

## Chapter 830 Seek Advice

Before Elliana could finish speaking, Cole broke into a harsh coughing fit. He wanted to disappear. The embarrassment was overwhelming.

When the coughing finally settled, he risked a glance at Elliana—only to look away instantly, his ears burning. "Just tell me what's wrong. I can take it."

Elliana tilted her head, clearly enjoying the sight of him squirming. "You recorded every moment of our story and poured your emotions all over the page. The writing itself is perfect—smooth, complete, and beautifully structured. But..." She paused, letting the silence drag. "It's missing something."

"What exactly?" Cole asked quickly.

A sly smile curved her lips. "Figure it out yourself."

And with that, she closed her eyes, settling down for her nap as if she hadn't just crushed his confidence.

Cole returned to his study and placed the failed application on the desk. He stared at it for a long time. Elliana had said something was missing—but what? He had already wasted one of his three chances. Only two remained.

His first draft had been written with absolute confidence. But now, that confidence had evaporated. He didn't dare scribble a single word without careful thought. He would have to rethink the entire thing from scratch. One misstep and he'd face another round of Elliana's merciless teasing—and another wasted attempt.

Cole sat there for a long while, deep in thought, but the longer he thought, the more unsure he became. His pen hovered over the page, untouched.

Eventually, he called for Paulina and Myles. They were well-educated and sharp-minded—surely they could offer a sliver of wisdom. Even if it bruised his pride, he was willing to try anything if it meant pleasing Elliana.

When Paulina and Myles entered the study and saw Cole's solemn expression, both straightened up immediately. They thought something serious had happened.

"What do you need, Mr. Evans?" Paulina asked cautiously.

Cole took a breath and explained everything, right up to his humiliating conclusion. He then asked, "So, do either of you have any advice?"

So that was it. Paulina and Myles could barely suppress their laughter. They had worked by his side for years and never once seen him this flustered. Only Elliana could reduce someone like Cole to this state.

"Are you two dying to laugh?" Cole snapped.

Paulina cleared her throat fast. "Of course not! Your dedication to rebuilding your marriage is inspiring. Truly inspiring."

"Yes, very inspiring!" Myles echoed instantly.

Cole glared. He wasn't buying any of it. "Enough nonsense. Just give me real advice."

Myles scratched the back of his head. He had never dated anyone—women didn't even look at him twice. Advice? He had none.

Paulina was equally stumped. Although she was older than Cole, she hadn't dated much either. She had no idea how to handle a romantic crisis either.

Still, Cole was looking at Myles and Paulina with hope in his eyes, and neither wanted to disappoint him.

After a moment of thought, Paulina said, "Maybe we should read your first draft. If we see what you wrote, we might understand what's missing."

Cole hesitated. Letting others read something that personal made his skin crawl. But he swallowed his discomfort and handed over the pages—he was desperate.

Paulina began reading, and Myles leaned in beside her.

The document was long—over ten thousand words—and even skimming took time.

By the end, both Paulina and Myles were holding back laughter so hard that it hurt. They were accustomed to reading Cole's formal business briefs—they'd never seen him write a love letter before. Today was truly an eye-opener.

Cole's expression darkened as he watched their twitching mouths. If there had been a shovel nearby, he would have buried them both behind the house.

Sensing Cole was on the verge of losing his temper, Paulina quickly straightened up. "I think I understand the problem. Your writing is too refined. It feels more like you're showcasing your writing talent than expressing sincerity."

"Yes, exactly!" Myles added quickly. "I've seen lots of online love letters—they're simple and a bit cheesy. Girls seem to like that more."

Cole blinked, stunned. Were his writing skills really the issue? He wasn't trying to brag—this was simply the way he wrote. But cheesy and simple? That wasn't his style. He couldn't come up with cringey lines, even if he forced himself. But what counted as 'cheesy' anyway?

Cole turned to Myles. "Show me examples. I need references."

Myles had an entire stash of cheesy love letters saved on his phone. He immediately forwarded them to Cole.

## Chapter 831 Corny Lines

Cole tackled the pile of cheesy love letters from Myles with the focus of someone decoding ancient scripts, taking in every absurd line one at a time.

"Is there something wrong with my eyes, or do you really light up the whole world? You're so bright that I can barely keep looking, but I still can't look away."

"If you're the nut and I'm the bolt, then we're meant to fit together, and no one's prying us apart."

"I'm bad with words, but every time I see you, it's like I'm an air conditioner plugged into full power—suddenly, all my energy flows straight to you."

"They call me a block of wood, but honestly, I never understood much until you showed up. There's a bonfire inside me, and just a smile from you makes it roar to life."

"Can you bake? Because every time you cross my mind, my heart swells up like dough in the oven—soft, puffy, about to burst its pan."

These ridiculous confessions flooded Cole's thoughts, leaving him drowning in embarrassment. When he reached the end, a deep frown carved its way across his forehead. What kind of trash was all this? He'd sooner eat glass than write anything like that.

One line in particular made him want to crawl out of his skin. "Do you know why I've been constipated lately? Because missing you ruins my appetite and my sleep. I'm so stuffed with thoughts of you that there's just no space left for anything else to move!"

Reading that, Cole had to fight the urge to find the writer and knock some sense into him. How could an actual person come up with this nonsense? If Elliana ever expected that sort of drivel from him, he'd rather chop off his own fingers.

As Cole's mood grew darker with every passing second, Myles felt his nerves fraying.

Paulina glared daggers at Myles, silently blaming him for subjecting Cole to such trash.

When the tension seemed thick enough to cut, Cole finally glanced up at Myles and asked, "Does this sort of sweet talk really work on women? Do women seriously like this?"

Cole looked completely sincere, genuinely hoping for guidance. Whatever battle had been raging inside him, he had made up his mind—if it would make Elliana happy, he'd try anything.

Myles offered an awkward grin. "Every single one of those lines was written by some guys in my university for the girls they liked. Believe it or not, every confession of feelings got a yes—the girls were thrilled."

Cole looked as though he'd just heard a grave insult to his very soul. He started by rolling his eyes, muttering a quiet curse. Turning back to Myles, he masked his impatience with a thin layer of politeness. "Go on."

Adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses higher, Myles continued, "You know, researchers have actually tested this stuff. Inside their labs, when women heard these corny lines, 99% of them had their heart rates shoot up past one-thirty. The monitors picked up dopamine spikes like fireworks."

Cole kept his gaze fixed on Myles, barely keeping a sarcastic smirk at bay. What kind of scientist would waste time studying pickup lines, anyway?

Still, determined to do whatever it took to make Elliana happy, Cole bit back every sarcastic remark teetering on the edge of his tongue.

The study filled with a heavy silence.

Breaking the hush, Cole finally spoke. "You both can go."

Paulina and Myles froze, taken aback. They had expected a barrage of questions, but instead, Cole sent them away. His thoughts about those cheesy lines remained a mystery. Though curiosity gnawed at them, neither dared to ask. With a silent exchange of glances, they slipped out the door.

In the hallway, Myles pulled the door closed and then whispered, "Do you honestly think Cole's going to write anything that sappy?"

Paulina shifted awkwardly, lost for an answer. Anyone with sense would bet against it. Writing something like that just wasn't in Cole's nature. Still, Elliana had always been his exception. Predicting what he might do for her was impossible.

"I think I've really messed up this time!" Myles grabbed his chest, his voice shaking. "If Cole follows my advice and churns out some embarrassing nonsense for Elliana—and she ends up laughing in his face—am I dead meat?"

Paulina's sharp glare landed on him. "No one told you to hand out terrible advice. You brought this on yourself."

Regret took hold of Myles. "It just slipped out! How was I supposed to know Cole would take it seriously?"

A laugh slipped from Paulina. "Well, consider it a lesson learned the hard way. Good luck!"

With a smirk, she walked away.

Myles lingered a moment, scratching his head in regret before trailing after her, nerves jangling.

Back inside, Cole picked up Myles's stack of love letters again and began poring over them line by line, forcing himself to absorb every clumsy metaphor and cringe-worthy phrase. The task left him squirming, but he persisted, determined to understand the strange essence of over-the-top romance.

Not that there was any real art to it—every word made him wince! Copying someone else's lines felt pathetic. He couldn't imagine using recycled confessions from strangers to win Elliana over.

Pulling lines off the internet was out, too. Elliana was sharp enough to catch a fraud from a mile away. If he tried anything phony, she'd call him out for being insincere on top of everything else.

Only one option remained—he would have to invent his own ridiculous, heartfelt lines from scratch, all for the chance to make Elliana smile.