

Chapter 1881 Take Care Of Mandy

Della started to cry, her sobs deepening as she said, "You don't understand how much my husband has crossed the line. He kicked me out and brought his mistresses into our home. My bags and jewelry were snatched by those shameless women."

The more Della talked, the sadder she felt.

Janet responded calmly, "You've been with your husband for many years. If you decide to divorce him, you're entitled to half of his belongings. If necessary, I can connect you with a divorce lawyer."

"Divorce? I will not divorce. As long as my son stands by me, those bitches won't dare cross me!" Della said in a sharp voice.

Janet and Brandon shared a look and quickly made their excuses to leave.

Brandon steered the car away from the hospital and then glanced over at Janet's calm profile. He asked with a hint of curiosity, "Are you really going to leave just like that? Don't you care about Della?"

Janet shifted her gaze to Brandon, her expression turning sour as she frowned and stared at him. With a hint of annoyance in her voice, she asked, "Do you think I enjoy meddling in others' affairs? If I hadn't

witnessed Della causing a scene at the hospital, attracting the attention of reporters snapping photos, I wouldn't have stepped in."

Brandon raised his eyebrows, surprised. "I thought you would help her. You've always been so kind."

Janet was at a loss for words. "Well, that's different. Della is not weak at all. Seeing that she values being Mrs. Avila above all else, why not let her be? I hope she succeeds."

Janet's mouth twitched as she signaled Brandon to keep his eyes on the road, indicating she was done discussing the unpleasant topic.


Brandon smiled and skillfully navigated their way back to her studio.

Left alone in the lounge by Brandon and Janet, Della was furious, directing her frustration at Mandy as she shouted, "Who do they think they are? They have no respect! How dare they leave me here?"

A security guard outside, overhearing this, was shocked. He opened the door and said, "Mrs. Avila, please keep the noise down in the hospital."

"What's wrong with me being loud? What a shameless woman! Birds of the same feather flock together! I don't think Janet is innocent! It has to be her idea. She's close with Mandy. Now she'll surely kick me when I'm down! Bitch! They're all the same! They are just good at seducing men!"

The security guard sighed deeply and left her to her

Chapter 1881 Take Care Of Mandy  +120 Points at most ranting. He shut the door behind him, allowing her to curse.

In the ward upstairs, Locke was gently cleaning Mandy's face and hands. Despite Mandy being somewhat unresponsive since she woke up, Locke still kept talking to her.

Locke meticulously cleaned each of her fingernails. After doing so, he held her fingers and inspected them, then looked up and asked, "Do you think your nails are a bit long? I can trim them for you and arrange for a manicure this afternoon. What do you think?"

Mandy just stared at the ceiling, remaining silent.

Still, Locke's eagerness to care for her didn't changed one bit. He then searched the place for a nail clipper, patiently trimming up her nails piece by piece.

At that moment, a loud, harsh scolding could be heard from outside.

Locke frowned upon hearing this, and Mandy suddenly tried to pull her hand away. Locke, without thinking, held her hand tighter. The next instant, blood began to spread from her unusually pale fingertip.

Seeing that he had accidentally cut Mandy's finger, Locke quickly grabbed some tissues to cover the wound, apologizing profusely, "I'm so sorry, Mandy! I didn't mean to!"

Mandy brushed her off, furrowing her brows. She

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glared in the direction of the noise outside, filled with disgust and hatred.

The visible anger and resentment on her face hurt Locke's heart. He quickly comforted her, "Don't be upset. I'll send her away right now and make sure she never disturbs you again."

Mandy gave Locke a cold look as she turned her head. Despite Locke's repeated promises that he would handle things, she shut her eyes, pulled the quilt over her head, and buried herself in it.