

Chapter 1712 An Empty Room

When Janet reached her upstairs bedroom, she was so shocked she nearly screamed.

"Am I in the wrong room?" she whispered to herself.

Retreating a step, she checked the corridor's familiar decor and confirmed that the room before her was indeed hers.

"Yes, it is," she confirmed, lingering at the doorway, surveying the room.

The space, once adorned with various decorations and luxury items, now held only a bed with a mattress, a desk, a chair, and a few other bulky items.

"Has someone robbed us? Where's all my stuff?" Janet muttered, her brow furrowing. She doubted a robbery. It seemed unlikely.

Why would a burglar ignore the valuable antiques in the living room and take less expensive things from her room?

And with the White family's villa so securely guarded, a burglary seemed far-fetched unless it was an inside job.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the kitchen, Johanna instructed the servant to prepare Janet's favorite dishes. Then a thought struck her and

she hurried upstairs. She found Janet still standing outside her room.

Upon seeing Johanna, Janet turned and questioned, "Mom, what happened? Is this my room? Where are all my belongings?"

Johanna let out a sigh and led Janet into a vacant room, sitting her down on a chair. "Just take a break here. I'll get the staff to set up everything you need."

After a thorough check of Janet's room, Johanna made an extensive shopping list and passed it to the butler, instructing, "Please help Janet get all these items."

The butler took the list, nodding respectfully. "I'll organize the shopping right away."

Johanna added a specific instruction. "Ensure they pick the right brands. Janet isn't used to others."

"Got it," the butler replied, taking the list and leaving.

Once he was gone, Johanna tenderly stroked Janet's hair, looking upset. "I'm so sorry, my dear. I should have locked your room."

Janet gave a small smile, shaking her head. "It's okay. I'm only here occasionally. Nothing too important is kept here, just basic stuff. It's no big deal if they're gone."

"You're such a good girl," Johanna said, holding Janet's hand firmly.

"Mom, don't beat yourself up," Janet responded, a bit confused about who might have taken her things but didn't want to push Johanna for answers.

They sat together, chatting, and slowly the room filled with warmth.

Suddenly, the door burst open with a loud crash.