

Chapter 1752 A Rain Check

To kiss or not to kiss? Ugh, it was truly frustrating!

Mandy clenched her fists, her petal-like lips pressed tight in an internal war.

She looked at Locke, but his confident smile only fueled her anger. It felt like he held all the cards, which inexplicably irritated her.

Scoffing, she spun on her heel and marched towards the W Marks operations office.

Overseeing the two operators, Elizabeth noticed Mandy's approach and asked, "Any luck? Did the gentleman agree?"

Mandy shook her head helplessly.

Elizabeth sighed. She understood that, sometimes, they only had themselves to rely on.

Glancing at her phone, Mandy's eyes widened in alarm at the rapidly increasing number of negative online posts. "They're multiplying! You have to delete them faster, control the comments! What's the point of hiring you if you're this slow?"

The operators, on the verge of tears, looked overwhelmed, their fingers fumbling over the keyboards. This situation was unprecedented.

Elizabeth let out a resigned sigh.

W Marks only had two operators, and no matter how fast they typed, they couldn't delete all the negative posts.

She grabbed a spare laptop and joined the frantic effort.

Watching with a mix of emotions, Mandy finally grasped the gravity of the situation.

Two operators were clearly not enough for this unexpected crisis.

"More are coming. Delete them, quick!" Mandy exclaimed, her phone flashing with each new negative post, her face paling with panic.

Elizabeth couldn't bear it any longer. She looked up from the screen and said in a heavy voice, "Stop pushing them. Deleting won't stop them. It's not their fault."

Elizabeth put down her laptop, resignation in her eyes. "We need to wait for the investigation's conclusion before issuing an official statement."

Mandy bristled at the proposal. "By the time results come out, W Marks will be history!"

Being berated by Mandy, an outsider no less, stung Elizabeth. "Do you have a better solution, then?" she challenged, eyes narrowed.

Things looked very bleak for W Marks. There was no

viable solution. Unless...

Locke's indifferent face flashed in Mandy's mind.

A surge of anxiety propelled her into restless pacing. After several agitated circuits, she surrendered and returned to Locke.

He lounged on the sofa, flipping through a fashion magazine with nonchalance.

He barely acknowledged her arrival, skimming the pages with a casual flick of his wrist.

The more indifferent he acted, the more conflicted Mandy felt.

She shuffled closer, taking hesitant steps, then circling back as if unsure of her approach.

Finally, she settled beside him, a tentative cough escaping her lips.

Locke, in truth, had been aware of her presence since she entered the room. He only lowered his head and pretended to be engrossed in the magazine as she sat down.

"Um, about that request you made earlier," Mandy stammered, "could I take a rain check, maybe?"