

## Chapter 601 To Disturb Cameron's Grave

Eloisa set a thick photo album onto the table and said, "Ms. Marsh, these are all pictures of Cutler from his childhood."

Elliana lifted the album into her lap and began turning the pages one after another. The image of the man in the black trench coat from the night before had burned clearly in her memory, and she studied each photograph carefully, matching it against that face from every angle she could.

For certainty's sake, Elliana lingered over photo after photo, examining them with painstaking attention.

At last, her eyes landed on a detail impossible to ignore: both young Cutler and the trench-coated man carried a tiny bald patch—no larger than a pea—tucked into the roots of their hair just above the right side of their foreheads.

That single discovery cemented her conclusion—the man in the black trench coat could only be Cutler. Although similar facial features and bone structure could be dismissed as chance, it was hard to believe that two people would share such a distinct trait accidentally. There were simply too many similarities for it to be considered a coincidence.

While Elliana pored over the album, the Hendersons sat frozen, silent in their anticipation, afraid even a whisper might break her concentration as they waited for her verdict.

Once Elliana closed the album, Eloisa leaned forward anxiously. "Ms. Marsh, did you notice anything?"

Elliana met her eyes and said with steady conviction, "There's no doubt—the man in the black trench coat is Cutler."

The Henderson family traded thrilled looks with one another before fixing their attention on Elliana again. Though they couldn't pinpoint the

evidence she had relied upon, they placed unwavering trust in her judgment.

Overcome with joy, Eloisa broke into tears. "I knew it in my heart! The bond between mother and son can never be severed! This is incredible—Cutler is still alive!"

Years of fruitless searching had drained Eloisa of hope for miracles. All she wished now was that Cutler might still be alive somewhere, much as she had once tempered her hopes for Barbara's recovery. And yet, with the knowledge of her son alive and well, she finally felt fate had shown her a measure of mercy.

Turning to Elliana, Gatlin asked, "Ms. Marsh, what made you so certain of your conclusion?"

Elliana pointed at one of the photos. "Notice this—both Cutler and the man in the trench coat carry the same small bald spot on the right side of their foreheads."

The mark was tiny, so faint that it demanded sharp eyes and close inspection to be seen at all.

As Cutler's parents, Gatlin and Eloisa had never noticed such a detail, and once Elliana revealed it, their astonishment was plain.

Following Elliana's direction, Gatlin and Eloisa scrutinized the photos and finally discovered the bald spot.

With excitement bursting from his voice, Gatlin exclaimed, "It truly is an identical bald spot!"

Eloisa's joy matched his as she shouted, "There can be no mistake—he's my son, my Cutler!"

Charles leaned in to compare the photos himself, and after verifying the conclusion, he gazed at Elliana and said, "Your reputation as Milena is well-earned. You catch what others would overlook—it's remarkable."

Eloisa added with a faint flush of embarrassment, "Your eye is sharper than mine ever was. As a mother, I should have noticed such a detail long ago—how careless of me."

Gratitude welled in Gatlin's voice as he said, "Ms. Marsh, you've healed

Charles' legs, cured Barbara's illness, and now helped us find Cutler. We could never repay your kindness, even if we offered everything we have!"

Elliana only had one thing she desired from the Henderson family—something not valuable but potentially difficult for them to surrender.

Rather than stating it outright, she hesitated, choosing instead to open up with her own story. She told them of her mother's past—how her mother had once been hunted by a shadowy organization, the very same group now holding Cutler. If they were to find him, the first step was to expose that dark network.

Once her story ended, the Hendersons quickly understood what she was driving at.

Charles leaned forward and assured her, "Ms. Marsh, name whatever you need. We'll hand it over to you without hesitation."

Gatlin and Eloisa both nodded their firm approval.

Appreciative of their trust, Elliana allowed herself a small smile. "What I ask is to see the book buried with Cameron."

Charles had once described the volume as a collection steeped in legend. Within its pages lay tales of Delta and secrets never meant for common ears.

Now that Cutler had resurfaced, Elliana suspected Cameron's book was far more than a storybook—it might conceal vital clues. In short, she suspected that Cameron had mysterious ties with Delta during his lifetime. Otherwise, why else would his grandson be abducted and his granddaughter poisoned with something as rare and deadly as Scorpion King?

Retrieving that book, however, meant disturbing Cameron's grave—an ask that carried the weight of intrusion.

Elliana felt deeply apologetic and immediately explained, "I know this request is unusual and might be hard for you to accept, but I'm convinced that the book holds valuable clues, and I need to see it with my own eyes ..."