

Ready to Rule: The Real Heiress Strikes Back

Chapter 6

If she was seeing this right, it had to be Ferrari's latest sports car, brand new this year, with only three of them in the whole world.

"Keys," she said, hand outstretched.

Jack looked like he wanted to explain himself but just pressed his lips together and handed over the keys.

Lydia opened the door, climbed in, and started the engine. The car gave a fierce growl, then, just like that, pulled itself out of the muddy pit as if it was nothing.

Jack's mouth fell open in shock.

What just happened...

"Get in!" Lydia called, lowering the window.

Jack blinked, then hurried around and yanked open the passenger door.

Apparently, their young miss had some serious skills.

"Where to?" Lydia asked, glancing over.

Jack answered right away. "The Capital, Riverside Villas."

Lydia paused, surprised.

Riverside Villas?

That was prime real estate, right in the heart of the Capital, where every inch of land cost a fortune. Only the truly wealthy and powerful could live there. Even if you had money, you probably couldn't buy a house there now. And her biological parents actually lived in that neighborhood?

Her adoptive dad, Jenson, was supposed to be the richest man in Lakeview Town. Last year, he'd managed to buy a small villa at the farthest edge of the Capital, barely two hundred square meters. Her adoptive mom, Milana, had spent weeks looking down her nose at everyone over it.

But her real parents lived in Riverside Villas?

"I thought my parents were in North District," Lydia said.

The Capital had eighteen districts, and North District was the most remote and underdeveloped of them all.

Jack nodded. "That's where Mr. Norwood's family is originally from."

Lydia nodded in understanding.

"Hang on," she said.

Jack barely had time to react before the car shot forward like a rocket.

Ninety minutes later, the Ferrari screeched to a stop in front of the most luxurious villa in all of the Capital. The trip was supposed to take two and a half hours. Lydia made it in just an hour and a half half she hadn't had to watch her speed, she probably could have done it even faster.

Jack stumbled out of the car, grabbed onto a tree for support, and started throwing up. The group of people waiting at the villa's entrance all froze, staring in shock.

A man stepped forward, looking both stunned and worried. Lydia's biological father, Cameron, found his voice first. "What..... what happened?"

Next to him, an elegant lady with gentle eyes hurried forward. That was Lydia's mother, Kylie. She sounded anxious as she spoke. "Jack, what's wrong? Did you bring my daughter back?"

Jack kept retching but managed to point shakily toward the driver's seat.

Cameron and Kylie rushed over.

Lydia stepped out of the car, meeting a pair of red-rimmed, beautiful eyes full of warmth. Kylie looked so dignified and graceful, her delicate features almost a mirror of Lydia's own.

"Lydia... it's really you," Kylie

whispered, her voice trembling. She pulled Lydia into a hug, wrapping her arms around her tightly. She smelled of something soft and floral, and her embrace was so warm. Lydia had never felt anything like it before. Milana had never hugged her, not once. The only person in the Smith family who had ever shown her real care was her grandmother.

Kylie held her tight, heart aching as she realized Lydia was soaked and shivering. "Oh, my poor Lydia, look at you, all wet and so thin. Did they really treat you well at the Smith house?"

Lydia offered a faint smile. "I'm fine," she said quietly.

Cameron, usually so composed, had tears in his eyes. Seeing Lydia's plain, muddy clothes was almost too much to bear. What kind of life had his daughter been living all these years They'd thought the Smiths would take good care of her. How could they have let her suffer like this?