

Chapter 828 Remarry

Three months slipped by.

On a bright morning, Elliana and Cole carried the twins into the garden to enjoy the warm sun.

As expected, Sunny and Jeff trailed behind them like loyal shadows.

Felix and Beatrice were six months old now, growing fast. Both could sit upright on their own, wobbling a little but proud of themselves.

Beatrice had a glowing, sunny spirit. Whenever she laughed, it was like watching a flower open. Her giggles floated across the garden, lighting up the air. She was the Evans family's only great-granddaughter, and everyone doted on her. Sunny and Jeff guarded her like tiny knights, and the rest of the family dropped by whenever they had a spare minute. She was adored from all directions.

Felix, meanwhile, was Cole in miniature. Quiet. Observant. Calm. When someone tried to entertain him, he would give a polite little grin, and when left to his own devices, he would simply inspect his toes. He never cried, never fussed—just drifted in his own gentle world.

And so the morning unfolded: Elliana and Cole talking softly, Sunny and Jeff competing over Beatrice's attention, and Felix happily playing with his feet.

Peace lasted—until Sunny and Jeff erupted again.

The argument began because Sunny wanted to carry Beatrice to chase butterflies, but Jeff refused to let her go.

After a round of back-and-forth, Sunny snapped, "Why are you always blocking me? Why do you keep stealing my fiancée's attention?"

Fiancée? Jeff's eyebrows shot up. Irritation mixed with disbelief. He snorted. "Take a look at yourself. What makes you think Beatrice would ever marry you? Quit dreaming."

Sunny planted his hands on his hips. "Why can't you just talk nicely to me? Why do you keep ruining my happiness with my fiancée? Go find yourself a girl, and then you won't spend all day picking fights with me."

Cole's patience was hanging by a thread. Hearing someone call his daughter "fiancée" again and again made his blood pressure spike. It felt like thieves were plotting right in front of him. "Both of you—out. Now!" he thundered.

Sunny and Jeff froze.

Cole's expression was pitch-black. "If you don't disappear right this moment, I'm tossing you into the lake."

Sunny and Jeff didn't need to be told twice—they bolted instantly. Cole had thrown them in before, so they knew better than to test him.

The garden finally quieted, and Cole's mood lifted instantly.

Elliana stifled a laugh. Watching him quarrel with little kids every day never failed to amuse her.

"Elliana, shouldn't we talk about our marriage?" Cole asked all of a sudden.

She blinked. Marriage? They already had twins—why bring that up? Then, it hit her. After their divorce, they had never legally remarried. Despite living together again, despite their children, they weren't husband and wife on paper.

Cole flashed a hopeful smile. "How about we pick a date to tie the knot?"

This tugged up an old memory—the day he had forced her to sign the divorce papers. She had begged him not to do it. He hadn't listened. His face had been cold, his words colder. It still stung when she thought about it. She knew he had divorced her to protect her, but the way he did it... She hadn't forgotten.

"I think things are fine the way they are," she said calmly.

Cole stared at her. "But we aren't married. Doesn't that feel strange?"

Elliana shrugged lightly. "Strange how? This way, we're both free. Maybe

we'll break up again—you never know. At least we won't need another divorce."

Cole fell silent. He could tell she was still mad about him forcing the divorce back then. And she had every right to be angry with him.

He straightened a little, putting on his softest, sweetest voice. "I was wrong back then. I'll accept any punishment you give me. Just tell me what I need to do to earn your forgiveness."

Elliana glanced at him, noting the sincerity in his eyes. A playful spark lit her face. "I signed those papers under pressure. If I just marry you again without anything to show for it, don't I look foolish?"

Cole's lips curved faintly. "So what do you want me to do?"

Elliana lifted her chin. "Write something down. Proof that you begged me to remarry you. That way, if we ever argue again, I can wave it in your face."

Cole nodded immediately. "That's reasonable."

She added, smiling, "And write an 'Application for Remarriage.' Make it sincere. Make it touching. I want to cry the moment I read it."



Chapter 829 First Application

Application for Remarriage? The phrase alone made Cole want to laugh. Proposals usually involved rings, flowers, and heartfelt speeches—not something like a form. But this was exactly the kind of odd idea Elliana would come up with.

Seeing the confusion on his face, Elliana teased, "What? You think it sounds silly? For us, it's the perfect fit. Right now, you're just my lover. If you want a 'promotion' to husband, shouldn't you submit an official request?"

Cole didn't even hesitate. "You're right. I'll write it immediately."

He started to leave, but Elliana stopped him. "Hold on."

Cole turned back. "Another condition?"

Elliana flashed him a bright, mischievous smile. "You only get three attempts. If your application doesn't move me by the third one, then forget about remarriage. We'll stay as lovers. And if we ever part ways, I'll take the kids and walk away. That way, you won't be held back when you want to marry someone else."

Cole's mouth twitched. She was threatening him just to raise the pressure. But it didn't matter. She wanted sincerity. She wanted something touching enough to make her tear up instantly. And he had confidence—plenty of it. He wasn't a professional writer, but words had always come easily to him. If he had taken up writing as a career, he was sure he could've made a name for himself. So writing a heartfelt application? That was nothing.

Brimming with confidence, he finished the entire application before lunchtime.

Elliana didn't know he had finished so quickly. After lunch, she put the babies to sleep and stretched out on the bed, planning to rest.

She had barely closed her eyes when the mattress dipped beside her. A

soft kiss brushed her cheek, carrying Cole's cool, familiar scent.

"Babe," he whispered with a smile in his voice.

Elliana opened her eyes. "What is it?"

Cole lay on his side, suddenly shy, and slipped a folded paper into her hand. "It's done. Please review and approve."

She hadn't expected such speed. She thought he would need days. Recovering from her surprise, she sat up straight and unfolded the application with a mock-serious expression.

Cole nearly laughed at her act. Sitting up beside her, he waited like an employee awaiting judgment from the boss.

Elliana began reading, her eyes tracing every word. She didn't rush. She didn't skip. She even checked the punctuation.

While she read, Cole watched her face closely, hoping for some sign of emotion. But she remained completely calm. When she finally finished, she didn't show even the slightest hint of being moved.

Cole's confident smile disappeared instantly. He had poured his heart into the application—all ten thousand words. He had written about their entire relationship, from their first encounter to the moment he fell in love with her. Every sentence was sincere. Every memory was real. So why wasn't she touched?

Cole froze, suddenly unsure of himself. Was she really this unaffected? Or was she putting on a straight face on purpose—getting a little payback for the past?

Before he could overthink further, Elliana slowly raised her head.

The moment their eyes met, Cole understood everything. She wasn't pretending. She was genuinely unmoved.

The silence was painful. He had confidently prepared tissues for her tears, and here she was, looking at him like a teacher grading a student who tried too hard.

A faint smile pulled at Elliana's lips, carrying a sharp edge of amusement.

Cole rubbed the bridge of his nose awkwardly. "What... What is it that you didn't like?"

Elliana let out a dry laugh. "Wow. Such incredible literary skill."

It sounded like praise, but Cole felt the sting beneath it.

She continued with a sweet smile, "Your writing flows beautifully. Over ten thousand words without a break—you truly have a gift. If you published this, other writers would study it with admiration."

Cole coughed hard. He honestly wished the earth would open and swallow him. Elliana was tearing him apart—politely, elegantly, and with a smile.

Enjoying his discomfort, she added softly, "I can tell you've been talented since you were a kid."

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