

Chapter 1730 A Forced Kiss

Mandy's face took on a different look when she heard Locke's question.

Not too far away, Draco was on a phone call, gradually moving towards them.

Mandy's expression turned to panic. Desperate to avoid an awkward encounter, she grabbed Locke's arm, trying to pull him away.

"Let's hurry, Locke!" she whispered urgently, her voice low and soft, almost pleading.

She didn't want Draco to see her with Locke, to witness their closeness.

Her anxious actions made it clear to Locke that Mandy didn't want that man to see them together.

He had suspected it, but now he was certain. Mandy had feelings for Draco.

"Come on, we need to go!" Mandy urged, tugging at Locke's arm. But he stood his ground, unmoved by her efforts.

In a desperate move, Mandy tried to leave on her own, but Locke's grip on her hand was firm,

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"Come on, we need to go!" Mandy urged, tugging at Locke's arm. But he stood his ground, unmoved by her efforts.

In a desperate move, Mandy tried to leave on her own, but Locke's grip on her hand was firm, leaving her no chance to break free.

Locke's face clouded over, a mix of emotions flickering in his eyes, as the air around him grew tense.

"Okay, I'll think about this plan carefully..."

Meanwhile, Draco, still on the phone, walked towards a quieter part of the garden, deep in conversation.

Janet, tucked away behind the bushes, caught sight of the scene, feeling her heart leap into her throat.

Spotting Mandy and Locke hand in hand in the garden, Draco raised an eyebrow in slight disapproval.

Mandy, aware Draco had seen them, looked away guiltily, not daring to meet his gaze.

She inhaled deeply, glanced at Draco from afar, and knew it was too late to leave. Bracing herself, she decided to act cool and go say hello.

Next to Mandy, Locke gave a sly grin. Watching

Mandy step past him, he quickly grabbed her head and leaned in close.

In a flash, Mandy found her lips pressed against Locke's.

Locke firmly held the back of her head, his lips engulfing hers, following his breath.

Mandy was stunned, glaring at Locke in anger, momentarily forgetting to resist.

Realizing what was happening, Mandy panicked, twisting in Locke's grip, but he held her even tighter.

He wouldn't let her pull away. His warm lips captured all of hers, his tongue invading her mouth, deepening the kiss by force.

Only when Draco's footsteps faded did Locke release Mandy, looking pleased.

With a flushed face, Mandy glanced at Draco's retreating back and stomped on Locke's foot angrily.

Her stomp left a noticeable mark on Locke's shiny shoe.

Mandy huffed, turned, and bolted away.

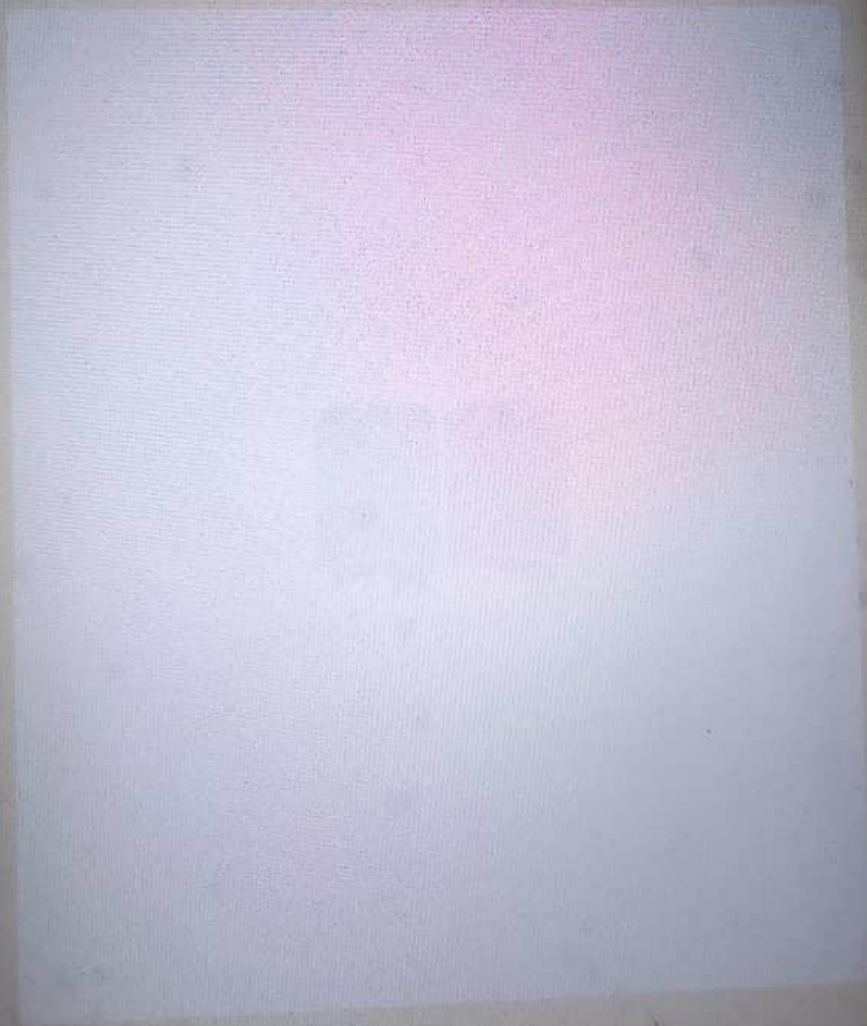
Locke muttered, "She really got me good with that step."


Then, he headed back to the party after Mandy.

Janet, hidden by the bushes, stayed put until she was sure the garden was empty. Then, she went back to the party.

Back at the banquet hall, Brandon, dressed sharply in a suit, approached her with a smile, asking, "Where did you sneak off to just now?"

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Chapter 1731 Did You Install A Monitor On Me

"I... I just slipped away to the washroom. What's the scoop?" Janet mumbled, her tone both nonchalant and casual.

Following that, she raised her eyes, scanning the banquet hall for any sign of Mandy.

Seeing through Janet, Brandon doubted her words.


He extended his hand, leading Janet to an unoccupied seat, and then fetched a glass of freshly squeezed juice. With a friendly smile, he handed the juice to Janet.

Sipping the juice, Janet settled comfortably into her seat, still keeping an eye out for Mandy.

In that moment, Brandon leaned in, his voice low. "Were you just playing detective with other folks' chit-chat?"

Caught off guard by Brandon's remark, Janet choked on her juice.

Quick on his feet, Brandon offered her a tissue, gently patting her back until the coughing fit

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Once she recovered, Janet shot Brandon a suspicious glance. "You got a spy cam on me or something? How in the world do you know it all?"

Noticing the doubt in Janet's eyes, Brandon burst into laughter.

He gently patted Janet's forehead, his tone affectionate. "What's cooking in that brain of yours? No need for surveillance; I can read you like an open book."

Janet furrowed her brow, gazing at Brandon's handsome mug with a mix of confusion and curiosity, wondering if he possessed some kind of mind-reading prowess.

Confronted by Brandon's beaming gaze, Janet found no solace in his words. Instead, the idea of Brandon knowing her inner workings seemed even more unsettling.

"I'd rather you installed a cam on me," Janet muttered under her breath. 

"What? I didn't catch that." Brandon narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing Janet.

"Never mind," Janet replied dismissively. Clearly, she wanted to put an end to the conversation. She lowered her head, resuming her focus on

the juice in her hand.

Feeling her discomfort, Janet thought Brandon had invaded her privacy too much.

Reading her unease, Brandon, in an attempt to alleviate her concerns, reached out, tenderly touching Janet's head.

"I was just messing around. I can't fathom your thoughts like a mind reader."

Hearing this, Janet lifted her head, locking eyes with Brandon, searching for sincerity in his expression.

"Just so happened, I laid eyes on the topographic map of the Hamilton family's villa. Noticed a tiny garden behind the path you strolled out of. I spotted you making your exit from that trail, so I've been keeping a close watch on it." Brandon shared with a serious air.

Janet furrowed her brows, placing the juice down. "Alright. How did you figure out to go eavesdrop on the chit-chat?"

Brandon offered a slight smile, reaching out to pinch Janet's face. "Well, first up was Draco, then Mandy, followed by Locke, and finally, you. The expressions on your faces were interesting, and when you add in the subtle dynamics among the three of them, it wasn't hard to guess you stumbled onto some captivating

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gossip."

Janet smiled awkwardly, not anticipating
Brandon's mind to be quite so thorough.

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