

Chapter 1855 Miscarriage

Mandy was in the ambulance? Grappling with her own inner turmoil, Janet sought to assuage the distressed assistant on the other end of the line. "Stay strong, take your time. How did Mandy get injured?"

Through sobs and sighs, the assistant recounted the harrowing events. "I cannot say for certain. I accompanied her to Locke's office and awaited her return in the adjacent lounge. Suddenly, her piercing scream shattered the stillness. Rushing to her side, I found her sprawled on the floor, bathed in blood."

As sobs reverberated and chaos reigned, Janet gleaned the essence of the tragedy, offering comfort before severing the connection.

Then, she called Frank to mobilize doctors for Mandy's aid. Adrift in memories of Mandy's steadfast support during her amnesia, Janet resolved to journey to the hospital.

Observing Janet hastily snatch her bag, Lexi trotted over with concern etched upon her features. "What's the matter?"

Her heart trembled with anxiety, dreading another prolonged absence from Janet. The studio had only just found its footing, and the prospect of further setbacks was almost unbearable. She feared the weight of despair would crush her if misfortune

struck again.

With a reassuring smile, Janet quelled her fears. "It doesn't matter. I just have something to deal with, so don't worry. Keep an eye on the studio."

Sensing Lexi's lingering worry, Janet endeavored to quell her fears further. "Our studio has languished too long. Now that we're on the right path, we must seize the moment. Ramp up our publicity efforts and attract new clientele."

Upon hearing Janet's reassurance, Lexi's tense shoulders relaxed, and she breathed a sigh of relief. "Alright. You can count on me. Just make sure to come back soon."

As Janet stepped out of the car at the hospital entrance, her anxiety surged. She quickly approached a nurse filling out forms in the lobby. "Excuse me, could you please tell me where the girl brought in by ambulance today is?"

The nurse pondered for a moment before responding, "Oh, the girl was taken to the emergency room. The doctor is attending to her right now."

Guided by urgency, Janet traversed the corridors, her senses attuned to the palpable dread that hung heavy in the air. Before the portal of the emergency room, she beheld a tableau of anguish—Mandy's assistant, Locke, and two bodyguards.

An unsettling aura enveloped Janet as she confronted the stark reality before her. The acrid tang of blood lingered, a portent of the trials to come.

Her expression grew somber as she gazed at the stark words "In Surgery" emblazoned on the emergency room door. A surge of apprehension gripped her heart, causing it to race uncontrollably.

Taking a moment to collect herself, Janet drew in a deep breath, willing her nerves to settle. She then approached Locke and inquired, "How's Mandy holding up? What in the world happened?"

With a visage shrouded in shadow, Locke shook his head, words failing to breach the barrier of his despair.

Mandy's assistant, a mere specter of her former self, remained huddled beside him, tears flowing unabated, her voice silenced by the weight of anguish.

Janet, a sentinel of sorrow, waited in stoic patience, the weight of impending tragedy heavy upon her shoulders.

Minutes stretched into eternity until a nurse emerged from the emergency room, her hurried steps a harbinger of grim tidings.

According to the nurse, Mandy's ambulance ride was a dire response to hemorrhaging, possibly signaling a miscarriage. The loss of the baby was a devastating blow, compounded by the relentless bleeding that threatened Mandy's very life.

With a heavy heart, the nurse departed, leaving Janet to grapple with the grim reality.

The baby was gone!

A hemorrhage!

The news struck Janet like a thunderbolt, sending a shiver down her spine as memories of Laney's own ordeal during childbirth resurfaced.

Suddenly, a dull thud disrupted the somber atmosphere. Janet turned to behold Locke, his once-immaculate facade now crumbling as he sank back into his seat.

Locke's voice trembled as he echoed the nurse's grim prognosis, his disbelief palpable in the somber timbre of his words. The vibrant woman who had stood before him, radiating joy just an hour prior, seemed like a distant memory, a mirage shattered by the harsh reality before him.

Recollections of their recent interaction flooded his mind—Mandy's laughter, her suggestion of having lunch together, all now haunting echoes of a time before the storm. How could the world shift so drastically in the span of mere moments?

Lost in a maelstrom of thoughts and emotions, Locke found himself adrift in a sea of disbelief, struggling to comprehend the unfathomable twist of fate that had befallen Mandy.

Janet asked anxiously, "What happened to Mandy? Why did this happen?"

Yet, Locke remained ensconced in his silent reverie, unable to muster a response to Janet's desperate plea.