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## True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

Is This for Real?

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In the car, Alfred, still feeling a bit awkward, said, “Sorry about that, Arabella. I came in such a hurry. I forgot to change. I know I’m a mess. Didn’t mean to make you the subject of gossip.”

He’d never cared about his appearance before. But he couldn’t embarrass Arabella like that again.

Arabella gave an understanding shake of her head. “It’s fine. Clothes should be comfortable, that’s all.”

Alfred immediately felt more fond of her.

Noticing she only had the backpack, he asked, “Arabella, is that all your luggage? Just the one bag?”

Arabella nodded, her tone cool. “I didn’t want a single thing from the Macdonald family.”

Alfred was highly observant. He caught the edge in her voice, and his eyes turned cold.

*Did that family make her unhappy?*

Then he said gently, “It’s okay. Once we’re home, I’ll buy you anything you want.”

Arabella offered a warm smile. “Okay.”

*Whatever my family’s real situation is, at least Alfred seems genuinely kind.*

Arabella noticed the route Alfred was taking. She couldn’t help asking, “Alfred, isn’t this the road to Oceanview Peak?”

Oceanview Peak was where Doranor City’s wealthiest, most powerful, and most prestigious families lived.

The Peak was enormous, covering almost the entire Sunspire District. Driving up the winding road, they passed massive villa clusters and luxurious estates.

The Macdonald family, new to the city, had made it their mission to learn that Doranor City's ten oldest, most influential families were all clustered here in the Sunspire District.

The problem was that the roads up the mountain had security checkpoints. Unless you were a resident or had an invitation from one, you couldn't enter Oceanview Peak.

Yet their car only paused briefly at a checkpoint. The license plate was scanned, and the gate

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lifted immediately.

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Alfred answered her question casually, "Yeah. Mom and Dad are waiting for us at home."

Arabella's eyebrows shot up.

My home is *on Oceanview Peak*?

I am starting *to doubt Carter's investigative skills*.

Aren't my parents and *brothers supposed to be unemployed drifters*?

How could Carter *not even know where they live*?

Carter was notoriously incompetent. That was why Arabella had had to manage the company from the shadows.

He *probably just heard 'unemployed' and made up the rest in his head*.

*Well, this is good. If my family is well-off, I won't have to worry about supporting them.*

They passed several impressive villas. She expected the car to stop, but it didn't.

Then she saw the bigger villas. *Okay, so they're a bit wealthier than I thought.*

Alfred drove for another ten minutes. They left the villa zone and entered the sprawling estate area. Arabella narrowed her eyes.

*Alright. My new family isn't just wealthy. They're seriously wealthy.*

Just as that thought settled, the car kept going.

It finally reached the very summit of the peak.

Oceanview Peak got its name because this top road was completely unobstructed, with clear ocean views on both sides.

And at the end of this road stood only one estate.

It was a landmark visible from downtown Doranor City-Cloudrise Manor.

It was iconic because it sat at the city's highest point. From downtown, you could see this castle-like structure against the sky.

It was said to have been personally overseen by Howard Martin, the world's top architect. It

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was an extremely luxurious, hyper-modern landmark. From this castle, you could see the sunrise over the ocean in the morning and the most stunning sunset in the evening—hence

the name.

The owner was shrouded in mystery. Rumors said even Doranor City's top ten families couldn't compare. No one knew who owned Cloudrise Manor, only that its owner was fabulously wealthy, with investments in every industry, but no family company of their own. Everything was handled by a team of top-tier butlers and stewards.

No one had ever seen the owner. Their family's true identity was unknown.

Arabella assumed Alfred was just driving her up to see the view. She expected they'd pass by and head down to the other side of the mountain.

Instead, Alfred turned the car through the gates into the museum-like estate.

Under the sun, water danced in the central fountain, catching the light.

The sculpture at its center was a modern masterpiece, clearly worth a fortune.

Even Arabella, accustomed to valuables and authenticity, knew it was top-tier.

Alfred brought the car to a smooth stop right before the castle's grand entrance.

Before Arabella could process it, Alfred got out and walked around to open her door like a gentleman. "Arabella, welcome home."

As he spoke, two lines of more than twenty servants flanking the red carpet at the entrance bowed in unison. "Welcome home, Ms. Hamilton!"

For a second, Arabella thought she'd walked onto a movie set.

"Alfred... this... is my home?"

*Is this for real?*

Even with ample funds in her own accounts and plenty of experience with grand settings and important people, Arabella was stunned.

She had prepared herself for a run-down house, unemployed parents and brothers, and the responsibility of supporting them all.

But she never expected a complete 180-degree turn.

*My family is the legendary, mysterious top-tier wealthy family of Doranor City?*

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