

## Chapter 1728 More Feminine

Janet noticed Mandy's tense expression when she brought up this topic. Raising her eyebrows, her curiosity about Locke and Mandy's relationship grew.

With no one around, Janet took Mandy's hand, asking cautiously, "Locke seems like a decent guy. Does he have those typical problems like other rich guys?"

Mandy's mood changed at the mention of Locke, her eyes cold as she glanced at Janet. Seeing the curiosity in Janet's eyes, she snorted.

"You really want to know?" she asked, a smile playing on her lips as she fixed her gaze on Janet.

Eagerly, Janet nodded. "Absolutely, tell me everything," she urged, leaning in closer.

To Janet, it seemed like juicy gossip about Locke and Mandy was too tempting to pass up.

Mandy let out a snort and rolled her eyes, declaring, "I'm not going to tell you!"

Janet, somewhat exasperated, knew Mandy wasn't going to give in easily.

She tugged at Mandy's shawl, half-pleading, half-demanding. "Come on, tell me! Quick!"

"No way. What are you going to do? Hit me?" Mandy teased,

sticking her tongue out at Janet. She swiftly pulled her shawl from Janet's grasp and darted away, laughter trailing behind her.

When Janet noticed this, she quickly gathered up her long skirt and hurried after her, calling out, "Mandy, wait! Don't run! Tell me what's going on."

While they were having fun in the backyard, a servant approached.

She bowed to Mandy and Janet with respect and said to Mandy, "Miss Hamilton, your mother requests your presence to welcome the guests in the front yard."

Mandy gave Janet a knowing look and shrugged. Turning to the servant, she replied, "Alright, I understand. Please inform my mother I'll be there shortly."

"Understood," the servant replied and left them alone in the backyard.

Mandy then turned to Janet with a playful pout. "Looks like I've got to go. Your curiosity will have to wait, I'm afraid!"

Janet just smiled faintly, deciding not to push Mandy for answers.

"Let's head to the front yard together, then I'll join the guests," Mandy suggested.

Soon after, Mandy led Janet to a quiet spot in the front yard and settled her at a table. Once Janet was comfortable, Mandy went off to mingle with the guests, albeit a bit reluctantly.

Janet, left to herself, sipped red wine from her goblet, her attention wandering.

She watched Mandy from afar, noticing how she transformed into a poised and eloquent lady among the wealthy guests.

Mandy, usually so bold and whimsical, seemed to age years in maturity in these social settings, appearing more ladylike.

Before long, some women who recognized Janet came over to chat.

Janet wasn't much for small talk with strangers, so she responded briefly and chose to sit quietly, listening to them chatter about the latest society gossip.

