

Chapter 1740 Freedom

"It's getting pretty late. I should head back now," Mandy declared, turning to leave.

Observing Mandy's imminent departure, Locke's expression darkened. His deep gaze bore into her, fists clenched, and thin lips tightly pursed. The air around him grew heavy with a foreboding atmosphere.

Swiftly, he moved to stand in Mandy's path, showing no intention of letting her go.

With Locke towering at over 1.8 meters, even in her high heels, Mandy had to gaze up to meet his eyes.

Silently, they locked eyes for an extended moment, rendering the storage room eerily quiet.

"What if I insisted that you choose a gift?" Locke asked abruptly, his voice carrying a gloomy undertone.

Noticing the concealed anger in Locke's tone, Mandy, unafraid, expressed her stance bluntly. "I don't want any of your gifts, and I can't afford them anyway."

Locke hadn't anticipated such a response to the gift he had prepared.

The long-suppressed anger within him neared eruption, witnessing a tint of red in Mandy's eyes.

In that moment, his anger morphed into concealed anguish and remorse.

Locke lifted his hand, wiping away Mandy's tears and softening his tone. "Alright, don't cry. If you genuinely dislike them, there's no need to choose."

Holding Mandy tenderly, Locke reassured her in a hushed voice, "Don't cry. Everything's fine now. No one can come between us."

Hearing this, Mandy shivered in fear. She tilted her chin, attempting to restrain the tears welling up in her eyes.

Yet, despite her efforts, the tears flowed uncontrollably.

She pushed Locke away, breaking free from his embrace.

With tear-filled eyes, she confronted him and said, "I don't want your pity or charity."

Puzzled by Mandy's words, Locke was about to

speaking.

But Mandy interjected with a sweeping gesture, wiped away her tears, and exclaimed, "My grandfather's family is in decline. I'm not worthy of you now."

As Mandy vented her frustration, Locke's face turned ominously cold.

His fists clenched tightly under the sleeves of his suit, veins protruding.

"Locke, I'm begging you. Forget what happened that night and pretend we just met tonight, okay?" Mandy pleaded.

Locke knew Mandy and her usual proud demeanor; it was a rare moment of vulnerability for her.

Knowing Mandy's prideful nature, Locke felt a surge of anger as she desperately tried to sever their connection.

In an outburst, he removed his gold-rimmed glasses and forcefully slammed them onto the floor.

The glasses shattered into pieces under Mandy's bewildered gaze.

Mandy looked up at Locke in surprise, meeting his bloodshot, scarlet eyes.

Fear gripped her, causing her to shrink back involuntarily.

"Do you expect me to forget? To pretend that nothing happened and let you continue chasing after Wesley?" Locke shouted at Mandy, his anger palpable.

Unyielding, Mandy retorted, "I'll like whoever I want. Who do you think you are? It's none of your business!"

"What's so special about that man, Wesley? Why are you so infatuated with him?" Locke questioned her, his eyes still intense.



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