

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 1

Sophia's POV

Two years of marriage, and I'd never set foot in my husband Elijah's office until now.

After all this time, why was I suddenly entrusted to deliver these important documents? Could it be possible that they're finally learning to accept me?

Taking a deep breath, I gently placed my hand on my stomach. The emptiness from losing my baby lingered, even though it had been a long time since that accident. I still felt lost and fragile, wishing for solace that never came.

I missed my husband's presence, longing for a comforting word or touch. But he and his family remained distant and uninvolved, leaving me to recover on my own.

Now, I was about to step into Elijah's world — his beloved company.

My heart skipped a beat as I entered Elijah's large, elegant office. The room was tastefully decorated, with rich mahogany furniture and a large sign that said Sinclair Realty Group.

But what made me stop in my tracks was the sight of my husband huddled with an attractive blonde over some papers. Their shoulders were touching, their cheeks almost brushing against each other.

What the hell is going on? I thought in alarm.

Suddenly, the woman whispered something in Elijah's ear while she gently laid her perfectly manicured hands on his arm.

My heart jumped. I heard a loud thud on the floor and realized I'd dropped the folder I was holding.

They both looked up, startled.

And that's when my gaze locked with that of the woman. I felt a shudder creeping through my skin.

Serena Foster!

She used to be a classmate of ours at Fairview University. She also happened to be Elijah's ex-girlfriend.

The realization hit me like a ton of bricks. So this is why my evil mother-in-law asked me to deliver this document! Morgana had probably known that Serena was here now.

My husband rose from his chair, abruptly pulling away from Serena who was throwing me daggers with her eyes. "You remember Serena, right? She works here now."

I nodded, my heart leaping into my throat and my thoughts raging in a storm.

They're just colleagues, nothing else, I thought, but not with full conviction. Elijah wouldn't cheat on me, would he?

All this time, I'd remained hopeful that he could still fall in love with me. But now, with Serena in the picture, time might just be running out for us.

"So why are you here?" Elijah asked, a frown creasing his brow.

"Your mom asked me to deliver this," I explained, hastily picking up the folder and handing it to him. Then narrowing my eyes at Serena, I waited for him to explain why they were working closely, or to at least introduce me as his wife.

But much to my dismay, he didn't.

It felt as though my heart was being squeezed tightly, as it dawned on me that he'd never really introduced me to anyone as his wife. Ever.

"Sophia, you look shaken up. Didn't you know Elijah hired me to work here?" Her voice dripped with sarcasm. "Apparently, we make a great team. Funny, I don't recall seeing you here before."

She was purposely rubbing it in my face, and I wanted to slap that smile away from her face.

She then added, "Oh, right, you don't know anything about business. You might just mess things up."

"I take care of our home," I said bitterly, looking down on the floor for a bit. I felt belittled, and my husband couldn't even defend me.

Serena looked at me with disbelief and laughed. Just then, Elijah said, "Next time, Sophia, just contact me and I'll have my assistant come over."

"Fine," I murmured, my voice barely audible, wishing the ground would swallow me up. The weight of hurt and embarrassment pressed down on me, crushing my spirit. My heart thudded in my chest as I blinked back tears. He doesn't want me here.

Suddenly, Elijah's secretary came in.

"Alice, please prepare coffee for the ladies," he instructed. "Just black for Serena. No sugar."

Serena's eyes lit up. "Hey, you remembered!" she exclaimed, obviously delighted.

Elijah nodded at her. "Of course."

I watched the exchange with a sinking feeling in my chest. Serena gave me a smug look as if she was reveling in some secret victory.

I couldn't help but feel more depressed. Here was my husband, effortlessly remembering Serena's coffee preferences, yet he couldn't recall something as simple as my allergy to caffeine.

"Join us, Sophia," Serena invited with a devilish grin. "Just like how we used to hang out together in college."

I struggled to contain my emotions, not wanting to break down in front of them. "I have to go," I managed to say, my voice slightly cracking. "I'll see you at home."

Elijah's expression remained unchanged, and my heart felt heavy with the realization of how little I meant to him.

The way he treated me had only gotten worse after losing my baby.

What did you expect? a small voice hissed in my head. He only married you because he got you pregnant. You're the one who keeps hoping he'll eventually fall for you.

As his assistant Connor Hayes drove me home, I thought about how my husband's mother Morgana had begun ignoring me after I lost the baby. Then one day, she started talking to me again, only to treat me like a housemaid.

I fought back tears as the heaviness in my chest escalated. My marriage was falling apart so fast that I couldn't seem to catch up.

When we pulled up the spacious driveway of the Sinclair mansion, a feeling of dread and loneliness engulfed me. I'm back in this prison. Trapped. Helpless.

I want to escape this prison! I screamed in my head, glad that Morgana was nowhere to be found. Yet.

Running to my room and throwing myself on my bed, sobs wracked my body. And as I cried my eyes out, I felt something with my hand that made me sit up.

A small portion of a brown envelope was peeking from under the pillow. My chest tightened, and more tears filled my eyes.

I knew exactly what it contained — the papers I'd prepared before. I pulled them out and stared at the title that blurred before my teary eyes.

It read: Divorce Agreement.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 2

Sophia's POV

The divorce agreement was written after I accidentally lost my baby. During that time, I couldn't even look at Elijah's face without thinking about our baby. The pain was unbearable, so I believed divorce was my salvation. Looking back, preparing the divorce agreement was not a mistake, now that leaving was my only option.

My hands shook as I held the papers in my hand. I could hear Morgana's voice outside. "Sophia!" she called in a sharp tone. She probably heard me come in and was now wondering where I was.

Quickly, I hid the divorce agreement and washed my face in the bathroom. That's when the door swung open. I dried my face with a towel and looked at my mother-in-law.

She responded with a cold gaze. She immediately instructed me to do the housework, her tone full of disdain.

As I began my chores, she stood there taunting me. "Elijah told me not to ask you to deliver things in the future," she said with a scoff. "You can't even be relied on for such a simple task."

Her words cut deep. "When you first came to our house pregnant, it was okay that you couldn't do anything," she continued. "Then you had lost your baby and you had to spend months recovering and regaining your health. Now you can't even deliver a document, so what's the meaning for Elijah of having you as a wife?"

Her words were like daggers, each one piercing my heart. And then, in a cruel twist, she added, "My son would be better off with Serena. She's prettier, smarter, and she even managed to land a job at his company! Unlike you... You can't even perform simple housework that well."

Sure enough, she already knew that Serena worked at Elijah's company. She asked me to deliver the papers today just to make a fool of me.

The room felt suffocating, the burden of her words pressing down on me. I felt utterly alone, realizing that no one had ever been on my side.

I clenched my fists, struggling against the wave of tears threatening to spill. Sweeping the floor became a mechanical task, a facade to hide my turmoil. The repeated humiliations and frustrations drained me of the energy to fight back or explain myself yet again.

I don't deserve this, I thought sourly. It's time for me to escape, to save myself.

With bitter tears streaming down my cheeks, I rushed to my room and grabbed the papers I'd hidden. Staring at me from the front page were the words: Divorce Agreement.

I've had enough. Flashbacks of how Elijah and Morgana had been treating me filled my mind. Despite my efforts to be the dutiful wife and daughter-in-law, I'd always seemed invisible to them.

I've been obedient, helpful, and hardworking... But no one cares. Not even my own husband.

I'm nothing to him. He doesn't love me and he never learned to. That's the most painful of all.

My heart tightened. His indifference cut deeper than any overt cruelty could. And now, with Serena back in the picture, their attention gravitated toward her. I felt more isolated than ever.

This is the last straw! I must get out of here, or I'll lose my sanity!

That evening, I hadn't realized I'd already fallen asleep when I heard the bedroom door open. Something made a loud, clattering noise. I quickly sat up and saw Elijah staggering toward me. He mumbled something about a dinner party as he plopped on the bed and started sliding his fingers down my bare arm.

I hastily moved backward, giving him a look of disbelief. He reeked of alcohol and was obviously drunk. If he wasn't, he would have just ignored me and gone straight to bed.

"Hey, playing hard to get, aren't you?" he said in a slurred manner, his bloodshot eyes becoming more intense. Then without warning, he leaned forward and kissed me on the lips.

I didn't have time to react, though, because he suddenly started unbuttoning my oversized nightshirt.

"When did Serena start working at your company?" I asked him coldly.

He shrugged, but didn't stop what he was doing. "Not sure. Probably recruited by HR." His lips traveled down my neck, accompanied by his tongue, as he went to unbutton the last one on my shirt.

"Serena is such a talented addition to our team," he remarked with admiration.

Jealousy and pain gripped my chest. I couldn't believe he was saying all this while undressing me! I knew then that he still had feelings for her.

"You know," he said, oblivious to my disappointment, "she's even outperforming many of the senior colleagues who've been with the company for years."

Even as we locked eyes, there was something in his gaze—a kind of infatuation—that he never seemed to exhibit when it came to me.

He's probably picturing me as her! I thought with disgust. I was so disappointed in him, and didn't want him anywhere near me.

But when I pulled away, he threw me an irritated look. "What's wrong with you?" he asked, taken aback that I was saying no to his advances unlike before.

I didn't answer. He narrowed his eyes at me. "You've been down in the dumps for months now! I thought you'd snap out of it, but you've only gotten worse. It's depressing to even see you."

I cringed at his words, the searing pain crushing my heart. He couldn't even see how my spirit was being shattered because of him.

"Maybe it's because of the baby we lost..." he mused. Sliding his fingers down the surface of my cheek and then my neck, he added in a drunken slur, "Why don't we just make another baby?"

I couldn't believe my ears. I knew that whenever he was drunk, he spoke without inhibitions. He was often brutally honest in this state. Hence, he meant every word and that only showed how much he didn't understand me or the problem we had in this marriage.

My whole body was shaking as the misery and fury I've been keeping inside rose to the surface. He doesn't get it. Or maybe he just doesn't give a damn.

I was totally pissed off. And that's when I blurted it out.

"I want to divorce you."

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 3

Sophia's POV

I could sense his mind reeling from the unexpected news. He opened his mouth as if to say something.

I expected him to respond, to react, to ask questions. Anything at all! But he never said anything.

My heart thumped hard against my chest as we gazed at one another — strangers who'd been forced to live together. I had tried so hard to make this marriage work even after we had lost the baby.

But it takes two to succeed at this, I realized.

"I want a divorce," I repeated, keeping my voice steady. "I'm serious."

Slowly he nodded. "Yes, sure," he answered before getting up and disappearing into the bathroom.

My chest felt like it was about to explode. I pulled my open shirt around me, desperately covering myself up, as I coiled into a fetal position with my head throbbing. A tear dropped down my cheek, and I quickly brushed it away.

This is it. I'm going to be free.

And yet somehow, I didn't feel that ecstatic. His reaction only confirmed my worst suspicions. Now I know the truth — he never loved me at all. He's not even upset about the divorce!

I sighed. It's time for me to move on.

The next day, after eating breakfast on my own, I mustered up all my courage and called Elijah to the study. "We should sign this," I said without any emotion, showing him the divorce papers.

He sat on the sofa across from me, looking at me quietly. His gaze always made me feel a little nervous, but today was different. I signed the papers and urged him to do the same.

"Elijah, please," I whispered, making sure my voice wouldn't break. "Let's end this."

His face contorted in a horrible expression as he ruthlessly grabbed the agreement from me. But he didn't sign immediately. He took a long time going over each page while I waited impatiently.

Then his phone suddenly rang. I saw it light up with Serena's name, making my chest tighten. I can't believe this woman's timing!

But Elijah only glanced at it before returning to reviewing the papers. Perhaps he didn't want to answer it because I was in the room with him.

A myriad of emotions threatened to engulf me. I stood up and positioned myself in front of him with my arms crossed against my chest. “Why don’t you just hurry up and sign those so you can get going? Someone might be waiting for you in the office.”

He glanced at me warily, then took out his pen and signed everything. With an angry grunt, he threw the papers down on the sofa and stormed out of the room.

Watching him go, I was filled with overwhelming feelings — relief, frustration, anger, sadness.

“I’m finally free,” I murmured to myself incredulously.

While I was packing my bags in the bedroom, Morgana suddenly charged inside. In her usual bossy voice, she said, “The morning’s almost over, Sophia! Go do the laundry now.”

With a sarcastic huff, I turned around to face her. “Sorry, but Elijah and I just signed a divorce agreement. I will no longer do any housework for you.”

Her face reddened in anger. I could almost see steam coming out of her ears as she crossed her arms on her chest and scolded me angrily. “You married into our family for two years, no children, and now you want a divorce,” she spat out bitterly.

I scoffed, not bothering to respond. It doesn’t matter anymore. I can finally ignore her completely!

But then, almost as quickly as her anger had surfaced, her mood changed. “You know what? It’s actually quite nice,” she said, her tone almost mocking. “Elijah can finally marry someone better, like Serina. Every single day that I see you hanging your head in despair, it just makes my blood boil. Anyone would make a better wife than you!”

Her words infuriated me. I wanted to slap away that haughty look on her face, but it would just be a waste of energy. I’m done here. I’m done with all this.

Suddenly, memories flooded back of a time when Morgana had shown kindness, especially during my pregnancy with her grandchild. She had been caring and considerate. However, after I lost my baby, her demeanor changed drastically. She began treating me like a mere servant rather than a member of the family. I could never understand why she became so hostile all of a sudden. Sometimes I wondered if it had more to do with herself than with me.

That afternoon, I went home to where I grew up. As I settled in, I felt relieved that at least I had a place I could call my own. “Luckily I hadn’t sold it,” I muttered, looking around the living room and remembering my adoptive father. This house is the only connection I have left with him.

Night swept in quickly. I was worn out and exhausted. Climbing onto my old bed, I was ready to relax when I received a message from my best friend Kayla.

It showed a secretly taken photo of Elijah and Serena in a club, sitting intimately close and laughing together. A chill ran down my spine as I read the angry message from Kayla:

Damn that Elijah! You have no idea what I saw! Elijah was out partying and flirting with that bitch, which he never did with you! Major Asshole!

My heart sank, anger and sadness clouded my mind as I realized he was indeed getting back together with Serena and flaunting her around.

Forcing back my tears, I told Kayla:

It's over between me and Elijah. We were divorced.

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 4

Sophia's POV

"Aaarrgghh! I so hate that guy for doing this to you!" Kayla hissed. "If I had known he'd treat you like that, I wouldn't have allowed you to even come near him during our grad celebration! And I wouldn't have kept pushing you to hook up with him, no matter how gorgeous he was!"

Being the daughter of Raven Media's renowned CEO, Kayla Davis always hung out with high society. She saw Elijah a lot at parties since they belonged to the same circle. We also all happened to attend Fairview University where Kayla and I had majored in Interior Design. Hence, she not only knew Elijah but Serena too.

"You should have seen them at the party last night!" she cried out, causing some people to give us a dirty look. Lowering her voice, she leaned forward with a repulsed look.

"They didn't even care that I was there! They were just... Aaahhh! I really couldn't take it, so I went over there and gave them a piece of my mind. I told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves!"

"Oh, wow," I uttered in disbelief. "But it's over now, Kayla. I'm doing my best to move on."

Kayla was still fuming. But then, she eventually smiled and leaned over to squeeze my hands. "I'm always here for you, Sophia. You know that."

"Thanks so much. I'm really grateful to have someone who really cares about me," I responded with a fluttering heart.

“Well, you’ve always had my back even in high school. So now it’s my turn to return the favor.”

Kayla and I became best friends during our freshman year in high school. We came to know each other well when we first worked on an art project together. We’d hit it off at once, and the rest was history.

“Anyway, I can see that Elijah never loved you and he doesn’t deserve you, Sophia,” she went on. “So what are you planning now?”

“Well, I’ve been giving it some thought...” I began, suddenly feeling excited for the future. “A few weeks ago, I applied for this postgraduate program at Goldwell Institute of Art in France—”

“You did not!” she interrupted me, her lips turning up into a huge grin. Suddenly, she jumped up from her seat and gave me a hug. “This will surely be your big break!”

I laughed. “I haven’t been accepted yet, you know.”

“Oh, but you will be!”

Kayla’s enthusiasm was so contagious that I could already picture myself studying there, exploring France, and enjoying myself.

But then, my mood suddenly changed again when I heard my phone ringing and saw Elijah’s name popping up on the screen. I froze up.

Kayla’s eyes narrowed when she saw it too. “Go ahead and answer it. See what he has to say.”

As soon as I accepted the call, I heard Elijah’s sharp tone of voice on the other end. “You filed for our divorce, and now your family wants money from me?! Unbelievable!”

“Wait, what do you mean?”

“You know I’m busy in the office, then here comes your brother with another excuse for needing financial help! He had the nerve to barge into the conference room and disrupt our meeting!” Elijah railed angrily.

I felt mortified and helpless. “I’ll talk to Troy.”

“Good. Make sure he doesn’t come back again ever.” Then he hung up.

I was so shocked that I couldn’t speak for a while. My family’s constant demands for money had reached a tipping point. No matter how many times I tried to set boundaries,

they continued to use me and abuse Elijah. It felt like I had no control over the situation, and it was greatly upsetting.

“Sorry I have to go now, Kayla,” I said, bravely deciding to act immediately.

She nodded in understanding and we said goodbye.

I immediately rushed to the house where my adoptive mother and brother had moved to after my adoptive father Tom Bennett passed away. He’d left me the original house where he’d taken care of me like his real own child.

But the rest of the inheritance had been taken by his wife and son. They’d bought a bigger house and I never heard from them again. Not until they learned of my marrying a wealthy man in the famous Sinclair clan.

Brenda was certainly not pleased to hear what I had to say. “What the hell did you say?! You divorced Elijah, the billionaire CEO of Sinclair Realty Group?! Are you out of your mind?!!”

Behind her, my brother Troy looked as if he wanted to punch the wall.

“It was never going to work out,” I said, trying to maintain my composure. “Just please stop bothering him. We’ve cut our ties. You can’t ask for money from him anymore.”

“Oh, man!” Troy exclaimed with frustration.

Two years ago, after I married Elijah, Brenda and Troy came back and pretended like we were a tight-knit family.

At first, Elijah was kind and understanding of their needs. But when he noticed how abusive they had become, always asking for money, he became impatient and angry.

One time, they even borrowed money in my name and never paid it back. It had become one of the reasons why Morgana was so angry with me.

“Did you fight? Maybe you can still fix it!” Brenda said, looking desperate.

Troy scoffed. “When I went to his office, I saw him talking to this beautiful, sexy blonde. I’m guessing there’s a third party involved! People who don’t know better would think that woman is his wife!”

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 5

Sophia’s POV

My chest felt like it would explode any time now. "It doesn't matter," I eventually said to Troy. "It's none of my business now. I don't care what he does with that woman or with whomever."

Then staring hard at him and my foster mother, I said sharply, "We're definitely not getting back together, so the two of you should just stop going to him for money! Just stop!"

"But..." Brenda began to protest.

I raised my hand to stop her. "Elijah and I are over. Besides, I'll soon move to France and study there. And since you only contacted me again because of Elijah's money, then now you won't have any more need for me, right?"

They were both shocked at my words because I had never spoken like that in the past. But it was time for me to step up and put myself first for once.

"All the money that you swindled out of my ex-husband's pocket, consider it as your payment for raising me," I went on in a steady voice. "We don't have to see or talk to each other ever again."

On the way home, I began to feel a migraine coming. I closed my eyes and massaged my temples as I sat in the back seat of a cab.

All of this drama's taking a toll on me, I guess.

But as I neared the house, I felt increasingly queasy and unwell. I realized my health hadn't fully recovered since the loss.

"Could you please take me to the hospital?" I asked the driver, trying to keep my voice steady despite the rising nausea. He nodded and quickly changed course, navigating toward the nearest medical facility.

The ride felt endless, each bump in the road exacerbating my discomfort. By the time we arrived, I could barely contain the churning in my stomach.

I burst through the hospital doors, a wave of dizziness threatening to overwhelm me. My vision blurred, and I stumbled forward, nearly colliding with a figure in front of me. Before I could hit the ground, strong hands gripped my arms, steadying me.

Gasping for breath, I looked up and found myself staring into the concerned eyes of a very handsome and familiar-looking man.

"Are you okay? You look like you're about to faint," he said, his brows furrowed with worry. With our eyes locked on each other, before I could even reply, a look of recognition crossed his features.

“Oh, wait! It’s you. Sophia Bennett from Green Valley High, right?”

I was surprised, looking at him closely. His features reminded me of someone I knew a long way back. “Uh, Daniel?” I eventually said, recalling his name. We had gone to the same high school, but he was a year older than me.

“Yes, yes. Wait, let me bring you to our family doctor. You look really pale.”

I felt too sick to pretend I was fine, so I just let him lead me through the corridor and into one of the clinics. He quickly introduced me to the doctor whom he seemed to know well.

As the doctor greeted me, concern etched across his face, I explained how I’d been feeling. He listened attentively, nodding as I spoke. After a brief discussion, he led me to an examination room, asking Daniel to wait outside.

The examination was thorough, and I appreciated the doctor’s calming demeanor. Afterward, he suggested some basic tests to determine the cause of my symptoms.

“How are you feeling now?” Daniel asked kindly once I sat down beside him in the waiting area.

“A little better, but still kinda dizzy,” I answered honestly. “Thanks for the assistance, but it’s okay if you have somewhere to be. You’ve already done too much for me.”

“Oh, it’s okay,” he said with a smile. “Unless you don’t want me here.”

“It’s nothing like that, of course!” I quickly replied. “Thanks for accompanying me. It feels good to have someone to talk to while I’m here.”

“Well, I’m all ears. People say I’m a good listener.”

I beamed at him, his presence a comforting anchor in the sterile hospital environment.

Chuckling, I said, “I don’t really know you, Daniel...”

“You know my name. That’s a start.” His grin seemed to brighten up the surroundings, and I just felt immediately comfortable with him.

I couldn’t help but feel a sense of familiarity and trust wash over me. We hadn’t been close in high school, but something about his calm demeanor and genuine concern made me want to open up.

“I remember... Daniel Pierce...” I began, smiling. I could feel my headache and nausea diminishing. “High school jock, but a bit geeky and always at the top of the class.”

He laughed. "You've got a good memory, Sophia Bennett. I remember you too — the smart, quiet, very talented artist whom all the boys noticed but never had the nerve to approach."

I laughed too at his astonishing description of me. "You're joking!"

"No, it's true... Really! I'm sure you've managed to get yourself a very good-looking husband. Let me guess, a CEO?"

He was kidding, but hitting close to home made me frown as I remembered Elijah. "Good-looking, yes. CEO, yes. But husband? Not anymore."

"Oh." His expression changed immediately. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"You know, it's been a rough few months," I began tentatively, twiddling my thumbs in my lap. "I'm actually going through a divorce, and my family... they keep asking for money from my ex-husband, which just complicates things even more."

Daniel's expression shifted to one of empathy, and he nodded, encouraging me to continue.

"And then I lost my baby... It's been tough, physically and emotionally. I just feel like I'm carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders, you know?"

He nodded in understanding. "I'm so sorry to hear all that, Sophia. But you seem like a really strong woman. I'm sure you can get back on your feet in no time. Usually, it helps to be in a change of environment. Have you considered that?"

"Yeah, starting anew in a foreign land," I answered, thinking about my application in France.

"Hmm... sounds like a pretty bold move," Daniel remarked, his eyes reflecting admiration and amusement at the same time. "It takes courage to make such a big change."

I smiled weakly. "Actually, I've applied for graduate studies in France. It's something I've always wanted to do."

Daniel's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Really? That's incredible! I recently got accepted at the Goldwell Business School in Paris..."

My jaw dropped. "What? I'm planning to go to the Goldwell Institute of Art!"

He looked at me with astonishment. "What are the odds, huh? Looks like we'll be seeing more of each other. Those institutions share practically the same campus."

I couldn't believe the coincidence, though I was still feeling down. "That's really... something else."

"Surely you'll get in. Where do you plan to stay in Paris?"

"The Latin Quarter, of course. I'm looking at an apartment there, since it's where most students live."

Daniel chuckled. "And it looks like we'll be neighbors too. I think we were meant to cross paths again right now, right here." He gave me a lopsided grin. "Who knows? Maybe we're destined to explore France together! When you book your plane ticket, let me know. Let's fly together. I mean, if that's alright with you?"

His offer warmed my heart, and for the first time in a long while, I felt a glimmer of hope. "Thank you, Daniel..."

Suddenly, I heard my name being called by the assistant, motioning for me to come back into the clinic.

"Miss Sophia Bennett?" she informed me. "Your test results are here."

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 6

Sophia's POV

Daniel followed me into the doctor's office, providing support. The doctor smiled warmly at us, his expression giving nothing away.

"Well, Sophia," he began, his tone measured, "the results are in. Congratulations to you both."

I felt a rush of confusion and disbelief.

"You're going to be parents. Congratulations!" the doctor added.

I'm... pregnant?! How could that be? My last baby had left me only months ago. Even I just signed divorce papers with Elijah, and now I'm carrying his child?

The room spun around me as embarrassment flooded my cheeks. Probably because he was mistaken for the baby's father, Daniel looked surprised but did not contradict the doctor.

"Other than that, you're perfectly healthy, Sophia," the doctor assured me. He went on to discuss some things with Daniel, but I hardly heard them talking.

My heart pounded crazily, and my mind felt fuzzy. Once again, I felt like I was caught up in a weird dream. None of it was real.

Daniel was quiet as we left the hospital. I didn't know what to say either.

"Let me drive you home, Sophia," he offered once we were outside. His eyes were filled with concern for me.

I was just too tired and confused to say no, so I simply nodded. He did not ask any questions, and I was glad.

What the hell am I going to do? I asked myself in silence while in the car, feeling the panic rising in my throat. This is the worst timing ever. Elijah and I just got divorced, and I'm supposed to have a whole new life ahead of me.

Anxiety took over me. Everything was about to change again.

If I have this baby, it won't have a father, I thought bitterly. And how can I take care of it on my own while living in a different country where I don't have anyone to help me?

My hand moved toward my tummy. There was no baby bump yet, but knowing that there was a little one growing inside gave me chills. Suddenly, I remembered how painful it had been to lose my baby before.

This is a blessing, a second chance for me to become a mother. Would I want to risk losing another baby?

Slowly I began to calm down. I took deep breaths until my head began to clear. This is a miracle, I told myself. I should be grateful.

As I rubbed my belly, I spoke in my mind. I'm so sorry, baby. It's just all too sudden. But I know that I'm going to take care of you and love you with all my heart.

Days flew by, bringing a welcomed calm without Elijah, Brenda, and Troy in the picture. However, internally, I remained in turmoil.

Then, the news I had been eagerly awaiting arrived—I had been accepted into my dream university to study art and design once more! Despite the uncertainty of juggling studies with a baby, I couldn't let this opportunity slip away.

In just a week's time, I found myself waving goodbye to Kayla at the airport. "Call me when you get there!" she said, her eyes gleaming with tears. It was the first time we would be apart for a long time, and we were like sisters.

As I settled into my seat on the airplane, bound for Paris, excitement and nervousness mingled within me. The prospect of starting a new life in a different country threatened to overwhelm my senses.

The plane began its ascent, lifting off the ground. I felt a wave of panic wash over me.

Beside me, Daniel sensed my unease and reached over, gently squeezing my hand. "Everything will be okay," he reassured me. "I'm here. We'll do this together."

His words were a comforting balm to my anxious soul, and I found great comfort in his presence. As we chatted throughout the plane ride, ate together, fell asleep, and then chatted some more, I began to relax and come to terms with the situation.

I can do this, I thought with more confidence. Then touching my tummy, I silently whispered, You're my lucky charm, my baby.

By the time we landed safely, Daniel and I were like old buddies. I was truly grateful that he was with me.

As the cab wound through Paris, iconic landmarks flashed past—the Eiffel Tower dominating the skyline, the majestic Louvre in the distance, and quaint streets bustling with cafes and shops.

Despite my worries, the beauty of the city had me momentarily elated, filling me with a sense of excitement and wonder. Beside me, Daniel seemed entranced, his eyes wide with wonder.

Soon, we were unloading my bags at my new apartment. It was semi-furnished, and I was immediately drawn to the light blue walls and the inviting white sofa. But my favorite part of all was the large window that gave me a fantastic view of the busy city street below.

This was it—the start of my new life in Paris. I turned to Daniel, who was looking around the apartment with a satisfied smile.

"Looks like you've got yourself a nice little place here," he remarked, glancing back at me.

"Yeah, I think I'm going to like it here," I replied.

Daniel chuckled. "Just remember to take it easy, okay? You've had a long journey."

I rolled my eyes. "I'm fine, Daniel. I'm not going to keel over from exhaustion."

He raised an eyebrow, and then grinned. "I'm just saying, you'll be too heavy for me to carry if you collapse!"

I threw the throw pillow at him jokingly. "Oh, shut up."

We both laughed. He added, "You need to get some beauty sleep, Sophia. I'm sure you'll want to look your best when you meet your new classmates."

"Oh, so now you're concerned about my appearance?"

Daniel grinned. "Hey, a little rest never hurt anyone. And who knows, maybe you'll meet a cute French guy who'll sweep you off your feet."

I playfully nudged him. "I think I'll pass on that, thank you very much. I'm here to focus on my studies, not my love life."

He appeared pleased with that statement. "Fair enough," he answered with a teasing smile. "But you never know what could happen. Paris is the city of love, after all."

I felt a little flutter in my heart, wondering if I could learn to look at him as more than a friend. Perhaps it's more accurate to say he's akin to a brother rather than just a friend. The assistance he's provided far exceeds anything I've received from Elijah in years.

Sighing, I went over to my bags. "Come on, just help me unpack already so we can check out your apartment next."

As we were unpacking, my phone rang. I figured it was Kayla so I asked Daniel to answer it, showing him that my hands were full at the moment.

"Hello?" I heard Daniel say. He put the call on speaker mode.

"Who the hell is this? Where's Sophia?" a very familiar male voice demanded, his tone aggressive and impatient.

My heart felt like it had just plummeted to the ground. I felt my whole body trembling when Daniel handed the phone to me.

I didn't have to hold the phone to my ear to hear Elijah's furious growling, "Sophia, YOU CAN'T just walk away like this! Where the hell are you now?! Without my permission, you are not allowed to go anywh...."

I pressed the button to end the call without hearing his entire words, calming my quivering heart with a big and deep breath.

It's true that Elijah has never been very considerate or tender with me, but he hasn't really stepped on me rudely either. It's just that lately, he's been indifferent to me.

Anyway, he'd never been as emotionally cranky as he was now. Did my leaving make him care?

No, don't be silly, Sophia, he can be with Serena again now. He's free. How do you expect that he would care about you, a woman he had never loved?

Daniel noticed my paradoxical anxiety.

"Who is he?" Daniel inquired. But I could see in his eyes that he clearly knew the answer to that question.

I sighed, "My husband. No, ex-husband."

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 7

Elijah's POV

Who the hell was that man who'd answered her phone? I thought angrily, smoke coming out of my ears as I paced back and forth in my office. She can't possibly be dating someone new already!

I couldn't believe it. It just wasn't like Sophia to forget me and move on that fast. It angered me so much, and at the same time, it squeezed my heart painfully, knowing that it might really be over between us now, that this wasn't just some temper tantrum or momentary insanity on her part.

I remembered then how I'd overheard my assistant Connor apparently talking to a lawyer, his tone hushed but urgent.

I strained to listen, my heart pounding in my chest. That time, Sophia and I had just signed the divorce papers.

"...file this divorce as soon as possible," Connor's voice was clear and determined.

I found it hard to believe. Sophia was truly in a hurry to get out of this marriage. I knew she was unhappy, but the finality of this step hit me like a ton of bricks. I thought that maybe it had just been some cruel joke, or she was just not thinking clearly.

At the time, I agreed to sign the divorce papers only because Sophia was acting very erratically. In a moment of shock, I went along with it.

What the hell is going on with her? I thought she would regret it. I didn't expect her to be so determined.

Since we lost our child, Sophia has been demoralized, and I can't comprehend why she sees Serena as an enemy.

There's nothing going on between me and Serena. Maybe if I explain things to her, she'll understand and forgive me. She'll come back to me.

I ran a hand through my hair, feeling greatly confused and stunned. It was also incredulous that she'd asked Connor to do it for her. I knew they had become friends over the years, but I never expected this.

Yet this could be a twist of luck for me that she'd asked Connor, I thought, hope surging within my heart. After I had stormed out of the house, I had begun having second thoughts. I wasn't ready to let go yet.

Immediately, I talked to Connor then. "Connor, what date is it now?"

"July 10th," he replied.

I looked up from the mess on my desk. "And when was the last time you saw Sophia?"

He paused for a while, thinking. "Uh, I believe about a month ago."

"You have our divorce papers, right?" I started.

Connor's eyes widened. He didn't have a choice but to say yes.

"This is our marriage, Connor. You must understand that couples go through challenges in their relationship from time to time. I know we signed those papers, but perhaps we just got carried away..."

He was listening to me, nodding in agreement.

I took a deep breath and went on. "Can you give me the papers? I need to talk to Sophia again first."

That memory was very fresh in my mind. Until now, Sophia had no idea that the divorce had not been filed. Connor didn't tell her.

Now it's time to speak to her. I've given her enough time to calm down, and now I need to see her.

Even if I'm pissed off that she may be seeing other men.

Maybe this time, I could try to persuade her. I wasn't sure where I had gone wrong, but I knew Sophia had a soft heart. All I had to do was apologize first, and then maybe she would come back to me.

I found myself rushing through the city to get to Brenda Bennett's house. Maybe they could tell me where she was.

A few days ago, I'd already gone to where Sophia had moved after she left the house, but it was empty. I had no idea where she could have gone. Her best friend Kayla kept avoiding me too.

I needed to see her, to talk to her, to make things right.

"Elijah!" Brenda greeted me in a cheerful tone when she saw me. "What brings you here?"

I was straight to the point. "Hi. Do you know where Sophia is?"

Her face fell. "Not really. That woman is just so confused, so you have to understand her. But I know that she really loves you and —"

"Where is she?" I demanded, cutting her off. "I must talk to her."

"Uhm... We haven't seen her for a long time," she finally admitted.

"What?!"

Suddenly, Sophia's younger brother Troy came out. When he saw me, his lips turned up into a grin. "Hey, bro. How've you been? We miss you, man." He was always like that, acting as if we were the best of buddies. But really, he was just after my money all the time.

"He's looking for Sophia," Brenda informed him with a meaningful look that wasn't lost on me.

"Ohhh, you won't find Sophia anywhere here," Troy said, chuckling. "She probably left already to study abroad."

"What?! When? Where?"

He shrugged, looking as if he was trying to rack his brain. Then his eyes lit up. "How much can I get for telling you which country she was planning to go to?"

Asshole, I silently thought, anger and frustration welling up inside me. "Forget it. I can hire private investigators, anyway."

As soon as I turned around to leave, Troy called out, "It's France!"

I stopped in my tracks as a shiver went through my limbs. She's in France, I thought in alarm.

I was engulfed in shock and disbelief all at once. I hastily went inside my car and dialed her number again, feeling the steam coming out of my ears as my blood boiled.

“Why did you leave the country, Sophia?” I muttered furiously as I waited for the ring.

But to my bewilderment, no ring came. I heard an error tone, so I dialed again.

This time, an automated voice said, “Sorry, the number you dialed is not in service.”

My Ex-Husband is Out of Control Chapter 8

Sophia’s POV

It had been almost three months since I arrived in France, and I couldn’t believe how much my life had changed. The vibrant atmosphere, the rich culture, and the artistic ambiance of this city had truly worked their magic on me.

Initially, adjusting to life here was challenging. The language barrier, the unfamiliarity of everything, and being away from home weighed heavily on me. But gradually, I found my rhythm.

I had just entered the hall where visual displays by selected graduate students of Interior Design were being exhibited.

I was immediately greeted by a sea of familiar faces – friends, classmates, and professors – all smiling and congratulating me.

As I moved through the exhibit, the compliments kept coming. “Sophia, your designs are so innovative!” one classmate remarked. “I love how you play with light and space.”

“Thank you! I’ve been experimenting with new techniques,” I explained, eager to share my process.

Approaching my professor, I was met with a smile of approval. “Sophia, your work is exceptional. You have a bright future ahead of you,” he said, patting me on the back.

I smiled, beaming with pride and joy. Indeed, immersing myself in my studies has paid off very well. I’ve also jumped on all opportunities to take on creative pursuits, joining exhibits like this and even doing a side hustle designing hole-in-the-wall cafes and startup offices.

Last week, our school held a design competition, and to my surprise, I won first place. It was a validation of my talent and hard work, something I never really experienced back home since I got married.

Later on, I felt an arm around my shoulders. “Ready to celebrate, Miss Super Artist?” a familiar male voice said. I turned around to see Daniel grinning at me. “Come on, my treat.”

We headed out of the campus and into our favorite pizza place nearby. Some of our other friends came to join us too.

“Ready to order?” Daniel asked.

“Of course I’ll have the usual. With extra pepperoni, please!” I quipped happily.

Living in Paris had changed me. I felt more confident, more alive. The city had a way of inspiring me, pushing me to new heights. I was becoming the person I had always wanted to be, and it was exhilarating.

“So Sophia...” one of our friends asked me with a smile, “you’ve been looking really happy, with the glow of a mom-to-be!”

As I settled into my seat, my hand instinctively flew to my belly, caressing it gently. It was showing already, and I was proud of it. I nodded. “Yes, can’t wait to meet the little one!”

“You and Daniel are such an amazing couple, and surely you’ll make great parents too.” She motioned to Daniel with her eyes as he went to order.

“Oh no, Daniel is just my friend!” I exclaimed. “We went to high school together, but it’s only now that we became close. But we’re not romantically involved.”

“What?” another friend asked with disbelief. “But you guys look great together.”

“Yeah, and you seem so perfect for each other,” someone else added. “Many of us envy your relationship.”

I laughed. “We’re just friends, really.”

“He’s always taken care of you, right? And he’s always there at your exhibits, supporting your projects, and all that.”

I smiled genuinely. “Yes, he’s a very nice man and a fantastic friend.” I gazed at the returning Daniel, thinking how lucky I was to have him in my life now. He is indeed a reliable man. He treats me better than anyone has ever treated me.

As we all laughed together, I zoned out a little and thought about my future plans. Despite the challenges I’ve faced, I was determined to work even harder, ideally graduating before my baby’s first birthday. That way, when I find a job, I can better take care of my little one.

After eating, we went to our favorite store, one that offered a unique selection of books, music, art, and artisanal crafts from around the world.

As I perused the shelves of the cultural boutique, my eyes fell upon a book that stood out among the others. Its cover featured a lineup of young billionaires, and there, among them, was Elijah's handsome profile.

I felt a twinge of recognition, but it was fleeting. Elijah was now like a familiar stranger to me, someone from a past life that felt distant and disconnected. Brushing off the momentary nostalgia, I continued browsing, my focus shifting to other books that piqued my interest.

"Find anything you like?" Daniel quipped from behind me.

"Not yet," I answered.

My mind drifted back to Elijah for a while. I smiled, feeling free and independent, so different from what my life used to be. I never got in touch with him again after that divorce, and it was definitely liberating.

Sure, I occasionally encountered him on TV and sometimes in magazines and newspapers, but it didn't bother me anymore like before. I no longer paid much attention.

Why was he interested in talking to me again, anyway? He had all the chances in the world before, and he never took any. Now it's too late.

Back at home, I continued to focus on finishing my group project, immersing myself in the intricate details and deadlines. My concentration was abruptly interrupted when the video phone rang, displaying Kayla's name.

"Hey, Kayla! What's up?" I greeted, but my smile faded as soon as her face appeared on the screen. Her expression was a storm of fury.

"You're not going to believe this," she spat, not bothering with a hello. "I've just started working at Sinclair Realty, and guess who my boss is? That bitch Serena!"

My eyebrows shot up. "Serena? As in, Elijah's ex and the queen of mean?"

"Exactly!" Kayla huffed, her face reddening. "You can't even imagine how annoying she is. She struts around the office like she owns the place, flaunting her superiority all day long. And she's even more insufferable than Elijah on his worst days."

I leaned forward, frowning. "Gosh, I feel you. But you'll be okay, for sure. You're the strongest person I know. Don't let her get to you. Just do your best, alright?"

"Yes, I know," Kayla agreed. She looked as if she was physically trying to calm herself down. "It's just infuriating to deal with her every single day."

I nodded sympathetically. “I can only imagine. Just remember, you’re there for the experience and the connections. Serena’s just a bump in the road.”

Kayla sighed, her shoulders drooping slightly. “Thanks, Sophia. I needed that pep talk.”

Suddenly, a shadowy figure appeared in the background behind Kayla, and my heart skipped a beat. Both of us froze, our eyes widening as we heard Elijah’s voice echoing faintly.

It struck me like a bolt of lightning—Kayla had been talking to me from the Sinclair Realty office!