

Chapter 1783 This Is A Gift For You

Locke's gaze followed Mandy's retreating figure, a myriad of emotions swirling behind his unreadable expression.

But a moment later, the look in his eyes became resolute.

Mandy must be his!

Locke quickly followed her. But just as he caught up with Mandy, she cut through from the dimly lit path onto the brightly illuminated grassland.

Mandy halted in her tracks, her attention captured by the sight of a private jet resting on the verdant lawn before her.


She was slightly stunned.

Locke reached her side, approaching her with long strides.

He adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses with practiced ease, a charming smile gracing his lips. "Let's go. My mother is waiting for you."

Mandy wordlessly glanced at him, bypassed the private jet, and her eyes landed on Della.

Della was accompanied by several imposing

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bodyguards.

The tension in the air was palpable as their eyes met, and Della's expression darkened at the sight of Mandy.

Mandy's keen observation told her that the bodyguards surrounding Della were not there to protect her but rather to exert control over her.

Mandy knew who was behind it.

A shiver ran down her spine as she contemplated the notion that someone as temperamental as Locke could resort to such cruelty towards his own mother.

Della forced a smile on her darkened face, but it did little to conceal the tension in her demeanor as Mandy and Locke approached.

"Mom." Locke called out to Della, a subtle stern reminder laced within his tone.

Faced with the steely determination in Locke's eyes, Della had no choice but to compromise.

Before Mandy could say anything, Della forced a strained smile in her direction.

"Mandy, I'm truly sorry for what happened today," Della said vaguely, but her apology rang hollow, and her voice was thick with reluctance.

Despite the lack of sincerity in Della's apology, the sight of such an arrogant woman humbling herself before her filled Mandy with a sense of satisfaction.

"I saw the news about W Marks. I thought Locke lost the Ocean Heart, so I came to you to find out what was happening. I didn't intend to cause you any harm. This afternoon's incident was just a misunderstanding. Please don't be mad at me, okay?" Della continued with a sullen look.

Della's words were filled with an air of contrition, a gentle look on her face, a stark departure from the aggressive demeanor she had displayed earlier this afternoon in the dessert store.

No wonder she was a cunning person who had been well-versed in masterfully navigating social circles for years.

With a smile as false as Della's, Mandy replied, "It's alright. I consider myself a forgiving person, and I prefer not to hold grudges."

Della hadn't anticipated Mandy's acceptance of her apology. The smile froze on her face. Her gaze sharpened with thinly veiled hostility as she looked at Mandy as if she wanted to cut her into pieces.

But she couldn't teach Mandy a lesson since Locke was still here.

With a raised chin and a disdainful snort, she turned on her heel to leave.

"Ahem!" Seeing her trying to make an exit, Locke coughed slightly, a subtle indication of something.

Hearing Locke's gesture, Della stiffened and paused in her tracks.

She understood what Locke meant.

Reluctantly, Della retrieved a dark blue velvet jewelry box from one of her bodyguards. The gesture was begrudging, her movements stiff with resentment. She extended the box towards Mandy, her voice tinged with frost as she said, "It's been a while since we last met. This is a gift for you. I hope you find it to your liking."