

Chapter 368 Come Back

Observing Rita's silence, Sierra, with a hint of desperation, implored, "You've got to help me, Rita."

Rita snapped back to reality, her voice a gentle murmur, "You were quick to pin it on Brady, remember? If the cops aren't sniffing around you, you're in the clear. No need to stress."

Sierra's heart raced, anxiety etched across her face. "But what if he decides to unload his guilt on me at the police station? And the Garretts... What if they start pointing fingers my way? Will Horace throw me under the bus to keep the peace between the two families?"

Brady wasn't on Sierra's worry list. His love for her was unwavering. Besides, he had promised not to turn her on no matter what.

Sierra was more apprehensive about the Garretts, a shrewd bunch. They could easily connect the dots, suspecting her of manipulating Brady and demanding answers from the Fowlers.

Just as Rita poised to speak, a commotion erupted downstairs.

Sierra rushed to the window, spotting a sleek black car pulling up to the Fowler estate. Exiting from the back seat was none other than Brady's uncle.

As Brady's uncle inadvertently scanned the second floor, Sierra, her complexion drained of color, pulled Rita close, urgently whispering, "Someone from the Garrett clan is on their way up! You've got to protect me! My parents passed away early, and you're all I have!"

Sierra's parents had met a tragic end in a car crash. At that time, they had just arrived in Violetholt, utilizing the car often driven by Rita.

Originally, Rita was supposed to accompany them, but fate intervened.

Rita insisted Sierra's parents leave first, unknowingly putting Sierra's parents into a fatal accident that claimed even the driver's life.

Back then, upon arriving in Violetholt, Sierra's parents had emphasized the importance of pleasing Rita to Sierra. So, against the odds, Sierra stuck with Rita, steering clear of the impending disaster.

Following that, Sierra clung to Rita, their bond forged over numerous years evolving into a deep, almost maternal connection. The idea of letting Sierra face the impending questioning alone was inconceivable.

Although Horace treated Rita kindly, his demeanor toward Sierra lacked warmth. Rita harbored a belief that if the Garretts pressed for it, Horace would readily let Sierra face the music.

After a thoughtful pause, Rita assured, "Sierra, don't worry."

She then strolled to the other side of the room, opening a cabinet and retrieving a stack of cash. Handing it to Sierra, Rita advised, "Take this. Head to another city and unwind a bit. I'll handle it for you. Come back once this blows over. Slip out through the back door."

Grateful, Sierra responded, "Thank you. You're incredibly kind."

The money in her grasp stirred a profound gratitude within Sierra.

"Go on, move along."

"Alright."

Sierra cast a fleeting glance at Rita before discreetly exiting the room, clutching the money. Sierra slipped away from the Fowler abode through the inconspicuous back door.

Meanwhile, the housekeeper ushered Brady's uncle, Fulton, into the living room and ascended the stairs to summon Horace.

"Ah, Fulton! What brings you here?" Horace greeted, flashing a genial smile as he settled into a seat opposite Fulton.

A diligent servant promptly served them tea.

Fulton sighed, his smile bittersweet. "It's all about Brady. He's been stirring up trouble, leaving my brother and sister-in-law in knots."

Getting straight to the point with Horace, Fulton delved into Brady's misdeeds, attributing them to Sierra's influence.

"Alright, then... Horace, you've seen Brady grow up. You know his character. Without someone pushing his buttons, he wouldn't stoop to this.

Derek confirmed that the last time Miss Chavez visited Violetholt, Brady was openly hostile. I checked the surveillance footage and discovered that Brady coincidentally met Miss Rivera just before the incident. They were together this time too.

I'm curious why Miss Rivera singled out Sabrina. Turns out, not too long ago, she was caught stealing Sabrina's photography work, and she even issued a public apology online. Maybe there's some lingering resentment there.

Horace, I shouldn't have said this. But Sierra's not really part of the Fowler clan. Keeping her in the Fowler family will only spell trouble sooner or later.

We go way back, Horace. Remember when our fathers were alive, and my dad took me to the Fowler family, and I had to go back home without a stitch of clothing? My mom still teases me about that.

Anyway, it warms my heart to see Brady and Blayze growing up together... Horace, you know how much my brother and sister-in-law adore Brady. Let's not let an outsider like Sierra ruin the bond we've had for generations."

Fulton emphasized the long-standing friendship between the two families, subtly suggesting to Horace that handing over Sierra would be in their best interest. The unspoken threat lingered: if Brady ended up behind bars, the harmony between the two families would unravel into

discord.

Horace proposed a measured solution. "I've always treated Brady like family. I don't want him in jail. How about this? I'll bring Sierra out and get her side of the story. If it turns out she's involved, I won't shield her."

"I know you're a fair man," Fulton acknowledged, trusting Horace's judgment.

Horace instructed a housekeeper to summon Sierra.

In under two minutes, the housekeeper returned with a cautious response, "Sir, Miss Rivera isn't home."

Horace, taken aback, questioned, "Wasn't she just here minutes ago?"

The housekeeper explained, "Mrs. Fowler mentioned that Miss Rivera wanted to explore another city, so she left immediately after grabbing a few things."

Hearing this, Fulton shot a pointed look at Horace.

The idea that Sierra had left to evade trouble in the midst of a tense situation was too convenient to believe. Only a fool would buy such words.

Due to Sierra's hasty departure, Horace sensed a connection.

Noting Fulton's perceptive expression, Horace retorted, "Go inquire with Mrs. Fowler about Sierra's whereabouts."

The housekeeper reported, "She claims not to know."

"Oh, really?" Horace smirked mysteriously, then called the housekeeper again, saying, "I'm certain Sierra hasn't gotten far. Send someone to track her down."

"Yes, sir!" the housekeeper acknowledged before he could exit.

However, a coquettish voice interrupted from upstairs, "Wait!"

Rita descended the staircase slowly, fixing her gaze on Fulton. "Horace, what's going on? Why the urgency to bring Sierra back?"

Seeing Rita putting on an act, Fulton sneered and briefly recounted the situation.

Rita remarked, "So, it's all speculation. No concrete evidence proving Brady's actions are tied to Sierra, and Brady hasn't confessed, right?"

Fulton, harboring no fondness for Rita, opted for silence. Standing up, he addressed Horace, "I believe you're well-informed. I won't say more. If you think the Garrett family still holds some influence, please manage to help Brady. We will definitely return the favor someday. If you believe my family is declining, and you'd rather not be associated with us, I'll take my leaving now."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" Horace, brushing off Fulton's dramatics, stood up and reassured, "Don't worry. I'll manage to help Brady. You can head back. I'll update you as soon as I have any news."

Fulton smiled appreciatively. "You're a reasonable man. The Fowler family thrives under your leadership."

His words carried a subtle implication.

After Fulton departed, Rita approached Horace with concerns. "Are you really going to bring Sierra back? I don't think she's involved. It might be Brady who's behind all this."