

## Chapter 1745 Why Are You Here

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Mandy rubbed her forehead in frustration, her gaze falling on the gift box resting on the table.

She had a particular fondness for pink gemstones and was certain she hadn't seen this one in the storage room before.

The question lingered in her mind—had Locke hidden the gem on purpose? And if so, why? The idea that he might have been worried she would take it seemed far-fetched.

These swirling doubts left Mandy deeply unsettled.

As time passed, weariness overcame her, and she decided to push these troubling thoughts aside.

Morning light filled the sky.

Mandy, still enveloped in sleep, lay in her soft bed when suddenly the door opened.

Startled, fearing another intrusion by Locke, she sat up abruptly, only to see her mother, Zola, entering with a sleepy expression.

Realizing it was just Zola, Mandy exhaled in relief and nestled back under her quilt.

Observing this, Zola shook her head and walked over to the window. Pulling back the curtain, she flooded the room with sunlight.

Annoyed by the sudden brightness, Mandy sat up and protested, "Mom, it's so early. Why can't you let me sleep?"

Though slightly irritated at being woken, Mandy tried to keep her tone gentle in front of her mother.

Undeterred, Zola whisked the quilt away and urged Mandy out of bed.

Glancing at the alarm clock, which showed it was only 7 a.m., Mandy's expression turned glum.

"Mom! It's just 7 o'clock. Why are you waking me up this early?" Mandy complained, unable to hide her displeasure.

Having gone to bed late due to the issues with Locke, it was no surprise Mandy felt disgruntled at being woken early.

"It's already seven o'clock. Is that early? Get up and wash up," Zola urged, ushering Mandy out of bed and into the bathroom. "Once you're

done, change your clothes, put on some makeup, and come downstairs for breakfast."

"Change my clothes? Makeup?"

Mandy was taken aback, staring at Zola in disbelief, but her mother's nod confirmed she was serious.

Bewildered by Zola's insistence, Mandy had little choice but to comply.

She quickly freshened up, then was escorted to the closet by Zola. There, she picked a light pink dress and matching high-heeled shoes. Zola then guided her to the dressing mirror for makeup.


Half an hour later, Mandy descended the stairs, high heels clicking, her face a mix of displeasure and resentment.

Entering the living room, she found Locke there, dressed in a light gray suit, conversing with Rhett about international affairs, a topic of little interest to Mandy.

Locke stood up, smiling gently. "Good morning, Mandy."

"Why are you here?" Mandy responded with a frosty glance. Then, turning to Rhett, her tone softened. "Good morning, Dad."

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 +120 Points at most

"Mandy, come sit here," Zola said, guiding her to a seat beside Rhett. Across the table, Locke sat in solitude, his demeanor tinged with loneliness.

Noticing Locke's isolated state, Mandy couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. This, in turn, seemed to lift her spirits and whet her appetite.



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