

Chapter 1727 My Neighbor

"Mandy's a friend of mine. Of course, I'll take care of her," Janet declared with a smile.

Mandy had zero interest in staying with Locke. Before he could even finish his sentence, she hurriedly whisked Janet away.

Afraid that Locke might catch up, Mandy slapped on her ten-centimeter high heels and marched briskly, as if they were being pursued by wild beasts.

Janet, being dragged along, sprinted alongside her. "Why are you running? Slow down!"

She struggled to keep pace as she was wearing the same height of heels as Mandy.

Mandy didn't answer and ran as if her life depended on it.

It wasn't until they turned a corner and reached the empty backyard that Mandy finally stopped. She let out a relieved sigh and eased up.

"Phew! We're safe now." She patted her chest, panting.

Janet, who was caught up in the mad dash,

gasped and teased Mandy, "Why were you running so fast? People might think we're on the run! You just got out of the hospital. Can't you catch a break and take it easy?"

Seeing Mandy's vitality, it was hard to believe she had just been discharged.

Mandy rolled her eyes, put her hands on her hips, and exclaimed, "You have no idea! My life now is a living nightmare. It's worse than a high-speed chase and then getting killed!"

As soon as she said these words, she quickly looked back at the nearby path. Only after making sure no one overheard her did she breathe a sigh of relief.

Janet stared at her friend with a puzzled expression and found Mandy's antics amusing. "Why the cloak-and-dagger stories at home? Do you think you're a spy? Tell me, did you do something embarrassing?"

Mandy said nothing, but her silence spoke volumes.

"So, what's the deal between you and Locke? He seems to be chummy with Brandon," Janet asked curiously.

Mandy hesitated momentarily, and her brow furrowed in thought. "Locke is just a neighbor, but our families go way back. They've been

friends for generations. We've known each other since we were kids, but I found him quite annoying. Thankfully, after high school, Locke went abroad for studies."

She briefly recounted her childhood with him but felt there was nothing much to say.

Whenever Locke was the topic, a touch of disdain tainted Mandy's tone. This led Janet to believe that their relationship wasn't as simple as it appeared.

"Locke and Brandon must've met each other while they were studying abroad. After all, he couldn't have met Brandon before high school," Mandy explained.

Suddenly, something dawned on her. Right before high school, she was still with Locke.

As Mandy's words sank in, Janet immediately connected the dots. She traced Brandon's roots, and her face darkened upon realizing something.

When he was young, Brandon struggled to fit into the circles of the rich boys.

Janet nodded with a heavy heart and muttered, "Seems like it."

Mandy sensed Janet's somber mood and comforted her at once. "Don't be sad. Brandon

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 +120 Points at most

had a rough childhood. But without it, he wouldn't be who he is today."

"What do you mean?" Janet looked up at Mandy in confusion.

"At least, Brandon won't pick up the bad habits from those pampered guys," Mandy said through gritted teeth.