

Chapter 1861 It's Just A Bastard Child

After Rhett orchestrated the legal matters with his attorney, he escorted his pallid wife back to her ward.

A girl in a rosy gown, who had been hiding behind Della, erupted into tears and implored, "I see it now; I've made a mess of things. I'm deeply in love with you, Locke. That's why I clashed with Mandy. But her misstep was her own doing, not mine. Please, Locke, find it in your heart to forgive me. My feelings for you are so intense, I can hardly comprehend my actions!"

Through tear-laden words, Rosetta tentatively inclined towards Locke, longing for his embrace.

Yet, as she leaned in, Locke recoiled with disdain. She faltered, barely maintaining her balance amidst her turmoil. Beneath Della's scornful gaze, she hung her head in shame.

The Nelson and Avila families shared a longstanding association. For decades, the Nelson family had outshone the Avila family, and Della had often courted their favor.

In a bid to strengthen ties with the Nelson family, Della relentlessly advocated for Locke and Rosetta's union.

To demonstrate the Avila family's commitment to aligning with the Nelson family and to distance ourselves from the waning Hamilton family, Della relocated her entire household overseas when Locke was in high school, settling next door to the Nelsons.

As neighbors, Rosetta anticipated more opportunities to encounter Locke, yet he returned home only during Christmas, and even then, he spurned her completely.

As Locke grew more aloof, Rosetta, accustomed to having her desires fulfilled since childhood, became even more determined to win his heart.

What began as mere stubbornness evolved into fervent admiration as Locke's business flourished, accompanied by a burgeoning sense of entitlement.


With Della's endorsement and the tacit approval of the family elders, Rosetta believed she was destined to be Locke's wife.

Upon hearing from Della that Mandy was carrying Locke's baby, Rosetta was consumed by rage.

After a night of frenzied travel to Barnes, she spotted Mandy, wearing plain shoes, in Locke's office.

At that moment, she recalled the photograph hidden behind Locke's cherished painting in his study—a youthful Mandy, scarcely more than a teenager.

It was then that she realized the man she had always envisioned as her husband harbored feelings for another woman all along, and they had indeed

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been involved.

Why was she the only one suffering humiliation and heartache in this ordeal?

Meanwhile, Locke was happily together with Mandy.

It was unjust. She was determined to shatter everything they held dear.

Driven by a toxic brew of hatred and jealousy, she couldn't even recall her actions after bursting into Locke's office. Her memory was hazy, save for the vivid image of crimson blood staining the floor.

Once her fury had subsided, dread crept in. Thanks to Della's strategically placed allies by Locke's side, the office surveillance footage had been erased. It spared her from a world of trouble.

The surveillance footage was gone. Even if Mandy's parents contemplated legal action, they lacked evidence. Moreover, Della was firmly in her corner. She had nothing to fear.

Reflecting on this, Rosetta lifted her chin and declared in a gentle yet unwavering tone, "Yes, we had a disagreement, but I never intended to harm her. And the miscarriage? It's not my doing."

Locke's fists clenched so tightly they emitted an audible crack. He fixed Rosetta with a fierce glare, his teeth clenched with rage as he growled, "Dare you repeat that Mandy's miscarriage had nothing to do with you?"

Locke's fiery gaze sent shivers down Della's spine, fearing he might lash out at Rosetta at any moment. Stepping between them, she attempted to placate him. "Why are you so hard on Rosetta? Mandy's child is gone, but it's all right. When you marry Rosetta in the future, you can have as many children as you desire."

Observing Della's unequivocal support, Rosetta summoned a modicum of courage. Nodding in agreement, she added, "Mandy's child, had it been born, would have been nothing more than a tainted bastard. It's gone now, so what's the fuss?"

"Enough!" Locke pushed Della aside and delivered a resounding slap across Rosetta's face.