

Chapter 1882 Stab At Rosetta

Locke let out a sigh of relief as he noticed Mandy's finger had stopped bleeding. Tenderly, he tucked her hand under the quilt before stepping out of the ward. The warmth he had felt inside quickly dissipated as he entered the corridor.

Della, spotting her son at last, hurried over with a glimmer of hope in her eyes. "Locke! My son, I can't bear it anymore! Your father's behavior is unbearable! When you're away, he brings those mistresses home! And those women have the audacity to mistreat me! And my bags...my limited edition bags..."

Her tears flowed as she lamented the loss of her prized possessions.

Locke's gaze turned icy as he listened to his mother's cries, fueled by fear of losing her status and wealth. Without waiting for her to finish, he gestured to the bodyguards to escort her away.

In a tone as cold as steel, he addressed his mother, "Don't come back to the hospital. I won't meddle in your affairs, and I expect the same from you. Your suffering is your own doing. If you return, it will only worsen. I keep my word. Take care of yourself."

Mandy, her eyes now prominent due to her

emaciated state, listened to Della's cries with a heavy heart.

The satisfaction of seeing Della face consequences brought her no joy. Instead, her chest tightened with a sense of suffocation.

Clutching the sheet tightly, she resisted the urge to confront Della, her weakened body betraying her desire for revenge.

Mandy's anger boiled within her, turning her eyes red and her breath shallow. The monitors beside her bed flickered erratically.

After what felt like an eternity, the commotion outside the door quieted, and Locke's footsteps drew near. As he pushed the door open, she feigned sleep, her eyes tightly shut.

Locke attempted to explain and offer comfort, but Mandy remained unresponsive. Instead, she resolved to hasten her recovery. Only when she regained her strength could she seek justice for her lost baby.

By evening, Mandy's condition had improved slightly. Seated by the window, she gazed at the setting sun. Suddenly, she spotted a familiar figure in the garden below—Rosetta peering up at her ward. Anger surged within Mandy at the sight.

Struggling to contain her rage, she suppressed her emotions. Later, over dinner, she spoke in a weary voice. "Could you fetch me some sleeping pills? I've been having trouble sleeping lately."

Locke was startled by Mandy's sudden words. She had finally spoken to him. After a brief pause, he responded, "Sure, I'll come right away!"

As Locke left, Mandy seized his phone and discovered a flood of messages from Rosetta, pleading for forgiveness and incessantly pestering him.

Mandy's fists clenched as she read Rosetta's final message, begging Locke for one last meeting. With resolve, Mandy dropped the phone, grabbed a fruit knife from the table, and with her weakened body, made her way downstairs.

In the small garden outside the ward, Rosetta had been waiting anxiously. Just as she was about to leave, Mandy, clad in a hospital gown, entered the garden alone.


Before Rosetta could say anything, Mandy confronted her, "Isn't the harm you caused my child enough? Why do you keep coming to the hospital? What more do you want?"

Observing Mandy's frail appearance, Rosetta wondered if she was being set up.

She deliberated for a moment before feigning innocence. "Mandy, it was an accident. I didn't mean to harm you, and I didn't know about the pregnancy. It was just a disagreement. And I would never wish harm upon your child."

Mandy, her voice low and harsh, sneered as she

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 +120 Points at most

advanced towards Rosetta. "Whether intentional or not, you're responsible for my child's death! You're the murderer! And you'll pay the price!"

Taken aback by Mandy's determined and somewhat menacing gaze, Rosetta recoiled, panic evident in her voice. "What are you planning to do?"

Mandy's eyes sharpened suddenly. With a swift motion, she raised the knife and lunged at Rosetta.

Shocked, Rosetta instinctively grabbed her wrist. Despite Mandy's weakened state, her anger fueled her, and the knife edged ever closer to Rosetta's chest.