

## Chapter 3 Grab Your Things And Come With Me

"Khloe!" Meagan hurried to her daughter's side, helping her up while shooting a vicious glare at the man who had shown up out of nowhere. "Who the hell are you? Arabella's new guy or what?"

The man didn't bother responding. His sharp eyes gave nothing away, cold and unreadable, like the still, deep sea that hid its danger.

Then he began walking toward Meagan, each step loud and heavy on the hospital floor.

Meagan instinctively took a step back. Her chest tightened, making it hard to breathe.

Deep down, something told her this man wasn't just any stranger-he was trouble.

Trying to mask her unease, she snapped, "Arabella, you'd better think twice before crossing us again. You and your sister were lucky we let you stay at all! If you ever want back in, come crawling, and maybe we'll consider it."

Yanking Khloe's arm, Meagan stormed off.

Arabella stood silently, watching them go. Let them stay? That house was legally Daisy's and hers.

She glanced at the man and caught sight of a pistol, just for a second, before it disappeared beneath his jacket. Her eyes narrowed slightly.

Who was this guy?

He turned and looked directly at her. Arabella finally saw his face-handsome as hell, rough around the edges, and those icy eyes didn't blink or soften for anyone.

He gave off a vibe that screamed danger-Arabella had never felt anything like it.

No surprise Meagan bolted-anyone with sense would have.

"Arabella Stanley," he said. His tone was calm and low, but there was a chill in it that made her skin prickle.

Arabella glanced him over. "You're the one who paid for my sister, right?"

He gave a faint nod. "You're quick. Grab your things and come with me."

Arabella's brows drew together. "Excuse me?"

Who even was this guy, showing up with mystery and attitude?

Before things got tenser, another man stepped in-less intimidating but equally serious. "Miss Stanley, allow me to explain. This is Mr. Asher Gordon. His father and your dad served together in the military. Before his father passed away, he asked Mr. Gordon to watch over your family. Mr. Gordon only recently returned from service and has been trying to track you down since."

That explained the military presence, the icy calm... the way he moved like someone trained for war.

Arabella studied Asher again. He didn't seem threatening now, but just closed off, like someone with a wall too thick to climb over.

She stayed calm. "You got anything to back that up? Anyone can say that."

Asher reached into his pocket and pulled out a weathered photo.

It showed two men in dusty uniforms-one was definitely her father. The other looked a lot like him.

She stared at it for a long moment before replying, "I'll think about it."

"Fair. Let's exchange numbers," Asher replied without any small talk.

Arabella added his contact. His WhatsApp display was just a solid black box.

Funny enough, hers was the same.

A strange little coincidence, she thought.

Then the assistant added her as well. "Dominick Powell, Mr. Gordon's right hand. Reach out if you need help with anything, anytime."

Arabella gave a nod. "Got it."

With that, the two men walked off, and Arabella made her way back to Daisy's room.

Shortly after, two silent, suited bodyguards appeared at the door-they were clearly sent by Asher.

Arabella didn't ask questions. She got to work helping Daisy clean up-changing her into fresh clothes and gently washing her hair, trying to fix its brittle, uneven mess.

But when she saw the scars and cigarette burns covering Daisy's body, her eyes welled up again.

Holding back her tears, she carefully rubbed her homemade cream onto the wounds. Then, without wasting a second, she opened her laptop.

She had to find out what had happened to Daisy while she was gone, so she hacked into the villa's security system.

Sadly, what she saw made her sick to her stomach.

It wasn't long after Arabella left that Daisy was thrown out of her own bedroom and made to sleep in a doghouse.

The cheerful, lively sister Arabella remembered didn't smile anymore.

She saw footage of Daisy juggling multiple part-time jobs, only to get harassed and pushed around.

Even so, she kept working hard and made it into one of the top universities. But during her very first semester, she ended up with a broken leg. She was studying dance, and just like that, the injury shattered everything she had dreamed of.

The pieces fell into place too easily. Khloe's sister, Elissa Tucker, was in the same class. Arabella's gut told her that leg injury hadn't been some fluke.

After that, Daisy barely left the house. She was treated like hired help, scrubbing floors, cooking meals, and still sleeping out in that damn doghouse.

Yet every time Daisy texted her, it was the same lie. "I'm doing fine. Don't worry about me. You just take care of yourself."

Arabella's vision blurred.

While her sister was being broken piece by piece, their aunt's family was thriving. Their business had taken off, thanks to a lucrative deal with the Vanguard Group.

Khloe, a middle school dropout, was suddenly a digital influencer. Elissa was famous and popular in the college. Meagan was rubbing shoulders with high-society ladies, and her husband had become some corporate hotshot.

Arabella clenched her jaw and slammed her fist against the table. She didn't even feel the sting.

Every bit of success she had worked for... had only served to feed that vile family's greed.

And the one person she had sworn to protect had suffered in silence the entire time.