

Chapter 1718 Catch The Thief

Bathed in the clear and bright moonlight, Janet experienced an unexpected wave of longing for Brandon.

However, the memory of Brandon's actions cast a shadow over her face.

In her resolve, Janet decided she wouldn't be the first to apologize. It had to be Brandon seeking reconciliation. ①

Lost in her thoughts, Janet was abruptly aware of a pair of eyes fixed on her from behind, causing a slight unease.

Sharply attentive, she turned around, only to be greeted by dim light and the garden's foliage.

Her furrowed brow hinted at her uncertainty about whether she was overthinking the situation.

Janet stood up instinctively. Contemplating Jeremy still being at large and Nightingale's hostile intentions towards her, she made the decision to return home.

However, as she turned around and spotted the security guards stationed nearby, a sense of relief washed over her once again.

Since Janet's reappearance after her disappearance, the White family had invested significantly in security measures. The villa should be safe.

Patting her chest, Janet heaved a sigh of relief and felt that she was too sensitive.

Assured of the absence of any immediate threat, Janet returned to the bench, resuming her contemplative gaze at the moon.

The nighttime garden exuded an eerie stillness, with the moon seeking respite behind veiled clouds and sparse stars twinkling in the night sky.

Unintentionally, Janet succumbed to sleep on the bench.

In the hushed garden, a shadowy figure infiltrated, eluding the guards and approaching Janet.

Janet was in a light doze on the bench when she vaguely felt someone approaching. In a daze, she sensed a pair of hands exploring her body, seemingly searching for something.

Abruptly, Janet snapped open her eyes and

reacted swiftly, reaching out and seizing the person's hand to prevent them from pulling away.

The tangible sensation in her palm jolted her awake. Gazing upward, Janet encountered the sight of a young and unfamiliar man standing before her.

Adorned in designer attire, his visage bore an unremarkable quality. His furtive glances and hunched posture projected an air of dubiousness.

Clutched in his hand was the bank card presented to Janet by Beal.

Janet tightly gripped the man's wrist, but he managed to shake her off. Forcefully pushing her away, he attempted to flee with the bank card.

"Help! Catch the thief!"

Janet's loud plea reverberated, prompting a swift response from a group of guards who hastened to the scene.

Observing the guards closing in, the man made a run for it, clutching the bank card. Yet, his speed couldn't match that of the guards. In no time, one of the guards delivered a swift kick, causing the man to tumble to the ground, mouthful of dirt and grass.

"Ah!" The man let out a pained cry as the bank card slipped from his grasp, falling to the ground.

Seeing the man in distress, one of the bodyguards applied pressure with his black boot to the man's back.

"Ah! It hurts! Release me! Do you know who I am?" The man wailed in agony, trying to intimidate the group of guards.

Despite the pain, his desire for the bank card remained undeterred. He recklessly reached out to grab it from the ground, tightly clutching it in his hand.



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