

## Chapter 1863 Mandy Can Make It Through

As the elevator doors slid shut, Della crumpled to the floor, her shoulders heaving with sobs.

Beside her, Rosetta shifted impatiently, her brow furrowed with concern.

Pulling out her phone from her bag, Rosetta messaged the Nelson family for assistance.

Moments later, one of the bodyguards yanked the distraught Della out of the elevator. However, as the other bodyguard advanced towards Rosetta, her fierce glare halted him in his tracks.

"Don't you dare touch me! Keep your hands off!" I can manage on my own!" she snapped arrogantly.

As Janet observed Rosetta being escorted away by the guards, the latter glanced back, her gaze prompting an instinctive frown from Janet.

After they left, Janet turned to Brandon. "Do you know Rosetta?"

Brandon shook his head. "I've heard of the Nelson family, but I steer clear of dealing with these old-money clans. No contact with them. What's on your mind? Want me to dig into her?"

Janet shook her head. "No, I just find Rosetta's demeanor unsettling. She seems indifferent to others' lives. And her family's influence is not to be underestimated."

Understanding her concern, Brandon smiled reassuringly. "Relax. The Nelsons may view life casually, but this is Barnes, not their domain. With Locke here, they won't cause much trouble."

Janet sighed, suppressing her unease, then nodded. "Let's head out."

In the corridor outside the ICU, Janet and Brandon spotted Zola in a wheelchair, alongside Rhett, whose hair had grayed noticeably overnight. Locke stood nearby, head bowed.

The trio acknowledged Brandon and Janet politely with nods as they approached.

Ignoring Locke completely, Janet handed the meal box to Zola. "How's Mandy holding up?"

With a gentle grasp, Zola claimed the lunch box, brushing away her tears before she spoke. "Mandy's holding steady for now. The doctor says tomorrow could be the turning point. But if she doesn't wake up..."

Janet peered through the glass, her gaze falling upon Mandy's still form, tubes snaking all over her body. The silence surrounding her daughter unnerved her like never before.

Gone was the vivacious Mandy of old, the one who

filled the room with her laughter and boundless energy. Though at times exasperating, she radiated life.

Janet squeezed Zola's trembling hands, offering reassurance. "Mandy's always been strong. She'll pull through this."

Zola dabbed at her tears once more, the words failing to ease her anguish. Each glance at her daughter's motionless form felt like a dagger to her heart, a relentless ache that refused to be numbed.

Rhett, suddenly appearing aged beyond his years, placed a comforting hand on Zola's shoulder. "There, there. No more tears. Time for your IV, my dear. We wouldn't want you fainting when Mandy awakes. Be strong."

He then turned to address Brandon and Janet. "I'm sorry; she's not feeling well. I'll take her for treatment. You two can stay with Mandy if you'd like."

With his words hanging in the air, he shot Locke a fierce glare before ushering Zola away.

As they disappeared down the corridor, the once bustling space emptied, leaving only three figures lingering. Janet's gaze remained fixed on Mandy inside the room.

Observing the man still lost in his own world, Brandon spoke up after a moment's consideration. "You must realize, Locke, that even if you hand Rosetta and Della over to the authorities, they'll

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wriggle free. The Nelsons' influence runs deep.  
Unless there's a serious crime, they won't stay  
behind bars. Even if you marched them to the station  
yourself, it'd be futile."



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