

Chapter 748 Squabbled

Cole already carried an air of authority, and as his expression darkened, that presence turned downright menacing. Sunny, however, didn't flinch. He simply lifted his chin, defiance gleaming in his eyes.

A faint smirk curved Cole's lips as he stared Sunny down. "Let me clarify one thing. I'm not Elliana's boyfriend—I'm her husband. We're madly in love and have two kids together. You don't stand a chance, not even in your next life. Maybe try your luck with someone in kindergarten."

Sunny's lips twitched. "Who says you're her husband? Jeff told me you two don't even have a marriage certificate. Without that, what kind of husband are you?"

Elliana blinked, surprised. "When did you meet Jeff?" she asked. Sunny had only just returned to Ublento last night—how could he have met Jeff already?

As if summoned by name, Jeff appeared in the doorway, his face stormy as thunder. He glared at Sunny with open hostility.

Ignoring Jeff completely, Sunny flashed Elliana a bright grin. "We met outside! That little bald guy's all bark and no bite. He lost our argument and started crying. Ha-ha!"

Jeff's face turned red. "What do you mean, I lost?" he shouted, planting his fists on his hips. "You weren't even making sense!"

Sunny shrugged, a sly grin on his face. "Who says you need sense to win an argument?"

"You..." Jeff spluttered, his voice trembling with anger.

Elliana, completely lost, turned to Paulina for an explanation.

Paulina leaned closer and whispered the whole story.

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This morning, when the rain stopped, Jeff had rushed to the hospital to see Elliana. Right outside her hospital room, he had bumped into Sunny.

Being kids, they had hit it off quickly—chatting, laughing, even playing for a bit. But it had all gone downhill when Sunny proudly announced that he would marry Elliana someday. That one line had sent Jeff's temper spiraling. Jeff had started nitpicking everything Sunny said or did, and soon, the two had started arguing like cats and dogs.

Jeff, the notorious little rascal of the Evans family, had a fiery streak. He had jumped straight into the quarrel, yelling at the top of his lungs.

Sunny, on the other hand, had stayed cool as ice. No matter how loud Jeff got, he didn't even blink.

"You're just a little brat with big dreams!" Jeff had shouted.

"You're an idiot," Sunny had replied flatly.

"You're as weak as a baby bird! I could crush you with one hand!"

"You're an idiot."

"Can't you tell you're out of your league? A shrimp like you dares challenge me?"

"You're an idiot."

Jeff's face had turned crimson with fury. "Stop calling me that! I'm warning you, I'm about to lose it!"

"You're an idiot."

"I dare you to say it one more time! Just say it and see what happens!" Jeff had roared.

"You're an idiot."

And on it had gone—Jeff shouting himself hoarse while Sunny stayed calm and collected, as if the chaos around him didn't exist.

Jeff had finally snapped. For all his brawls over the years, he'd never faced someone like Sunny. Every insult he had hurled landed on a wall of silence, leaving him furious and frustrated.

Driven over the edge, Jeff had decided to end it the old-fashioned way—he had thrown a punch.

But Sunny had been no pushover. Before Jeff's fist even got close, his kick had sent Jeff sprawling.

Jeff had hit the floor face-first. When he got up, dazed and sore, he finally understood why—Sunny's parents were skilled fighters, and he had trained with them since he could walk. Ten Jeffs couldn't beat one Sunny.

Utterly humiliated, Jeff had wanted to crawl under a rock. But his pride—and his wish to see Elliana—had kept him standing outside the door of Elliana's hospital room beside his new rival.

After hearing the story, Elliana sighed and rubbed her temples. She hadn't imagined that the two boys were fighting over her. Jeff, the Evans family's little tyrant, had rarely ever lost a fight. Seeing him completely outmatched by Sunny was quite something else. She took Jeff's small hand and said gently, "It's alright. Don't be angry anymore."

But Sunny quickly smashed Jeff's hand away. "Stay away from Elliana, or I'll hit you again," he warned Jeff coldly.

Jeff puffed up in defiance, rolling up his sleeves. "Fine! Let's go another round. Think I am scared of you?"

Before the situation could explode again, Cole stepped in. In one swift move, he scooped both boys up—one under each arm—and carried them to the hallway. "If you two want to fight, do it outside. Don't disturb my wife's rest."

He dropped them unceremoniously and shut the door with a solid thud.

It was a perfect display of Cole's possessiveness. To everyone else, the boys' squabble was childish and funny, a harmless clash of egos. But for a grown man like Cole—a father of twins—to be this jealous of two boys? It was both absurd and amusing.

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 +120 Points at most

Cole didn't care, though. With his little rivals finally gone, the room felt calm again. But in that peaceful silence, a troubling thought crept into his mind.



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