

Chapter 1750 A Mess

Mandy shook her head in exasperation. Turning around, she found Amelia, the guest, sprawled on the floor, clutching at Draco's sleeve like a child throwing a tantrum.

"Those gems were worth hundreds of millions! You have to compensate me!" Amelia shrieked, her image forgotten entirely.

Mandy, brows furrowed in frustration, started towards them to intervene. But before she could take more than a few steps, Locke blocked her path.

"Stay out of it. It's W Marks' problem." Locke didn't want her to get involved.

"You want me to stand here and watch?" Mandy demanded, trying to wrench her arm free from his grip, but Locke held firm.

Forced to remain a helpless spectator, Mandy watched Amelia turn Draco's side into a circus.

Draco, as always, remained calm, letting the woman tug at his meticulously tailored suit until it threatened to deform.

Mandy's ire burned hotter with each passing minute.

"Let me go!" she spat at Locke, struggling against his strong grip.

Locke's eyes glinted with disdain. He met her gaze. "Such a softie. If it were me, that shrill would have been flying out the door hours ago."

Mandy's disapproval was etched on her face. "You wouldn't understand," she retorted. "Draco has always been a gentleman. He wouldn't treat any woman like that."

Locke's eyes darkened slightly at her defense of Draco. He adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, a somber expression settling on his face.

Meanwhile, the police, needing time to review security footage, cleared the area around W Marks for their investigation.

Mandy was escorted by W Marks' staff to the lobby. She had no choice but to wait for updates.

She fumed on the sofa as she scrolled through her phone. Every platform buzzed with attacks on W Marks, malicious digs into Draco's past, and general outrage.

"Can't W Marks management see this? Negative posts are everywhere! Why aren't they doing anything?" Mandy exploded, frustration crackling in her voice.

Elizabeth mirrored Mandy's frustration. She opened her phone and confirmed—the hate posts were getting out of hand.

"Delete them! Report the trolls! What are they waiting for?" Mandy snapped, her anger boiling over.

Knowing an argument wouldn't help, Elizabeth moved swiftly. She barked orders to her team, demanding the removal of harmful posts.

W Marks was in chaos.

Locke, seated beside Mandy, watched her rage simmer. With a calming smile, he poured her a glass of water. "Don't worry. My PR team can handle this online storm."

W Marks' small operation team, just two people strong, struggled under the weight of the crisis.

Elizabeth looked at Locke, a flicker of hope igniting in her eyes.

Mandy, too, turned her gaze to him, waiting for his next words.

