

Chapter 366 A Letter Of Understanding

Ruth and Wilton together adopted a stick-and-carrot approach. While Wilton was being tough, Ruth chimed in softly, "I know we shouldn't do this to your friend. But what we want is solely to rescue Brady. Rest assured we have no intention of causing harm to your lovely friend.

We're utterly clueless when it comes to hatching schemes to rescue Brady. We couldn't think of anything better than this. Take a look at our predicament here, and you might understand. Nobody wants to see their offspring behind bars. It might be wiser for you to join forces. Ponder on it."

"You've got a knack for spewing nonsense," Bettie retorted, rolling her eyes. "Ultimately, you're threatening us to forgive your son for his wrongdoings!"

Ruth, undeterred, replied, "If you're itching to lay into me, be my guest."

Ruth maintained her composure, adding coolly, "After that, perhaps you could take a moment to think about it carefully. Consider whether your pride holds more weight or your friendship."

Facing Ruth's stoic demeanor, Bettie found herself at a loss for words.

Bettie exchanged a glance with Sabrina. Despite Ruth's words, their options were painfully limited.

With a derisive smirk, Sabrina interjected, "Convinced we'll give in if you play that card, huh? What's there to contemplate?"

Ruth's smile widened as she gracefully extracted paper and pens from her bag. "I have to do so. You've got your wits about you. Please, start jotting. Once that 'letter of understanding' is inked, your pal walks free."

Eyeing the notebook before her, Sabrina lifted her gaze, a sly twinkle in her eyes. "Remember your grand promises?"

Having committed to a compromise, Sabrina figured she might as well maximize the gains, just in case frustration set in without tangible rewards.

Wilton sneered, "Absolutely. Trust me on that."

Sabrina bowed her head, picked up the notebook, and casually selected a page to start to draft the "letter of understanding."

Amid the quiet moment, an unexpected commotion echoed from outside the door.

All heads turned toward the disturbance.

The door creaked open ever so slightly from the outside.

Sabrina and Bettie exchanged wide-eyed glances.

Who could it be? And how on earth did this person get their hands on a key to their abode?

Enter Tyrone.

Drifting in with a composed air, Tyrone sported a navy suit that exuded elegance.

Unfazed, Tyrone surveyed the room and then directed his attention at Sabrina. With a polite smile, he addressed Wilton and Ruth, "Mr. and Mrs. Garrett."

Wilton, concealing the astonishment in his eyes, rose to his feet, extending a hand. "Mr. Blakely, your reputation precedes you. Look at you, you're truly a rising star."

Tyrone reciprocated the handshake with a gracious smile. "I'm flattered."

Glancing down at the notebook on the table, Tyrone noted the in-

progress "letter of understanding."

Had he arrived a tad later, it would've been a done deal.

Leaning down, Tyrone scooped up the notebook, casting a reproachful gaze at Sabrina. "Need a hand?" he teased.

Sabrina blushed, lowering her head and biting her lip. The audacity of the Garrett family, arresting Aylin and resorting to threats, caught her off guard.

Wilton's face darkened, and he demanded in a stern tone, "Mr. Blakely, care to explain?"

Tyrone, still unruffled, glanced at Wilton and Ruth. He tore off the page, tossing it into the trash can.

Wilton's and Ruth's surprised expressions mirrored their puzzlement.

Sabrina rose to her feet, gripping Tyrone's hand and murmuring, "What on earth are you up to? They've nabbed Aylin."

In this moment, Sabrina felt no inclination to conceal her connection with Tyrone from Bettie.

Tyrone, still holding Sabrina's hand, locked eyes with Wilton and Ruth. "That's what I mean. I don't subscribe to forgiving your son. Brady's a grown man. He knows the consequences of his actions. Since you've failed to instill proper values, let others handle the job."

Wilton sneered, "Mr. Blakely, your stance is irrelevant. What matters is what Miss Chavez desires, isn't it?"

Perceiving the implicit threat in Wilton's words, Sabrina shot a glance at Tyrone, who responded, "No need to intimidate Sabrina. She's not one for confrontations. Oh, and by the way, I'm afraid your lackeys haven't updated you. Miss Nixon is safe."

Tyrone had anticipated in Wilton's and Ruth's pursuit of saving Brady,

they would likely resort to unsavory means. Upon their arrival in Mathias, Tyrone had instructed Damon's men to keep a close watch.

By the time Wilton and Ruth reached here, Aylin was already under Damon's protective wing.

Sabrina and Bettie were overjoyed.

Bettie cast a glance at Tyrone, her demeanor toward him undergoing a sudden shift.

The expressions on Wilton's and Ruth's faces shifted dramatically.

Wilton maintained his composure, fixing a steady gaze on Tyrone. "Are you playing games with me?"

"You can ring up your men and verify if I'm pulling your leg," Tyrone replied calmly.

Wilton's heart sank. Right at this moment, the phone in his pocket buzzed.

Ruth, in heightened anxiety, fumbled to retrieve the phone and answered the call.

However, Ruth's grip on the phone became feeble upon hearing something from the other side of the line. Wilton's phone slipped from her hands to the floor.

Observing Ruth's reaction, Wilton grasped the truth of Tyrone's statement. Aylin was indeed safe.

Wilton let out a heavy sigh, addressing Tyrone, "Mr. Blakely, I hope you can empathize with the emotions of a father. If I've offended you, please find it in yourself to forgive me. Just agree to pen that 'letter of understanding,' and we can discuss any terms you have in mind."

Bettie, newfound confidence in her eyes, challenged, "And what if we don't comply?"

Wilton smiled, glancing at Tyrone. "Miss Ramirez is quite the spirited one. It's a bit blurry whether we're foes or friends."

Implicit in his words was a proposition. Since no harm befell Bettie and Sabrina, the Garrett family would offer some helping hands to them whenever they needed in the coming days if they agreed to draft the "letter of understanding" for Brady. Otherwise, the Garretts would undoubtedly clash with the Blakelys.

Despite residing in Violetholt, the Garretts' extensive network and capabilities were not to be underestimated.

It made more sense to forge an alliance than to be at odds.

Tyrone suggested calmly, "I've arranged a reservation at a local restaurant, renowned for its Mathias delicacies. How about continuing our discussion there?"

"Fine!" Wilton agreed with a nod.

"Please." Tyrone gestured.

Wilton and Ruth exited.

Observing their departure, Sabrina gestured toward herself and Bettie, questioning, "Should we tag along?"

"No, I'll handle this conversation," Tyrone reassured, giving Sabrina's hand a comforting pat. "I'm off now. Anticipate some good news."

"And if they insist on that letter, make sure you name a steep price," Sabrina reminded him before he left.

"Got it."

Once Tyrone departed, Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief. When she turned around, she caught Bettie wearing a smile.

Sabrina's heart raced, anticipating questions from Bettie about her and Tyrone.

To her surprise, Bettie simply sighed. "Well, for the first time, I find Tyrone somewhat useful."

And it was true.

Despite Sabrina's initial reluctance to seek his assistance, Tyrone had shown up when she needed him.

Sabrina sighed, acknowledging the debt she now owed him.

