

Chapter 827 Gentle Rhythm

Davin had flown in on the Griffiths family's private jet, and it was the same aircraft he used to take Katrina home.

The moment they settled into their seats, Katrina leaned toward Davin, unable to hold back. "Earlier, when I brought up Jules, you acted strange. What's going on? Tell me the truth."

"Okay." Davin opened his mouth, ready to reveal that Jules had taken back the name Cutler—until his phone buzzed. Elliana's message appeared on the screen. He read it once and swallowed everything he had been about to say.

Following Elliana's instructions, Davin said softly, "Jules died during the mission where you were injured. His ashes were released into the sea."

Katrina froze, her eyes widening. "What?" In her mind, Jules was a friend she trusted. The news hit her like a blow.

Davin could only watch, unsure what comfort he could offer.

After a long breath, Katrina steadied her voice. "I know I lost my memory because of that mission... But I never knew why. Please. Tell me the whole story."

Now that Elliana led the Griffiths family, the truth was no longer hidden. So Davin explained everything—from the feud to the mission that went wrong.

By the time he finished, Katrina looked hollow, caught between disbelief and numbness. She never imagined she had been hurt while trying to kill Elliana, or that she and Jules had later grown to despise each other so deeply. The truth was tangled and exhausting. She leaned back, silent, as the plane climbed into the clouds.

Eventually, she whispered, "So, did Elliana kill Jules?"

Davin stayed with the lie. "No. He fell from a cliff during the mission. It

was an accident."

Katrina asked nothing else. She drifted into her thoughts. Even knowing she had eventually hated Jules, she felt a sting of sadness—the Jules she remembered was gentle.

But then, something in her broke open. A flood of memories poured back—sharply, painfully, completely. As the past pieced itself together, her view of Jules shifted. She remembered the harm they had inflicted on each other and the bitterness that had grown between them. The sorrow in her faded.

She turned to the clouds outside the window and breathed out softly. It was done. She felt no love and no hatred toward Jules. Their story had ended. He was gone, carried off by the sea, and she was finally free to live her own life.

At that same moment, far away in Elliana's study, Cutler let out a quiet sigh of his own. Jules was gone. He was Cutler now—a man with a home, a name, and a family that truly cared for him. Whatever he had once felt for Katrina had faded into dust. If her memories stayed frozen at age ten, he hoped she lived happily. And if the rest returned—if she remembered the bitterness between them—then so be it. Jules had died long ago.

Davin texted Elliana. "I followed your instructions. I told Katrina that Jules is dead. From this point on, the name Jules no longer exists in the Griffiths family."

Elliana read the message and then looked at Cutler. "As you wished, Jules has been buried at sea. Go home with Charles. Be Cutler. And never involve yourself with the Griffiths family again."

"Thank you," Cutler said, his voice trembling. Even though his past had been harsh, leaving it behind brought its own sadness. Those years—dark as they were—had shaped his entire life.

Charles squeezed Cutler's shoulder before bidding Elliana farewell. The brothers walked out together.

With their departure, Elliana finally tied off the last loose ends of the Griffiths legacy. Peace lay ahead.

As a mother of two, she wanted nothing more than to focus on raising her children, and that was exactly what she did.

In the days that followed, Elliana fell into a gentle rhythm, staying home with her little ones.

Cole shared the same wish. He rarely went into the company, only visiting when necessary. Most of his work was handled from home, and the rest he delegated.

Whenever they were free, Elliana and Cole took the children to the garden to enjoy the sunshine and watch butterflies drift through the flowers. The family of four lived in a warm, quiet bubble.

The only thorn in Cole's side was the pair of mischievous boys—Sunny and Jeff. They no longer chased after Elliana, but now, they were locked in a daily battle over his daughter.

Sunny had practically moved into the Evans home. When he wasn't squabbling with Jeff, he hovered around Beatrice like a self-appointed guardian—or future husband.

Jeff stayed alert at all times, terrified Sunny might "steal" Beatrice away, so he glued himself to her side.

In their endless mission to win Beatrice's favor, Sunny and Jeff were always arguing or moments away from it.