

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 59

Sophia's POV

When I woke up, the first thing I noticed was the unfamiliar ceiling. The second thing was the scent of lavender and cedarwood that filled the room. Confusion gripped me as I struggled to piece together where I was. I pushed myself up on the soft mattress, my eyes scanning the elegant, well-decorated bedroom. Panic bubbled within me.

"Where am I?"

Then, like a floodgate bursting open, the memories of last night came rushing back. Julia's party at the Bakers' estate. The laughter, the music, the sparkling chandeliers, and the endless glasses of champagne. I remembered chatting with friends, mingling with strangers, and...and then.... oh, my god!

My eyes widened in horror as I remembered lying down beside Elijah on this very bed. Oh, shit! No, no, no!

I sat up in bed and suddenly felt a headache coming on. I pressed my temples hard, thinking about the images in my head. Are they from a dream or are they real?

I couldn't even recall everything. Most of the images were hazy, and I couldn't understand what exactly took place.

Gosh, I must have passed out in this guest room in the Bakers' residence! What will they think of me?!

Embarrassment flushed my cheeks as I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, my bare feet touching the cool wooden floor. I stood up shakily, taking a deep breath. I needed to get out of here

before anyone saw me.

My head throbbed, and I felt drained, like I had run a marathon. Bits and pieces of the night before flickered through my mind – Andrew taking me to this room, Elijah and I kissing passionately. What the hell happened?!

Just then, I caught sight of Elijah sprawled on the couch, lightly snoring. He must be so exhausted. His presence sent a jolt through me, and shame washed over me like a tidal wave. I couldn't help burying my face in my hands as a vague memory of my words to him played in my mind.

How can I ever face him again!

With a deep breath, I quietly opened the door and slipped out, careful not to wake him. I tiptoed down the hallway, my pulse pounding in my ears..

I really hope no one in this house finds out that both of us had stayed there.

Arriving at work on Monday felt like stepping into a minefield. The tension from last week still lingered, and I couldn't shake the sense of impending confrontation. I had barely settled at my desk when Trevis approached me, his expression serious.

desk

"Sophia, I think Elijah has something for you," he said, his tone revealing nothing. "He's asking you to go to his office."

I nodded, my stomach twisting into knots. The last thing I wanted was another awkward encounter with Elijah, but there was no avoiding it. With a deep breath, I made my way to his office, waves heavier than the last.

When I reached Elijah's door, I hesitated before knocking softly. His voice called me in, and I pushed the door open, my heart pounding in my chest. Elijah sat behind his desk, a glass of wine in hand though it was far too early for such a drink. As our eyes met, we both quickly looked away. He took a sip of his wine, the action deliberate and forced.

"Sophia," he began, his voice strained and unnatural. "I need to talk to you about something important."

I nodded, a blend of curiosity and dread swirling in my chest and spreading throughout my body. "What is it?"

He set his glass down, staring at the liquid as if it held the answers he sought. "Someone tried to hurt you during the party. They drugged your drink."

His words made my heart and mind race. I tried to remember everything that had happened from the moment Kayla and I came in. "How? Who would do that?"

He didn't give me a direct answer. "I'm not sure yet, but it's important for you to be extra careful from now on. And I just thought it's important for you to know."

My mind was a blur. All I could recall was Elijah and myself on the bed together. The memory of it made me shy and embarrassed. My cheeks burned, and I looked away, my eyes finding a spot on the floor to focus on.

Elijah must have noticed my discomfort because he quickly added, "Sophia, we didn't nothing happen that night... I promise you."

I glanced up at him, seeing the sincerity in his eyes. His ears had turned a faint shade of red, a sign of his own embarrassment.

“Don’t worry, Sophia,” he assured me. “I’ll look into it. I can even hire an investigator.”

There was nothing I could do but just nod. But deep inside, I was also wondering why the two of us had ended up kissing in bed. I couldn’t speak up about it, though. I had the strong feeling it was my doing, and it was therefore better for me to shut up.

I was still deep in thought on my way back to my office, the weight of the morning’s encounters pressing heavily on my mind.

I should probably just try to avoid Elijah in the coming days. Even though we used to be a couple, we’re divorced now. If something like that happens again, it’s awkward and embarrassing and really not good.

The elevator ride to the sixth floor felt longer than usual. I could feel the eyes of my colleagues on me, but I kept my gaze firmly fixed on the changing numbers above the door. Each ding brought me closer to the sanctuary of my office.

When I finally reached my office, I closed the door behind me and exhaled a breath I hadn’t realized I was holding. I sank into my chair, letting my mind drift momentarily to Reese, wondering if she was enjoying her day at preschool. A small smile tugged at my lips as I pictured her wavy hair bouncing as she ran around with her friends.

Suddenly, I was interrupted by a knock on the door. I saw Trevis poke his head in. “Hey, everything okay?” he asked.

“Yes, of course.”

“Good.” He stepped inside and smiled. “I’m sorry I forgot to inform you earlier that we need to go on a business trip tomorrow. It’s crucial. You’re going with me, Elijah, and his assistant Connor.”

“What? Where?”

“I’ll give you the details later.” Then he left without any other explanation.

My heart skipped a beat, and I felt the familiar rush of anxiety tightening my chest. A business trip with Elijah? I leaned back in my chair, staring at the door where my boss had just exited.

This can’t be happening. Not now..

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 60

Sophia's POV

I had been dreading this business trip. I didn't even have much time to prepare myself emotionally!

The thought of being confined in a car with Elijah for hours filled me with anxiety and resentment. But as I stood in the driveway, watching Connor load our bags into the trunk, I reminded myself that this was just another professional obligation.

I can handle this.

"Ready to go, Sophia?" Connor called, his usual cheerful demeanor on full display. He glanced at Trevis, who was already settling into the passenger seat with a stack of papers on his lap.

"Ready," I replied, plastering a smile on my face as I approached the car. My heart sank when I realized I'd be sitting in the back with Elijah. No avoiding him today.

As I slid into the back seat, Elijah gave me a brief nod. "Sophia."

"Elijah," I responded, keeping my tone neutral. The tension I expected wasn't there, though. Instead, there was a strange calmness between us, as if we both silently agreed to keep things professional.

Connor started the car, and we began our journey to the mountains. The scenery quickly changed from urban to rural, the city's noise fading into the distance. I took a deep breath, trying to focus on the work ahead.

"This is the surveyed landscape with all the terrains," Trevis said, passing a folder back to me. "You can double check to see if your designs suit it."

It was good that I also had a little background on architecture from the extra courses I'd taken up in Paris and from my many conversations with Craig before. I looked over the documents.

"The goal is to use natural materials and organic shapes to complement the surroundings," I told them. "For instance, the main lobby will feature floor-to-ceiling windows that offer panoramic views of

the mountains."

Trevis nodded, smiling. "Sophia's designs have a unique ability to harmonize with their environment. Her approach will not only enhance the guest experience but also highlight the resort's commitment to sustainability. We're also exploring the use of green roofs and solar panels to reduce our environmental footprint."

Elijah leaned over slightly, glancing at the documents. "Sustainability is crucial. It's highly valued by

our clients."

I felt myself jump just a little bit when he came closer to me. My heart began to pound, but I forced myself to focus on the discussion. "Yes, that's why I made sure to incorporate it in every way I can. We should also have a local environmental consultant."

"Yes, we've hired one," Elijah assured me. "And when we get there, you'll also meet the main engineer

and architect of the project."

We spent the next hour exchanging ideas and refining our plans. The conversation flowed smoothly,

+15 BONUS

and to my surprise, it wasn't awkward at all. Elijah and I even found ourselves agreeing on several key points. It made me feel amazing, to be able to converse with him in this manner unlike when we were married.

Later on, the hum of the car engine was a soothing lullaby that coaxed me into a much-needed nap. The trip was long, the rhythmic bumps of the road blending into a melody that lulled me to sleep.

When I woke up, the first thing I noticed was the weight of something warm draped over me. Blinking groggily, I realized it was a jacket.

Before I could fully grasp the situation, I saw Elijah glancing my way. Our eyes met for a brief moment before he looked away, a flicker of something unspoken passing between us. He leaned over and carefully removed the jacket from my shoulders, his expression unreadable. I wanted to thank him, but the words stuck in my throat. Instead, I settled for a small nod, which he didn't acknowledge.

"Weather looks bad at our destination," Connor's voice broke the silence. His eyes were fixed on the darkening sky ahead, worry etched on his face. "The further we go, the darker it gets."

Trevis, who had been quietly checking his phone, suddenly spoke up. "I just checked again. It looks like there might be a storm heading our way. We should drive faster, Connor. We need to get there before it hits."

The urgency in Trevis's voice added a new tension to the air. I sat up straight and looked outside. The sky had turned into a menacing shade of gray.

Connor pressed down on the gas pedal, and the car picked up speed. Soon we were nearing the designated project area. The tires skidded on the slick mountain road, the car's headlights cutting through the darkness and the sheets of rain.

We didn't expect us to get there by night time but the weather condition slowed us down.

Connor's knuckles were white on the steering wheel, his jaw set in a hard line as he navigated the treacherous terrain. Trevis sat beside him, tapping furiously on his phone, probably checking the weather updates. Elijah and I were in the back, the tension thick enough to choke on.

"Almost there," Connor updated us. The windshield wipers were working overtime, barely keeping up

with the downpour.

The storm had come out of nowhere, catching us off guard.

"I think we should spend the night at a hotel on the way," Trevis suggested.

"Yes, that's a good idea," Elijah agreed. "The rest of the way will be quite dangerous in this weather at

night."

By the time we saw the flickering sign of the lone hotel, we were drenched in anxiety and exhaustion. Connor pulled into the gravel driveway, the car lurching to a stop. We piled out, the rain soaking through our clothes within seconds. The wind howled, almost drowning out our voices as we rushed

inside.

The lobby was a stark contrast to the storm outside warm, cozy, and eerily quiet, A fireplace crackled

In the corner.

+15 BOTIUS

"Rough night," the clerk behind the desk said. "Can I help you?"

Elijah stepped forward, shaking the rain from his hair. “We need rooms for the night,” he said, his voice calm but firm. “Any availability?”

The clerk’s smile faltered. “I’m afraid we only have one room left,” she said apologetically. “The next nearest hotel is about a forty-minute drive away.

“Oh!” I exclaimed. One room for the four of us?!

“We’ll take it,” Elijah said, cutting through the silence. “We can’t risk driving any further in this weather.”

Connor and Trevis exchanged a look, a silent conversation passing between them. Then, almost in unison, they turned to Elijah and me.

“We’re going to the other hotel,” Connor said, his voice resolute.

I opened my mouth to protest, but the words caught in my throat. The storm outside roared, rattling the windows, and I realized there was no point in arguing. The decision had been made.

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Sophia’s POV

The elevator ride to our hotel room was suffocatingly silent. I could hear every tick of the numbers as we ascended. When we finally reached our floor, I breathed a small sigh of relief.

We walked to our room with no one speaking, the soft carpet muting our steps. Elijah unlocked the door and gestured for me to enter first. I stepped inside, feeling the dampness of my clothes clings to my skin even more uncomfortably in the cool air of the room.

I can’t believe I’m going to have to sleep in the same room with him!

“Give me a second,” Elijah said, breaking the silence as he rummaged through the closet. I watched him pull out a hair dryer.

“Here,” he said, holding it out to me. “Let’s get you dried off a bit.”

“Thanks,” I replied, taking the hair dryer from him. My fingers brushed against his for a brief moment, and I pulled back as if I’d touched a hot stove. I plugged in the dryer and began to work on my dripping

clothes.

For a moment, I felt as if we were husband and wife again in our very own room back in the Sinclair mansion. But that memory triggered unhealthy, negative emotions. I shook my head, literally trying to get it out of my head.

Elijah picked up the phone and called the front desk. "Hi, this is room 512. Could we get two robes sent up, please? Brand new, if possible. Thank you." He hung up and turned to me, concern etched on his face. "Sophia, you should take a shower. You'll catch a cold if you stay in those wet clothes."

I glanced at him, hesitating. The awkwardness of the situation made me want to shrink away, but knew he was right. "Okay," I said quietly.

Soon the robes were delivered to our room. I took one and turned off the hair dryer. Then I headed toward the bathroom, feeling Elijah's eyes on me as I walked away.

The hot water felt like heaven, washing away the cold and the awkwardness. I stayed there longer than necessary, savoring the warmth and the brief escape from the tension outside.

But then, I heard my phone ringing.

"Uh, Sophia?" Elijah called through the door. "Perhaps that's Kayla or maybe Travis? Do you want me to answer and put them through?"

My heart raced, my eyes widening. Oh, my gosh! At this hour, it could be my daughter Reese!

"No!" I answered louder than I intended. "I'll be out in a jiffy. Then I can return the call."

I turned off the shower, my heart quickening. Reese. It had to be Reese, using Kayla's phone. I grabbed my robe and hastily wrapped it around myself, not bothering to secure it properly. My hair, still dripping wet, clung to my face as I rushed out of the bathroom.

As soon as I came out and saw the look on Elijah's face, I glanced down and saw that the loosely tied

+15 BONUS

robe had a significant part of my upper chest exposed, barely covering my sensitive areas. I tightened it around me self-consciously as I moved past him to get my phone.

But then, to my surprise, Elijah gently pulled my hand, bringing me to the vanity to sit down. "Let's get your hair dried first."

"Okay, but I can do it," I quickly said. But he was already doing it for me.

There was something about the way he touched the strands of my hair and provided me with this simple service that made my heart flutter. At times, his fingers would brush against my ear or neck, and the soft, fleeting touch would cause my entire body to heat up.

At one point, our eyes locked on each other in the mirror. I closed my eyes at once and pretended to be sleepy.

Why are you doing this, Elijah? my mind screamed. In the two years we were married, you never once did anything like this for me, even while I was pregnant.

The memories of the past were enough to snap me back to reality and stop me from falling for whatever it was he was trying to do. My eyes popped open again, and I saw him turning off the dryer and packing it away.

Standing up hurriedly, I almost bumped into him. We stood so close to each other that I could feel his warm breath on my skin, smell his favorite perfume, and feel the heat from our bodies fusing together.

His hands moved to my robe, carefully tying it in place, though his eyes never left my face. Because it was only my robe that separated my naked body from him, I couldn't help but feel a deep sensual longing for the man whom I had once loved.

Shivers ran down my spine, and a blaze pooled below my waist. Damn, this can't be happening.

"There," he said softly, his fingers lingering a moment longer than necessary. "All better,"

I glanced up at him, only to find his eyes darkening with an emotion I couldn't ignore. Desire. The air between us crackled with unspoken tension. I quickly looked away, my heart racing.

"Thank you," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

Elijah's hand cupped my chin, gently guiding my face back towards his. "Sophia," he murmured, his breath warm against my skin.

I swallowed hard, the closeness of his body, the intensity in his eyes, it was all too much. "Elijah, I..."

Forcing myself to step away, I gave him an awkward smile. "... I think you should also take a shower. It's your turn."

He looked taken aback. And a bit disappointed. "Oh, alright."

As soon as he'd disappeared into the shower, I quickly got dressed and grabbed my phone, my insides still trembling from that close and very tempting encounter. I curled up on the couch situated farthest from the door of the bathroom.

I dialed Kayla's number. As soon as the call connected, I heard Reese's voice on the other end." Mommy! Mommy!"

My heart stopped, my eyes darting toward the bathroom. The sound of the water running was suddenly gone. I waited, holding my breath.

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Sophia's POV

I stared at the bathroom door, my heart thumping in my chest. I held my breath as I waited for it to open, bracing myself for his presence.

But then, the sound of the shower came again, and I realized he was still in there, oblivious to the world outside, including Reese's tiny voice over the phone.

I turned my attention back to the screen where Reese's face filled the frame. Her big, expressive eyes stared back at me with confusion and disappointment. "Mommy, why can't you come home and sleep beside me?" she asked, her lower lip quivering.

for I sighed softly, my heart aching at the sight. "Sweetheart, I have some work to do, and I'll be away a few days. But don't worry, your Aunt Kayla and your nanny will be with you the whole time. They'll take good care of you."

Reese's small brow furrowed, and she didn't nod. Her eyes, so much like Elijah's, mirrored the same stubbornness I often saw in him. "But I want you, Mommy."

"I know, baby," I whispered, trying to keep my voice steady. "I promise I'll bring you a present, okay? Something special, just for you."

Her face brightened a bit at the mention of a present, but there was still a shadow of disappointment/ in her eyes. She nodded reluctantly. "Okay, Mommy. I love you."

"I love you too, Reese. So much."

I hung up the call. Just then, the bathroom door creaked open, and Elijah stepped out, a towel wrapped around his waist. Water droplets clung to his hair and skin, and the sight of his stunning looks and muscular physique, so familiar yet so distant, sent a shiver down my spine.

Our eyes locked, and for a moment, the world around us seemed to blur. His gaze held a hint of curiosity and something else—something deeper that I couldn't quite place. I

couldn't help but think of Reese, her little face on the screen just moments ago. She had his eyes, his nose. The resemblance

was unmistakable.

Elijah raised an eyebrow, his expression questioning. "Was that Kayla?"

"Uh... Yes."

I stretched out on the couch and took out a book to read. But from the corner of my eye, I saw Elijah rummaging through his bag for some clothes. When he began to get dressed, I turned to the wall on purpose. I kept reading the same text over and over, but not understanding anything.

The knock on the door startled me out of my thoughts. The room service waiter entered with a tray, laden with Elijah's dinner order. The smell of roasted chicken and vegetables filled the room.

"Thank you," Elijah said, tipping the waiter before closing the door.

He set the tray on the small round table by the window and looked at me. "Hungry?"

+15 BONUS

I nodded, trying to muster a smile. "Famished, actually," I admitted. "It's way past dinner time."

"I know. Sorry, I didn't get to ask you what you wanted. I ordered while you were in the shower."

"Oh, that's okay. These look delicious."

It was definitely nerve-racking to be trapped inside this small hotel room with him, all alone. I couldn't help wondering what had happened at the Baker's Estate. The whole picture still wasn't complete in my mind, but I didn't want to ask him.

What's important is that I didn't sleep with him, I told myself silently. And that's never going to happen in the future. Ever.

Now we were stuck with each other again. Fate was playing a dirty trick on me!

After a while, Elijah looked up at me, his gaze intense. "Sophia," he began, his voice soft but steady. "do you ever regret divorcing me?"

His question hung in the air, heavy and unexpected. I felt my heart skip a beat, and for a moment, I couldn't find my voice. Finally, I shook my head, knowing it was the truth. "No, I don't."

A flicker of disappointment crossed his face, his eyes clouding over. He stared down at his plate, pushing his food around with his fork.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves. "Do you?" I asked bravely.

Elijah looked up, his eyes meeting mine. "Yes," he said simply, but the word carried the weight of a thousand regrets. "Every day. That's why it took me a long time to accept the truth, to sign those divorce papers and let you go."

I was quiet, remembering how he'd mentioned a long time ago that he didn't file the divorce after I left for Paris. I'd always been worried about that because I didn't hear back from my lawyer either. But after graduation, I had another lawyer check it in the US. Elijah had finally done it. It was truly over.

Elijah continued to gaze into my eyes intensely. "Sophia, I regret every day that I let you leave and didn't fight for you harder. I regret not treating you right when we were together."

His words cut through me, sharp and painful. I looked down at my plate. The truth of his confession hung in the air, a bitter reminder of all the ways we had failed each other.

We finished eating in silence while the rain continued to pour heavily outside. The splattering sound on the windows seemed to echo in the room. When we were done, I brushed my teeth and went to read my book on the couch. I saw Elijah with his laptop open on the table, working on something. Minutes passed. It was getting late. I could feel a yawn coming. That was when I noticed that Elijah had kept his laptop and was spreading a blanket on the floor beside the bed.

"Elijah, you can't sleep there," I protested, shaking my head. "It's raining heavily outside, and if you sleep on the floor, you'll definitely catch a cold. We still have a lot to accomplish at the project site."

He looked up at me, his eyes filled with stubborn determination. "I'll be fine, Sophia. You take the bed."

"There's enough space." "No," I said firmly, crossing my arms. "It's a big!"

Elijah hesitated, then sighed, conceding with a nod. He climbed into the bed on one side while I took the other. We lay back to back, each careful not to disturb the other. The sound of the storm outside was a constant reminder of the tumultuous weather, but inside, it was quiet, save for our steady breaths.

I must have been so exhausted because I immediately fell asleep despite the awkward situation.

Sometime in the middle of the night, the storm grew worse. Thunder cracked violently, shaking the walls. The noise jolted me awake, my heart racing. It was then I realized I was no longer lying alone on my side of the bed. My arms were wrapped around Elijah, my body nestled close to his.

I held my breath. I could feel his steady heartbeat against my arm that was draped over his body.

But before I could pull away, he stirred. He opened his eyes and turned to look at me. Our eyes met, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still.

Another clap of thunder roared, and instinctively, I moved closer into Elijah's arms, seeking comfort. He didn't pull away. Instead, he cupped my face with his hand, his touch gentle but firm.

"Sophia," he murmured, making my heart thump like crazy.

His eyes searched mine, and in that moment, all the tension between us seemed to melt away. He leaned in, his lips brushing mine in a tender, unexpected kiss. I found myself kissing him back, my eyes closing.

The world outside disappeared, leaving only the two of us in that intimate, electrifying moment.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 63

Sophia's POV

The storm raged outside, the wind howling like a restless spirit, and the thunder clapped with such ferocity it felt like the world was splitting in two.

I lay on the bed, rigid and tense, my heart racing as realized that I had an arm draped over the man lying beside me. The room was dark, save for the occasional flashes of lightning that illuminated Elijah's profile.

As the rain pounded against the window, I listened to the steady rhythm of Elijah's breathing. I began to pull away. But then, thunder boomed again, and I flinched involuntarily. In the darkness, I felt the mattress shift as Elijah turned toward me, opening his eyes and gazing at me with deep longing.

sme.

"Sophia," he murmured, touching my face and leaning in to kiss me.

It was gentle at first, and I found myself closing my eyes and simply relishing the familiar taste of his lips on mine, only passively responding. I didn't move away, even though every rational part of me screamed that I should.

His kiss was soft, and tentative, as if he was testing the waters. And then, slowly, a spark ignited within me. My chest felt as if it was bursting with emotion. My body turned hot, blazing with an intense craving that I never knew I had. The years of negative feelings I'd harbored for him melted away in that instance, and I found myself kissing him back with greater fervor.

Is it habit? The comfort of familiarity? Or is there something deeper, something I hadn't acknowledged for a long time?

I had never been with another man since Elijah. Maybe it was easier to fall back into old patterns than to confront the unknown.

His hand moved to the small of my back, pulling me closer, and I responded eagerly. Our bodies pressed together, the heat between us contrasting sharply with the chill in the room. I could feel his heartbeat, fast and strong, mirroring my own, blending with the sound of the rain.

The kiss deepened, heightening the heat burning inside me. My fingers tangled in his hair while his hands moved fleetingly across my neck, shoulders, and arms, every little touch causing waves of electricity to shoot across my body.

Deep inside, am I still in love with him? The question popped in my head out of nowhere. Did I just force myself to bury it but it never disappeared, after all?

Or perhaps, I'm just carried away by this stormy night and his proximity.

My mind wrestled with the questions, but my body betrayed no uncertainty. I wanted him, needed him, in that moment.

Elijah's hands roamed my back, his warmth piercing through the thin material of my shirt. My heart pounded harder.

And as our carnal desires led us further, one by one, the pieces of our clothing were taken off. All the questions in my mind had fled. Only one thing was running through my head. I want him badly. I want him now.

Another thunder clapped in the distance, but I hardly noticed it anymore. I was too engrossed in the sensations that engulfed my whole body as he pleased me all over with the use of his mouth and his hands.

Our soft moans were overpowered by the noise of the storm. But as I felt my body escalating to greater pleasure, I could no longer hold back. I quivered uncontrollably, accompanied by a louder, longer sound of gratification that egged him to keep going.

Every warning bell ringing in my head a while ago had now been silenced. My body had a mind of its own, savoring the way it fits right into his when he finally brought us together to be one.

It felt so damn good to be this close to him again. And to my shock, it felt right. Even more so now than when we were married.

My fingernails slightly dug into his back as the act intensified. I gasped as bouts of pleasure filled me once more, one after the other, lifting me higher into a state of euphoria.

“Oh, Sophia,” he whispered as he kept on. I had a glimpse of his face. He was coming close to his peak, just as I was to mine. Again..

I let myself get lost in the sensation, the taste of him, the feel of his body against mine. The storm outside seemed to fade into the background, a mere echo compared to the tempest within me.

“Elijah,” I whispered, the bare sound of his name on my lips an expression of a burning desire that had lain dormant within me for so long.

I let myself surrender to the moment and to all the sensations that kept on rising rapidly in my body. And finally, in just a few seconds, I felt myself tremble as unadulterated rapture wrapped around me. At the same time, Elijah exploded with his own bliss, his face showing the amazing gratification that he was experiencing at that moment.

Then it was over. We lay there spent, breathing heavily, silently tormented by the confusing arguments in our heads and the potential repercussions of this act.

He kissed me on the cheek. A soft, sweet kiss. “Good night, Sophia,” he murmured.

I closed my eyes, lifting the blanket at my feet to cover my entire body. I turned to the other side and forced myself to fall back to sleep.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 64

Sophia's POV

I opened my eyes the next morning and gasped as I realized I was being held tightly in Elijah's arms wearing nothing!

My heart raced as memories of last night flooded back. The craziness, getting carried away in the middle of the night—I felt a blush creeping up my cheeks. Carefully, I slipped out of his arms, not wanting to wake him.

The rain was still pouring outside, a steady rhythm against the window. I made my way to the bathroom, cleaned up, and got dressed. When I returned, I noticed Elijah was awake too.

The words caught in my throat as we stared at each other for a while.

“Hey, good morning,” he said a little awkwardly. Perhaps he too was unsure how to address what had happened between us.

“Uh, good morning.” I replied, my voice squeaking out in a weird way. I tried to suppress the fluttering in my chest.

Elijah sat on the bed, shirtless, already engrossed in answering emails. He didn’t say anything else but went back to what he was doing.

I sat on the couch, looking out the window at the rain, the silence between us filled with unspoken thoughts and the soft patter of raindrops.

Checking my phone, I saw that my daughter had a message for me. It made me smile and feel better. I quickly wrote a reply and sent it to her.

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“Sophia,” I suddenly heard Elijah’s voice. It was so close to me that I spun around quickly in surprise, heart pounding hard. He was standing right in front of me, his chiseled build and broad shoulders sticking out in the daylight. In that instance, flashes of last night’s no-holds-barred intimacy came rushing back to me, making me feel flushed.

“Did Trevor call?” I asked, wanting to avoid talking about last night.

“Uh, he sent a message,” Elijah answered, looking distracted. “He said it still doesn’t look good, so we can’t go to the project site yet. And Connor also told me that the head architect and engineer have sought refuge in a different hotel in the meantime.”

“-see.” My chest wouldn’t stop hammering. Damn, that means we’re still stuck together here for one whole day.

To my astonishment, Elijah sat beside me with a serious expression on his face.

“Sophia, I’ve been meaning to ask you...”

I held my breath, waiting for what was to come.

“Have you... forgiven me... for everything?” he continued slowly, his eyes studying mine. His voice was laden with a weight that threatened to crush me.

I hesitated, unable to find my voice. My mouth felt dry. I remained silent, my heart pounding so loudly I feared he could hear it.

Elijah's brows furrowed, confusion and hurt blending in his gaze. “How could you sleep with me if you weren't attracted to me?” he asked, his voice tinged with frustration. The question stung, and I felt a pang of guilt twist inside me.

“I... attraction is different from forgiveness, Elijah....

I turned away after saying that. The truth was, the physical attraction was undeniable, and last night, had been a moment of weakness, of giving in to the desire that had simmered between us for so long. But maybe it wasn't love, or even forgiveness.

He reached out and placed a hand on my arm, his touch making my hairs stand on end. My heart leaped. “Sophia, didn't it mean anything to you?”

I took a deep breath and faced him again, my eyes meeting his with a steely resolve. “I guess I just indulged in lust yesterday.” I admitted, though I knew that somehow there were some real feelings involved. “It was a moment of weakness, a fleeting escape from the pain and confusion. But that doesn't mean everything is forgiven. It doesn't erase the past.”

Elijah's face fell, the hope in his eyes dimming. He took a step back as if the distance could protect him from the harsh reality of my words. Regret filled me, but I knew it was necessary. We couldn't move forward with lies or false hopes.

Silence stretched between us, heavy and suffocating. I wanted to reach out, to offer some form of comfort, but I couldn't. Not yet. Not until I had made peace with the past and found it in my heart to forgive him truly.

“I'm sorry.” I whispered, barely audible, but it was all I could offer at that moment. Elijah nodded slowly, accepting my words even if they brought him no solace.

However, in my mind, I couldn't help but replay the memories. Elijah had an incredible body, every muscle perfectly defined, and he knew exactly how to use each part. The way he made love was addictive, an experience I craved more than I cared to admit.

In this strange, isolated place, it felt impossible to ignore my physical needs, especially with him so

close.

To my surprise, Elijah didn't lash out. Instead, he moved closer to me on the couch, his expression softening. He took my hands in his, his touch gentle and warm. The sensation sent a shiver through me, and I looked up into his eyes, confused by his reaction.

He rubbed my hands slowly, his thumbs tracing small circles on my skin. "Since we're stuck here," he began, his voice low and soothing, "we might as well take the opportunity to give in to our desires completely."

J blinked, taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"No one here knows us," he continued, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "When we leave, everything will be forgotten. We can be whoever we want to be for now."

His words hung in the air between us, tempting and dangerous. I searched his eyes for any sign of mockery or deception, but found none. He was sincere.

The idea was intoxicating. Here, in this isolated bubble, we could lose ourselves in each other without consequences. It was a reckless thought, but one that thrilled me. The weight of our past, our future, everything seemed to lift off my shoulders, leaving only the present moment.

Without waiting for me to answer, he slowly lifted my hands and placed them on his chest. His eyes seemed to burn a hole into mine as he leaned forward and traced my lips with his fingers. Then very tenderly, he let his fingers travel down my neck, heading lower and lower.

I swallowed hard as the familiar desires took over my body again. They were just as intense as last night, perhaps even more.

But he's right, I thought. We can just let things be for now, because once the sun is out again, we'll have to face reality again.

And at that moment, as our smoldering gazes locked with one another, we both gave in to our deep, raw desires. Logic flew out the window.

Our lips met in a torrid, ravenous kiss. We tore away all our clothes and made love on the couch. This time, we could see each other clearly every curve on our bodies, every change of expression on our faces.

Both dripping with lust, our bodies thirsty for one another, we gave our all to please and be pleased until each of us came to the climax, our voices indicating ultimate pleasure. We didn't care. The pouring rain would drown out the sound, anyway. And no one was coming to stop us.

Throughout the day and night, our bodies mostly did the communicating, letting go of all our pent-up emotions and attraction. We did it by the window, on the table, in the shower... I've never done anything like it in the past or even close to it.

It felt amazing. There was only one thing that frightened me- knowing that I would keep wanting more after this.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 65

Sophia's POV

The morning light filtered through the curtains, illuminating the hotel room with a gentle warmth. I took a deep breath, savoring the freshness of the new day, a stark contrast to the storm that had confined us indoors the last few days. The memory of those days—and nights—lingered vividly in my mind, making my heart jump.

A knock on the door made me sit up in bed. Elijah and I exchanged glances, realizing that we were wearing only our undergarments.

"Elijah? Sophia?" I heard Trevis's voice through the door.

Elijah Quickly got dressed and went to open the door, while I rushed to the bathroom to shower.

"Hey, come on in..." I heard Elijah say. Then I heard footsteps coming in, and they all began chatting about the storm finally relenting.

"Where's Sophia?" Trevis asked.

"I think she, uh, woke up early and took a shower," Elijah fibbed.

I turned on the water and couldn't hear them anymore. After taking a quick shower and changing into a fresh set of clothes, I came out and greeted them.

"Hey, Sophia, good to see you," Trevis said, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "How have the last few days been for you two?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, my cheeks growing warm. My mind raced, replaying snippets of moments Elijah and I had shared—moments that were anything but ordinary. Or wholesome.

I could feel Elijah stiffen beside me, his tone suddenly awkward as he replied, "Uh, yeah, it's been.... interesting."

Trevis's smile widened ever so slightly, and I caught a glint of amusement in his eyes. I shifted uncomfortably, wishing I could disappear.

Connor cleared his throat, breaking the tension. "Uh, Mr. Sinclair, did you see the paperwork I sent to your email last night? It was from our head engineer

Elijah's eyes widened slightly, his demeanor becoming even more flustered. "Oh, right, the paperwork," he said. "I saw it, but I fell asleep early."

Connor looked surprised, but didn't say anything.

"Anyway, we'll be meeting the team today, right? Are they good?"

"Yes, I've spoken to them earlier," Connor informed him.

I glanced at Trevis, who was doing a remarkable job of keeping a straight face.

"That storm was something else, huh?" Trevis suddenly quipped.

"Yeah, it was," Elijah agreed, glancing toward me.

Needing a moment to collect myself, I excused myself. "I need to use the bathroom," I said quickly, heading for the sanctuary of the bathroom. Once inside, I closed the door and leaned against it, taking a few deep breaths to steady my racing heart.

In an hour's time, I found myself stepping out of the car to be greeted by the crisp mountain air and the sprawling construction site of the luxury resort. "This is beautiful," I whispered, momentarily forgetting about my issues with Elijah.

This is where my design will come to life. Very exciting indeed.

Elijah stepped out beside me, his presence commanding as always. Connor followed close behind, carrying a leather portfolio and a tablet.

Trevis emerged as well, looking very optimistic. "Now this is what I'm talking about. Your stepmom was right to push this." He patted Elijah's shoulder.

Elijah nodded. "I guess I'll have to agree. And with Sophia's design, this will surely be the talk of the city."

We made our way toward the group of professionals waiting near the makeshift office, a series of trailers set up to serve as the hub for the project. The head architect, a tall woman named Maya, greeted us with a warm smile. Beside her stood the head engineer, Mark, his expression serious as he held a rolled-up blueprint under one arm.

"Good morning, everyone," Elijah began, his voice steady and clear. "Thank you for being here so early. We have a lot to cover today, and I want to ensure that we're all on the same page before we proceed."

As we gathered around a large table set up with various plans and documents, I watched Elijah with curiosity and surprise. It was my first time to be closely involved with him in something like this because he'd always kept me out of business matters in the past.

He really loves what he does, I thought. He was focused, attentive, and undeniably professional.

Elijah started the meeting by going over the timeline and key milestones, addressing each point with precision. He listened carefully to Maya and Mark, considering their input before making decisions.. "Sophia," he said, turning his attention to me. "Can you walk us through your vision—again?"

"Of course," I replied, spreading out my design sketches and concept boards. I spoke with confidence and passion.

Maya and Mark were quite impressed, to my delight. We all eagerly jumped in to share more ideas on how to move forward. After an hour or so, the meeting at the project site finally wrapped up, leaving us all exhausted.

As we headed back to the car, I immediately angled for the passenger seat, hoping to avoid any -awkward interactions with Elijah at the back. Connor didn't look too good, though—pale and massaging his temples. My heart sank when I saw Elijah moving toward the driver's side.

"Connor's not feeling well," Elijah explained, his voice clipped. "I'll drive."

I nodded, feeling the tension knot tighter in my shoulders. Great, just great.

Trevis and Connor took the back seat, and almost as soon as the car started moving, they were out cold, their light snores filling the silence. I stared out the window, the passing scenery blurring into a mosaic of greens and grays.

"You should get some rest, too," Elijah said softly, breaking the silence. I felt his hand reach out to touch mine. Reflexively, I pulled my hand away, my heart pounding hard.

"I'm fine," I muttered, keeping my gaze fixed outside. The truth was, I was anything but fine. I couldn't get our intimate moments out of my head, but I knew that it was time to forget and move on now, just as we had agreed.

Reluctantly, I closed my eyes, hoping to find some respite in sleep. And when I opened them again, I was surprised to find that it was just Elijah and me in the car. "Where'd they go?" I murmured as I sat up straight.

"We already dropped them off at their houses," Elijah explained.

“Oh!” I didn’t realize I’d slept that long. When I checked the road, I saw that we were already nearing my home.

Upon parking in front, Elijah got out and opened the door for me. I was taken aback. “I’m okay, thanks, I can manage.”

“I can help bring your stuff upstairs,” he said.

“No, it’s fine,” I insisted, taking my backpack and moving to the door. “Thanks, Elijah. See you.”

Elijah nodded. But before I could turn around, he said, “Sophia, you’ve had a rough couple of nights. Why don’t you take a break tomorrow? Trevis told me to tell you that you don’t have to go to work tomorrow.”

At the mention of the nights that had passed, I couldn’t help blushing. More like wild instead of rough nights, I suppose.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 66

Elijah’s POV

Looking at Sophia’s back as she fled into the apartment building, I couldn’t help but feel the weight of the last few days pressing down on me. The wonderful, intimate, wild moments we’d shared seemed to replay in my mind, each memory a vivid flash that made my heart ache with longing.

God, how I want to be with her again, to feel the warmth of her body and see that spark in her eyes!

The thought of it made me chuckle and shake my head in disbelief. Of all the things that could happen, this unexpected reunion had to be the funniest and most unexpected twist life had thrown at me in a long time.

Just as I was about to leave, I noticed a small figure near Sophia’s apartment. My heart skipped a beat as I recognized the little girl—Reese. She held a stuffed toy in her hand, and was skipping along the sidewalk.

What’s she doing here?

My curiosity piqued, and a sense of protectiveness surged within me. I got out of the car and walked

over to her.

“Hey, Reese?” I called softly as I approached. “What are you doing out here?”

She looked up at me with wide eyes, then smiled when she recognized me. "Uncle Elijah!" she exclaimed, then ran toward me and hugged my leg. She dropped the stuffed bunny she was holding as she came to me. "Play! Play!" she yelled, jumping up and down excitedly.

It made me laugh a little. I crouched down and faced Reese. "How did you get here?"

"Reese, be careful!" someone called behind her. It was a familiar-looking woman whom I knew was not her mother. I remembered seeing someone else who appeared to be her mom at the restaurant and at the park. This must be the nanny.

"Sir, I'm sorry," she apologized before taking Reese's hand. "We just went to the mall to buy some toys, but we're on our way home now. Sorry for bothering you."

The woman began pulling Reese away, but Reese refused to budge. "Come on, Reese, she urged. You know your mom is waiting for you."

I watched them for a while, and it seemed like they didn't have a ride. I wondered if they were going

somewhere just nearby.

"How do you plan to get home? Where are you staying?" I asked curiously. "I mean, I can give you a ride home if you need one."

"We'll take a cab," the woman answered curtly. She was eyeing me warily and I had the feeling she didn't trust me.

Just then, I felt Reese clinging to me, tugging at my pants. "Don't want... go home," she said, pouting. "No going home!" Then she lifted her head up to face me with those innocent wide eyes, pleading. Play with me, Uncle Elijah! Park! Go to park!"

Perhaps she remembered the time we'd played together at the park below our office building. "I'm sorry, but I need to go now and do some work," I told her gently. "And your mom might be looking for you now. You must get home."

For a brief, painful second, she said nothing, just stared at me as if trying to comprehend the harsh. reality of my words. Her lower lip quivered, and then, like a dam breaking, she burst into tears.

My heart clenched. Seeing her cry stirred something deep inside me, a paternal instinct I wasn't accustomed to. I knelt down to her level, desperately searching for a way to fix what I had broken.

As her sobs became louder, I couldn't help but notice how much she resembled Sophia—those same soulful eyes,

the delicate curve of her mouth. It was like looking at a miniature version of my ex-wife.

“Hey.

Reese,” I said softly, my voice gentle as I reached out to wipe her tears. “Do you want to come with me to my office?

You can see where I work, and maybe we can grab some ice cream on the way.

Her sobs quieted, replaced by hiccups and sniffles. She looked up at me, her eyes still shining with tears but now glinting with some curiosity. She nodded slowly, a small, hopeful smile forming on her lips.

“Yes!” she squealed. “Go with Uncle Elijah! Park... and work... and ice cream!” She now had a big smile on her face and was nodding vigorously.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 67

Elijah’s POV

I pinched Reese’s tiny nose gently, causing her to giggle. “It’s too late to take you without your family’s permission,” I said, trying to sound serious, but her infectious laughter made it difficult.

Reese’s eyes widened with determination. “Mommy will say yes! Promise!” she declared, her voice high and full of confidence. Before I could react, she wriggled out of my arms, darted to the nanny’s side, and snatched the phone from her hand.

“Reese, wait-” the nanny started, but Reese was already trying to navigate the screen with her chubby fingers.

“I’ll call Mommy and ask!” Reese insisted, her face scrunched up in concentration. The nanny, looking slightly exasperated but quite a little shocked, gently took the phone back from Reese.

“Sweetie, there’s no need for that,” the nanny said softly. “Remember, I’m your mommy’s sister.”

I looked at her in surprise.

“Yes, sir, I am,” she reiterated. “But still, her mother will worry if we go with a stranger.”

“I want to go!” Reese said, stomping down her foot. She looked as if she wanted to cry again.

“Uh, listen...” I said desperately, taking out a business card and handing it over to the nanny. “You can trust me, okay? I own that building beside the park where Reese and I were playing before. I think you and her mom arrived then.” I pointed to my name on the card. “That’s me, Elijah Sinclair. I own Sinclair Realty Group.”

She still looked hesitant, which I could understand.

“Please!” Reese cried out.

“Well, okay, maybe just for a while,” the nanny finally agreed. I took them into my car and we all headed to the office.

It wasn’t long before we stepped into the office building and I immediately felt the weight of countless stares. Holding Reese’s tiny hand in mine, I guided her through the lobby, aware of the whispers that followed us like a persistent shadow. The nanny trailed behind us silently, her presence almost ghostly in its quietness.

Reese, with her innocent curiosity, clung to my hand, her eyes wide as she took in the unfamiliar surroundings. Employees paused mid-task, their gazes flickering between us and their colleagues, sharing hushed conversations that I could barely hear but could easily imagine.

“Who knew he had a kid?”

“Did he get someone pregnant?”

“Mr. Sinclair – a dad?!”

I ignored them all, focusing instead on getting to my office. It was the end of the day, and most of them were wrapping up their work, which only heightened their interest in the unexpected scene unfolding before them.

Finally, we reached the elevator. The ride up was silent, save for the soft ding of the floors passing by. Reese held tightly to my hand, her tiny fingers warm and comforting in a way I hadn’t expected.

When we got to the top floor, I saw that my office door was open, and there was Serena, standing by desk with a stack of papers. Her expression was a careful mask of professionalism, but I could see the curiosity in her eyes as she glanced at Reese.

“Elijah,” she greeted me, her tone even. “There are some papers you need to sign.”

I stared at her and nodded, remembering how I’d been even more cold and distant after that last incident. She’s lucky I haven’t confronted her about it yet. But one more time, and she’s not getting away with trying to destroy Sophia anymore.

At least she wasn't dense. She knew I was avoiding her, and she wasn't asking me why. Maybe she had an idea.

Our interactions had become purely professional, stripped of any warmth or camaraderie we once shared. I took the papers she handed me and scanned them. "I'll sign in a while," I said without emotion, placing the document on my desk.

I then led Reese to the small seating area by the window, where she could look out at the city below! The nanny had been left outside in the waiting area.

"Who's the little girl?" Serena suddenly asked with great curiosity, taking a good look at Reese. "Hey! there. What's your name?"

Reese's eyes widened in alarm, and she immediately rushed to my side and tried to hide from Serena. I lifted her up and placed her on my office chair, letting her swivel there and become distracted.

Serena frowned and then raised an eyebrow at me. It seemed like she was still waiting for me to give her an answer. But I didn't say anything. Instead, I went ahead and signed the document on my desk. Meanwhile, Reese was now spinning in circles, giggling uncontrollably with every turn on my chair. It was a sight that melted away the stress of the day, her innocent laughter echoing through the room like a melody.

"Careful, Reese," I said, unable to suppress a smile. "You're going to get dizzy."

As I turned back to my desk, sorting through the designs sprawled across it, I heard the chair's squeak as it came to a halt. I glanced over to see Reese peering over the edge of the desk to check out the colorful sketches and mock-ups.

Then, without warning, she pointed at one of the designs and squealed in delight. "This one, mommy's!" Her finger jabbed at the paper, her face lighting up with recognition.

My heart skipped a beat. She was pointing at Sophia's latest project design.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 68

Elijah's POV

I exchanged a quick glance with Serena, a silent conversation passing between us. Reese was smiling so brightly, her little face lighting up with joy. "Mommy's work!" she exclaimed, pointing to the design on the desk.

"Look at that smile," Serena exclaimed. She stared at the little girl, seemingly scrutinizing her. "She looks just like Sophia."

I nodded, my throat tightening. "Yeah, I've been thinking that for some time now. So it's not surprising that I'm not the only one who thinks so."

Serena walked over to Reese and crouched down to her level. "Hello again, sweetie," she said softly. "Why are you excited about that design?"

Reese beamed up at her and then pointed to the design again. "Mommy made this," she declared proudly.

My heart pounded wildly. A little girl can't possibly lie like that, right? This could really be Sophia's daughter!

Serena stared at Reese with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. It was a fake, strained smile that made something twist in my gut. Reese's happy expression faltered, her lip beginning to tremble.

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"Is that so?" Serena asked, her voice dripping with forced sweetness. "Your mommy is talented."

Reese's eyes welled up with tears. She didn't understand the undertone in Serena's voice, but she sensed the insincerity. A soft sob escaped her lips.

"Hey, hey, it's okay," I said, stepping in quickly. I picked Reese up, cradling her in my arms. "There's no need to cry."

Reese buried her face in my shoulder, her small body shaking with sobs. I shot Serena a look, silently reprimanding her for her coldness. She had no right to make Reese feel this way.

"I didn't do anything," she mumbled defensively.

I tried to soothe Reese with gentle pats on her back. "She's really upset. Serena, take the design file and leave."

"But-" Serena started to protest.

"Just go, I demanded. "You've scared her."

Reluctantly, Serena gathered her things, her eyes lingering on Reese and me. She paused at the door. but a slight nod from me pushed her to finally leave the room.

Moments later, the door swung open, and the nanny burst in, her face a mask of worry. She rushed her hands outstretched. "Oh, Reese! My poor baby, what's wrong?"

over, Reese's crying only intensified. "Perhaps she's already tired and hungry," I said, though I knew that it

was Serena who had triggered it. Even a little girl could tell that she was up to no good.

The nanny took Reese and cradled her, whispering softly to her in a mixture of soothing words and gentle shushes. Slowly, the sobs began to subside, replaced by hiccuping breaths.

"We need to go home now," the nanny said softly, still focused on calming Reese. "Your mother is worried about you."

Something inside me clicked, a puzzle piece I didn't realize was missing. I had to know. "What's Reese's mother's name?"

The nanny glanced up, surprised by my question. "Her name is Andrea."

Andrea. Not Sophia.

And yet I still wasn't convinced. I had the feeling she wasn't telling the truth. It was just the same as my doubts about Julia and about Serena.

"Thanks so much, Mr. Sinclair," she said, her voice polite but hurried. "We really need to go."

Suddenly, we were interrupted by a hurried knock on the door. Since I myself had driven Connor home earlier, a colleague of his had taken over his tasks for the afternoon. The young man who'd temporarily replaced him poked his head in. "Mr. Sinclair, I just wanted to remind you about your meeting later."

"Yes, I know," I immediately answered:

"Okay, sir," the man answered. I saw his eyes flicker fast to Reese before he closed the door behind him.

I certainly didn't want any more employees fishing around for information about Reese. Maybe it was wrong to even take her here.

"Go home!" Reese suddenly quipped, her eyebrows furrowing. A crease formed on her little forehead. Please home now."

"I think she's now ready to finally go home," I said gently. "Reese, would you like me to drive you and your nanny home? So that you'll be safer?"

To my bewilderment, she frowned at me and shook her head. "No."

