

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 69**

Sophia's POV

My heart swelled at the sight of my little girl entering the apartment. But I held back, unsure if she was still upset with me for being away on business the past few days. Instead of rushing to her, I took a moment to collect myself and observe.

She didn't run to me. That was the first sign something was wrong. Reese was usually so excited to see me, her little legs carrying her as fast as they could into my arms.

But this time, she sat on the sofa with her eyes downcast. As I got closer, I noticed the telltale shimmer of tears clinging to her lashes.

"Reese?" I said gently, touching her arm.

She looked up at me, and my heart broke at the sight of her red-rimmed eyes. "Sweetie, what's wrong?"

Her bottom lip quivered. But before she could answer, her nanny stepped in. "Ms. Sophia, I should explain," she said, her tone apologetic. "There was a bit of an incident today."

My eyes widened with concern. "What happened?"

"It was that man again from the park. Elijah."

My heart skipped a beat. "What about him?"

"He saw us outside the building, and Reese recognized him and wanted to go visit his office. But while she was inside there, I heard her suddenly crying. I panicked and came in to get her!"

I knelt down in front of Reese, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "Why were you crying, honey? Was it because of Uncle Elijah?"

"No." Reese sniffled, her little hands twisting together. "Blonde l-lady..." was all she was able to say.

The nanny nodded in confirmation. "Yes, there was a blonde woman leaving Mr. Elijah's office. She looked upset."

"Scary lady!" Reese told me. "Mean! She's... mean aunt."

I could feel the anger rising within me, but of course held it in. I had a strong feeling who it was.

"I heard that the lady's name was Serena," the nanny added.

I scoffed. I should have known.

"Did she shout at you or hurt you in any way?" I asked, trying to control my emotions.

Reese shook her head, and I felt relieved. I figured any little kid would probably get frightened by how Serena spoke and acted. She was certainly not pleasant, especially with children.

Uncle Elijah talked to her," Reese said, her little brow furrowing in confusion and hurt.

I took a deep breath, knowing this conversation needed careful navigation. "Maybe they were talking about important work stuff, just like when I talked with your Uncle Daniel about our work."

She shook her head vigorously. "No. Uncle Elijah... kicked her out."

I almost laughed at that. "Really?"

"Because she is mean."

"Oh, I see." I would have loved to see the look on Serena's face when Elijah reprimanded her for making my daughter cry. That's probably why she was so upset when she left the room.

It wasn't long after when Reese began yawning. Crying had exhausted her. And besides, she'd had a full day at the mall before going to Elijah's office.

After I tucked Reese into bed, I gently closed her door, careful not to make any noise that might wake her. Her little face looked so peaceful in sleep, her curls fanned out on the pillow.

I walked down the hall to the kitchen where Reese's nanny was tidying up. "Can you tell me how Reese was with Elijah today?" I asked her curiously.

"Oh, it seemed they had a great time," she answered. "Reese was really excited to see him earlier. He

was very

kind to her, and he explained a lot of things about his office and work when we got to their building."

"Really?" I couldn't hide my surprise, though it was how Elijah had been when I'd observed him with her before.

The nanny went on. "They were like two peas in a pod. He has such a natural way with her. Honestly/ Ms. Sophia, it's like he's her father."

Her words hit me like a freight train, and I had to steady myself on the counter. "Like her father," I echoed, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes, they seem to have a strong bond. It's really quite fascinating to watch."

As she left the kitchen, I stood there, my mind racing. Elijah had always been great with Reese, but hearing it from someone else made it all too real. Maybe it's time. Maybe Elijah deserves to know the truth. But how can I tell him after all this time?

I shook my head, trying to dispel the doubts. I needed to sleep on it, gather my thoughts. Tomorrow would bring clarity, I hoped.

Heading to my bedroom, I checked my phone out of habit. There was a new message, blinking with Serena's name. "Hah, talk about the devil." I opened it, my breath catching in my throat as I read the words:

Damn it, Sophia! You had Elijah's baby, didn't you?

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 70**

Elijah's POV

But I couldn't

I came home late that night, the exhaustion of the day's work settling into my bones. But stop thinking about Reese, picturing her cute little smile and hearing her adorable voice.

The house was dark and quiet. I hung my coat on the rack and made my way to my study, craving a few moments of solitude before heading to bed.

I sat down heavily in my chair, staring at a file on my desk that seemed to taunt me with its presence. I'd hired a detective to look into Reese, and now the results were staring back at me, demanding

attention.

I opened the file and flipped through the pages, each piece of information making my heart beat faster. Reese had been born in France, and the date of birth matched perfectly with the timeline when Sophia was pregnant. The pieces fit together in a way that made too much sense, yet still seemed

surreal.

“Reese looks like Sophia,” Serena had commented earlier today. “It’s not just you, Elijah.”

I rubbed my temples, trying to make sense of it all. Can Reese really be Sophia’s daughter? The thought had crossed my mind before. Seeing it now in black and white.... My gut tells me I was right all

along.

“Should I ask Sophia about it?” I wondered. “Will she lie to me again or maybe tell me the truth this

time?”

I sat at my desk, swirling the deep red wine in my glass, lost in memories that felt both distant and painfully close.

Sophia. Her name whispered through my mind, a ghost from the past haunting my present. I remembered the time in France when she had vehemently denied carrying my child.

And then there was that dreadful day when I heard she didn’t want the baby. I rushed to the hospital,

my mind spinning with questions. Had she duped me? Did she make it all up to make me go away?

I remembered seeing her lying in the hospital bed, pale and fragile. The doctor had informed me that- him she’d had the pregnancy terminated, but Sophia could have put up to it.

But now, Reese is here. She’s alive, and there’s a big chance that she’s actually my daughter. If she is, I swear I’ll give her everything. The best of everything possibly can.

I took another sip of wine, trying to soothe the turmoil in my mind.

I won’t let anyone hurt them. Not Sophia, not Reese shall protect them with my life. No one can hurt them like Serena anymore. Or they shall answer to me.

Thinking about Serena and the things she’d done in the past to hurt Sophia, I felt a flicker of anger. had always thought Serena was a friend, a good colleague I could trust.

But no. She obviously hates Sophia and would do anything to bring her down. Well, she’s not going to win this game.

Suddenly, my phone rang. Right on time.

“Hello, Mr. Sinclair?” It was my private investigator. It seemed like he’d sensed I needed to hear from him about the second thing I’d asked him to look into

“Jonathan, tell me what you found out.”

He took a deep breath and began describing the things he’d discovered about Serena Foster and what she had been up to.

I shook my head in disbelief. “Wow, I never imagined it would be this much,” I breathed, thinking about all the moments I’d confided in her and trusted her.

“She’s been trying to manipulate not just you, but a lot of company policies,” Jonathan went on. “I’ll email you the file right now, what I’ve uncovered so far. But I think there’s so more, so I’m going to keep digging.”

“Okay, thank you. I’ll talk to you again soon.”

I quickly opened my email and went through the file he sent. Holy shit.

Soon this was all going to tear her down. I was determined to collect all the evidence and confront her with it when the right time came. She’s going to pay for all her wrongdoings. Each one of them. And it’s going to be very, very painful.

The next day at the office, I couldn’t help dropping by Urban Next Design Studio to check on Sophia. Seeing her empty office, I was sort of glad that she’d taken my advice to rest for the day. She’d worked hard enough.

But then, upon heading to my own office on the top floor, I was shocked to find her there waiting for me.

“Sophia, what are you doing here?” I asked, bewildered.

Her voice was very serious as she gazed into my eyes.

“Elijah, there’s something important that we need to talk about.”

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 71**

Sophia’s POV

Just as I was about to open my mouth to speak to Elijah, I heard a familiar voice calling my name.

“Hey, Sophia, it’s a good thing you came to work!”

When I turned around to see who it was, I was surprised to find Trevis there, together with Chris.

“Hey, man,” Trevis greeted Elijah, Chris also shook Elijah’s hand.

“Uh, I’m sorry but I can’t stay long.” I announced, looking uncomfortable. I had been ready to divulge something important to Elijah, but it will have to wait I guess it’s not yet meant to be.

“But I thought we were supposed to talk about something important?” Elijah wondered.

I gulped, and then forced myself to smile. “Oh, that. Uh, I just wanted to consult something regarding the project. But we can do it some other time. And I only came here to grab some files from my office, but I have to go now.”

Trevis stepped forward. “Wait, don’t go yet, Sophia. Chris needs to talk to you.”

H

I turned to Chris curiously. I don’t think we’ve ever been introduced formally, but I was well aware that he’s Chris Baker, Sabrina’s brother. And he was also the one who’d been stalking Julia back in Paris!

Chris actually looked excited. “Are you the designer currently working on Morgana’s project, that luxury resort of Sinclair Realty?”

“Uh, yes...” I answered slowly, not sure what he was getting at,

“Well, I’ve got a new project for you!” Chris eagerly said, bringing out an old photo album. “It’s a special one, and Trevis told me that you’ll surely be the one to carry out my vision. And of course, you’ll be compensated very well.”

Curious, I waited for him to go on.

Chris flipped the album open to a photo of two elderly people, their hands clasped together, smiles radiantly with decades of shared memories.

“These are my grandparents,” he began, his voice filled with reverence. “I want to surprise them with a special house design that reflects their love story, one where they’ll be able to relive the special moments they’ve shared throughout the years.

I leaned closer to look at the pictures. There were snapshots of them when they were still classmates in a university, laughing at a picnic with friends, working together in a small shop, the man proposing marriage at a beach, and dancing at what appeared to be their own wedding. The love and joy they shared were evident in every photograph.

This is something else,” I agreed, greatly interested. I couldn’t help smiling as I looked through the photos while Chris briefed us all about his grandparents’ story how they met, how they fell in love and eventually got married, how they rose to success.

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“They met in the late sixties,” Chris continued, his eyes shining. “Back then, it wasn’t easy for them to be together. They faced a lot of prejudice, but they never let it tear them apart... And after they got married, they had to face plenty of challenges while trying to build their dreams. Their story is so inspiring.

I felt a warmth spread through my chest as I listened. “That’s so beautiful. I’d be honored to design something special for them.”

He grinned, obviously pleased. “Thank you, Sophia. I knew you’d understand. But there’s one more thing.” He hesitated, his expression suddenly serious. “I want the designer’s name to be Julia’s in the end.”

I blinked, taken aback. “Julia’s?” I echoed, struggling to hide my confusion. “So you want me to do all the work, but Julia gets all the credit?”

Chris shifted uncomfortably. “I know it sounds strange, but I want to do this for her and for our family. I can pay you double the rate you usually get...”

Wow. I can’t believe it. I didn’t know what to say. How can he possibly think that money would be enough to make me say yes to something like this?!

“It’s a lot to ask, but it would mean a lot to me and Julia. And to our grandparents, of course. You know that we just got Julia back into the family.”

I opened my mouth to argue, to refuse outright, when a familiar voice cut through the air, firm and unyielding.

“I don’t agree.

I turned sharply to see Elijah frowning, his eyes locked onto Chris with an intensity that made my breath catch.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 72**

Sophia’s POV

I stared at Elijah in shock, unable to believe what I had just heard. I’d always thought before that he

avored Julia over me.

Elijah stood firm, his jaw set in a way that brooked no argument. “No, Sophia,” he repeated, “I won’t agree to Chris using Julia’s name for your work.” Then he turned his gaze toward Chris disapprovingly. “What kind of request is that, anyway?”

Before Chris could respond, though, Elijah went on, raising his voice just a little bit and showing his

emotions.

“Besides, Julia has hurt Sophia before because of that plagiarism issue. This is just unacceptable. I don’t want Sophia to deal with similar problems again. And also, it won’t be good for Urban Next if any of it comes out. Right, Trevis?”

Trevis, standing off to the side, looked just as surprised as I felt. “Of course!” He immediately agreed with Elijah. Then he said, “Chris, are you serious? This is insulting to a designer, especially one of Sophia’s caliber.”

Chris shifted uncomfortably, his face flushed with both embarrassment and frustration. “I know, I know. It wasn’t my intention to insult you, Sophia,” he said, his voice pleading.

“But I originally approached Julia first. Her style, though... it’s too avant-garde. Even though my grandfather likes Julia, he probably wouldn’t accept or be happy with such designs.”

I took a deep breath, trying to steady the chaotic emotions inside me. “So, what? You want to use my designs but put Julia’s name on them?” My voice came out sharper than I intended, but I couldn’t help

it.

Chris nodded, looking helpless. “Yes. I’m under a lot of pressure here, Sophia. My grandfather is... particular.”

“Elijah’s right,” Trevis said, stepping forward. “This is not just about designs. It’s about respect. Sophia deserves recognition for her work, not Julia.”

“Yes, that’s right,” I agreed. “I’m sorry, Chris. I understand your plight, but it’s really not right. I won’t let

my

work become someone else’s, under any circumstances.

H

I glanced at Elijah, who gave me a reassuring nod. “We won’t let anyone take advantage of you, Sophia. Not again.”



I swallowed hard, feeling a combination of relief and gratitude.

Trevis said that he had tried to keep Julia's and my designs from crossing paths to avoid any further disputes between us. Hearing his words, I felt a warm rush of gratitude wash over me.

It wasn't just Trevis—Elijah was also looking out for me, ensuring that I wouldn't have to face unnecessary conflicts. Their efforts touched me deeply.

I looked at Trevis, a soft smile playing on my lips. "Thank you," I said quietly. "It means a lot."

Then I turned toward Elijah next, meeting his eyes. His gaze made my heart skip a beat. Throughout our married years, I've never felt protected or taken care of by him. And now, this.

"I really appreciate it, Elijah. Thanks."

He returned my smile, a hint of relief and deep affection in his eyes. "We just want to make sure you can focus on your work without added stress."

Chris sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I get it, guys. I'll figure something out. I'm sorry, Sophia. I really didn't mean to disrespect you."

"It's alright."

"And really, I truly appreciate your work," he added. "I've seen the designs you did for Morgana's project, and Trevis also sent me some of your previous works. They're amazing. You are really talented."

"Thank you."

"So..." Chris began. "I was thinking, we should still move forward with this design. I won't ask you to keep your identity. You can be credited for your work. What do you say?"

I was astonished. "I, uh, I'll think about it," I finally told him.

"Alright, I understand," Chris replied, closing the photo album and keeping it. "Thanks, Sophia."

"Okay, then," Trevis said. "I guess that's settled." To Chris, he said, "We'll just inform you when Sophia accepts the project. I think we can give her a few days to think this through."

"Yes, sure," Chris said.

Elijah spoke up, his voice firm. "Chris, Trevis, could you give us a moment? There's something I need to discuss with Sophia."

They exchanged curious glances but nodded, making their way out of the room. The door clicked shut behind them, and suddenly, the room felt smaller, the air heavier.

I took a deep breath, steeling myself for whatever was coming next. "What is it, Elijah?"

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes searching mine. "We still have something to discuss."

I felt a knot tighten in my stomach. "I know," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. I opened my mouth to finally utter what I had been rehearsing since this morning, but nothing came out.

For a moment, we just stared at each other, the silence stretching out uncomfortably. Elijah's expression was unreadable, and I hated that I couldn't figure out what he was thinking. I felt quite uneasy, wondering if he could see right through me, to the secrets I was desperately trying to hold back.

Finally, he broke the silence. "Do you know Reese Davis?"

My heart stopped. The world seemed to tilt on its axis, and I felt as if the ground had disappeared from beneath my feet. Elijah's question hung in the air, charged with an intensity that made my skin prickle.

I swallowed hard, not knowing what to say.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 73**

Elijah's POV

"Do you know Reese Davis?" I asked Sophia once more, intent on finding out the truth from her.

Sophia's eyes widened, the shock evident on her face. She seemed to brace herself against the counter, her knuckles whitening as she gripped the edge. "So you've found out already about Reese..." she said slowly, her voice almost a whisper.

She didn't even bother to deny it or to lie. Maybe she came here in the first place to really tell me about our daughter.

I nodded. "I know she was born in France about three years ago. This was the time you would have given birth, if you hadn't really... If you had not gone to the hospital and..." I swallowed hard, pushing through the lump in my throat as I remembered the pain of finding out she'd terminated the pregnancy, I couldn't even make myself say it.

I took a deep breath and continued, "And I know that Reese and your best friend Kayla share the last name Davis."

Sophia's eyes darted away from mine, her face pale. She looked very guilty, indeed.

"Yesterday, I signed a contract to work with Raven Media. I saw Kayla's family name on the paperwork." I paused, the memories flooding back. "I vaguely remember it from when she worked with us. So I figured if Reese is our child, you must have wanted to hide her from me by giving her your friend's last name."

Sophia's silence was deafening. But peering at the expression on her face, I could tell that I had figured it out. She looked damn culpable.

My mind raced, my heart pounded, and my soul screamed for the truth. "Sophia," I said, my voice breaking, "is Reese my daughter?"

She looked at me, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. "Elijah, I-"

"Just tell me the truth, Sophia," I pleaded, stepping closer. "I need to know. Is she the one you were carrying when you were in Paris?"

"What would you do if she was your daughter?" she responded, her eyes gazing into mine.

My heart raced, seemingly bursting with overwhelming emotions. At first, hearing those words from her, I felt a myriad of negative emotions bombarding me all at the same time.

I have to calm down, I need to know the truth. The past doesn't matter. What I want is to be part of my daughter's future.

Then I spoke quietly. "If you'll let me, I'd like to be a part of Reese's life," I said, my voice trembling with sincerity. "I want to take good care of her. I want to be the father she deserves. But only if that's what you want, too."

Sophia's eyes filled with tears, and she looked away, clearly struggling with her emotions.

I reached toward her, gently taking her hand in mine. "Sophia, I just want you to be happy. As much as I'd love for us to be together again, nothing is more important than your happiness. If that means Staving apart, then so be it. I can live with that. But I heed you to know that I'm here for Reese, and I'm here for you, in whatever way you need."

I watched Sophia as her posture relaxed for the first time in what felt like ages. She hadn't explicitly said it, but I'd read the truth in her behavior and words: Reese was our

daughter. The thought filled me. with a joy I'd never expected, a warmth that spread through me and settled in my chest.

There was a love child in the world that belonged to me and Sophia. Despite everything, she had kept Reese, even when she had lost hope in me. I had never been so grateful.

"Sophia..." I gently started, leaning forward slightly. "I want to be part of her life. Can I visit her regularly?"

Sophia hesitated, her fingers fidgeting with the hem of her blouse. She looked down, then back up at me, searching my eyes as if trying to gauge my sincerity.

"Are you sure about that?" she asked.

"Of course," I said, my tone earnest. "There's nothing else I'm wishing for right now. I've missed so much already. I want to be there for her, to know her better."

She bit her lip, apparently hesitating. Then slowly she nodded. "Alright, you can visit her. But... we need to take it slow. I don't want to confuse her."

"Yes, sure," I agreed readily. "I'll follow your lead."

Her smile grew a little wider, more genuine. "Thank you, Elijah. For wanting to be there for her."

Suddenly, the sound of her cell phone ringing made us both look at the device. She glanced at the screen and her entire face lit up with a radiant smile.

"Reese is calling," she informed me, her voice filled with unmistakable joy. She looked at me, her eyes sparkling in a way I hadn't seen before.

My heart skipped a beat – partially from the way Sophia looked so joyful, and partially from the excitement of being able to hear Reese's voice. My daughter's voice.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 74**

Julia's POV

Today is yet another day for me to prove my worth in this company, I thought as I stepped into the bustling lobby of Urban Next Design Studio.

I had a huge smile on my face, excited to work on my current project and to show off my skills. I'll prove to all of them that I'm really a lot better than Sophia, that I don't have to copy her work just to be noticed.

Just then, I caught sight of Chris and Trevis who were deep in conversation. I was about to say hi, but then I noticed them lowering their voices when I approached. I couldn't shake the feeling that they were discussing something they didn't want me to hear. I brushed off the paranoia, reminding myself that I was here for a purpose.

"Hey, Julia," Chris greeted me with a warm smile, giving me a quick hug. "How are you?"

We had some small talk, but it was obvious that they didn't want me around. Hence, I decided to just make a beeline for Elijah's office upstairs.

I needed to speak with him, to set things right between us once and for all. I was tired of the doubt in his eyes,

tired of feeling like I had to prove myself to him all over again.

As I reached his door, however, my resolve wavered. I hesitated, unsure if I was ready for this confrontation. That's when I heard it—voices coming from inside Elijah's office. Curiosity getting the best of me, I leaned in closer to listen.

"Reese would definitely be happy if you visit her regularly," I heard Sophia say. Naturally, I recognized her voice at once. I gasped, then quickly covered my mouth so they wouldn't hear me.

"I always had the feeling she was my daughter," Elijah said. "Our daughter, Sophia."

My eyes widened, and I felt as if a storm had just been dumped on my head. This can't be happening! No freaking way! They had a daughter named Reese?!

Without warning, a voice startled me from behind. "What are you doing?" I turned to see Serena standing there, looking at me suspiciously.

I gestured for her to be quiet and quickly pulled her into a nearby conference room. Once inside, I closed the door softly behind us and turned to face her, my heart still pounding wildly.

"What the hell were you doing just now?" Serena demanded to know, placing her hands on her waist and narrowing her eyes at me.

Instead of answering her directly, I went ahead and confronted her with what I knew about what she'd done to Sophia before.

"Serena," I began, my voice surprisingly steady, "did you... did you try to hurt Sophia at my party?"

as widened, and she took a step back, clearly caught off guard. "What? No! Why would you

Serena's eyes even think that?"

"I saw you," I insisted, my palms sweating despite my resolve. "I saw what you did, putting something in her drink. And I think you even asked that man called Andrew to bring her upstairs and take advantage of her." I said it matter-of-factly, not in an accusing tone.

"No!" Serena answered, her voice rising in panic. "I didn't talk to Andrew. I don't even know that

guy. He probably just saw that she wanted to sleep with him, you know."

I chuckled, finding her reaction amusing. Perhaps she was telling the truth about this bit, but she most certainly drugged Sophia through that drink. Anyway, it wasn't the most important thing at the

moment.

Elijah already knows what she did, anyway, I thought laughingly, remembering that I was the one who told him what I had seen. He probably already suspects her of trying to hurt Sophia every chance she

gets.

"You can't prove anything!" Serena suddenly blurted out. "And no one's going to believe your word against mine."

"Hey, relax," I said with a grin. "Your secret is safe with me."

She gave me a puzzled look. Then suddenly, the fearful expression on her face was gone. Replacing it was a knowing glint in her eye and a devilish smile on her lips. "You know what? You're the one with a big secret that I'm sure you don't want people to find out about."

"What do you mean?" The way she said it gave me the feeling she wasn't bluffing.

"I found out," Serena said, stepping closer, her voice low and threatening, "that you're not the real Sabrina. And if you don't want that secret out, you'll keep your mouth shut about what you saw me do at that party."

I felt a chill run down my spine, but I held her gaze. "I don't know what you're talking about," I said, trying to sound confident.

Serena's smile was cruel. "Oh, I think you do," she said. "And so does Grandma Baker."

My blood ran cold. "What?!"

"I visited the Baker family elders last week," Serena explained, her voice triumphant. "And while- everyone else believes that you're the real Sabrina, Grandma, who has Alzheimer's, has always been in denial."

Though I wasn't fully convinced that she knew more, I didn't want to risk it. That's when I came up with a brilliant idea that could benefit both of us.

"Why don't we trade secrets?" I offered, thinking fast "In order for you to never speak of me not being Sabrina, I'll let you in on something very juicy that I just found out now. I heard it straight from Elijah and Sophia's mouths!"

Serena was certainly intrigued. "Alright, deal. What is it?"

"Well, Sophia and Elijah actually have a child together, and her name is Reese Davis!" I said haughtily, happy that I was able to discover this secret and use it to lure Serena to what I wanted to happen.

Serena looked confused. "Hhmmm... So it's true then? That isn't a surprise. I've sort of known about that."

That filled me with frustration and a little bit of desperation. I had always known that Serena was also out to get Sophia, so it had occurred to me before that the two of us needed to come together and do something about it.

"Look, Serena," I said, taking a deep breath. "We shouldn't be fighting with one another. We ought to be on the same side. After all, I know that you're in love with Elijah and that you hate Sophia, right?"

Serena was dumbfounded for a short while. Then she began to nod, admitting it. I smiled and said, "Well, I hate Sophia too. So why don't we team up and get her out of here?"

I saw the surprise in Serena's eyes. But then slowly, her lips turned up into a grin.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 75**

Sophia's POV

I sat at Elijah's desk, the phone pressed against my ear, listening to Reese chatter excitedly about her day at play school.

“Yes, Uncle Elijah wants to play with you this weekend,” I said, smiling at her enthusiasm. “He’s going to take you to the amusement park. Won’t that be fun?”

Reese’s excitement was palpable even through the phone. “Yay!” she squealed. “Can’t wait!”

After saying our goodbyes, I hung up and turned to Elijah, who was leaning against the door frame, watching me with a soft smile. “So is she really looking forward to the weekend?”

“Yeah,” I replied, smiling back. “She really enjoys your company, I think. Both of you will surely have a blast.”

“Aren’t you coming with us?” he asked softly, his eyes locking with mine.

My heart began to thump hard against my chest. “I’m not sure yet. I might be busy.” But I was lying.

I I The truth was, I did want to be with him and Reese. But I wanted to take things slowly, and see how this setup would affect all of us.

Later on, as I walked through the door of our house, I called out for Reese, expecting her to come running to greet me as she always did. But there was no answer.

Confused, I turned to Reese’s nanny, who was in the living room. “Where’s Reese?” I asked, trying to keep the worry out of my voice.

The nanny looked equally puzzled. “I thought you told me not to pick her up from play school today,” she said, showing me a message on her phone. “It sounded just like you. I even asked if

you were alright, and you answered yes.”

I took the phone from her trembling hands and read the message. It was written in perfect imitation of my style, but it wasn’t me. Goosebumps formed on my skin, and I felt the sweat pooling in my hands.

I know she’s definitely not in school anymore. I just called there earlier.

I hurriedly dialed Kayla’s number, my heart pounding in my chest. The phone rang once, twice, before she finally picked up.

“Hey, Sophia, what’s up?” Kayla’s voice was cheery, unaware of the panic gripping me.

“Kayla, have you seen Reese?” I blurted out, my words rushed.



There was a brief pause before she responded. “No, haven’t. Why? Is everything okay? Maybe Daniel picked her up from her school?”

But he’d usually call if he did that,” I said in a trembling voice. “She’s not in school anymore, and she’s not home either. Anyway, I’ll call you again. Let me just ask Daniel.”

I quickly ended the call and dialed Daniel’s number. It rang, and rang, until finally, he picked up. I asked him the same thing, and he was greatly surprised and worried. “I haven’t seen her, Sophia. What’s going on?”

I explained it quickly to him, tears welling up in my eyes. He offered to call Reese’s teacher, and I thanked him and said goodbye for the meantime. I was eager to keep checking other possibilities.

Where could Reese be? Suddenly, a thought struck me. Elijah.

I quickly dialed his number, my fingers shaking as I waited for him to pick up. After a few rings, he finally answered.

“Sophia, what’s wrong?” Elijah’s voice was filled with concern.

“It’s Reese! She’s no longer in school and she’s not here at home either. You may have gone to pick her up after we talked today?”

“I’m sorry, but I didn’t. I’m actually still here in the office.”

“Oh, god!” I cried out, feeling like I was about to die. What if she got kidnapped? What if she’s hurt right now? Oh, no! This can’t be happening!

“Sophia, don’t panic, alright?” Elijah said, trying to be strong for both of us. His voice was firm and brave. “I’ll call the police right away. I’m on my way down now. I’ll pick you up and we’ll head straight to the school, alright?”

On the way to the play school, Daniel said he wasn’t able to speak to the teacher yet. He and Kayı were going to check the areas around the school.

Meanwhile, when Elijah and I reached the school, we got to talk to the security guard who told us he didn’t see anything out of the ordinary. Eventually, we also got hold of Reese’s teacher who was able to give us some pertinent information.

“It was a lady who took Reese,” the teacher explained. “She said she was her aunt. She looked like Reese, and Reese seemed to know her and didn’t resist, so I let her take Reese. I’m so sorry.”

Elijah’s brow furrowed with concern. “Can we see the surveillance footage?” he asked.

The teacher led us to the security room, where we reviewed the footage. To our dismay, all we could see was the back of the woman. She was wearing a hooded jacket, obscuring her face and hair. The grainy footage showed her leading Reese to a red car parked nearby.

Suddenly, Elijah's words pierced through the silence like a thunderclap.

"That's Serena's car."

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 76**

Sophia's POV

That bitch, I thought angrily. She's gone too far this time. I won't take this sitting down.

I arrived at Serena's house with Elijah, my heart racing. We needed answers about Reese, and I certainly had no plans of leaving until she told me where she'd taken my daughter.

As we entered her living room, Serena greeted us with a warm smile. She was still wearing the suit that she probably had on at the office. I quickly scanned the room, but there was no sign of the black hooded jacket we had seen in the security footage.

Was it even a woman? I thought with great doubt. Perhaps it had been a man. But then, Elijah was so

sure it was Serena's car.

"Hey, come on in. What brings you guys here?" Serena asked cheerfully, gesturing for us to take a seat.

"We're looking for Reese," Elijah said, his voice urgent. "Do you know where she is?"

Serena's smile faded, replaced by a look of confusion. "Who's Reese? Am I missing something here?" Elijah and I exchanged meaningful looks. I was certainly not going to fall for Serena's pretentious act. "Reese is my 3-year-old daughter, and I know that you took her from her school today!" I screamed not being able to control myself any longer.

"What are you talking about?" She actually looked genuinely confused. "What daughter? I didn't even know you had a child, Sophia! And she's missing now? What kind of mother are you?"

I was so pissed off at her that I began to lunge at her. Elijah grabbed me and held me back just in time. I glared at Serena instead, hating her with all my heart and soul.

Elijah looked at her furiously, but he was obviously good at controlling his emotions. "Serena, isn't Reese here in your house?"

all you want "

"No. Why would she be? I don't even know her. You can look all you want."

"We saw your car in the school's surveillance footage," Elijah finally told her in a quiet, serious voice. There was a hooded person bringing Reese toward that car."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that, but it wasn't me," Serena insisted. "But yeah, that was probably my car you saw if the school was anywhere near the Bread Brothers Bakery. I usually pass by there from work, and today I stopped by to pick up my favorite loaf and bagels."

She then motioned to a bag of bread sitting on top of the center table in the living room. My heart fell. Perhaps she really was telling the truth.

Elijah and I left Serena's house in a hurry, the weight of the situation pressing down on us like a heavy fog. As we drove towards my house, where the police were waiting, I couldn't shake the feeling of dread that settled in the pit of my stomach.

"Elijah, this can't be happening," I said fearfully, brushing away the tears that fell down my cheeks. This is a nightmare!"

Elijah kept his eyes on the road, his jaw set in a hard line. "Sophia, listen.... There's something you need to know. I've been investigating Serena."

"What?" I turned to face him, disbelief etched across my features. "What do you mean?"

"Her family," he began, his tone steady but serious, "they're involved in some illegal business. And Serena... she's been facilitating many of their operations. And I think she's also running some of these through my company."

I stared at him, trying to process the information. "Oh, my gosh! That's really big. But... but I saw the shoes Serena left on the doorstep. They weren't the same pair the woman in the surveillance video was wearing."

Elijah shook his head. "She could have left the shoes in the car or changed them. Sophia, we can't rule her out just because of a pair of shoes, or even the bread she bought."

I nodded. He's right.

As Elijah pulled up in front of my apartment building, I dialed Kayla again. The car's engine idled, a low hum filling the tense silence. Kayla's voice crackled through the speaker.

"Sophia, Daniel and I still haven't been able to locate Reese," Kayla said, her voice thick with worry.

I felt my stomach drop. My fingers tightened around the phone, knuckles turning white. "Have you checked

all her favorite spots?" I asked, my voice trembling. "The park, the candy store?"

"Yes, everywhere. Daniel and I have been searching everywhere in your neighborhood and around the school," Kayla replied.

I thanked her and said I needed to go up first to talk to the police.

I let out a shaky breath, feeling the weight of the situation pressing down on me. Elijah reached over, his hand warm and steady on mine. "We'll find her, Sophia," he assured me.

Inside the apartment, two officers were waiting. The nanny had let them in. They interviewed us thoroughly and tried to trace the phone number used to send the nanny a message. But it turned out to be a burner phone.

"We checked out Serena Foster's story too," one officer told us. "It holds true... But don't worry, we're doing all we can to find your daughter."

I wanted to burst out crying, to let myself give in to the negative emotions that threatened to consume me. But I had to be strong. Elijah rubbed my back gently and held my hand, providing support and comfort all throughout.

Before the detectives could ask another question, my cell phone vibrated on the coffee table. I glanced at the screen, my heart stopping when I saw an unknown number.

"Excuse me," I muttered, picking up the phone and swiping to open the message.

The picture of Reese filled the screen, her face pale that could provide a clue as to where she'd been taken

My breath caught in my throat as I read the message

If you want to see your daughter again, come to Will

The picture of Reese filled the screen, her face pale and tear-streaked. I couldn't see any background that could provide a clue as to where she'd been taken.

My breath caught in my throat as I read the message beneath it:

If you want to see your daughter again, come to Willow Beach alone. Do not tell anyone.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 77**

Sophia's POV

Elijah's voice droned in the background as he continued to speak with the police. I sat there, my heart pounding in my chest, trying to calm the storm, inside me.

I took several deep breaths, thinking about what to do with this message that I just received. It was a huge, serious threat and I didn't want to take any risks. Hence, I waited for Elijah to finish talking to the officers before I whispered in his ear.

"They've found Reese," I said.

Elijah's expression relaxed, relief washing over his features. But before he could speak, I quickly turned to the officers. "Thank you for your help, but I'm really tired. I'd like some privacy now. I'll let you know if anything comes up."

The police nodded sympathetically and filed out of my apartment. The door clicked shut, leaving an unsettling silence in its wake. Elijah turned to me, his eyes filled with concern and a hint of suspicion.

"Where is Reese? I need to see her," he demanded.

My stomach churned as I forced a tense smile. "She's... she's with Daniel. He found her. But Elijah, don't think it's a good idea for you to come with me. don't want you and Daniel to come across each other."

Elijah's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Why not? You know I wouldn't give a damn about Daniel at this time. I only care about Reese. What's going on, Sophia?"

Panic flared in my chest, but I tried to keep my voice steady. "It's just... Daniel and you, you don't get along. I don't want any tension right now. Let me go pick her up, okay?"

He looked at me, searching my face for the truth. I held my breath, praying he wouldn't see through my lie. Finally, he sighed and nodded.

"Okay, fine. But hurry back. I want to see Reese as soon as possible."

"Of course," I murmured. "I'll be back soon."

As I grabbed my coat and headed for the door, I felt Elijah's eyes on my back. My hands trembled as I fumbled with the keys, hoping against hope that I could keep my facade intact just a little longer.

Driving to Willow Beach, my mind was filled with questions and suspicions. The anonymous text message had been a bombshell.

This person has Reese! What the hell does he or she want from us?!

I reached for my phone, trying to dial the number again. My heart pounded as I waited for an answer." Come on, pick up," I muttered to myself. But just like the previous times, it went straight to voicemail. Frustrated, I hung up and pulled into a gas station, needing a moment to collect myself.

I opened my contacts and quickly found Kayla's number. My fingers fumbled slightly as I typed out a message:

Kayla, I got a weird text from an unknown number telling me to go to Willow Beach. They sent Reese's photo! I've tried calling, but no answer. Can you help me find out who this number belongs to?

I hit send and stared at the phone, hoping for a quick response. She could definitely ask their staff at Raven Media to help trace the number.

Within minutes, my phone buzzed with a reply: On it. Be careful, Sophia. This sounds suspicious.

I appreciated Kayla's concern, but my curiosity was overpowering any sense of caution. I took a deep breath and got back on the road, the thought of who might be waiting for me at the beach gnawing at my mind.

As I drove closer to the beach, the road became narrower, lined with tall, swaying trees. The sound of waves crashing against the shore grew louder, filling the silence in the car. I parked in a secluded area and stepped out, the cool late afternoon breeze hitting my face.

I looked around. The beach was completely deserted. I checked my phone again—no new messages or missed calls. I started walking toward the water, my eyes scanning the area for any sign of someone waiting for me.

I sat on the weathered driftwood, the salty breeze tugging at my hair, and watched the waves crash against the shore. The ocean stretched endlessly before me, a seemingly infinite expanse that mirrored my own desperation. I lifted my phone and snapped a picture of the water, capturing the deep blues and foamy whites. With trembling fingers, I sent the image to the number.

Almost immediately, my phone buzzed with a reply:

Stay overnight. Reese will be here tomorrow.

My heart pounded in my chest, a mix of hope and skepticism. I typed back quickly, my fingers stumbling over the keys.

How can I trust you? You promised to bring her as soon as I got here alone.

The response was swift and chilling: If you don't do as I say, you'll never see Reese again.

I stared at the screen, my breath catching in my throat. My mind raced with a thousand questions, but the fear for Reese's safety kept me from acting rashly. I typed back again, hoping for reassurance, some hint of sincerity,

Please, just let me talk to her. Let me know if she's okay.

some

Silence. The minutes ticked by with no response. I sent another message, then another, each one more frantic than the last.

Where is she? I need to know she's safe!

Please, don't hurt her!

Why are you doing this?

Nothing. The screen remained stubbornly blank, each unanswered message twisting the knife deeper into my already shattered heart.

The sun dipped below the horizon, and the beach grew colder, the darkness enveloping me like a suffocating blanket. I rubbed my arms, trying to ward off the chill, but it did little to ease the icy dread seeping into my bones. I couldn't stay out here all night; I needed some semblance of warmth and safety.

I glanced back at my car parked a little way up the beach. It wasn't much, but at least it would offer shelter from the biting wind. I stood, casting one last hopeful look at the ocean before trudging through the sand towards the car.

The sound of the waves faded behind me, replaced by the crunch of gravel under my feet. I was almost in the car when a sharp pain exploded at the back of my head. Stars burst in my vision, and I staggered, disoriented.

Before I could react, the darkness consumed me, and I crumpled to the ground, the world slipping away into nothingness.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 78**

Elijah's POV

I left Sophia's apartment, feeling an emptiness that seemed to grow with each passing second. I thought we were making progress, but clearly, Daniel still held a place in her heart that I couldn't touch.

When I reached my car, I heard a ping from my phone. I quickly grabbed it, hoping it was Sophia.

But it was a message from Julia:

Is it true Serena has a child?

My brows furrowed as I read the message. What was Julia talking about? I quickly typed back:

What do you mean?

Within seconds, another message came through. It was a photo of Serena on the street, holding hands with a little girl. Julia's message followed.

Is the girl in the photo Serena's daughter?

I stared at the picture, my heart racing. Serena was wearing a black hooded jacket, and in the background, I recognized the familiar sign of Bread Brothers Bakery. My heart skipped a beat as I remembered the conversation we had with Serena earlier, and the surveillance footage we'd seen at the school.

Where did you see this? I texted back, my fingers trembling.

Julia responded almost immediately.

I was at the bakery buying bread. Saw them just outside.

A sense of urgency gripped me. I had to know what was going on. I dialed the police, my mind racing with a million thoughts. Immediately I reported what I had found out and sent them the photo from Julia. They said they would look into it and investigate Serena,

After ending the call, I grabbed my keys and rushed out of the house, heading straight to Serena's place.



Upon arriving there, I tried to remain calm. But when she opened the front door, I wanted to shake her and demand to know where she'd taken Reese.

"Elijah, what are you doing here?" she asked, wide-eyed, her voice filled with uncertainty.

I held up my phone, showing her the photo. "Serena, we need to talk. Now."

Serena blocked the doorway, shaking her head. "Where did you get that? I don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't know?" I took a step forward angrily, making sure she understood I wasn't backing down. "I can't believe you'd stoop this low, Serena!"

Before she could respond, a small voice piped up from inside. "Uncle Elijah?"

I looked past Serena and saw Reese standing in the hallway, her eyes lighting up when she saw me. Hey, Reese," I said, my voice softening instantly. "Come here. We've been looking for you.

Serena moved to block my view again, but it was too late. Reese had already run to me, wrapping her tiny arms around my legs. I picked her up gently, feeling a mix of relief and anger. "Are you okay?" I asked the little girl, hugging her gently and feeling roller-coaster emotions in my heart as I realized that this child could really be my own, and she was almost hurt and lost.

"I can explain," Serena started, but I cut her off.

"Explain what? How you take Reese away from her mother? How you lied to everyone?" My voice rose, unable to keep the anger from spilling out. "The police are on their way, Serena. I'm going to charge you with child abduction. I know everything you've done, and I have all the evidence I need."

Her face paled, and she opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. Finally, she managed, "Elijah, please, listen to me. It's not what you think."

"I don't need to listen to anything." I snapped. "I've heard enough lies and I've had enough of you! You're going to pay for this!"

Serena's jaw dropped and I saw her lips quiver. At least she seemed to be afraid. She should be!

Reese shifted in my arms, her small fingers clutching my shirt. "I'm so tired and sleepy."

I softened my tone instantly. "It's okay, Reese. You can rest now." I held her close, feeling her body relax as she drifted off to sleep.

Serena reached out a hand, tears streaming down her face. "Please, Elijah, just hear me out."

I stepped back and shook my head. Reese was asleep in my arms, her tiny head nestled against my chest. Serena's voice cut through the evening stillness, her tone edged with desperation.

"Elijah, you have to believe me! Someone else made me do it!"

I shook my head, my patience worn thin. "Serena, I don't care about your excuses. This is about Reese's safety now."

Just then, the flashing red and blue lights of a police car illuminated the street. Two officers stepped out, their expressions stern as they approached us.

"Serena Foster?" one of them asked, glancing between us.

Serena's eyes widened, and she took a step back. "Please, you have to understand, I was threatened!! had no choice!"

"Ma'am, please come with us," one of the officers said sternly, taking Serena with him. "You can explain at the police station."

Serena had no choice but to go with them. I glared at her as she climbed into the police car.

-Reese was safe, at least for now. But I still needed to reach Sophia. I pulled out my phone and dialed

her number again, my heart pounding with each unanswered ring.

"Come on, Sophia, pick up," I muttered under my breath. In my mind, I was worried about Sophia. Why had she told me that Daniel had found Reese? Was that the message she received? Where is she now and why isn't she answering her phone?

"Damn it," I cursed, my worry for Sophia intensifying. I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. With Reese's safety at the forefront of my mind, I decided to take her to the hospital for a checkup, just to be sure.

The drive to the hospital was a blur, Reese remained asleep, her breathing soft and steady. When we arrived, I carried her into the emergency room, the bright lights and antiseptic smell greeting us.

"I need to have my daughter checked out," I told the nurse at the front desk. "She's been through a lot tonight."

The nurse nodded and directed us to a waiting area. As we walked through the corridor, a commotion caught my attention. A hospital bed was being wheeled past us, a patient lying motionless on it. For a fleeting moment, I thought I saw a familiar face, but with everything happening, I dismissed it.

“Elijah,” the nurse called, drawing my attention back to her. “A doctor will see you shortly.”

I nodded, adjusting Reese in my arms. As we waited, my thoughts raced. I needed to find Sophia, but for now, Reese was my priority. The uneasy feeling lingered, though, like a shadow that refused to fade.

Unbeknownst to me, just down the hall, the unconscious figure on the hospital bed was Sophia.