

## Chapter 1879 Visiting Mandy

As soon as she finished speaking, Janet hurriedly took out her phone, pondered for a moment, and then sent a sincere message to her client. "I'm sorry, I've reconsidered. This design was created for my husband and can no longer be sold. I cannot offer you a similar design either. Would you consider selecting another style? If not, we can cancel the order. I apologize for any inconvenience caused."

After sending the message, she glanced at Brandon and asked, "Are you relieved now?"

Brandon smiled, pleased with her decision, and they walked into the hospital hand in hand.

As they approached the door of Mandy's ward, led by a nurse, they heard muffled crying inside.

Janet paused and turned to the nurse. "How is Mandy doing?"

From the sound of the crying, it seemed Mandy was not in good condition.

Looking into Janet's concerned eyes, the nurse whispered, "She's in a sad state. Though she's out of immediate danger, her uterus is severely damaged. It's likely she may not be able to have children."

Unable to have her own children?

Janet trembled, understanding the depth of that despair all too well.

Brandon squeezed her hand reassuringly and whispered, "Modern medicine has come a long way. There's always hope. Don't worry too much."

Encouraged by his words, Janet managed to stifle her own fears and nodded. "Yes, she's still young. There must be a way if we consult more specialists."

They stood outside the ward, and Janet held Brandon's hand tightly, taking deep breaths to compose herself. Then, she knocked and entered, feigning ignorance of the situation.

Inside, the sight of Zola's subdued sobs and Mandy's vacant gaze hit her hard.

She walked slowly to Mandy's bedside, trying to keep her voice steady, and asked, "Mandy, you're awake. How are you feeling? Is there anything uncomfortable?"

Mandy blinked and looked away after a brief glance at Janet, her pale face expressionless.

Janet's heart ached seeing her numb expression.

Locke held Mandy's cold hand, saying tenderly, "Mandy, during your coma, Janet visited you every day. We'll need to thank her properly once you're better."

Mandy remained motionless, showing no reaction, as if she hadn't heard Locke at all.

Locke lowered his eyes to conceal his grief. After a moment, he gathered himself to host Brandon and Janet.

Noticing his red eyes, Janet quickly intervened, "It's okay. We don't need any special attention. We'll stay for a short while and then leave."

She leaned in to whisper to Locke, "You need to take care of yourself too. It's no good if you fall apart before she recovers."

With a weary smile, Locke replied, "Don't worry. I'll hold up until Mandy is better."


Brandon observed the interaction in silence before offering his support, patting Locke on the shoulder. "Your projects are being well-managed by Larson Group. You can rest easy knowing that I'm personally overseeing them."

Locke's smile warmed slightly. "I knew I could trust you. I'm glad I handed the projects over to Larson Group."

As Locke spoke, Brandon glanced towards the head of the bed and caught Mandy's vacant gaze directed their way.

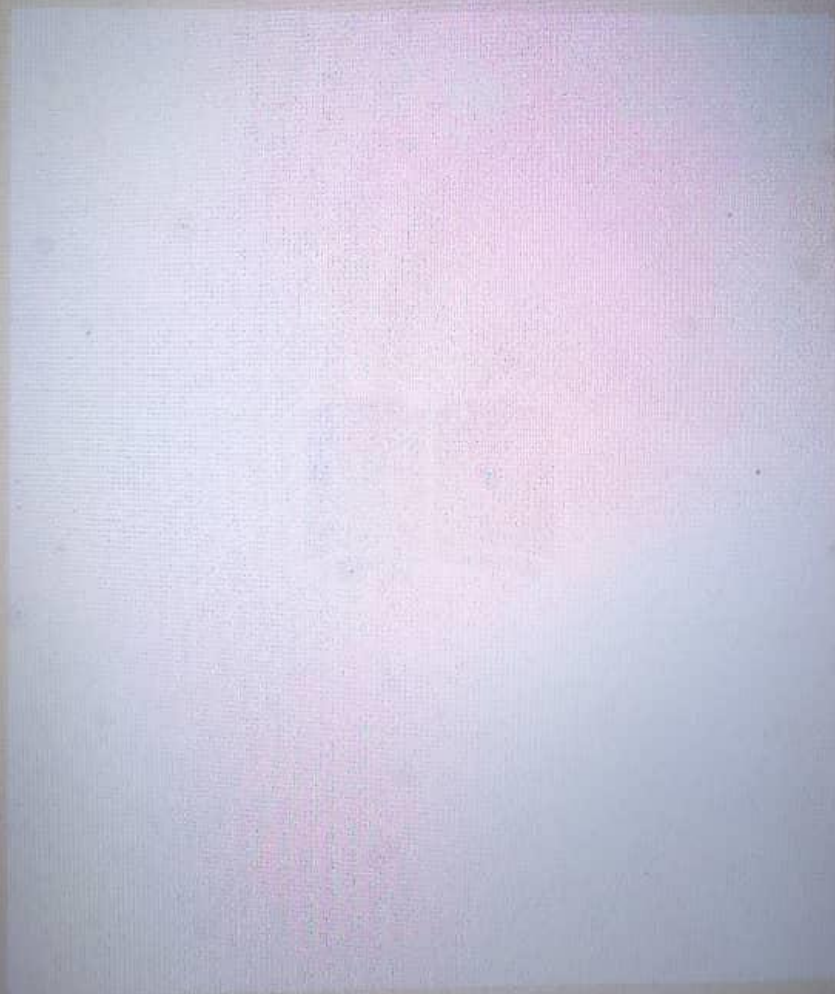
The atmosphere in the ward was laden with sorrow. After a brief stay, Janet, feeling the weight of the room, comforted Mandy and then decided to leave when the doctor and nurse arrived to check on her.


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Locke walked them to the elevator, expressing his gratitude repeatedly for Janet's care of Mandy.

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