

Chapter 1784 That Girl Is My Mother's Assistant

Mandy eyed the jewelry box in Della's grasp. Although its contents were a mystery, any gift from the Avila family was bound to be extraordinary.

She cast a sidelong glance at Locke, deciphering the true nature of this gift.

It was, in essence, Della's attempt at an apology for the afternoon's mishap.

Given its purpose as an apology, how could Mandy turn it away?

Without a moment's delay, Mandy accepted the jewelry box and offered Della a smile. "Thank you, Mrs. Avila."

Della's reaction was one of sheer annoyance.

Yet, Mandy sensed the gesture was insufficient. She couldn't resist covering her mouth as laughter spilled out, her eyes dancing with unmistakable ridicule.

"It's a shame you're leaving so soon. I would have loved to show you around Barnes."

Della's frustration peaked at Mandy's mocking tone. She inhaled sharply, fixing Mandy with a frosty gaze.

Tension crackled in the air, signaling an impending clash. Eager to sidestep any further discord, Locke

gestured to Della's bodyguards to escort her to her plane.

The bodyguards promptly guided Della towards the aircraft.

Resisting their assistance, Della snapped, "I can walk on my own!"

Aware of Della's fiery temperament, the bodyguards hesitated to press further.

Locke and Mandy remained stationary, watching as Della boarded the plane. Only when the aircraft had departed did Mandy turn her attention to the jewelry box, eager to discover its secrets, captivated by its fine craftsmanship.

Mandy turned to Locke with a playful gleam in her eye and a mischievous half-smile. "What about the girl who was with your mother earlier? Isn't she leaving with your mother? Or is she sticking around in Barnes to assist you with the company?"

Locke sensed an edge in Mandy's tone, sparking a hint of concern.

He met her gaze, those clear, luminous eyes drawing him in, and with a resigned sigh, led her into the villa's living room.

With Della gone, Mandy roamed as if she owned the place, settling comfortably onto the sofa.

"The girl you're asking about is my mother's assistant. Now that my mother's gone, there's no reason for her to stay," Locke said, his voice calm as he served Mandy a glass of water.

His demeanor was indifferent when he spoke of the girl, his eyes void of any particular feeling, as though he were discussing a total stranger.

Mandy watched him closely, reassured by his lack of emotional attachment. She felt a wave of relief wash over her, making her feel noticeably lighter. "So, you two weren't acquainted before?"

Locke shook his head, amused by how much Mandy seemed to care about this detail. He found the concern in her eyes endearing, even as he fought back a laugh.

"Given her beauty and your charm, it appears your mother had some matchmaking in mind," Mandy ventured, her curiosity piqued.

Playing along, Locke shared, "Since moving abroad, I've had little time with my parents, much less to get to know their acquaintances."