

# Unbreakable 2011

## Chapter 2011

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With the glimmer of one particular necklace, she could dazzle anyone, its brilliance enough to make her a beacon in any high society gathering.

As Jimena described the necklace, a flicker of recognition sparked in Caseys memory. So, it was the blue diamond that shimmered Like a piece of the night sky captured in glass.

Jimena, whatever I offer you will be yours. And if it falls short, Im prepared to write a check for a hundred million, Casey said, her voice earnest with promise.

Jewelry had never held much appeal for Casey, mundane as it was to her. She knew the stakes were high for Jimena, who was risking far more than she had to gain by helping her. She was willing to pay Jimena more, much more. Yet, the gnawing fear that Davey might discover the necklaces absence haunted her. The consequences for Jimena could be dire.

Jimenas face contorted into a mask of displeasure. If youre so attached to that necklace, forget I mentioned anything. Im not about to stick my neck out for you, she snapped, bitterness lacing her tone.

Jimena hefted her medical kit, the clasp clicking shut with finality, and turned to leave. Before leaving, she fired a parting shot over her shoulder. Remember, if Davey catches a whiff of anything about this, Ill make sure he knows everything youve plotted. Including todays little proposition.

Jimenas facade of loyalty crumbled away, revealing her true intentions. She had gleaned enough from their conversation to ensure her own safety, no need for pretenses any longer.

Yet, the allure of the necklace was undeniable. Jimena lingered at the doorway, dragging her feet slightly, secretly hoping Casey would call her back.

And Casey did. Jimena

Jimena paused, half-turning, her expression an unreadable mask. Its not that Im unwilling, Casey hurried to explain, her words tumbling out. Im just terrified of Davey discovering the absence. It could put you in grave danger.

Jimena scoffed. With the horde of jewels you have, do you really think hed notice just one missing?

Jimenas impatience was palpable as she stood there, arms crossed, her eyes boring into Casey. So, whats it going to be? Yes or no? If not, I might just get jittery around Davey. And who knows what I might blurt out?

It was a thinly veiled threat, leaving Casey pale-faced and trembling.

In all these years, Casey had barely brushed against the world, save for fleeting encounters. Apart from a silent servant who tidied her room, her most frequent interaction was with Jimena.

At first glance, Jimena seemed gentle and reserved. But beneath that facade lurked a skillful switcher of personas. Casey had always presumed Jimena to be a harmless soul and never imagined Jimena capable of such swift deceit.

If it were merely a botched negotiation, Casey could handle it. She'd find another route, another plan. Even with a mere 50-50 chance of Davey uncovering the truth, she couldn't risk Jimena's safety over a trinket. Yet, here was Jimena, threatening her with a brazen take it or leave it attitude.

Gritting her teeth, Casey relented. Fine, I'll give it to you.

Jimena's face lit up with glee, morphing once more, this time into a facade of gratitude. Oh, you're too kind. Since it gathers dust in your possession, why not let me safeguard it for a while?

A knot twisted in Casey's gut as she watched Jimena's delighted expression.

Jimena prodded impatiently, Madam, the safe. Quickly now.

The treasures were ensconced within a secure glass cabinet, protected by iris scans and passwords.

Casey had inadvertently left it unlocked once before, allowing Jimena to sneak a peek and even try on the necklace.

The Glynn family's security was formidable. Without the special anti-metal detection bag, removing the necklace undetected would be nearly impossible. And without Casey's cooperation, it would surely lead to their discovery. Otherwise, Jimena wouldn't have waited so long to make her move.

As Casey hesitated before the safe, Jimena suddenly grabbed her and forcefully pressed her face against the cabinet, demanding she open it with her iris verification.

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Enter the code, Jimena urged urgently. Davey will return any minute, and we'll both be in hot water if he catches us.

Under Jimena's relentless pressure, Casey relented, opening the safe at last.

Before Casey could react, Jimena seized the opportunity, shoving her aside and snatching the priceless blue diamond necklace.

The radiant blue sapphire sparkled enticingly in the light, captivating Jimena's gaze. It was simply exquisite! At long last, it would be hers.

Casey made one last attempt to reason with Jimena. It's best if you don't take it now. Deliver the embroidery first, then come back for it. That way, you won't have to return here. And if I manage to escape, you can find me in Ambrosia.

Casey was not refusing Jimena outright. Instead, she was suggesting a safer plan. The implication was clear. Retrieving the item later would allow Jimena to either flee with her family or vanish into hiding, significantly diminishing any associated risks.

However, Jimena, with a flicker of suspicion in her eyes, slipped the necklace into the folds of her clothing. Madam, going back on your word isnt very nice. I promised to help you deliver it, and thats exactly what I intend to do. Make sure you have the money ready for when this necklace changes hands.

Caseys lips parted, but no words came out. In truth, if she did escape, the necklace, which belonged to Davey, held no value for her.

Not only was she prepared to pay Jimena, but she also had no intention of reclaiming the

necklace. Yet, understanding Jimenas apprehension, she chose silence over explanation, fearing further words might only breed more misunderstanding.

Seeing the uncertainty flicker in Caseys eyes, Jimena stepped closer, fearing shed renege. Jimenas voice was steady, yet there was an unmistakable edge of urgency. You need to cover for me so I can leave now.

Confusion clouded Caseys face, but she nodded, ready to assist.

Just tell me what to do.

When the door opens, call the butler downstairs and distract him. Make sure he doesnt inspect me. Thats all I ask.

Understood.

Jimena pressed the bell, signaling her readiness to depart.

Davey, ever suspicious, had instituted rigorous protocols at his estate, demanding checks both upon entry and exit, all to prevent smuggling.

Previously, a minor transgression involving some medicine concealed within an acupuncture kit had gone undetected, thanks to its insignificance.

Now, with the high-stakes game of the necklace, Jimena couldnt afford any slip-ups. She had meticulously prepared, wearing an anti-detection bra designed to thwart any scanner, an ingenious countermeasure shed devised after missing a previous chance with the necklace.

Though equipped to evade detection, bypassing the check altogether was her preferred option.

As the butler swung the door open, Jimena offered him a shy, yet grateful smile. Thank you.

Jimena possessed a disarmingly sweet charm, a quality that effortlessly disarmed those around her. Her unassuming appearance only accentuated this effect.

Casey felt as though she had just awoken from a dream, bewildered by the stark contrast between the Jimena she had envisioned and the one standing before her now, seemingly influenced by some spell.

Even the butler found himself drawn to the unpretentious Jimena.

Unlike others who attempted to sway him with money or extravagant gifts, useless to a man in his position, it was her small, genuine tokens of appreciation that resonated deeply. Sincerity, he believed, was truly priceless.

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Jimena had immersed herself in the world of the affluent. She had recognized by now that to those accustomed to wealth, heartfelt intentions spoke louder than any amount of money.

Noticing Caseys hesitation, Jimena subtly emitted a soft, pained sound, a gentle nudge to remind Casey of their plan.

Meanwhile, the butler meticulously manned the security at the estate, deploying detection devices with a vigilance that bordered on paranoia. Every guest was subject to a rigorous double-check, a technological scan followed by a manual search.

Are you alright, Jimena? the butler inquired, his voice laced with genuine concern.

Realizing it was her cue, Casey knew she had to act swiftly to ensure Jimenas escape. Aldwin, could you come here for a moment?

Distracted, the butler set aside the detector and descended the stairs, his footsteps echoing the urgency of Caseys voice.

With practiced ease, Jimena slipped away unnoticed, bypassing the security gate without a second glance.

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Once outside, Jimena slipped into the Glyn familys car and directed the driver to head to the clinic.

As the vehicle pulled away, a thrill surged through Jimena, barely contained within the confines of the moving car. If only she werent still so exposed, she would have reveled in the victory of securing the necklace, a treasure now tantalizingly close, yet still just out of reach.

In the car, Jimena couldnt contain her gleeful smile, even with her eyes closed. It was as if every joyful thought shed ever had was bursting out at once. This bubbling excitement didnt escape the notice of the man seated in the shadowy vehicle beside her.

Davey, who had just returned home, found himself alone in the car after the driver departed, granting him a moment of reprieve to rest his weary eyes.

To any casual observer, the car might have seemed deserted.

But just as Davey was about to step out, he caught sight of Jimena slipping into the car, her features contorted with a greedy, covetous grin.

Jimena was usually so demure, never letting a smile escape her lips, especially not in his manor. But here she was, barely at the gates, grinning like a cat with a bowl of cream.

Davey was a shrewd judge of character, and he could tell at a glance that this was no ordinary smile. It was a smile fueled by something darker, something more sinister than simple happiness. It was a stark contrast to the typically reserved expression of the family doctor.

Watching the car disappear from view, Davey made a call. Follow Jimenas vehicle and report back to me.

It had been a long day for Davey, dealing with various matters that had left him in a foul mood.

On top of that, hed received a report about an incident at one of his overseas properties.

According to the guards, the culprit had been nothing more than a drunken vagrant who, upon stumbling one of his lavish manors, had attempted to gain entry through a window in search of shelter. Once inside, he had roamed around, marveling at the opulence surrounding him.

Upon discovery, the guards shown the drunken vagrant no mercy. They dealt with him swiftly, without alerting the authorities, as per Daveys instructions. They gave the drunken vagrant a good beating and tossed him into the river, leaving no trace of his intrusion.

It was difficult for the guards to ascertain the drunken vagrants true intentions. On the surface, it appeared to be a straightforward case of drunkenness and vagrancy. Multiple eyewitnesses even corroborated that he was getting drunk at the park.

However, Davey couldnt shake the feeling that there was more to this incident than met the eye. Something about the drunken vagrants actions didnt quite add up.

Plus, how could a mere drunken vagrant truly outmaneuver six of his carefully selected, highly trained elite guards? And not only breach the perimeter but wander about unchecked for who knew how long?

Davey pondered, his brow furrowed in contemplation. Those guards were his handpicked finest, meticulously chosen for their skills and loyalty. Was this drunken vagrant truly what he seemed, or was there more to him than met the eye?

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Regardless, one thing was clear. Action was needed.

Davey swiftly dispatched a team to his overseas manors to demolish the entire opulent underground complex beneath the estate. He commanded them to bury it beneath layers of earth, erasing any trace of its existence.

For days now, hed been overseeing the dismantling of similar subterranean hideouts in various locales.

Davey was meticulous, methodical, and cautious in his actions, guided by the ancient wisdom that a ship that sails a thousand years is built with great care.

But now, Davey let out a small, sinister smile. A new challenge had presented itself.

Stepping out of the car, Davey planted one foot firmly on the ground, a portrait of confidence as he faced his manor. Straightening his suit, he appeared vibrant and energetic at first glance. Yet, a closer inspection unveiled the icy blaze smoldering in his eyes.

A sinister smile crept across his lips as he surveyed his domain.

Anyone daring to disrupt his plans would meet only destruction!

Instead of going to Caseys room as usual, Davey summoned the butler to seek information on the days events.

The butler dutifully recounted the mundane events he had observed, none of which seemed noteworthy to him.

Swirling the crimson wine in his glass, Davey arched an eyebrow.

Youre saying Casey requested a cup of brown sugar water?

Brown sugar water? A mysterious smile lingered on Daveys lips. Casey was fastidious about her drinking water, insisting solely on mineral water airlifted from high-altitude springs, a preference Davey consistently accommodated, steadfastly maintaining this routine.

Even the most casually poured glass of water for Casey originated from these deliveries. Even if she suffered from amnesia, she would undoubtedly discern the waters flavor.

However, her sudden request for brown sugar water appeared unrelated to a shift in taste. Rather, it seemed she believed that asking for such a beverage might marginally inconvenience the butler, perhaps a means to occupy his time.

Observing the disquieting grin persisting on Daveys countenance, the butler sensed a shiver of unease. He inquired cautiously, Mr. Glyn, is there cause for concern?

No, Davey replied tersely, his demeanor unchanged as he swiftly drained a glass of red wine, then placed it on the table with a resounding clink.

Rising slowly, Davey ordered, Please commence the search for a new family doctor.

The butler paused, gathering his thoughts before cautiously asking, Mr. Glyn, has Dr. Hinks committed an error

Davey merely raised his eyelids, fixing his gaze on the butler.

Suddenly, the butler found himself unable to continue, a cold sweat forming on his back. He had spoken too freely!

To the bulter, Jimena had always conducted herself admirably, leaving a positive impression on him and often gifting him with homemade soaps and scented candles. Those were not lavish gifts, and he saw no harm in accepting them.

Furthermore, they aligned with his preferences, especially the scented candles Jimena claimed contained medicinal herbs. He relied on it nightly, finding solace in its scent, a welcome respite from the insomnia brought on by the specters of his past misdeeds haunting his dreams.

Over time, the butler had become reliant on the scented candles, deeply grateful to Jimena for its soothing effects.

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Nevertheless, his appreciation for these small tokens had not diminished his scrutiny of Jimena. Indeed, as someone raised by Davey, adherence to their duties was almost a religious conviction. Yet, unbeknownst to him, his attitude toward Jimena had significantly softened.

When emotions came into play, mistakes were inevitable, just as they were now, when the butler should have refrained from speaking.

The butler felt an urge to slap himself. Bowing his head respectfully, he stated, Mr. Glyn, I will attend to it immediately. Dr. Hinkss records will be disposed of along with her termination.

Davey withdrew his gaze, a faint smile on his lips. I almost thought I might need to find a replacement for a butler, too.

Though his tone hinted at the jest, the butler understood the seriousness beneath. The word replace hinted at a brush with peril!

Thankful for regaining his composure swiftly, he had salvaged his own life.

Every fiber of the butlers being quivered with the lingering fear.

Davey turned around, instructing, Make sure to handle it properly this time.

Yes, Mr. Glyn! the butler replied, his voice firm and resolute.

Only after Davey had disappeared from his sight did the butlers tense muscles finally relax,

beads of sweat dripping dramatically from his forehead to the floor. He had been utterly terrified as if he had traversed the very gates of hell and emerged intact.

Daveys implications were unmistakable. Jimena had made a mistake. A grievous mistake indeed!

The butler sighed, a pang of compassion flickering briefly for Jimena, one he presumed remarkable, though it remained mere sympathy.

He dreaded the prospect of sleepless nights looming ahead.

Contemplating the final traces of scented candles remaining in his quarters, he resolved to preserve it and seek professional advice on its composition, aiming to recreate it.

Davey entered Caseys room to find her seated on the bed, gazing out the window, lost in contemplation.

Outside, the begonias were in full bloom, their vibrant hues of orange, peach, pink, and white creating a stunning display.

Maintaining such flowers in the basement presented challenges, but Davey was aware of Caseys affinity for vibrant blossoms. Among his cultivated flowers, begonias boasted the Longest blooming period, flourishing nearly year-round with a peak during the winter months.

However, begonias were delicate. They demanded precise conditions of light and soil moisture. Sustaining them underground required meticulous control of diffused light and ventilation.

Davey had invested considerable effort and enlisted specialists to ensure these flowers thrived. Even during relocations, he took great care to preserve and nurture these plants, ensuring they continued to flourish.

He pondered the devastation of those ruined basements, the delicate begonias within them, such demanding plants, yet so susceptible to ruin. Much like Casey. A fragile and refined woman, vulnerable to devastation with the mere twitch of his hand.

But he harbored no desire for such an outcome. After investing so much in her, he wasn't prepared to witness it all squandered.

What are you gazing at? Davey's sudden voice shattered the silence.

Startled by his abrupt presence, Casey flinched slightly.

Approaching the window where she stood, Davey turned to observe the begonias outside before softly remarking, Beautiful.

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Whether he referred to the begonias or Casey herself remained unclear.

Casey offered no response to his comment, maintaining her typically indifferent demeanor in his presence. Her moments of melancholy outweighed those of joy.

Casey, are you feeling unwell? Davey inquired, his gaze unwavering.

The butler mentioned that you requested brown sugar water.

Casey couldn't discern his motives for asking, but she understood approaching each of his inquiries with caution. It was all too easy to fall into his snares.

When she wished to evade direct answers, her default tactic of unreasonable irritability served her well.

The butler isn't a butler, is he? she retorted sharply.

Amused, Davey arched an eyebrow, genuinely intrigued by her response.

He might as well be your spy, monitoring my every move. Surveillance would suit him better.

Casey shot back with biting sarcasm. Do you find every detail of my life so fascinating? Of what I eat, drink, even when I go to the bathroom? Next time, I'll just report directly to you. Why bother with an intermediary?

Her tone dripped with deliberate petulance, skillfully masking her true emotions beneath a veneer of annoyance.

A shadow passed over Davey's eyes. Something significant was at play, for Casey to inadvertently reveal her consumption of the brown sugar water. But what could it be?



Davey's thoughts turned to the newlywed Raegan, realizing that aside from her, nothing else seemed significant enough to have distracted Casey to this extent.

Casey adeptly portrayed a character with a fragmented memory, nearly convincing even him.

Alternatively, he refrained from shattering her illusion as long as it brought her satisfaction. However, his leniency didn't equate to allowing her an opportunity to flee.

As usual, Davey responded with a smile, "If it distresses you, I'll instruct him to cease reporting. I merely wished to demonstrate heightened concern for you."

Casey understood Davey well enough to discern his sharp demeanor and swift shifts to aloofness, particularly during intimate moments, which invariably left her at a disadvantage.

Contemplating their sexual intercourses churned her stomach. A man in his forties, still fiercely entrenched in his ways. Yet, it wasn't too exhausting to replay and analyze various strategies.

Feigning coyness, Casey remarked, "Don't make promises you won't uphold. Don't feign concern."

Davey settled beside her, enveloped her in an embrace, and planted a kiss on her forehead, asserting, "When have I ever failed to honor my word?"

"You promised to take me out to play," Casey retorted, embodying the role of the naive young girl with startling authenticity.

In truth, her emotional development scarcely surpassed that of a young girl. Having endured half her life under Davey's confinement, ensnared and often unconscious, she hadn't been allowed to mature.

Deep down, Casey clung to a trace of innocence, entertaining the belief that she could outwit Davey.

Davey playfully pinched her waist, his tone teasing, "Making such a fuss over such a trivial matter?"

Casey shifted uncomfortably, evading his touch. "Don't touch me. I'm well aware I have no right to be upset. There's no need for reminders, Mr. Glyn." She spoke with a touch of sarcasm evident in her tone.

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Despite Casey's tone, Davey didn't show any signs of being upset. In fact, he seemed to be in a buoyant mood.

"Tomorrow," he declared suddenly.

"What?" Casey inquired, perplexed.

"I'll take you out tomorrow," Davey confirmed.

Casey experienced a surge of happiness at the prospect of finally venturing out. If given the chance, she would find an opportunity to leave some clues behind, since she harbored concerns about potential complications during Jimenas anticipated delivery process.

As a precaution, Casey decided to leave hints herself as a safer contingency plan.

Since youre getting what you desire, shouldnt you strive to ensure my happiness? Daveys implication was unmistakable as he gazed at her.

Casey found herself speechless. While she resisted the urge to comply with his desires, she also hesitated to provoke him at this moment.

Thus, when he leaned in for a kis, she acquiesced quietly, Lowering her gaze without protest.

Davey merely nibbled her lip, applying gentle suction before releasing her, leaving her breathless.

Just when Casey thought she had evaded further advances, Davey suddenly pulled her into a tight embrace. In a low murmur, he remarked, Casey, I appreciate your obedience, yet I find excessive compliance off-putting. Isnt that contradictory?

Casey silently cursed him, likening him to a madman. His fixation on obedience was merely a guise to excuse his own deficiencies. True submission held no value to him. What he craved was dominance without the challenge of conquest.

Just then, Davey observed a begonia blossom flutter to the ground outside the window in the windless greenhouse, an unsettling feeling of isolation descended upon them.

The solitary branch, bereft of its blossom, appeared stark amidst the densely clustered blooms surrounding it.

A sense of solitude enveloped Davey. He closed his eyes briefly, contemplating the flower he had meticulously nurtured, now withering so easily. What he truly desired was Caseys innate submissiveness, not a contrived version.

Casey, will you deceive me? Davey inquired once more.

Caseys heart skipped a beat. Feigning composure, she responded with a dismissive tone, Davey, arent you tired of these mind games?

I pray you never deceive me. Just remain by my side as you are now,

Davey asserted firmly. He would not permit her the opportunity to deceive him and to ensure that, he contemplated taking certain precautions.

Casey felt a sense of unease but struggled to identify its source.

After all, Daveys manner of speaking lacked coherence at times, characterized by erratic shifts from one emotional extreme to another, which frequently disrupted the flow of conversation.

It was as if he harbored multiple personalities within him, all variations of Davey. Yet, each was inherently shadowed.

Just as Casey anticipated Daveys intention to restrain her on the bed once more, he suddenly released her.

Rising to his feet, he adjusted his suit and remarked, I still have some pressing matters to attend to. You may retire early tonight. There's no need to wait up for me.

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Casey had barely exhaled a sigh of relief when Daveys voice broke the silence once more. And tomorrow, when we venture out, don the blue diamond necklace.

Caseys heart skipped a beat, fearing he had uncovered something, her pulse nearly leaping from her throat.

Daveys demeanor appeared normal as he casually remarked, You look stunning with it. I really admire it.

With that, he made no further delay, turning to depart.

Casey waited until he had departed before cautiously placing her hand over her wildly pounding heart, recognizing that was a close call.

Tomorrow, she could find a pretext to avoid wearing the necklace, but she needed to find a way to warn Jimena to leave immediately. She harbored doubts about her ability to sustain the deception in the face of future encounters.

Casey contemplated indirectly asking the butler for updates on Jimena, recognizing that beneath Jimenas facade of simplicity and kindness lay a shrewd individual.

If the butler mentioned, Jimena would undoubtedly be on high alert and make her exit. That would be the most favorable outcome.

At that moment, Casey couldnt help but admire Jimenas resilience, recognizing that only

someone like her could endure the clutches of a madman like Davey.

As Davey exited the house and entered his car, the assistant presented him with a piece of roughly stitched embroidery.

The assistant relayed, Dr. Hinks didnt appear to intend to send this out. Instead, she simply discarded it into a trash can.

Davey gazed at the crude embroidery in silence, though the throbbing veins on his forehead betrayed his simmering rage. A cold chuckle escaped him. It appeared that nothing occurred without meticulous calculation.

Jimena had already returned home and discarded the embroidered handkerchief Casey tasked her to deliver to Raegan.

Her intention to aid Casey was nonexistent from the outset. She had already achieved her objectives and wasnt willing to jeopardize herself for such a perilous undertaking. She intended to inform Casey that she had dispatched it, but whether it reached its intended recipient remained uncertain to her.

Additionally, with numerous servants in the Clifford household and an atmosphere of chaos prevailing, verification of such matters was impractical. She remained unverifiable in her assertions. This strategy ensured that if Casey managed to escape, she could profit twice over.

Even if Casey remained captive, Jimena possessed the blue diamond necklace, a necklace valued at hundreds of millions. Should she choose to sell it, she could potentially fetch fifty million, eighty million, or even a hundred million.

High-quality items like this necklace typically appreciated over time, further enhancing their desirability to collectors.

However, before parting with it, Jimena intended to relish wearing it herself for a period, luxuriating in the fantasies of a wealthy young woman.

She slipped into a champagne-colored gown pilfered from the wardrobe of a wealthy woman, finding it a perfect match for the necklace.

She spun gracefully before the mirror, dancing with increasing fervor.

The longer she admired herself, the more enamored she became with her appearance.

Pretending to embody high society felt remarkably effortless to her with this dazzling necklace. She carefully observed her reflection in the mirror, imitating Caseys refined gestures, and adopting the demeanor of a sophisticated lady herself.

The result was somewhat humorous, yet the allure of the necklace blinded her to any absurdity. She convinced herself that she truly embodied the essence of a wealthy young woman, even likening herself to Casey.

With this notion taking root, a cascade of similar thoughts followed.

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However, her dreams were suddenly disrupted by a sequence of knocks at the door.

The knocks echoed with a steady, rhythmic cadence, lacking any sense of urgency.

Suspecting it might be a family member, Jimena hastily threw on a large coat, neglecting to remove her evening dress and the blue diamond necklace. She approached the door, partially concealing herself.

Upon opening it, she was met by a composed, scholarly-looking man.

As soon as Jimena recognized him, she nearly suffered a heart attack from the shock. Frozen in place for several moments, she struggled to utter a word.

Daveys smile was disconcertingly charming as he spoke. Wouldnt you care to invite me in for a seat?

Jimena stuttered, Mr Mr. Glyn

Without waiting for a response, Davey calmly brushed past Jimena, taking a seat on the lone sofa. Observing the still-dumbfounded Jimena by the door, he instructed, Close the door and join me.

Jimenas hands trembled as she closed the door, a palpable unease settling over her. She took measured steps toward the sofa, careful to maintain a safe distance, her reluctance evident. Her countenance betrayed sheer terror, every feature etched with fear, and she held her breath, hesitant to release even a sigh.

Do you find yourself gripped by fear? Davey regarded her with a seemingly friendly countenance. Are you aware of the purpose behind my visit?

At first, Jimena had clung to a faint hope that Daveys presence wasnt directly related to recent events. However, that hope was swiftly extinguished in the current moment.

A violent shudder coursed through her, and she sank to her knees abruptly. Mr. Glyn, I implore you to show mercy.

Jimena lowered her head. tears streaming down her face. Madam compelled me to do it..

Oh? Daveys curiosity piqued. How exactly did she manipulate you?

Lounging comfortably, Davey crossed his legs, his posture relaxed.

Please, share the details.

Clutching the coat tightly to herself, Jimenas voice quivered as she recounted, Madam instructed me to assist her in delivering something to an individual outside. She threatened to fabricate accusations against me if I refused, insisting that you would have me eliminated. I was consumed by fear, unable to defy her commands, so I I complied.

What precise actions have you taken? Daveys voice maintained its composed and even tone.

Despite the ongoing rumors around Daveys ruthless, Jimena had never witnessed it herself. Plus, he seemed emotionally stable. Maybe

Jimenas thoughts raced as she summoned the courage to lift her gaze, wearing a contrite expression. Previously, at the behest of her, I procured a specific medication. This time, she instructed me to deliver an embroidered handkerchief to the new daughter-in-law of the Clifford family.

Jimena displayed astuteness, recognizing Daveys considerable influence. Aware that fabricating falsehoods could lead to dire consequences, she opted for a narrative containing elements of truth, subtly embellishing where necessary.

Continuing her admission, she added, The handkerchief bore motifs of swallows and Angelica Sinensis, mirroring the package of the gift in your possession. However, I deviated from instructions. I discarded it in an outdoor waste receptacle. Should you dispatch someone to verify, they will discover it there, substantiating my honesty.

Davey refrained from acknowledging this, redirecting with a query.

Have you previously encountered the gift?

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Yes, sir. I encountered it during one of my examinations of her.

Jimena elaborated, The design struck me as exceptionally beautiful, prompting me to take a photograph with the intention of recreating it for her at a later time. However, upon noticing she was embroidering the identical pattern, my curiosity piqued, leading me to make a passing remark. It was then that she instructed me to deliver her embroidery to the new bride.

Why did you choose not to deliver it? Davey appeared puzzled. You mentioned her threats previously, so what made this instance different?

Because I couldnt betray your trust As she uttered these words, Jimena stole a glance at Davey, noting his unaltered demeanor, which reassured her.

She continued earnestly, Youve always shown kindness to me. I understand the value of reciprocating goodwill. While I may lack the means to defy her openly, I made a clandestine decision not to comply.

With a pleading gaze, Jimena emphasized, Sir, my loyalty to you is unwavering, regardless of the circumstances.

This statement appeared to be less about genuine allegiance and more about employing a tactical enticement, a cautious exploration.

Despite being in his forties, Daveys consistent exercise routine lent him the appearance of someone at least ten years younger.

Even his countenance exuded the captivating allure typically associated with a man in his thirties. In every aspect, he defied the expectations of someone in their forties.

Truly affluent individuals eschewed cosmetic enhancements. Their youthfulness endured and lingered far beyond the reach of ordinary people. This state of confidence was nurtured through a disciplined lifestyle.

From Jimenas initial apprehension upon encountering Davey, to later discovering his unwavering commitment to one woman, a flutter stirred within her heart.

Jimena envied Daveys unwavering adoration for Casey, feeling that Casey might not fully grasp her good fortune. Casey hesitated to embrace a man of such excellence who loved her and contemplated the idea of fleeing instead.

To Jimena, how could there possibly be another man as remarkable as Davey, who loved a woman with such profound devotion? Wasnt it the most fortunate thing in the world to be loved by a man like him? Yet inexplicably, Casey felt the urge to flee, seemingly not appreciating it at all

Jimenas envy and jealousy remained confined within her heart. Yet, these concealed emotions were steadily swelling, growing with each passing day. To her, a man like Davey was undeniably

irresistible. In his demeanor, appearance, strength, and skills, he stood as an elite among elites, a rare talent that was exceedingly difficult to come by.

Jimena's frequent visits to Davey's manor in recent months had served to intensify her fantasies. If only she could become the mistress of this splendid mansion, or even just stand by Davey's side, she would gladly do so.

In the affluent circles of Aurora, it was common for individuals to have multiple wives and concubines, yet Davey remained devoted to only one—Casey.

At times, Jimena would indulge in fantasies of Davey showing an interest in her.

But when love blinded a woman, reason often faltered. And now, Jimena entertained the thought of seducing Davey. Unaware of the impending danger, she persisted in pushing herself closer to the edge of a cliff, risking her life and limb.

Davey paid little attention to her advances. After all, each of his subordinates behaved similarly and none would dare to betray him.

What benefits did she offer you? Davey inquired.

Jimena hesitated for a moment, steeling herself. Slowly, she removed her coat, revealing her delicate shoulders, her elegant evening dress, and the dazzling sapphire pendant adorning her neck.

She gave me the sapphire pendant you had gifted her, and she also mentioned Jimena paused, purposefully withholding the remainder as if finding it too embarrassing to utter.

Go on, Davey prompted evenly, his expression betraying no emotion.

She stated that everything you bestowed upon her was repulsive, and she expressed a desire to discard it all, as none of it held any appeal to her. She instructed me to remove it swiftly to spare her the sight of it.