

Chapter 1857 Stay Away From My Daughter

The bodyguard soon found out that Mandy had visited the hospital the previous day and received confirmation in the afternoon from the medical report. She had indeed been pregnant.

When the bodyguard discovered the test report tucked in Mandy's bag during her visit to Locke's office that day, a wave of shock rippled through Locke's mind while Janet was left seething with so much rage that she felt dizzy.

Struggling to regain her composure, Janet drew in a deep breath, her voice strained but resolute. "Find out whether Rosetta was aware of the pregnancy on her own or if Locke's mother informed her."

The bodyguard looked at Locke for confirmation. Grappling with a sense of helplessness, Locke waved his hand resignedly at the bodyguard to heed Janet's command.

Within the span of an hour, the bodyguard uncovered a web of transactions linking Della to prestigious private hospitals in Barnes. She instructed the nurses to pay attention if Mandy came for a checkup. If by chance Mandy turned out to be pregnant, they were to notify her immediately.

The bodyguard presented Locke with the damning

evidence—the phone with Della's messages and financial transactions with the nurses. As Locke's gaze fell upon the familiar number, a tempest of rage brewed within him, staining his eyes a fiery hue.

He wanted nothing more than to storm out and make those who hurt Mandy suffer. Yet, Mandy lay confined to the emergency room, her fate hanging in the balance. He had to stay here.

The emergency room doors swung open, revealing a scene of several exhausted doctors and nurses emerging. Behind them, nurses maneuvered Mandy's bed toward the ICU, a somber procession.

Janet and Locke hastened to intercept the nearest doctor. "Doctor, how is she? Is she going to be okay?"

The doctor shook his head helplessly with a weary sigh and answered, "The bleeding has stopped, but she'll require intensive monitoring in the ICU for the next three days. Only if there are no complications during this time can we consider her out of danger."

Peering through the crowd of medical staff, Janet caught sight of Mandy's pallid complexion, her features slack and wan, her features almost ghostly in their stillness. Janet even couldn't make sure if she was still breathing.

With a heavy click, the ICU door sealed shut, obscuring her from view. Through the narrow glass pane on the door, Janet could make out Mandy's pale figure covered in a labyrinth of tubes, being moved onto the bed by several nurses, cocooned by the sterile hum of cold machinery.

Seeing the miserable state Mandy had been brought to, Janet forced herself to suppress her rage to stop herself from erupting at Locke.

She took several deep breaths to steady herself, turned to him with a steely resolve, and demanded, "What are you going to do about this?"

Before Locke could respond, the elevator doors parted, and a wave of sorrowful wails echoed through the corridor, drawing Janet's attention. Turning her head, she saw Mandy's parents shuffling over as they leaned on each other for support.


Tear tracks stained Zola's cheeks, while Rhett's brow was furrowed with worry, indicating that they obviously knew what had happened to Mandy.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton." Locke stepped forward, his guilt weighing heavily upon him. He extended a tentative hand towards Zola, who was sobbing almost to the point of fainting, but she recoiled, pushing him away with a force fueled by anguish.

With trembling fingers, Zola pointed accusatorily at Locke, her voice a harsh rasp. "Get out! Leave! Never dare to show your face in front of me again! Stay away from my daughter!"

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault." Locke's apology hung heavy in the air as he bowed his head in contrition.

Yet, the more he apologized, the more he stoked the flames of Zola's anger. She lunged forward, only to

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be held back by Rhett and the assistant, preventing a confrontation from escalating further.

Janet was about to go over and offer some consolation, but hearing Zola's sorrowful cries, the words died in her throat.

After a tense moment of standoff, Rhett stepped in to assist Zola, guiding her to a nearby seat as she struggled to stand, racked with sobs. With a glance towards Janet and Mandy's assistant, he implored them to tend to his distraught wife. Then, with a wordless gesture, he signaled for Locke to join him downstairs.

Locke's gaze lingered on the small window of the ICU door as he said quietly, "I want to stay here with Mandy."

Zola, still wiping tears from her cheeks, bristled at Locke's presence, annoyed by the mere sound of his voice. She suddenly raised her head, glaring daggers at him with bloodshot eyes, and shouted, "Get out! Don't come near my daughter anymore!"

Seeing Zola getting worked up, Janet hurried to her side, patting her on the back to ease her labored breathing. "Please, try to calm down. Mandy needs you now more than ever. Please take care of yourself for her sake."