

Chapter 826 Erase That Name

Completely unaware that Jules had reclaimed his true name and was now recognized as Cutler Henderson, Katrina was left puzzled when Elliana spoke of "old friends."

The moment Charles and Cutler entered the study, Katrina's gaze lingered on them, struggling to match these distinguished visitors to anyone Elliana referred to.

Kidnapped by Maxine at the tender age of two and thrust into the Griffiths family household, Cutler had grown up as Katrina's betrothed. Childhood memories were all Katrina possessed; her mind's eye conjured a young boy, not the striking man now before her.

Everything about Cutler had changed since he was reunited with his real family. His posture and his very presence seemed transformed. Life under Maxine's harsh regime had shaped him into a cold, dangerous enforcer, numb to compassion. Yet, under Charles's guidance, he'd emerged as a calm, self-assured gentleman.

Charles, with his gold-rimmed glasses, radiated classic gentlemanly grace. At his side stood Cutler, his years of martial arts evident in his sturdy frame and striking features.

The brothers made quite a pair as they entered the room together.

"Elliana," Charles greeted her with a courteous nod. "We heard you were back from overseas, so Cutler and I came over to see you. Our family recently got some excellent roasted coffee beans, and we thought you'd enjoy them."

He presented a beautiful box, and the deep, fragrant aroma of fresh coffee drifted through the air.

Davin promptly stepped forward, accepted the gift from Charles, and set it gently on the desk in front of Elliana.

Davin handled the task so smoothly and naturally that it was clear he

had settled perfectly into his new position as attendant to the family's leader.

Cutler, knowing full well that Elliana now led the Griffiths family, hesitated for a moment. To address her formally would be to accept his lingering ties to the Griffiths family, a past he wished to leave behind.

Still, his respect for Elliana was immense, and he wanted to show her the respect she deserved. After all, she was not only the Henderson family's benefactor but also his own. Without her help, he could only imagine the fate that awaited him within the Griffiths family, likely a tragic ending, never knowing his true roots. His gratitude to her was immeasurable.

Torn between old wounds and new loyalties, Cutler kept silent. Just like Katrina, he gave Elliana the most respectful bow of ancient tradition, a silent gesture reserved for utmost reverence in the Griffiths line.

Elliana instantly recognized the meaning and offered a gentle smile. "Cutler, you don't have to stand on ceremony." She lifted the lid of the box, examined the glossy beans inside, and turned to Charles. "These are lovely. Thank you. I really appreciate it."

Seeing her delight, Charles felt genuinely pleased and smiled warmly in return.

At that moment, Katrina moved closer to Cutler, her head tilted as she studied him curiously.

Cutler knew well that Katrina's mind was stuck in her childhood. Before, the two of them had been fierce rivals always squabbling, sometimes even fighting outright. Now, though, he found her presence oddly comforting. With her memories stopping at age ten, this softer side of Katrina was something he didn't mind at all.

Before Maxine had shaped Katrina into someone cold and proud, Katrina had once been gentle, a girl who spoke kindly and treated others well. In those days, she and Cutler had actually gotten along. Being close in age, they had even managed to build a genuine friendship before either of them turned ten.

Now, as Katrina studied Cutler, her eyes were bright and innocent, just like when they were kids.

Growing a bit uneasy under her steady gaze, Cutler asked, "What are you

staring at?"

Gone was the sharpness that once colored his voice; his words carried the easy simplicity of youth.

With no hint of hostility, Katrina's curiosity only grew. "What's your name?"

"Cutler Henderson," he answered.

Katrina's brow wrinkled in confusion. "That's odd. You look so much like my friend Jules, just older. Are you sure you don't know him?"

Every part of Cutler rejected that name. The memories attached to Jules, those years under the Griffiths family roof, were ones he never wanted to revisit. So he shook his head. "No, I don't know him."

Katrina paused and then turned toward Elliana. "You mentioned I'd be seeing an old friend today. Who did you mean?"

Elliana met Cutler's gaze, understanding what he wanted. With a gentle smile, she offered a soft falsehood. "I made a mistake. Forget I said that."

Katrina thought it over for a second, but wasn't ready to drop the subject. She looked at Davin. "How come I haven't seen Jules around? Where did he go?"

Davin glanced at Cutler and then spoke kindly. "Let's head home, Katrina. I'll tell you everything along the way."

"Alright," Katrina agreed. With a wave to Elliana, she and Davin departed Rosewood Villa.

As soon as they were out of sight, Cutler turned to Elliana. "Please have Davin let everyone in the Griffiths family know that Jules died on a mission, and his ashes were scattered at sea."

Only by erasing the name Jules completely could he finally step out of the shadow of his old life.

"You have my word," Elliana replied, already pulling out her phone to send Davin the message.