

## Unbreakable 1811

### Chapter 1811

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Stefan chose not to burden Raegan with his concerns, opting instead to reassure her gently, “I understand. Don’t worry. I’ll have someone keep an eye on him.”

Raegan nodded, grateful for his support. “Thank you, Stefan.”

Raegan was aware that even if they located this man, proving his crimes would be difficult after so much time. The fact that the man was from Aurora only complicated matters further. Without conclusive evidence, law enforcement wouldn’t be able to pursue extradition or make an arrest outside their jurisdiction.

For now, Raegan decided to focus on figuring out the mastermind. Was it Lauren, or perhaps Katie? Given Lauren’s death, only Katie among Raegan’s acquaintances seemed capable and motivated enough to hire someone to commit murder. If they could secure a confession from this man, it could definitively let Katie face the music.

“What’s there to thank me for? It’s just a small favor,” Stefan remarked, as he shielded Raegan from

the brisk wind and escorted her to the door. “Go inside now. I’m heading back.”

After watching Raegan enter her villa, Stefan returned to his car and gazed once more at the photo of the man with heterochromia.

He had withheld this individual’s identity earlier. The man, Lorenzo Maxwell, was the youngest son of the Maxwell family leader, highly favored by both his grandfather and his father, and a prominent figure in his own right.

The notion of a Maxwell family scion turning into a bounty hunter would seem far-fetched to most. However, if it was Lorenzo, it appeared almost certain. Lorenzo had inherited characteristics from his mother, Peran Stevenson, a legendary beauty from Aurora.

Peran, the daughter of a hearse driver for the Maxwell family, had caught Lorenzo’s father’s eye during a visit and quickly became his tenth wife.

In Aurora, where polygamy was both permitted and common, Peran was especially cherished by Lorenzo’s father, although she was known for her unstable and often erratic behaviors.

Peran once cruelly shaved a servant’s head in the dead of night, stripped the servant, and left the servant in the freezing cold just to watch the servant slowly succumb to hypothermia.

Servants in her employ rarely lasted more than three months, their ends more gruesome and bizarre than the last.

Lorenzo’s father, blinded by his affection for Peran, covered up these macabre incidents.

Ultimately, Peran’s lack of restraint led her to a tragic fate. She set herself ablaze one night after childbirth.

Lorenzo’s father, stricken with grief, erected a monument to Peran, inscribing it with, “My Love for Life.”

As Peran’s son, Lorenzo was spoiled from a young age.

By six, Lorenzo displayed his own cruel streak, once pressing a cook’s head against a hot griddle simply because the meal displeased him, searing the skin.

Unlike his mother, Lorenzo didn't relish swift killings. He derived pleasure from the prolonged torture of his victims, reveling in their suffering like a cat toys with a mouse. Once he marked someone, they rarely escaped his clutches.

Currently, Ardlens was deemed the safest refuge. Aware of the stringent laws in Ambrosia, Lorenzo steered clear of the area, opting instead for Swynborough, according to the latest immigration records.

Stefan studied Lorenzo's photo on his phone, his expression somber.

If this was indeed Lorenzo, things would get complicated since he was not one to be taken lightly.

To oppose Lorenzo would mean antagonizing the entire Maxwell family.

The Cliffords and the Maxwells, both influential on Aurora, had coexisted like oil and water without direct conflict.

## Chapter 1812

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Provoking Lorenzo for Raegan's sake could incite severe retaliation from the Maxwell family.

Caught in this dilemma, Stefan weighed his options. If it were only him involved, perhaps he could act differently. But with the Clifford family at stake, and despite his contempt for his family's brutal manners, he could not risk dragging them into danger through any rash actions.

In the end, Stefan decided against sharing Lorenzo's photo with his family and securely tucked his phone away. This was not a decision to be made impulsively. He couldn't risk even informing Erick, lest he inadvertently lead Erick into a trap set up by the Maxwell family.

A carefully thought-out plan was needed.

As Stefan's car pulled away, Matteo looked at Mitchel. "Should we follow him?"

"No need," Mitchel replied.

The way Stefan had spoken to Raegan at the door struck Matteo as a poignant goodbye. He couldn't fathom Mitchel's actions, watching Raegan so intensely without letting her notice.

This one-sided affection, Matteo realized, had become a painful constant in Mitchel's life. Mitchel often observed Raegan from afar, yet act cold and detached during their encounters.

Matteo couldn't make sense of it. Observing this strained relationship reinforced his belief in the merits of single life.

Raegan's villa, West Lake Villa, remained warmly lit as always.

Mitchel gazed at it for a while before finally instructing to leave.

On the drive back, Matteo answered a call and then reported seriously, "Mr. Dixon, they've met."

"Connect it through," Mitchel instructed coldly.

Matteo retrieved a black metal box resembling a radio and connected it to Mitchel's Bluetooth earpiece. Katie's irritated voice came through clearly. "What do you want?"

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At the Glyn family's villa, Katie was on edge, warily watching the impeccably dressed Henley who had unexpectedly climbed in through the window.

"I have nothing to say to you. Leave, or I'll call the police," Katie warned.

Ignoring her, Henley settled onto the cushioned sofa. "What's the hurry?"

"Henley!" Katie exclaimed, her expression shifting. "I'm about to marry Mitchel and become the legitimate wife of the CEO of the Dixon Group. Is it appropriate for you to appear in your future sister-in-law's room in the middle of the night?"

"Interesting... Henley chuckled derisively. "Are you sure you're going to become the wife of the CEO of the Dixon Group?"

"Absolutely," Katie responded with certainty. She was confident in her importance to Mitchel.

"I heard your father has been unconscious all this time?" Henley suddenly dropped this unsettling news.

Katie's composure faltered, her eyes widening in shock. "What are you implying?"

Henley's thumbs met as he clasped his hands together, tapping them rhythmically. "You're intelligent enough to figure it out, aren't you?"

Chapter 1813

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Despite the icy edge in his stare, Katie held her ground. "I have no idea what you're suggesting." The details of Katie's father's condition were not widely known, but it wasn't surprising that Henley had caught wind of it. However, Katie suspected Henley was just bluffing. She refused to be manipulated.

With calculated indifference, Henley continued, "From what I understand, your father's prolonged unconsciousness stems from incorrect medication."

His implication was clear. If Katie persisted in denying any knowledge, it would be pointless.

Yet, Katie remained resolute, replying coolly, "Whatever you think you know, it has nothing to do with me. If you have proof, present."

The actual perpetrator, Abel, was long dead. Any retribution would have to reach beyond the grave. Unperturbed, Henley's demeanor remained light, yet his voice carried a warning. "Katie, drop the act.

Cooperating with me is in your best interest. Believe me. If I didn't want you to marry Mitchel, you wouldn't have a chance."

"You?" Katie's voice dripped with scorn. "Do you really think you have that much strength?"

Katie's face conveyed her disdain clearly. This wasn't the first time she had underestimated Henley. For her, only someone of Mitchel's caliber deserved her consideration.

Suddenly, Henley rose swiftly from his seat, grabbed Katie, and pinned her down, his hands around

her throat as he shouted, "Want to see my strength now?"

Coughing, Katie flailed her arms desperately, gasping for air. "Let me go... Let go..."

Just when Katie felt she could breathe no more, Henley released her.

He straightened up, adjusted his tie, and took a deep breath, seeming to relish the moment of dominance. How he wished he could just finish her in this way. Yet, he still needed her.

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Katie, coughing and gasping, her voice raspy and strained as if her throat was injured, managed to choke out, "I won't let you get away with this. You broke into my room and attacked me. I'm calling the police!"

"Call the police?" Henley chuckled dismissively. "When they arrive, it's you they'll be taking, not me."

Henley tossed a medical report onto the table and stated icily, "The medication list for your father doesn't include methotrexate, a banned substance. Mixed with cephalosporins, it's deadly. And guess what they found in your father's system?"

Katie's eyes widened in fear as she glanced at the report. She hadn't expected Henley to have insiders at the hospital who could access her father's records. Frustration at her subordinates incompetence boiled within her. They were becoming a liability.

At that moment, Katie sorely missed Abel. Such blunders would have been unthinkable under his watch.

With a smug smirk, Henley pressed, "Care to explain this 'coincidence'?"

Katie understood Henley had other agendas and wasn't overly concerned about him going public with his findings. She met his gaze squarely.

"What are you really after?"

Henley's response was even. "I'm here to reclaim what's rightfully mine."

Though Katie doubted Henley's capabilities, his unpredictability made her cautious. She responded cautiously, "Even if the Dixon family has something of yours, Mitchel is the rightful heir. It's his by right."

Henley's smile took on a more sinister edge. "Katie, since we are both cut from the same cloth, I'll let you in on a secret."

Chapter 1814

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He leaned close and whispered something startling into her ear.

Katie's mouth hung open, shock rendering her speechless. How could that be? If Henley's revelations were true, then Mitchel's identity...

Mitchel's and Henley's roles would be completely reversed.

Observing Katie's stunned expression, Henley chuckled. "When the day comes, you'll see I was actually doing you a favor. Because..."

His eyes sparkled with a fierce intensity. "The man who will end up with nothing isn't me. It's Mitchel. And your dream of becoming the wife of the CEO of the Dixon Group will still fall apart." Confused, Katie met his gaze. "The day? Are you planning to reveal this at my wedding?"

“Exactly,” Henley confirmed with a raised eyebrow.

That day would mark Mitchel’s final association with the Dixon Group.

Henley could have disclosed this information anytime, but he savored the thrill of watching others rise high only to plummet dramatically.

In his book, Mitchel intended to marry Katie to secure his future, but Henley was determined to thwart his plans.

Overwhelmed, Katie collapsed onto the bed.

Finding the situation amusing, Henley taunted, “Katie, you never really intended to save Mitchel, did you?”

The alarm in Katie’s eyes was palpable. Henley knew too much.

“I know you injected him with a toxin, but you have no real antidote,”

Henley revealed with a smirk. “The ‘antidote’ you possess merely keeps him alive in a vegetative state. Once administered, his cognitive functions will deteriorate until nothing is left but a shell, still breathing but essentially brain-dead.”

Katie’s lips quivered, her voice barely a whisper. “What else you don’t know?”

“Do you see, Katie?” Henley’s tone was slow and deliberate, almost contemplative. “You and I, we’re not so different.”

Henley’s smile was polite yet cold, like a mask fixed to his face.

“We’re both utterly ruthless, willing to destroy what we cannot possess, ensuring no one else can either.”

Katie stood frozen, her lips parted in silent surrender, unable to counter Henley’s piercing words.

Henley’s words had struck Katie to the core. At that moment, her resemblance to Henley became apparent. In the presence of a person of her own type, there was no need for pretense. Katie found herself contemplating her own interests.

“What you’re saying is merely your word against others. I cannot ascertain its truth. Who’s to say you’re not weaving a web of deception?” Katie said.

In a game where both players were cut from the same cloth, trust became a rare commodity. Either could betray the other in an instant.

Henley, prepared as ever, produced a document from his pocket and stated, “Take a closer look.”

Chapter 1815

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Katie scrutinized the document, finding its contents increasingly incredulous. How could this be, how could this be...

Yet, nothing unfolded without a trace. This explained why Alexis had adopted such a stance. With this document, everything seemed to fall into place.

“What exactly do you want me to do?” Katie grappled with the possibilities, adjusting her tone

cautiously. "What do you need from me?"

Henley spoke nonchalantly. "Simply cooperate with me at the wedding."

With that, Henley stacked two reports together, setting them ablaze with the flick of a windproof lighter, extinguishing the remnants in a nearby trash can.

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As Henley departed, Katie finally sank onto the bed, a thin sheen of cold sweat clinging to her back. Doubt began to creep into her obsession. If what Henley revealed held truth, would she still love Mitchel the same? Did she love Mitchel, or merely the image and prestige associated with the Dixon family name?

Gazing at the dwindling embers in the trash can, Katie made a resolution. She messaged Henley. "I'll cooperate with you, but I demand 20% of the Dixon Group shares."

Clearly, the allure of a 20% share outweighed the prospect of becoming the wife of the CEO of the Dixon Group.

Soon after, a reply arrived. "Agreed."

Katie clenched her phone tightly and dialed Davey's number. "Davey, the funds have been transferred. I expect the Maxwell family to spare no expense in eliminating Raegan after the wedding."

Davey chuckled coldly. "You hate that girl that much?"

"It's not hatred. Her existence suffocates me," Katie asserted.

Katie wrongly blamed Raegan for all her failure in well-designed schemes.

Katie felt she could have borne Mitchel's child, securing her position as his legal wife. Once she held that title, she would have eradicated any threats to her status, regardless of Mitchel's legitimacy to be the heir of the Dixon family. That way, she wouldn't have allowed someone like Henley to exploit any vulnerabilities. But due to Raegan, all her plans had crumbled to dust.

Katie had been consumed by the obsession of marrying Mitchel for twenty years. Could she honestly claim she didn't love Mitchel? Yet, her desire for power and control eclipsed all else.

There was a way to wield influence over Mitchel, rather than being controlled by him. Katie had administered that antidote to Mitchel, knowing it offered no true salvation. She wanted Mitchel to be a living ghost, forever tethered to her side.

Just as Henley had asserted, what Katie couldn't possess, even if it meant ruining it, she wouldn't relinquish to anyone else.

Hatred surged within Katie's heart. "Davey, I want Raegan gone."

Meanwhile in Aurora, Davey suddenly took a keen interest in Raegan, whom Katie harbored such intense animosity.

More intriguingly, Raegan was Casey's daughter, a detail Davey vaguely recalled from old photographs, noting the striking resemblance between them. What sort of enchantment

did Raegan wield to captivate Mitchel, the heir of the Dixon family?  
Davey had his subordinates pull up a video of Raegan, casually glancing at it before his eyes widened. The vivacious girl in the video differed vastly from her photographs. Raegan's stunning countenance, radiant and youthful, outshone even that of her mother. Beyond Raegan's physical allure, there was a familiarity in her gaze, as if they were destined to meet in another life, stirring something deep within Davey's soul. For a fleeting moment, his typically icy heart softened. But it was fleeting indeed. The realization that Raegan was Casey's child with another man reignited Davey's disdain, fueling a desire to obliterate any reminders of her existence.

## Chapter 1816

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The sound of Casey's approach startled Davey.  
Before Davey could conceal the video, Casey inquired, "Davey, who is this girl?"  
Rather than hastily concealing it, Davey took his time, showing the video to Casey for inspection. "She's a friend's daughter," he replied casually.  
Casey gasped in astonishment. "Your friend's daughter has grown up already?"  
Casey's gaze lingered on the video, filled with admiration. "She's stunning, with eyes like twin moons adorning her face, truly mesmerizing."  
Davey observed Casey's reaction closely, unable to discern any significant revelations. Casey's

comments solely praised Raegan's beauty.  
With a casual toss, Davey discarded his phone, smiling indifferently.  
"You admire those eyes?"  
"Yes, they're enchanting."  
Davey, enveloping Casey in his arms around her waist, pulled her onto his lap affectionately. "Since you fancy them, should I pluck them out as a trinket for you?"  
"What?" Casey's eyes widened in shock, her face draining of color, her vulnerable demeanor only enhancing her appeal.  
Observing her shiver with fear, Davey realized he had gone too far and ceased his jesting. "See how easily you startle? It was just a joke."  
Davey gently lifted her chin, claiming her Lips in a possessive ki\*s.  
"If you desire, we can have one of our own."  
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At his words, Casey's complexion paled further, weakly protesting, "Davey, stop joking."  
The position was uncomfortable for Casey, and she attempted to disentangle herself.  
Yet, Davey tightened his grip around her slender waist, locking her in place, his voice husky.  
"Casey, I never joke with you."  
With that declaration, Davey pressed Casey against the sofa, capturing her lips in a fervent ki\*s, as if staking a claim.  
"Mmm..." Casey struggled in vain, her feeble resistance no match for Davey's strength honed

through regular exertion.”

Struggling for breath amidst his ki\*ses, her efforts to repel him proved fruitless, her voice faltering as she whispered, “Davey...”

Davey’s fervent ki\*ses persisted until his appetite was sated, eventually granting Casey a moment to catch her breath, though he still held her firmly.

Forced into submission, Casey protested weakly, “Davey, you can’t do this...”

“What can’t I do, Casey? Haven’t I told you we’re already together?”

Davey, possessive to the core, believed this was an essential act, whether Casey truly suffered from amnesia or merely pretended.

Chapter 1817

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Furthermore, after restraining himself while she was unconscious for so long, how could he hold back now?

Flexing his fingers, Davey began to undo her nightgown, revealing her blush-tinted skin, an irresistible temptation. His voice husky with desire, he murmured, “You’ve been awake for days now, and the doctor assured me we can do it “

Terrified, Casey clutched her robe desperately. “Davey, no... Dr. Hinks will be here soon...”

Davey discarded his shirt, tossing it aside carelessly, his well-defined physique exuding strength.

“It’s alright,” he assured, leaning closer, his arms lifting her slender legs gently, his voice husky.

“There’s ample time. Let’s start here.”

Casey was rendered speechless.

Outside, Jimena, the private physician, waited patiently. The appointment was scheduled for three, yet much time had elapsed without any sign from the bedroom Casey was in.

Faint sounds of gasps and whispers floated through the door, tinting Jimena’s cheeks with embarrassment.

The disarray near the sofa, Davey’s discarded shirt and belt and Casey’s crumpled nightgown, painted a vivid picture of their passionate encounter.

As someone who had experienced intimacy before, Jimena recognized the signs all too well. She never imagined Davey, known for his cold demeanor, to be so tender, coaxing with endearments Like “Good, baby, one more time, okay...”

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the bedroom door creaked open.

Davey emerged, his hair still damp from a recent wash, addressing Jimena matter-of-factly, “After the acupuncture session, investigate why she is experiencing discomfort down there.”

Jimena’s cheeks flushed even deeper. Davey clearly had no idea what boundaries were. She nodded, stepping aside to allow Davey to pass before entering the room herself.

Inside, despite the tidying, the lingering scent of their indulgence lingered in the air.

In the center of the plush bed, the stunning Casey reclined, bathed in soft light, her delicate form sprawled weakly. Her flawless back arched gracefully, yet it bore the telltale signs of bruising and marks, as though etched by the hands of another.

Jimena was well-acquainted with these marks. While they appeared severe, they were surprisingly



bearable. She knew that in the passionate throes of intimacy, especially with a man who had restrained himself for so long, such marks were almost inevitable.

Even in such a state, Casey remained breathtakingly beautiful.

Jimena first tended to the wounds in Casey's lower region, eliciting a hiss of pain from Casey as she spread Casey's legs.

Quick to apologize, Jimena inquired, "I'm sorry, madam. Did that hurt?"

Casey grimaced slightly but assured Jimena, "No."

Jimena couldn't help but empathize with the pain Casey must be enduring. It was agonizing even to witness.

The wounds spoke volumes, unmistakably tears, requiring no further explanation or judgment. They bore witness to Davey's excessive force just moments ago.

Jimena's heart swelled with sympathy for the graceful Casey as she gently said, "Madam, please endure a bit longer. I'll handle the treatment with care."

Jimena had always harbored a soft spot for Casey.

In their previous encounter, Jimena had witnessed Davey's brutal punishment of a subordinate, thrusting the man's hand into a grinder, resulting in agonizing screams and a gruesome scene of blood and flesh.

## Chapter 1818

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Still trembling from shock, Jimena made an error while administering acupuncture to Casey, causing blood to trickle from her temple. Just then, Davey entered, and overwhelmed by fear, Jimena quivered in his presence and didn't dare to erase the blood.

Aware of Davey's merciless nature, knowing he tolerated no mistakes, Jimena feared for her fate. Her second blunder could lead to a fate akin to the mangled hand of the punished man.

In Jimena's despair, Casey, with remarkable composure, concealed the bloodstain, feigning illness to deceive Davey.

Afterward, when Jimena expressed gratitude, Casey brushed it off, saying, "It's nothing."

Their conversation soon drifted to family matters, sharing stories with genuine warmth.

Casey, seeking a distraction from the discomfort, initiated a conversation with Jimena once more. Their communication method, however, was rather unconventional.

Utilizing dissolvable paper, they exchanged notes that vanished upon contact with water.

This ingenious method, conceived by Casey herself, served to evade Davey's suspicion and maintain their secrecy.

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Curiously, Casey inquired, "Dr. Hinks, why did you become Davey's personal physician?"

Jimena sighed, penning her reply. "If I didn't, my elderly father would, and he's prone to mistakes."

Jimena's family history was a tapestry woven from diverse threads.

Her father's roots were firmly planted in Aurora, where he honed his medical skills under his father's guidance. In contrast, her mother was a native of Ambrosia. Their lives intertwined when Jimena's father embarked on a journey to Ambrosia for medical education, where he crossed paths

with her mother. This serendipitous encounter blossomed into a union, culminating in the birth of Jimena.

Their union marked the beginning of a new chapter, one that saw them settle in Aurora, despite its complex political landscape.

In Aurora, allegiance to major families dictated survival, and a single misstep could prove fatal.

However, amidst this volatile environment, Jimena's parents found solace in their unity.

As Jimena's father grew weary of the turmoil engulfing Aurora, he made a firm decision. Once he fulfilled his duties in caring for his aging father until his last breath, he resolved to relocate with his family back to Ambrosia.

In contrast to the strife-ridden Aurora, Ambrosia represented a tranquil haven. In Ambrosia, safety wasn't a concern, even during the late hours, free from the fear of gunfire.

However, the previous doctor working for Davey met an untimely demise under enigmatic circumstances. In the wake of this tragedy, someone suggested Jimena's father, renowned for his proficiency in both traditional and modern medical practices.

Summoned by Davey, Jimena's father didn't dare to refuse, even making arrangements for after his eventual passing.

Jimena's heart sank hearing her father's instructions to her mother, prompting her brave decision to volunteer at Davey's territory.

Jimena's exceptional acupuncture skills impressed Davey, earning her a position. She only disclosed this to her parents afterward.

Despite her parents' fury and desire to send her back to Ambrosia, Jimena refused to abandon her post. She argued her youth and resourcefulness made her better equipped to handle crises, and fleeing to Ambrosia wouldn't shield them from Davey's influence.

"Dr. Hinks, do you want to go back to Ambrosia?" Casey's gaze held a gentle warmth as she posed the question.

Chapter 1819

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The question pierced Jimena's heart, evoking a poignant twinge in her chest. With trembling hands, she wrote her response, her words revealing the weight of her resignation. "It's no use wanting."

Each of Davey's personal physicians signed up for three years, but survival was rare. Many didn't see the end of their terms.

Casey blinked her eyelashes, jotting down. "Dr. Hinks, if you want to go back, I can help you."

Jimena's eyes widened in surprise as she wrote. "Madam, what are you saying?"

Perplexed, Jimena couldn't fathom why Casey would extend such an offer to help her.

Casey quickly scribbled on the paper. "I want to go back to my country because I..."

Pausing with her pen, Casey didn't finish the thought about missing her child and continued, "I also want to go back."

Jimena gestured with her hands, asking, "Madam, is it Mr. Glyn who won't let you leave?"

Casey nodded, her elegant handwriting showing her resolve as she wrote forcefully. "Do you believe

me?”

Jimena, still a bit dazed, nodded.

“Help me buy a certain traditional herb, but remember, Mr. Glyn must not find out it was you who bought it.” Casey wrote down her instructions.

Casey cautioned about Davey’s suspicious nature, worrying that any hint of Jimena’s involvement could lead to unwarranted suspicions.

When Casey remembered the humiliation she had gotten just now, she bit her lower lip so hard that it almost bled. From the moment she and Davey met again, her nightmares started.

Back then, Davey imprisoned Casey in his villa in Ardlens, and she lived a nightmare-like life for half a month. Finally, she managed to escape when he was not paying attention to her. That was five years ago.

At that time, the Hayes family was in trouble. Casey didn’t want to add more trouble to her family and the Foster family, so she hid in the quiet and secluded Siren alone. There, she gave birth to a daughter.

Later, Casey discovered traces of Davey’s men. She was so flustered that she asked a kind neighbor to give her child to someone who could be trusted.

As expected, Davey’s men caught Casey. Davey took her back and brought her abroad. She stayed in a remote place called Aurora, a primitive tribe without the rule of law.

Davey brought Casey there because it was a better place to imprison her and cut off all her contact with Ambrosia.

When Casey first got there, she did her best to resist, wanting to leave. No matter how difficult her situation was, she did not give up the idea of escaping.

But when Casey heard the news about her daughter’s death, her world collapsed. Others assumed Casey accidentally fell from the balcony.

No one knew she jumped down from the balcony because of desperation.

She had been in a coma since then for five years.

When Casey woke up, she found that Davey had not changed at all. He was still the same paranoid, bloodthirsty, and crazy Davey she knew.

Davey didn’t care how many people he would kill as long as he could keep Casey by his side.

Chapter 1820

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Casey knew her pretense of having amnesia wouldn’t last for too long.

After all, Davey was shrewd and suspicious. It wouldn’t be long before he found out the truth.

Thus, when Casey woke up, she made up her mind. Since she had not witnessed her daughter’s death, she couldn’t just believe it. She must go back and check for herself.

Besides, Davey mentioned Raegan on the phone last time. So, Casey suspected Raegan might still be alive. She was finally sure that her daughter, Raegan, was still alive when Davey showed her the video.

Davey showed Casey the video to test whether she had really lost her memory. He had no idea that what he did only ignited her fighting spirit.

Casey vowed to make good use of her limited time to get in touch with her daughter. Since she didn’t die after jumping off the building five years ago, it only meant her life still had a purpose. So, she should not give up just yet. She could take all kinds of humiliation now. After all, it was

nothing compared to being reunited with her daughter.

At this moment, Davey was in the living room.

When Jimena came up from the basement, Davey stopped her.

Jimena looked at Davey. He had already changed into a black shirt.

His eyes were cold, making him look indifferent.

Davey was the kind of person who became more and more elegant as he got older. When he was in his twenties, he looked too young for his age. And when he got older, he was more popular among women.

Davey was in his forties now. But with proper care and exercise, he looked like he was only in his early thirties. He was extremely charming. Although he was known for being ruthless, many women in Aurora still liked him desperately.

However, Jimena would never take a fancy to Davey at all. Since she had become the Glyn family's private doctor, she had seen too many bloody and wicked things. As a result, her legs trembled every time she saw Davey. For Davey, she felt nothing but fear.

"Mr. Glyn, what can I do for you?" Jimena asked cautiously.

Instead of answering her question, Davey looked at Jimena's tightly clenched fingers and asked casually, "Jimena, are you afraid of me?"

"Me? I..." Jimena wanted to imitate others and praise Davey for being outstanding in appearance, talented, and respectful. But she couldn't utter a word. She could only admit nervously, "Yes."

It was just a simple single word, but it made Davey happy. Since Jimena was afraid of him, she naturally wouldn't dare to betray him and do tricks behind his back.

Davey pursed his lips and said, "I'm not a monster, Jimena. You don't have to be afraid of me."

Jimena nodded. But it was obvious from her expression that she was not relaxed.

Davey asked casually, "What did you two just talk about in the room?"

"Nothing, Mr. Glyn," Jimena replied in a low voice.

"Nothing?" Davey sneered. "You two were in the room for an hour. Are you saying that you didn't talk the whole time?"

The sneer on Davey's face was terrifying. Jimena was so frightened that her legs trembled, and she knelt on the floor with a flop. "Mr. Glyn, I'm sorry."