

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family c 3

He continued, "You and Mom... You really look like twins."

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His family said they'd send someone to pick up Arabella today. He'd just finished a case and **was** on leave, so he offered to swing by and get her. That way, the family could just wait and welcome them both home.

He thought he might need an introduction at the Macdonald Villa. But one look at Arabella, and he knew.

Seeing the man's face, which bore a clear resemblance to her own, Arabella raised an eyebrow. "You're... my brother?"

Alfred Hamilton quickly introduced himself, "Yes. I'm Alfred Hamilton, your third brother."

Only then did Alfred notice Arabella's odd look. He glanced down and remembered.

Right. I've been on a stakeout for that drug lord for days. Barely slept, and haven't changed clothes. I just came straight here. Too tired on the drive to even think about buying a new suit.

"Sorry, I came in a rush. Forgot to change..." Alfred was cold and indifferent in his unit, an unyielding leader. But here, in front of his little sister, he felt uncharacteristically embarrassed.

Arabella was about to say it was fine when Harper's voice piped up from behind them. "Where did this beggar come from? Security! How did you just let someone wander in?"

The villa's security guard hurried over. "Ms. Macdonald, he said he was here to pick up Arabella. So I let him through."

Hearing this, Harper turned to Arabella with feigned surprise. "Oh... Arabella, I'm so sorry. I didn't know this was your family. Please don't mind what I just said."

Arabella looked at her coldly. "If you're sorry, then shut up. No one wants to hear you talk."

With that, she walked past Harper, opened the passenger door of Alfred's car, and tossed her backpack inside.

Dylan had followed them out, eager to get back at her for the water incident.

Seeing Alfred's car with no visible brand logo, he sneered, "Well, well. I've never seen a car without a badge. Did your family assemble this themselves in the backyard?"

Alfred, still leaning tiredly against the car, replied calmly, "Actually, yes. We did."

Chapter 3 Dislocating the Scumbag's Arm

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They were special forces. Every vehicle was heavily modified. His, in particular, had been designed by their fifth brother, Daniel Hamilton.

Daniel was still a PhD student but was already a weaponry design expert earmarked by the Defense Department. The weapons and vehicles he designed, once modified, were exceptionally powerful and had unmatched performance—they could even save your life in a crisis. So this car's value far exceeded any luxury vehicle on the market, and its modification cost alone rivaled a supercar's.

Dylan, of course, missed the meaning entirely. He kept mocking Arabella. "I'm shocked your family even has a car. But with no logo... maybe it's stolen?"

Harper played along, pretending to be concerned. “Arabella, you should be careful. What if you accidentally become an accessory? You could get in serious legal trouble.”

Arabella was rolling her eyes.

Their nonsense inside was bad enough. Now they’re outside, taunting my family?

She’d had enough.

But before she could speak, Alfred’s expression darkened. He walked straight toward them.

Alfred was over six feet tall. Standing in front of Dylan, he seemed like a giant. He clapped a you can’t heavy hand on Dylan’s shoulder and said, “Kid, you can eat whatever you want, but say whatever you want. Did no one ever teach

you

that?”

Years of running devil training for his team and interrogating prisoners had earned Alfred a nickname—Ruthless Death. The look on his face now made Dylan feel like he might wet

himself.

He'd never seen anyone with such a terrifying presence.

"I... I was just... speculating..." he said.

Alfred snorted, "Speculating? This country may have free speech, but you're legally responsible for every word you say. If your parents didn't teach you, I can."

As he spoke, the hand on Dylan's shoulder tightened slightly.

There was a sickening crack. Dylan's shoulder was dislocated in an instant.

Dylan felt like his arm had vanished. Excruciating pain made him shriek. "Ah! Okay! I won't! Let me go!"

Chapter 3 Dislocating the Scumbag's Arm

Only then did Alfred, his face still cold, sharply pull the arm back into place.

Dylan was now pale and speechless with fear. But Harper still hadn't understood what was going on.

Alfred glanced sideways at Harper. She shuddered violently.

His eyes are terrifying.

"Little girl," Alfred said, his voice low. "I don't hit women. I'll let you off today. Next time I see you, keep your mouth clean. I don't like anyone cursing my family."

Talking about my *sister* getting in *serious legal trouble*?

You're *asking for it*.

Harper could only nod, thoroughly cowed.

Alfred finally released the coercion. He turned back to Arabella with a warm smile.
“Arabella, let’s go.”

Arabella looked at his smiling face. It was hard to believe this was the same intimidating man from moments ago.

Alfred is definitely not ordinary.

But since he has handled Dylan and Harper, I should play the sweet little sister.

“Okay, Alfred.” She climbed into the passenger seat with a smile.

Alfred didn’t think much of it. He got in the driver’s side, buckled up, and drove away from the Macdonald Villa.

Harper and Dylan were left behind, watching the car disappear, their hearts still pounding.

“What was that guy?” Dylan muttered, moving his now-functional arm, the fear lingering.

Harper shook her head. “I don’t know. But his license plate... I think it was a Doranor City plate. And... it looked like a government plate.”

That’s so strange. He looked so scruffy. How could he be driving a Doranor City government vehicle?

“You must have seen wrong.” Dylan shook his head. He’d been too scared to notice details, but his gut said she was mistaken.

Chapter 3 Dislocating the Scumbag’s Arm

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Arabella’s birth family is supposedly full of unemployed driflers. How could they afford a Doranor City plate? Only locals can get those.

Getting residency in Doranor City isn’t for ordinary people. You are either born into wealth or married into it. The Macdonald family is rich, but even they have out-of-town plates.

Arabella’s family has to be dirt poor. There is no way they are Doranor City locals.

So she must have been seeing things.