

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 89**

Elijah's POV

I stood by the window, watching the rain pour down in nonstop sheets, drenching everything in sight. The clock on the wall ticked away the seconds, each one adding to my growing anxiety.

And when I heard that man's voice in the background, addressing Sophia, calling her name, my heart jumped and my anxiety intensified.

I could feel the anger bubbling up inside me. Who the hell is that man? Why is she with him this late?

I wanted to demand answers, to tell her to come home immediately. But I knew I didn't have the right. We weren't together. She had her own life, her own choices.

"Who's with you?" I couldn't help asking, my voice turning cold despite my efforts to stay calm.

"Elijah, it's nothing," she replied quickly. "I'll explain everything later. I promise."

I wanted to protest, to tell her that I needed to know now, but the words stuck in my throat. Before I could say another word, the line went dead. She had hung up on me.

I stood there, staring at the phone in my hand, feeling a blend of anger and helplessness. The rain continued to pound against the window, mirroring the storm brewing inside me.

Sophia was out late at night. With some man, in the rain. Damn.

Minutes ticked by like hours, each one heightening my anxiety. I paced the living room, the sound of the rain against the windows amplifying my unease.

I couldn't take it anymore. I headed to the bedroom to check on Reese. Pushing the door open slightly, I peeked in. She was still asleep, her small form curled up under the blankets, completely unaffected by the storm outside. Her steady breathing calmed me for a moment. I quietly shut the door and locked it, a protective instinct kicking in.

I went out and descended the stairs of the building, my mind racing with possibilities. Just as I reached the lobby, the front door creaked open. Sophia stepped inside, her hair damp and her clothes clinging to her from the rain. Relief washed over me, but it was quickly replaced by suspicion when I saw the man behind her. It was Adrian, the same guy who had saved Sophia's life a while back.

Sophia and noticed me and quickly spoke up. "Oh, hey, Elijah! Don't worry. I'm already back. You can go home

I cut her off, my eyes fixed on Adrian. "What did you want from Sophia? Why call her so late at night?"

Sophia glanced between us, sensing the tension. Adrian met my gaze, his expression calm but unreadable.

I'm not worried about her, I continued, my tone sharp. I'm just not sure what you could possibly need her for, especially at this hour."

Adrian took a step forward, hands raised slightly as if to show he meant no harm. But before he could speak, Sophia placed herself between us.

"Elijah," she said, her tone calm but firm. "Adrian and I had something important to discuss. It's not the right time to go into details with you. Besides, it's too personal."

I clenched my fists, trying to keep my temper in check. "What kind of important discussion happens at this hour, Sophia?"

She sighed, glancing briefly at Adrian before meeting my gaze. "We've become friends, Elijah. Remember, I stayed at his house while I was recuperating from my injury. We've talked a lot, and he's been... helpful... So now, I just wanted to be there for him too."

I looked at her, trying to read between the lines. Her words felt like excuses, and the way she stood closer to Adrian made me feel queasy. Adrian, on the other hand, wore a satisfied grin, as if he enjoyed seeing me in this state.

Sophia, this doesn't feel right. Why are you taking his side?

But I didn't say it out loud. I did not want her to get mad at me again, now that our relationship has already improved greatly.

"I have to get to Reese now," Sophia suddenly said, looking from Adrian to me. "You should both go home now too."

With that, she gave a small wave and headed upstairs, leaving me alone with Adrian. I turned to him, anger simmering beneath my skin. "What exactly do you have planned, Adrian?"

He shrugged, the smug look never leaving his face. "Why do you care so much about Sophia?"

The question hit me like a punch to the gut. I opened my mouth to respond, but before I could, his expression darkened, and he leaned in closer, his voice a taunting, mocking whisper. "Is she even your girlfriend?"

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 90**

Sophia's POV

I was halfway to my apartment when I realized I was still wearing Adrian's jacket. The rain had poured down heavily earlier, soaking my thin blouse and leaving me shivering in the cold. Adrian had draped his jacket over my shoulders without hesitation, also insisting to come with me in my car and make sure I was safe coming back home.

"Oh, shucks, I need to return this to him," I muttered, turning around to go back to the lobby. "Hope he's still there."

The elevator ride was quick, and as the doors slid open to the lobby, I heard voices. I paused, recognizing Adrian's voice immediately.

"Why do you care so much about Sophia? Is she your girlfriend?"

I held my breath, peering around the corner just enough to see them. Elijah stood with his back to me, his posture tense, while Adrian faced him, arms crossed defensively.

Elijah's response was calm but firm. "No, she's not my girlfriend."

A flicker of relief and disappointment mingled within me, confusing my emotions. But before I could process it, Elijah continued.

"She's my wife."

My heart stopped. The air seemed to thicken around me, and I clung to the wall for support. Adrian's mouth fell open in shock, but he quickly recovered, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Your wife? No way," Adrian said, chuckling sarcastically. "There's no spark or special connection between you two. You act like normal friends."

Elijah laughed, a sound that echoed through the empty lobby. It wasn't a joyful laugh, more like one filled with irony. "And you think you and Sophia have a special connection? You've known each other for less than a week."

Adrian's face darkened, his jaw tightening. "We might have just met, but I know what I see. There's nothing special between you two. But for us? There could be something growing."

Elijah took a step closer to Adrian, lowering his voice but still loud enough for me to hear. "You have no idea what you're talking about. Sophia and I... we have a history. And it's none of your business."

I was greatly surprised. The possessiveness in Elijah's voice stirred something deep within me.

I decided to show myself, casually walking over to them. "Oh, Adrian! Good to know you're still here," I said in a cheerful voice. "Sorry I forgot to return your jacket."

Seeing that, I noticed Elijah's mouth turn into a tight, grim line. His eyes seemed to shoot daggers at Adrian. But I simply ignored him.

"Hey, no worries," Adrian told me. "I'll go ahead now. Take care, Sophia." I felt relieved when he turned to leave.

Elijah turned to me, but I spoke before he could say anything. "You should go home now too, Elijah. I'm really tired and I need to get to Reese."

"Yeah, okay," he answered. "Good night, Sophia."

Back at home, I closed the front door quietly, the faint click echoing in the stillness of the night. The rain had already stopped, followed by silence outside. Reese was still sleeping soundly, her gentle breathing the only sound that filled the space. I tiptoed to her room and stood by her bed, watching her tiny chest rise and fall.

As I gazed at her, Elijah's words echoed in my mind. "She's my wife," he'd said. Why did he say that? We're divorced! There's nothing between us anymore! Why did he sound angry, jealous even, about Adrian?

"Why now, Elijah?" I whispered into the darkness, my voice barely audible. During our marriage, he'd barely noticed me, let alone cared who I was with or what I did. His indifference had been a constant ache, a reminder that I was never enough. But today, his tone was different. It struck me, sincere and almost... desperate.

I leaned against the wall of Reese's room, the weight of the day's events pressing down on me.

always had the feeling that Elijah loved someone else. He'd told me several times after our divorce that he cared, but I'd never believed him.

And those intimate nights together in that small hotel? They weren't supposed to mean anything, right? asked myself, the memories rushing back to me. We had acted like honeymooners, but we'd agreed that it was just a mere hookup that didn't mean anything.

I'm definitely not willing to make a fool of myself, to risk my heart again. But tonight, for some reason, his words lingered, refusing to be dismissed.

I glanced back at Reese, imagining what it would feel like to be one family together. Elijah, Reese's father, with Reese and me. A brief, wistful smile played on my lips. It was a beautiful fantasy, but reality was far more complicated. I couldn't ignore the past, the hurt, the neglect.

And then there was Daniel. His confession still reverberated in my thoughts. He'd loved me all this time, wanted to be there for me.

How can I face him now? How can I face any of them?

The minutes ticked by, the night deepening around me, but sleep remained elusive.

The next morning, I dragged myself out of bed, dark circles under my eyes testament to my restless night. I dressed mechanically, my mind still tangled in the web of emotions from the previous evening.

Arriving at the office, I was greeted by Chris, waiting by my desk. His smile was warm, but there was a hint of urgency in his eyes.

"Sophia, good morning. I know it's early, but I'm hoping you can come with me," he said.

"Chris, what's going on? I asked, trying to muster some enthusiasm despite my exhaustion. He grinned at me. "It's for the project you're designing. My grandparents want to meet you."

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 91**

Sophia's POV

Chris and I pulled up to his grandparents' old house, its charming, weathered facade standing as a testament to years gone by. The paint was peeling, and the roof looked like it had weathered one too many storms. Chris parked the car and turned to me, a look of excitement mixed with nervousness in his eyes.

"This is it, Sophia," he said, turning to me after he parked in front. "I'm so glad you were able to come today. My grandparents mean the world to me, and this house... well, it's seen better days. This is why I've decided to gift them a new one, to show my appreciation for everything they've done for me.

"That's such a beautiful gesture, Chris," I told him sincerely. I knew that he had a lot of money, but choosing to spend it on a new house for his grandparents showed that he really cared about them. "I'm glad to be a part of the project."

We got out of the car and made our way to the front porch. As Chris knocked on the door, I could hear faint sounds from inside, some laughter and conversation. The door opened slowly, revealing Chris's grandfather, a tall man with silver hair and kind eyes.

"Chris! Sophia! Come on in," he greeted us warmly. I was surprised that he knew my name. "I've heard so much about you, Sophia. My wife and I are really very happy that you're the one who's designing our new house."

"Thank you, Mr. Baker," I said, smiling. "It's lovely to finally meet you."

"Call me George," he insisted, stepping aside to let us in. "And this is my wife, Evelyn."

We walked into the cozy living room where Evelyn sat in a wheelchair, a blanket draped over her lap. Her eyes lit up when she saw us, particularly when she saw me.

"Oh, Sophia," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "You remind me of someone... someone very dear to me."

I felt a strange sense of familiarity wash over me as I approached her. "It's wonderful to meet you, Mrs. Baker."

"Please, call me Evelyn," she replied, reaching out to hold my hand. "You have such a warm presence! I feel like I've known you for a long time."

Touched by her words, I bent down and gave her a gentle hug. "Thank you, Evelyn. That means a lot to me."

Chris beamed, clearly delighted by the warm reception. We all gathered on the garden patio where we enjoyed tea and sandwiches while making small talk.

"I'm really honored that you trusted me with this project," I told them.

Evelyn nodded, her smile broadening. "Let me tell you our story, Sophia. George and I met in college. He was studying business, and I was an art major. We were an unlikely pair, but love has a way of bridging gaps.

George chuckled, a nostalgic look in his eyes. "She's right. We fell in love, got married right after graduation, and started a small business together. It wasn't easy, but we worked hard and supported each other through thick and thin."

"Our business grew," Evelyn continued, her voice filled with pride. "And so did our love. We've had share of ups and downs, but we faced them together. That's the key, you know. Facing everything together."

I listened, captivated by their story, feeling a deep sense of admiration for this couple who had weathered so much and still looked at each other with such love.

“You two are an inspiration,” I said sincerely. “Thank you for sharing your story with me.”

Evelyn reached out and patted my hand. Her gaze at me lingered for a long time, but it didn't make me feel uncomfortable. I felt a sense of belonging with Chris's grandparents, their warmth and kindness enveloping me

Spending the afternoon with Chris's grandparents was like stepping into a warm, cozy storybook. After thanking them profusely and promising to return soon, turned to Chris, my mind buzzing with ideas.” Thank you so much, Chris. This visit was exactly what I needed.”

Chris smiled, his eyes reflecting the same warmth as his grandparents. “I'm glad you enjoyed it. They seemed to really like you. I'm eager to see what you come up with.”

“Me, too!”

We made our way back to the office. I could hardly wait to start designing, my mind swirling with concepts that blended their rich history with their love for rustic elegance.

As we entered the office, I noticed Julia standing by the coffee machine, her usual composed demeanor slightly ruffled. Chris greeted her with a nod. “Hey, Julia. Did you know Sophia and my grandma get along so well? It's like they've known each other for years. You know how Grandma can be sometimes...”

Julia's smile was stiff, her eyes narrowing ever so slightly. “Is that so?” she replied, her voice carefully controlled. “That's... interesting.”

I could sense the tension in her stance and tried to ease it by sharing a bit about our visit, “Grandma Evelyn is such a wonderful person. She told me so many stories about their early days. It was really inspiring.”

Julia's smile didn't reach her eyes. “I'm sure it was.”

I couldn't understand why she didn't seem happy. It made me start wondering how she's been getting along with the Bakers. After all, she was supposed to be the long-lost Sabrina Baker, and now she was back in their lives after so many years.

I was deep into the designs already, trying to perfect the layout. My focus was so intense that I barely registered the ping of a new message on my phone.

It was from Trevis: Sinclair Realty Conference room. Now.

I quickly left my work and grabbed my notebook, my mind racing with possibilities. Maybe it's about the luxury resort. Or perhaps a new project is in the pipeline. The thought excited me, even though I already had my hands full. This was my dream, after all to become a full-time designer known for my artistic talent.

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Seeing Elijah didn't affect me as much anymore; his visits to see Reese had become a normal part of my routine. But today, there was a different energy in the air.

I entered the conference room to find Trevis and Elijah already seated. Both men looked up as I walked in, their expressions unreadable.

"Have a seat, Sophia," Trevis said, gesturing to the chair opposite them. "We have some great news."

Elijah leaned forward, a familiar twinkle in his eye. "Do you remember our trip to the construction site in the mountains?"

I felt a flush creep up my neck. The memories of that trip were a mix of professional accomplishments and personal moments I wasn't keen on revisiting in front of Trevis. "Yes, I remember," I replied cautiously.

Elijah's smile widened. "I mentioned that I wanted you for a very special position..."

My eyes narrowed in concentration, trying to remember his words. It was all fuzzy. With everything that has happened recently, I just couldn't remember it.

Elijah looked at Trevis, who nodded encouragingly. "Sophia, we're appointing you as the head of the design department of Sinclair Realty."

The words hung in the air for a moment before their meaning fully registered. "Wait, what?" I stammered. Trevis grinned. "Congratulations, Sophia. This is a big promotion. You've earned it."

I was stunned. My mind whirled as I tried to process the news.

Sophia Bennett, Head of Design.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 92**

Sophia's POV

A month had passed since I was appointed head of design, and I'd been thriving in the role. Reporting directly to Elijah was initially awkward, but we managed to keep things professional. Our relationship had evolved into a light, friendly dynamic that I found surprisingly refreshing.

But today, I was at Raven Media, visiting my best friend Kayla, whose family owned the company.



“Can you believe it, Soph? We’re finally here!” Kayla’s eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as she led me into her bright, stylish office. “It’s my very own office within the company!”

“It’s amazing, Kayla,” I replied, taking in the sleek furniture and the vibrant artwork on the walls. “I’m so proud of you.

She grinned, twirling a lock of her dark hair. “Thanks. And guess what? I have a proposition for you.” “Oh?” I raised an eyebrow, curious.

Kayla leaned forward, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “Since you’re already done designing all those major projects for Sinclair Realty, I want you to partner with me on some projects here. You know, combine our talents. I’ll handle the styling and image design for the artists, and you can focus on set designs for photo shoots, magazine layouts, and the like. What do you think?”

I felt a thrill of excitement. “Are you serious? That sounds perfect! We’ve been dreaming of such collaborations for a long time!”

She laughed, clapping her hands together. “I knew you’d love the idea. We’d make a killer team.”

We spent the next hour brainstorming ideas, our excitement bouncing off each other. Kayla’s vision for the creative department was bold and innovative, and I could already see how our collaboration could bring it to life.

“So, when do we start?” I asked, leaning back in my chair.

Kayla’s eyes twinkled. “How about now? There’s a new artist we’re launching next month. He needs everything from promo shoots to magazine spreads. I can’t think of anyone better to work on this with me.”

“Fantastic!”

Then she wiggled her eyebrows meaningfully. “He’s probably here already I’m sure he’s going to be ecstatic to work with you!”

That last statement struck me as odd. I threw her a puzzled look, but she practically dragged me to the reception area before I could ask anything. To my astonishment, standing there with a charming lopsided grin on his face was none other than Adrian! He looked really handsome, much more than I remembered. He could pass off as a celebrity already.

“Isn’t he so much more gorgeous now?” Kayla whispered to me with a giggle.

“Yeah, he is.”

She cleared her throat and pointed toward herself. “Well, you’re looking at who’s responsible for his entire new look!”

“Wow, it’s incredible, Kayla.”

We didn’t have time for more chit–chat because Kayla’s secretary suddenly called her. Meanwhile, Adrian’s eyes seemed to drill a hole through me as he gazed at me with delight and intensity.

“Well, look who’s here,” he said cheerfully. “Are you stalking me or what?”

I laughed. “Well, if you say so. I heard you’re going to be the newest star of Raven Media!”

Adrian grinned. “You got that right. Thanks to you, I’m going to be launching my new single very soon. I’m debuting as a singer next week, you know.”

My eyes widened in surprise and delight. “No way! That’s amazing! Congratulations!”

Adrian chuckled, his eyes sparkling. “Thanks, Sophia. It’s been a long journey, but it’s finally happening. I want you to be there for my first performance.”

“Of course! I wouldn’t miss it for the world. You’re going to be a hit, Adrian, I just know it.”

He reached into his wallet and pulled out a few bills, pressing them into my hand. “Also, I wanted to pay you back what I owe you from before.”

I looked down at the money, then back at him, a bit taken aback. “Adrian, you don’t have to do this. Really, it was nothing.”

“No, Sophia,” he insisted, closing my fingers over the bills. “You helped me out when I really needed it. I couldn’t have made it to this point without your support.”

I sighed, seeing the resolve in his eyes, and nodded. “Alright, if you Adrian smiled warmly. “I’m glad you understand. And there’s something else I wanted to tell you.”

I tilted my head curiously. “What is it?”

He took a deep breath, then reached out to gently take my hand. “The new single we’re launching... it’s an original, I wrote it for you.”

My heart skipped a beat, and for a moment, I was seeing him in a completely new light. The sincerity in his eyes, the warmth of his touch—it all made my heart flutter.

“You wrote it for me?” I whispered, almost in disbelief.

Adrian nodded, his grip on my hand firm but tender. "Yes, Sophia. You've been an inspiration in more ways than you know. Ever since you stayed at our house, I've been writing a lot of songs again, playing all my instruments, singing more... Amanda's really happy too."

A blush crept up my cheeks, and I felt a rush of emotions I hadn't expected. "I... I'm honored, Adrian. Truly. And I'll definitely be there to hear it."

He squeezed my hand gently before letting go, his smile radiating confidence and warmth. "Thank you, Sophia. It means a lot to me."

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 93**

Sophia's POV

I held Reese's hand as we both walked eagerly into the hotel's lounge. The place was buzzing with anticipation, the warm lighting throwing a golden glow over the sleek, modern décor.

I spotted Kayla near the front, her eyes sparkling with excitement as she waved us over.

"Sophia! Reese!" Kayla greeted us, her enthusiasm infectious. "You made it just in time. Adrian's about to go on."

We settled into our seats, and I tried to calm the fluttering in my stomach. Adrian and I had grown close since that time when he'd asked me to help him out at the grocery. I knew this night was significant for him. He had poured his heart and soul into his new single, and I was here to support him.

The lights dimmed, and the room fell silent as Adrian stepped onto the small stage, guitar slung over his shoulder. He looked confident, yet there was a softness in his eyes when he glanced our way.

"There he is!" Reese exclaimed beside me.

I smiled at my daughter. She was a music lover, even at her very young age.

"Good evening, everyone," Adrian began, his voice warm and inviting. "Thank you all for being here tonight. This song is very special to me. It's about someone who came into my life when I needed it the most and brought light into my darkness. I hope you enjoy it."

As he strummed the first chords, I felt a lump form in my throat. The melody was hauntingly beautiful, and his voice carried the weight of every word. The lyrics told of a woman who appeared when he was at his lowest, a beacon of hope and light in his life. I felt tears prickling at the corners of my eyes, and I squeezed Reese's hand.

Kayla leaned over, whispering, "This is incredible, Sophia. Look at the audience; they're captivated. I can't believe he wrote this about you!"

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I couldn't say anything. I didn't know what to think. And yet, I was unable to tear my eyes away from Adrian. I felt genuinely happy, a warmth spreading through my chest.

When the final note faded, the room erupted in applause. Adrian smiled, his eyes finding mine again. I clapped enthusiastically, my heart soaring with pride for him.

After the show, the lounge was abuzz with congratulations and praise. Adrian made his way over to us, his expression hopeful.

"Sophia, glad you made it! Did you like the song?" he asked, his voice tinged with vulnerability.

I smiled, feeling a blush rise to my cheeks. "You sang it beautifully, Adrian. I loved it."

"I loved it too!" Reese quipped, making Adrian and I laughed. But then she began to yawn and tug at my sleeve. I looked down and saw her eyes drooping with sleep. "Mommy, I'm a little tired."

Adrian looked at her tenderly, then back at me. "Let me take you both home."

I actually didn't bring a car today, so that would be perfect. But I didn't want to take any of his time during this special moment. "Oh, no, that's okay. You might have to go to the celebration party afterwards. And

I'm sure lots of people will want to meet you."

He shook his head, a gentle smile on his lips. "It doesn't matter. I can catch later."

Touched by his offer, I nodded. "Okay, thank you. That would be great."

Adrian's new car had a sleek, modern design that shimmered under the streetlights as he pulled up to the curb. He stepped out and opened the door for Reese and me with a flourish, his grin infectious.

"This car is amazing, Adrian," I said, sliding into the passenger seat while Reese climbed into her booster seat in the back. "It's a bonus from Raven Media, you said?"

"Yeah," Adrian confirmed, starting the engine. "But I'll be paying for it in installments. Can't have everything handed to me on a silver platter, right?"

“Still, it’s fantastic.” I glanced around, appreciating the new car smell and the luxurious interior. “How do you feel now after the launch?”

“Pretty good,” Adrian said as he navigated through the evening traffic. “But enough about me. How are you doing?”

“Oh, I’m great!” I said, feeling a warm surge of pride. “I didn’t tell you yet that I got promoted at Sinclair Realty. Plus, I’m working on this exciting project with Kayla for the creative department.”

“So, I’ll be seeing more of you then?” Adrian teased, throwing me a sideways glance.

I grinned. “You have no choice! I’ll be designing your photo shoots and other stuff.”

“Wonderful. I can’t wait.”

The drive to my apartment was filled with easy chatter and laughter. When we finally pulled up to the building, Adrian turned off the engine and walked us to the door.

“Thanks for the ride, Adrian,” I said, giving him a friendly hug. “Enjoy the party tonight.”

“Anytime, Sophia. Have a good night,” he replied, waving as he headed back to his car.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 94**

Sophia’s POV

Inside the apartment, I helped Reese out of her coat and asked, “Did you like Uncle Adrian and his song today?”

Reese nodded enthusiastically, her eyes bright. “Yes, good song! I like him. But I like Daddy so much more!”

I laughed, tucking her into bed. “Of course you do, sweetheart.”

As I smoothed her hair and pulled the covers up, Reese’s expression turned thoughtful. “Mommy, when is Daddy visiting?”

“Tomorrow, sweetie,” I assured her, kissing her forehead.

Reese’s face lit up with a sleepy smile. “Yay. I love Daddy.”

“I know you do. Now, get some rest,” I said, watching as she drifted off to sleep, her small hand clutching her favorite stuffed animal.

As I left Reese's room and walked over to my own, I thought about Adrian's song and what it truly meant.

Why do I inspire him? Why did he write this song for me? What am I to him?

My head kept spinning with these questions, keeping me from falling asleep at once. Adrian always makes me smile. He's fun to be with. It seems like I haven't felt like this in a long time with anyone, not even Elijah.

Maybe it was just fun, maybe it was something more. Only time would tell, and for now, I was content to let things unfold naturally, without forcing it or overthinking it.

The next day after work, I was gathering my things and getting ready to leave when Trevis approached me. "Sophia, can you stay a bit longer? I need you to come with me to a dinner meeting."

I glanced at the clock and frowned. "A dinner meeting? Now?"

He nodded, looking earnest. "It's important. The restaurant is just nearby. It won't take long, I promise."

I had been planning to drop by Raven Media to do the design for Adrian's magazine shoot in two weeks. And actually, I was kind of eager to see him again, to explore the initial feelings getting stirred up within me.

"Come on, Sophia," Trevis urged. "Please?"

Reluctantly, I agreed. "Alright, just let me, uh, call someone."

I dialed Kayla's number and she greeted me cheerfully. "Hey there, best friend! What's up?"

"Uhm, I was thinking of working on that magazine shoot design with you after I was done here, but something came up. I'm sorry. Can I just go there tomorrow instead?"

"Oh, no worries!" Kayla quipped. "I'm heading out right now too. I have something important to attend to."

"That's great. We'll take a raincheck then."

Before we put the phone down, Kayla suddenly lowered her voice. "Hey, so what's going on with you and Adrian?" she wanted to know. "He was here a while ago, and all he could ever talk about was you and Reese."

I slightly blushed, feeling my heart soar. "Really? What did he say?"

“Well, just that he was so inspired and happy that you both went to watch his performance and that he’s now working on some new songs. So yeah, you’ve managed to lure in this one too.” Kayla giggled when she said that.

I laughed. “Oh, shut up, you!” That made us both laugh. “But we’re just friends,” I added.

“Yeah, right,” she said. I could practically see her grinning mischievously. “Anyway, I have to go. Let’s talk again soon.”

A few minutes later, Trevis and I were walking toward the restaurant, and I couldn’t shake off a feeling of unease.

When we reached the restaurant, Trevis held the door open for me. As soon as I stepped inside, I was greeted by a loud cheer. “Surprise! Congratulations!” everyone shouted.

I blinked in surprise, my eyes widening as I took in the scene before me. Most of our colleagues were there, along with some other friends, all smiling and clapping. And to my shock, Kayla was there as well, grinning at me knowingly.

“Oh, you!” I screamed at her as we hugged each other.

“Gotcha, huh?” she said teasingly, “Congratulations, Sophia! On the successful conclusion of your resort project and on your recent promotion. You deserve all this and more!”

A banner hung above us, boldly proclaiming, Great job, Sophia! Congratulations! In the background of the words, I saw my design for the luxury resort.

My heart pounded in my chest as Elijah stepped forward, a warm smile on his face. “I hope you like my surprise,” he said, his eyes meeting mine. “You deserve this celebration. Congratulations on the successful design, Sophia. It’s a true work of art, and sales are rocketing.”

I was speechless for a moment, my mind racing to catch up with what was happening. Then, joy surged through me, and I couldn’t help but smile back at Elijah “1... I don’t know what to say. This is incredible.”

“You deserve it,” Elijah said softly, his gaze steady and sincere. “You’ve worked so hard, and it’s paid off. We’re all proud of you.”

I felt a lump form in my throat, overwhelmed by the support and praise. Especially coming from Elijah, my ex-husband. His words meant more than he could ever know. He had no idea how long I’d waited for him to celebrate me and to say he was proud of me.

And in that very moment, I forgot all about Adrian.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 95**

Elijah's POV

The party was in full swing now. I stood at the edge of the crowd, a smile tugging at the corners of my lips as I watched Sophia, radiant and beaming, surrounded by colleagues and well-wishers. The celebration party I had organized was a success, and seeing Sophia so happy made it all worthwhile.

"Congratulations, Sophia! Your designs are truly exceptional," one of the senior architects said, shaking her hand warmly.

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson. It means a lot coming from you," Sophia replied, her eyes sparkling with gratitude.

Another designer, Lily, stepped forward. "Sophia, we're all so impressed with your work. The new concepts you introduced have taken our projects to a whole new level."

Sophia blushed slightly. "I couldn't have done it without the team's support."

"We're glad you're leading the design department of Sinclair Realty," said Mark, a junior designer "You've brought a fresh perspective and so much energy."

As I listened to the chorus of praise, pride swelled within me. Sophia had always been talented as I'd noticed back in the university, but seeing her recognized for her brilliance made me wonder why I had never paid her this much attention when we were married. We would have made an amazing pair, a powerful couple in business. I regretted not seeing her potential back then.

Perhaps things would have turned out differently for us if I'd given her this kind of attention and care, if I'd shown appreciation for her abilities and intellect. I was so full of myself then. Soooo stupid....

My gaze shifted across the room, and that's when I noticed Julia standing in the corner, her arms crossed and a frown marring her usually composed face. It surprised me. Julia, my long-lost first love and childhood best friend, had always been supportive of others. But here she was, glaring at Sophia with undisguised envy.

I continued to watch her closely as she eventually approached Sophia and they began talking animatedly. The expression on Julia's face had changed all of a sudden.

Hmmm... Did I just misread that? Or is she only pretending to be happy for Sophia?



It certainly hasn't been easy for them to work together again after that controversial plagiarism issue. And recently, Chris had mentioned to me that Julia didn't seem to be herself.

She's often spaced out, sort of disconnected, Chris had told me worriedly.

Maybe she's still getting adjusted to the situation, I'd said. Especially since you often bring her along to your family gatherings.

I don't know, Elijah, Chris had answered. I think it's because of you. Why haven't you been visiting her or spending more time with her outside of work hours?

made up some excuse about being busy. But the truth was, I still doubted Julia, I still couldn't accept that she was the Sabrina whom I'd first loved when I was still a kid. I should have rejoiced when Julia was discovered to be Sabrina. But instead, I had her investigated.

That investigation hasn't gone anywhere yet. It's hard to dig up Julia's actual past. I wonder why... What is she hiding?

"Elijah," Travis's voice broke through my reverie. I turned to see him motioning to me, a beer in hand and a knowing smirk on his face. "Why aren't you joining the party? You organized this thing, after all."

"You know I'm not much of a party person," I admitted, shrugging. "Never have been."

I

Travis chuckled and shook his head. "Come on, man. You're the boss. You should be leading the celebration, not hiding out here."

"Let Sophia soak in all the attention. I prefer it that way."

But Travis wouldn't let me be. "Let's have some fun, for a change, okay?"

He practically dragged me, weaving through the throng of people until we reached a group of designers and architects. They looked up as we approached, smiling and raising their glasses in greeting.

"Hey, everyone, look who decided to join us!" Travis announced, gesturing to me.

Some of them said hello, but most seemed suddenly conscious. I was their big boss, after all.

My eyes kept wandering to the other side of the room, where Sophia stood talking to Kayla. She looked radiant, her laughter lighting up the space around her. I couldn't help but feel a pang of longing every time I saw her smile.

Suddenly, I heard Trevis gather some people, saying, "Why don't we play a silly old game?" He appeared to be thinking for a moment. Then his face lit up as he said, "Truth or dare!"

Some laughed, and many found it amusing.

"What are we, a bunch of teenagers?" I said, finding it totally outrageous.

"Well, when was the last time we acted like teenagers?" someone said. "Let's give it a shot."

Those who've had plenty to drink started cheering and grabbing chairs so we could make a circle. When I saw Sophia joining, I found myself wanting to participate too.

Most in the group were the younger employees, though. Everyone became eager to try it. Trevis grabbed an empty wine bottle. "Alright, let's get this started! If you can't answer a question or do the dare, then you have to take a shot." He pointed to a bottle of vodka that was still filled to the brim.

As the game of truth or dare began, the energy in the room was electric. Trevis spun the bottle with a mischievous grin, and it landed on Sophia. The cheers erupted louder than ever—after all, this party was in her honor, celebrating her latest successful project.

"Truth or dare?" Trevis asked, leaning forward with anticipation.

Sophia hesitated for a moment before smiling. "Truth."

Trevis's eyes twinkled. "Tell us a secret."

The room fell silent, everyone hanging on her next words. Sophia took a deep breath. "Well... Many of you don't know that I have a three-year-old daughter."

A chorus of "oohs" and a few smiles filled the room. Some people whispered to each other, impressed by the revelation...

I couldn't help noticing that she didn't mention this was actually our child together.

Next, the bottle was spun again, and it pointed at me. I chose dare, not really caring much about the game at that point. However, everyone suddenly grew excited, eager to see their big boss carry out a dare.

I was stunned when someone shouted, "Elijah and Julia should kiss!"

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 96**

Sophia's POV

My breath hitched when I heard the dare they gave Elijah, and I felt a cold wave wash over me.

Is he going to do it?

Elijah and Julia exchanged a look, a flicker of something unspoken passing between them. I could feel my heart tightening in my chest, my mind racing with questions I had no answers to. Why was this affecting me so much?

Elijah broke the tense silence with a chuckle. "Oh, come on, Jenna. Julia's like a sister to me."

I felt the color returning to my cheeks, and my breath seemed to return to normal.

Julia's expression wavered. For a split second, I saw the hurt in her eyes before she plastered on a smile and nodded in agreement. "Yeah, totally. Like a sister.. And Elijah's always been like a brother to me because we grew up together."

Jenna's playful frown didn't hide her disappointment, but she quickly recovered. "Fine, fine. But..." She was cut off by Mark, one of our more inebriated colleagues.

"Maybe our boss likes someone else, huh?" Mark slurred, nudging the person next to him with a wink. Wonder who it is?"

Another voice chimed in, "Yeah, Mr. Sinclair, you haven't dated anyone for ages. Spill the beans!\*

It should have been funny, the way these employees were talking to Elijah that way and joking around as if he weren't their much-feared and greatly respected big boss. But most of them have had a lot to drink, and I was pretty sure that they were curious about his personal life.

The dare suddenly shifted. Elijah was now tasked with revealing his romantic interest by kissing that person. My nerves were a tangled mess, and I could feel my pulse in my throat. I held my breath, staring at him, unable to look away.

Elijah chuckled again, but there was a flicker of something deeper in his eyes. "Nice try, guys," he said, shaking his head. He reached for the bottle of vodka, pouring himself a generous glass. "But I'm not playing that game."

He downed the vodka in one swift gulp, the burn evident in his wince. A collective groan of disappointment rose from the group, but Elijah just shrugged it off with a nonchalant smile.

He was just about to spin the bottle when Julia's phone rang, interrupting the game.

"Sorry, I need to take this," Julia said, standing up abruptly. We all paused, our attention momentarily diverted from the game. Julia's expression shifted from curiosity to alarm as she spoke into the phone.

"Chris, slow down. What do you mean Grandma's missing?" Julia's voice wavered, and the room fell silent. All eyes were on her as she listened intently. "Okay, okay. I'll be there soon."

Elijah was the first to react, his concern evident. "What happened?" he asked, his tone gentle yet urgent.

Julia's eyes were wide with worry. "It's Grandma Evelyn Chris just called, She went for a walk without telling anyone, but she hasn't come back. And she can't even walk well yet! Grandpa's worried sick, and they can't find her anywhere."

Without hesitation, Elijah stood up. "I'll drive you to your grandparents' house. We can help look for her."

My mind raced, recalling the kind old woman I had met recently. Evelyn had been so sweet and welcoming, her gentle smile and twinkling eyes leaving a lasting impression. The thought of her being missing made me very anxious.

"I want to come too," I said, standing up. "Maybe I can help."

Julia gave me an odd look and was about to speak up when Elijah beat her to it. "Thank you, Sophia. Let's go."

Elijah asked Trevis to continue the party without us. "This is probably nothing," he assured everyone. "Just go on with the fun. We'll be back before you know it."

Elijah grabbed his keys, and we hurried out. The drive to Julia's grandparents' house felt like an eternity. I kept drumming my fingers on my lap, silently praying that Evelyn was okay.

Julia had taken the passenger's seat beside Elijah. The fact that it was only the three of us in the enclosed space of the car made the tension even more intense.

When we arrived, Chris and Julia's grandfather were already outside, their faces etched with worry. "Any news?" Julia asked as she jumped out of the car.

Chris shook his head. “We’ve searched the usual routes she takes. Nothing. The neighbors haven’t seen her either.”

Julia’s grandfather, his voice trembling, said, “I don’t know what could have happened. I usually go with her so she can practice walking little by little because her legs aren’t that strong yet. But today she went on her own.”

“So she left her wheelchair here?” I asked, feeling terrified.

Grandpa George nodded.

“Sophia, you and Julia check the park,” Elijah said, pointing towards the path. “Chris and I will look around the neighborhood.”

Julia and I nodded, making our way towards the park where Evelyn often took her walks with her husband George.

I glanced at my watch and felt a knot tighten in my stomach. It was getting late, and we still hadn’t found Grandma Evelyn. The park was sprawling, with paths that seemed to twist and turn in endless directions, and the shadows were growing longer as the sun dipped below the horizon.

As I walked around, I found myself feeling strange about the park. The children’s playground to my left seemed oddly familiar, even though I was certain I had never brought Reese here before. It was empty now, but in my head, I could recall kids playing there. I was suddenly enveloped with a feeling of nostalgia.

The swings, the slide, even the faded wooden seesaw—all seemed like fragments of a dream I couldn’t quite place.

What the heck’s happening to me, I wondered silently, shaking my head in disbelief.

I continued down the path, past the playground and toward the large oak trees that lined the park. Just as I was starting to wonder if I was walking in circles, I st from the children’s playground.

“Grandma Evelyn!” I called, relief flooding my voice.

I was starting to wonder if I was walking in circles, I spotted a familiar figure sitting on a bench not far from the children’s playground.

“Grandma Evelyn!” I called, relief flooding my voice.

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 97**

Sophia’s POV

“Grandma Evelyn!” I called out, my heart pounding with relief and concern. I rushed over to her, kneeling beside the bench. “We’ve been worried sick about you. Are you okay?”

Evelyn turned to me with a gentle smile, her eyes twinkling with recognition, but she said, “Oh, Sabrina, it’s so nice to see you, dear.”

I felt a jolt of confusion. “Grandma Evelyn, it’s me, Sophia. Remember? I’m designing your new home.”

She continued to smile, her gaze drifting past me. “Sabrina used to love the slide here. We would come almost every weekend. Such a sweet girl.”

I hesitated, unsure of how to respond. “I’m Sophia,” I repeated gently. “We met recently, remember?”

Evelyn’s eyes filled with tears. “Sabrina was always so full of joy. I miss her terribly.”

I reached out and took her hand, my voice softening. “Let’s go home, Grandma Evelyn. Everyone is worried about you.”

Her grip on my hand tightened as she looked directly at me, her tears spilling over. “Let’s go home, Sabrina,”

For a moment, the world seemed to blur. Her words struck something deep within me, and to my surprise, I felt tears welling up in my own eyes. “Okay, Grandma Evelyn,” I whispered, my voice trembling. “Let’s go home.”

We stood up together, and as we walked away from the bench, I couldn’t help but glance back at the park. The slide where Evelyn had accompanied her granddaughter Sabrina so many times stood silently in the distance, a testament to memories that had woven themselves into the fabric of this place.

Just then, I saw Julia approaching. Her expression was tense, and from the look on her face, it was clear she had overheard our conversation.

“Sophia, let me take Grandma home now. Grandpa George is so worried. Why did you go for a walk without him?” Julia’s voice was firm as she took Evelyn’s other hand.

Evelyn looked even more confused but didn’t resist. As we walked back, I stayed silent, not wanting to add to the confusion. When we arrived, George, Chris, and Elijah were there, their faces lighting up with relief at the sight of Evelyn.

“Thank you so much,” Chris said, his gratitude evident in his eyes.

Elijah stepped forward, his gaze softening as it met mine. "Let me take you home, Sophia."

Before I could respond, Evelyn tightened her grip on my hand and frowned. "Sabrina must stay here."

The tension in the air thickened as Grandma insisted on calling me Sabrina. She seemed wary of Julia, glancing at her with suspicion. "That young woman must go," she muttered.

Julia looked pissed off. But then, Chris spoke. "Maybe you should go home first, Julia," Chris suggested gently. "Grandma's just confused and not herself right now."

Julia's face hardened with anger, but she didn't argue. Elijah offered to take her home, and she reluctantly agreed, casting one last irritated glance in my direction before they left.

Once they were gone, Evelyn sighed in relief and looked up at me with a soft smile. "Thank you, Sabrina. I'm glad you're here."

I forced a smile, knowing it was easier to go along with her confusion. "Of course, Grandma. I'm here."

I had no idea how I would be able to get away. But for the time being, I just felt like going with the flow. And besides, I could feel a weird connection with Evelyn and it made me want to stay close to her for now.

"I have to go, I'm sorry." Chris suddenly quipped. "Are you going to be okay, Grandma?"

Evelyn smiled at him widely. "Of course, Sabrina's here. You go along and I will see you again soon."

Chris gave me an apologetic smile and went ahead.

I then went inside and prepared some soup with the ingredients I found in the kitchen. As we all enjoyed the hot soup around the dining table, I heard my phone ringing. It was an incoming video call from Reese's nanny.

Reese! I thought in alarm, remembering that my daughter was probably looking for me already. I checked the time. It was later than I'd anticipated. Quickly I answered the call..

"Hi, mommy!" she chirped, her voice sweet and eager. "When are you coming home?"

I smiled warmly, feeling a pang of guilt for being away so often. "Soon, Reese. I just need to finish up a few things here, and then I'll be on my way back to you."

Suddenly, Grandma Evelyn's voice cut in from behind me. "Hello, Reese!" she called out cheerfully. "You're such a pretty and adorable little girl, just like your mommy

Reese's face lit up at the compliment, her smile stretching from ear to ear. "Thank you!" she giggled.

I chuckled at their interaction, feeling grateful for the love surrounding my daughter. Grandma Evelyn disappeared for a moment, and I continued chatting with Reese about her day.

To my surprise, Grandma Evelyn returned, holding a photo album. She sat down beside Reese and opened it, turning the pages until she found what she's looking for.

"Look, Reese," Grandma Evelyn said, her voice soft and nostalgic. "This is my granddaughter Sabrina when she was just a little girl, around your age."

I glanced at the photo, and my heart skipped a beat. The little girl in the picture looked almost exactly like Reese—same wavy hair, same twinkling eyes, same impish grin and dimple.

Gasping, I was stunned into silence. This is why Evelyn keeps calling me Sabrina! Sabrina looks so much like me and Reese!

## **My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 98**

Serena's POV

I sat on the hard, cold bench in my cell, my mind swirling with thoughts of regret and self-loathing.

How did I end up here? I never wanted any of this to happen. I should have told Elijah everything from the start, but fear had paralyzed me.

I shouldn't be here," I muttered to myself, gripping the edge of the bench tightly. "I'm not the one who planned this."

But here I was, locked up and alone, my only company the echoes of my own thoughts bouncing off the walls. I knew Elijah blamed me for what had happened to Sophia and Reese. He refused to even look at me, let alone speak to me. And I couldn't blame him. I had failed him so badly.

"Why didn't I tell him everything?" I whispered, tears stinging my eyes. "Why did I let fear control me?"



The answer was simple. The mastermind behind it all had threatened Elijah's life if I said anything. I couldn't risk that, no matter how much I wanted to. The thought of Elijah getting hurt because of me was unbearable.

"I love you, Elijah," I sobbed quietly. "You should have just loved me back, then none of this would have happened."

"I'm sorry, Elijah," I added in a whisper, my voice cracking. "I'm so sorry."

But my apologies were useless now. I was stuck here, a prisoner in more ways than one. I had to stay silent, had to keep the secret, even if it meant losing everything.

A guard passed by, casting a wary glance in my direction. I forced myself to straighten up, to appear unaffected. Inside, though, I was crumbling. How much longer could I keep this up? How much longer could I live with the guilt?

As I tried to quiet my sobs, a vivid memory flooded my mind, taking me back to a time when I was blinded by anger and desperation.

I remembered how I had been pacing in the dimly lit hallway, my heart pounding with both fear and excitement. The figure standing before me was shrouded in darkness, their features obscured. But their voice was clear and commanding.

"We have a common enemy," the figure had said, their tone smooth and persuasive. "Sophia stands in the way of what we both want."

I had hesitated, unsure of the implications of what was being proposed. But the promise of freedom from Sophia's presence had clouded my judgment.

"What should we do?" I had whispered, my heart thumping with nervousness and excitement.

The figure had smiled, a chilling sight in the darkness. We will work together to bring her down. Once she's out of the picture, Elijah will be free to be with you. And you can enjoy more success too without worrying about her disturbing your plans."

A life without Sophia.

I had felt a surge of hope at the thought of being reunited with Elijah, but it was quickly overshadowed by the figure's next words.

"But remember," they had said, stepping closer until their breath brushed against my ear, "If you ever betray me, if you ever breathe a word of our collaboration, I will make sure Elijah pays the price. Do you understand?"

I had nodded, my heart heavy with the weight of my decision.

I shook my head, willing myself to go back to the present moment. But it was just as bad. Guilt seemed to eat me up, a relentless beast that refused to be silenced.

I remembered hiding Reese and waiting for the mastermind to appear and take her. It had been a nerve- wracking experience that I never wanted to go through again. Then I heard about Sophia's attack, a brutal reminder of the stakes involved. Panic had seized me, clawing at my insides. It all felt too real, too dangerous. I didn't want to be a part of it anymore, to be responsible for someone's harm or worse.

I was almost relieved when Elijah had saved Reese from me. The thought of what could have happened if the mastermind had taken her, harmed her—it was too much to bear.

I feel like I'm on the brink of madness.

Without warning, a low voice broke through the silence. "Serena Foster," the guard called, his voice echoing down the corridor. "You have a visitor."

A visitor? It's been so long since anyone has come to see me. Could it be Elijah? Hope flared within me, fleeting but strong.

"Is it Elijah Sinclair?" I asked hopefully.

The guard shook his head. "No, it's a woman."