

Chapter 1753 Don't Forget What You Promised Me

Calmly surveying Mandy, Locke adjusted the golden-rimmed glasses perched on the bridge of his nose.

"Sure thing," Locke replied casually, picking up on Mandy's anxious vibe.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Mandy urged, "Great! Now, give your team the heads-up, now!"

Locke nodded, extracting his phone from his pocket, and dialed Avila Group's team.


"There's a bunch of hate floating around online for W Marks. Get someone on that, pronto," he directed coolly.

The individual on the other end of the call acknowledged, and Locke terminated the call.

Anxiously, Mandy remained standing, her eyes fixed on her phone.

The repercussions of Locke's team's interventions swiftly became evident.

Numerous negative posts aimed at smearing W Marks and disseminating rumors were swiftly removed. Several accounts belonging to detractors were suspended, and Locke even orchestrated the

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posting of commendations about W Marks from
certain accounts.

In no time, the online sentiment towards W Marks
underwent a positive transformation.

Mandy breathed a sigh of relief and seated herself
beside Locke.

"Feeling satisfied with the results?" Locke raised an
eyebrow, throwing the question out with a grin.

Mandy, still fixated on her phone, swiped a few
times. When she saw that only a tiny fraction of the
posts dissing W Marks remained, she looked up at
Locke and flashed a smile. "Yeah, I appreciate your
help this time."

Brushing it off, Locke's grin held a certain
satisfaction. "No problem at all. Just keep in mind
what you promised me."

Arching his eyebrow, Locke reminded her with
significance.

Locke's words caused Mandy's face to flush,
extending all the way to her ears. In that moment,
her sole desire was to distance herself from Locke as
swiftly as possible.

Rising to her feet, she readied herself to go and
inquire about updates from Elizabeth.

"Wait," Locke called out from behind, precisely as
Mandy was about to depart.

After Locke's recent help, Mandy didn't want to be rude. She turned around and asked impatiently, "What else do you need?"

Locke stepped closer, looking down at the still-nervous Mandy. "I've got another quick fix for this mess. Wanna hear it?"

Initially puzzled by Locke's words, Mandy sought clarification.

Once she got what he meant, she gestured towards the woman still holding onto Draco's clothes and crying, asking with confusion, "Are you suggesting we deal with that lady?"

Locke nodded, his handsome countenance radiating assurance.

Mandy locked her gaze onto Locke, her bright eyes tinged with skepticism.

"Seriously? Are you doubting my sincerity?" Locke grinned confidently.

Locke was aware of her sentiments for Draco, and she harbored skepticism that Locke would genuinely assist Draco.

Yet, with Amelia persisting in causing issues for Draco and no superior solution on the horizon, she had no alternative but to place her trust in Locke.

Locke's intellect was keen, and conceivably, he did possess a strategy to navigate the intricate situation.

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"How will you do it?" Mandy inquired of Locke.

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