she found none, she collapsed into herself, sobbing quietly.

I felt helpless, but I didn't want to lie to her. I couldn't.

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I couldn't speak only ory harder. I felt his hand gently stroking my back each touch a mixture of solace and tormen

"Shhh, it's okay "he whispered. "Let it out

Eventually, my sobs began to subside leaving me feeling hollow and exhausted. Elijah helped me up, his hands steadying me as I shared on unsteady legs. He led me to the couch and sat me down, his eyes full of pity. I hated that look

You deserve someone who can really love you, Julia. Someone who can give you everything you need. I can't be that person."

I nodded mechanically, not trusting myself to speak. His words were empty, meaningless. There was no point in becoming Sabrina if Elijah didn't want me as his wife.

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know its had, but you will find som Julia. The right person who can love you the way you deserve

Llooked at him, my vision blurry from the tears. "Just stay with me tonight, I pleaded, my voice barely above a whisper "Please, Elijah Don't leave me alone"

He shook his head gently, his expression sorrowful. "1 cart, Julia.fl see you at work tomorrow, okay?"

i wanted to scream, to beg him to stay, but I knew it was pointless. So, gave in, nodding weakly. Elijah stood up and walked to the door, casting one last glance at me before he left.

The silence that followed was deafening. I sat on the couch, my heart aching with a mix of rage and despair, Elijah didn't understand. He couldn't see how much I needed him. How much I was willing to do to keep him. Unlike Sophia who did not want him anymore.

As I sat there, my mind racing, a dark resolve began to take shape. There's no other way. Sophia has to be removed from the picture. Only then can Elijah see that we are meant to be together. Only then will he realize that I'm the one who truly loves him.

The following day, I refused to cry any more tears. I'm done crying. It's time to show them what I'm really capable of, I thought with

determination.

I went to the Bakers that morning to see Chris. He was eagerly waiting for me.

"Julia! It's so good to see you!" he exclaimed, pulling me into a warm hug. His enthusiasm was contagious, but my heart wasn't in it

"Hey, Chris. It's good to see you too," I replied, forcing a smile. He really treated me like I was Sabrina, but I couldn't see him in the same way. He was just another pawn to me. To me, Henry was my only brother.

"Come in, come in. How have you been? How was the New York trip and the design conference?"

I stepped inside, the scent of baked cookies and vanilla filling the air.” Oh, it was amazing! I learned a lot and we also had fun there. I just dropped by to see how you’re doing, but I’ll be busy again at work soon.”

Chris nodded, his eyes shining with genuine warmth. “I’ve missed having you around. Maybe we could watch a movie or hang out, catch up like old times?”

My stomach twisted at the thought. “I’d love to, but I have some work I need to finish up. Maybe next time?”

“Sure, sure. No worries,” he said, though I could see the disappointment in his eyes.

We chatted for a bit in the living room, Chris casually flipping through TV channels. I waited until his attention was fully absorbed in a show before excusing myself to go to the bathroom.

I slipped down the hallway where our bedrooms were located, my heart pounding in my chest. Instead of going to my own bathroom, I headed to his.

I closed the door softly behind me and glanced around. The counter was cluttered with typical guy stuff: shaving cream, aftershave, and a toothbrush. I scanned the area thoroughly for signs of his hair. Then I caught sight of some in the shower, sticking to the wall.

With shaky hands, I plucked a few strands of hair from the wall and quickly placed them in a small plastic container I had hidden in my bag. I made sure everything looked undisturbed before taking a steady

breath and heading back to the living room.

“Hey, Chris, I just got a text from work, I need to head to the office right away,” I said, hoping my voice sounded convincing

Chris looked up, his brow furrowing in concern. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, just some urgent stuff I need to take care of. Maybe we can go out some other time?”

He smiled, though it didn’t quite reach his eyes. “Sure, Julia. Anytime.”

As soon as I was far away from the Bakers’ house, I pulled out my phone and dialed Henry’s number. He picked up after a few rings.

“What’s up, Jules?” His voice was warm and familiar, instantly calming my nerves.

“I need a favor,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady. “I need you to run a DNA test for me.”

There was a pause on the other end. “Sure, anything for you. Whose DNA?”

“Sophia and Chris,” I replied. “I need to know for sure if they’re related. I have this hunch...”

“Got it,” Henry said. “That’s easier than replacing the results of your DNA test before. Anything else?”

“Yes,” I added quickly. “I need you to find out about Sophia’s parents. Anything you can dig up.”

“Consider it done,” he assured me. “When can you send the hair samples?”

“I’ll visit you this afternoon,” I told him.

“Alright, see you later, Jules,” Henry said before we hung up.

CHAPTER 117

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I’m grateful to have a brother like Henry, always willing to help me, no questions asked.

Two days passed quickly. I woke up to the sound of birds chirping outside my window, but my mind was far from the peaceful morning scene.

As I reached for my phone on the nightstand, I saw a message from my brother, Henry. My heart skipped a beat as I opened it. The DNA results are ready, he wrote, along with a link.

I took a deep breath and clicked on the link, my hands trembling. The page loaded slowly, each second feeling like an eternity. When the results finally appeared, I gasped in shock.

The truth was right there, staring back at me.

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Sophia's POV

My heart raced as I parked the car in front of the familiar house. Reese babbled happily in her car seat, unaware of the significance of this visit. Taking a deep breath, I stepped out, the memories flooding back. This was where I had once lived, where my marriage to Elijah had slowly crumbled.

The Sinclair residence loomed before me, imposing yet familiar. It was a strange feeling, like stepping into a past life. I straightened my shoulders, determined not to let the past overwhelm her. Things are different now. I'm no longer trapped in that marriage, no longer subjected to Morgana's cruelty.

Taking Reese's hand, I walked up to the front door. I knocked, and after a moment, Elijah opened it, a smile on his face. "Sophia, Reese, come in," he said warmly, stepping aside to let us enter.

"Daddy!" Reese exclaimed, rushing in to give him a hug. It made me smile just a little bit. At least my daughter was here to somehow cheer me up and balance the negative feelings that were being stirred inside me.

As I stepped into the house, everything looked just as I remembered. The furniture, the decor, it was all frozen in time. Sadness and resentment came upon me at once. This house had been a prison of sorts for me, a place of unhappiness and broken dreams.

But I pushed those thoughts aside. I was here for Reese, to let her meet her grandparents. I couldn't let my own feelings cloud this moment. Reese was very excited about this opportunity because I didn't have my own parents anymore.

"Hi, Mom, Dad," Elijah called out, leading us into the living room where his parents were waiting.

My heart raced. The familiar opulence of the room, with its ornate furnishings and sprawling elegance, stirred memories I had long tried to bury.

Morgana, Elijah's stepmother, stood tall and regal, her gaze sharp as it fell on Reese and me. The years hadn't softened her demeanor; if anything, they had made her more intimidating.

I fought the urge to shrink under that gaze, instead focusing on Reese, who was happily exploring the room.

"Welcome, Sophia, Reese," Anderson, Elijah's father, greeted us warmly, his smile genuine. He motioned for us to take a seat, and I obliged, my discomfort growing as Morgana's eyes lingered on me.

Elijah stepped forward. "This is our daughter Reese," he said proudly, indicating the bubbly little girl beside him. "She's been looking forward to meeting you both."

Reese, oblivious to the tension, beamed up at Morgana. "Hi, Grandma! Hi, Grandpa!" she chirped, moving to hug Morgana.

I held my breath, watching as Morgana's smile tightened, a flicker of something passing through her eyes before she masked it. She accepted the hug but didn't return it, causing a pang of protectiveness to surge through me.

Anderson, on the other hand, seemed delighted by Reese's enthusiasm. He scooped her up easily, settling her on his lap. "Well, hello there, little lady," he said, opening a storybook. "Would you like me to read you a story?"

Reese nodded eagerly, snuggling into his side as he began to read. I felt a knot in my chest loosen as I watched my daughter relax in her grandfather's presence, the tension of the room momentarily forgotten.

Morgana, however, remained aloof, her eyes flicking between me and Reese with a calculated gaze that sent a shiver down my spine. I could sense the woman's disapproval, her denial of our presence here.

As Anderson led Reese out to the garden to play, I knew this visit wouldn't be easy. But for Reese's sake, I was willing to endure whatever came our way.

After a while, Elijah suggested taking Reese for a nap in his old room. I hesitated at first, unsure of how it would feel to be in that room again, but Reese was already nodding off, so I followed Elijah upstairs.

The room was just the same—cozy and filled with memories, Elijah laid Reese down on the bed, and I watched as she drifted off to sleep, her tiny chest rising and falling peacefully

As Elijah and I stood there, watching over her, a comfortable silence settled between us. It was a strange feeling, being alone with him like this, in a place that held so much history for us. This bed was where we'd argued and made love many times, where I'd spent hours crying and hoping he'd love me back.

I turned to say something to Elijah, but before I could speak, I felt his arms wrap around me from behind. My heart skipped a beat, and I turned around to find myself face to face with him, his eyes searching mine.

"I miss you," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I hope we can go back in time, Sophia. I hope we can start over."