

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 99

Julia's POV

I sat in the passenger seat of Elijah's car, staring out the window and thinking about how Grandma Evelyn had treated me.

That old woman doesn't know what she's saying!

It made me feel so frustrated that Evelyn never really accepted me as her granddaughter Sabrina. But having her insist that Sophia was the real Sabrina was truly pissing me off.

"I don't want to go home," I muttered, breaking the silence. "I'll just feel even sadder and lonelier."

Elijah glanced at me, concern etched on his face. "But Julia, where will you go? Would you rather return to the party? Perhaps some of your friends are still there."

"No," I said, frowning. "I'm not in the mood anymore." Then slowly, I reached out to touch his hand gently. "I'd rather spend the evening at your house, Elijah. Just like old times."

I was well aware that growing up, Sabrina used to spend a lot of time at his house. I wanted to prove to him that I could really be Sabrina, his long-lost love and best friend.

He hesitated, chewing on his lower lip as he contemplated my request. I knew it was a lot to ask, but I really couldn't bear the thought of being alone tonight, drowning in my own misery.

"We haven't even bonded again ever since we came to find out about my real identity," I added, pouting slightly. "Please, Elijah. I thought I was important to you."

Guilt flickered in his eyes, and I knew I had him. He sighed, relenting. "Yes, I guess you're right. I'm sorry. You can stay at my place tonight. Anyway, I think my stepmother's there now. She'll be glad to see you again."

My face lit up. Morgana and I got along very well, and I could sense that she believed I really was Sabrina.

As we pulled up to Elijah's house, I couldn't shake the feeling of triumph. This was my chance to get close to him again, to make up for lost time. Sophia might have his attention now, but I was determined to change that.

Mission accomplished.

Morgana greeted us warmly when we arrived. Elijah mentioned he was tired and headed to his room to change. Morgana and I settled in the living room.

"It's so good to see you, Julia," Morgana said, her voice filled with genuine warmth. "I heard about what happened. I'm just glad your grandmother is okay."

"Thank you, Morgana," I replied.

Morgana's expression turned serious. "I spoke with Chris. He told me something interesting. Apparently, your grandmother wanted Sophia to stay with her instead of you."

"Oh, yes, ob was was all I said. I didn't want to say too much, just to be on the safe side. But hearing that fact annoyed the hell out of me."

Morgana's tone shifted, her disgust palpable. "I don't understand why your grandmother would prefer Sophia. She was such a big disgrace as Elijah's wife before! She used to be like a maid here, for heaven's sake, because she was no good for anything else. And yet, she couldn't even do simple house chores properly. And business? She knows nothing about it. Always humiliating the family."

I listened in silence, wanting to agree with her immediately. But from how I knew Sophia, she was certainly capable of a lot of things. But I'm glad Morgana feels this way.

"I never liked her for Elijah," Morgana continued, her voice laced with disdain. "She's not a classy woman. Not like you, Julia. I think you're a better designer too. And much prettier as well."

I smiled widely, grateful for her praise and approval. "How about Sabrina? What did you think of me when I was a kid then, always spending time with your son?"

Morgana grinned, her eyes shimmering with joy. "Oh, I was always so fond of Sabrina! She's a darling... You're a darling! That's why I have no doubt that you are her. You're one and the same."

"Thank you," I beamed.

"Even when she was just nine or ten, Sabrina impressed me already," Morgana continued. "She was smart and so beautiful, and was very patient with Elijah. She knew how to handle him at all times, even when he was in a bad mood."

"Really? Wow, tell me more. I'm also hoping to juggle my memory to remember more from my past."

Morgana willingly agreed and started telling me more stories about Sabrina and Elijah when they were little. I listened attentively.

Then suddenly, she said, "You know, I'd really love for you and Elijah to end up together."

In that instance, I heard footsteps nearby. I looked up and saw Elijah watching us gingerly.

"You and Elijah would make a fantastic couple!" Morgana exclaimed then. I smiled in response.

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Sophia's POV

Grandma Evelyn's voice was filled with emotion. "I'm sorry, Sabrina. I just can't bear the thought of you leaving," she said, her eyes misty. "You've been gone for a long time and now that you're back..."

She trailed off, and I bit my lower lip. Gosh, I can't leave like this, Glancing at Grandpa George, he simply shrugged helplessly.

"It's okay, Evelyn," I reassured her, placing a comforting hand on her arm. "Maybe I'll stay for the night. Anyway, Reese is already asleep now."

Evelyn sniffled, smiling. "You're such a good girl, Sabrina. I don't know what we'd do without you."

I squeezed her hand gently. "I'm Sophia. Remember?"

She blinked, confusion clouding her eyes for a moment before she nodded. "Yes, of course, Sophia. You're my Sophia. Also my Sabrina,"

I sent a quick message to Reese's nanny, letting her know that Kayla, my best friend, would be sleeping over and that I'd be back in the morning.

Evelyn led me to the bedroom that used to belong to Sabrina whenever she stayed over. "This was Sabrina's room," Evelyn said softly, her voice thick with memories. "She spent so much time here when her parents were working. She practically grew up with us."

As I looked around the room, something about it felt familiar, like I had been here before. Deja vu washed over me, and I couldn't shake the feeling of nostalgia: It was as if this room held a piece of my past that I couldn't quite grasp.

When Evelyn finally said goodnight and left me to sleep, I found myself drifting off quickly, the room wrapping me in a sense of peace and belonging that I hadn't felt in a long time.

I woke up the following day to the aroma of pancakes and coffee, breakfast lovingly prepared by Grandpa George and Grandma Evelyn. I loved the smell of coffee, even though I couldn't drink it. Evelyn was back in her wheelchair, looking quite jolly.

"Morning, Sophia," George greeted me with a smile.

"Hello, my dear!" Evelyn said cheerfully. "Let's eat together."

"Morning," I replied, a bit groggily. It took me a moment to remember where I was. Evelyn's house.

I felt a pang of guilt; I should be home with Reese. But Evelyn and George were so kind, and they seemed to enjoy having me around. Maybe a little longer wouldn't hurt.

As I ate, they told me about their plan to visit Chris's childhood home, where he grew up with his and Sabrina. "It would be good for you to come along," Evelyn suggested, her eyes twinkling with excitement. "It might jog your memory."

"Aahhh..." I said uncertainly. I wanted to be with Reese, but at the same time, I was curious too. Plus, the house was just in the same neighborhood.

"Sure, why not," I said finally, smiling at them.

Chris was at the house when we arrived, greeting us warmly. "I'm so glad Grandma's doing well," he said, hugging Evelyn.

But his smile faltered when he saw me and found out that Evelyn insisted I stay longer. I knew that he wasn't pleased about it because he was the one who'd found Julia and reintroduced her to their family as the long-lost Sabrina.

As they chatted, I wandered around the house, feeling a strange sense of familiarity. I knew where the kitchen was, where Sabrina's bedroom was. It was eerie, like I had been here before. But that couldn't be possible. Could it?

I then heard Chris saying he had a meeting to attend to and would be back shortly.

After a while, Evelyn followed me into one of the rooms. She was in her wheelchair. I approached her, and she motioned for me to come closer. Leaning in, she whispered, "I don't think Julia is Sabrina."

Surprised by her words, I furrowed my brow. "Why do you say that?" I asked softly.

"I think you're Sabrina," she replied, her voice barely audible.

I recoiled slightly, unsure of how to process her words. "What do you mean, Evelyn? How could I be Sabrina?" I whispered back, my heart racing.

Grandma Evelyn reached out and gently took my hand. "I know it sounds crazy, dear, but ever since I met you, something in me just feels... different. I can't explain it, but I feel like you're my granddaughter, not Julia."

I pulled my hand away gently, a wave of confusion washing over me. Could it be possible? Was it just the familiarity of the surroundings playing tricks on me, or was there something more to Grandma Evelyn's intuition?

"... I don't know what to say, Grandma," I stammered, my mind racing with thoughts and emotions.

"Just think about it, dear," Grandma Evelyn said softly, her eyes filled with a mix of hope and uncertainty. "You don't remember your past, do you?"

"uh... To be honest, my childhood memories were quite fuzzy to me.

"Sometimes, the truth is stranger than fiction," Evelyn said.

I felt a shiver run down my spine. She may just be right.