

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family c 1

On the day Arabella Macdonald left, she thought she could slip away from the Macdonald Villa quietly.

But her adoptive mother, Freya Macdonald, called her in right before her departure.

Seeing the Macdonald family's true daughter, Harper Macdonald, curled up on the sofa with Dylan Johnston, the playboy heir of the Johnston family, Arabella understood everything instantly.

The Macdonald family and the Johnston family had an existing engagement.

Dylan had always claimed to be her fiancé, showering her with attention since high school.

He pulled out all the stops to win her over.

And yet, Harper had been back for less than a week, and he was already wrapped around her finger.

He never liked me. He just liked the title 'the Macdonald family's daughter!'

Seeing Arabella had noticed, Freya didn't bother hiding anything.

"Arabella, you can see for yourself," Freya said. "Harper and Dylan are simply a better match."

"The engagement with the Johnston family was originally for you. But you and Dylan never had any spark. Harper and he connected almost immediately."

"You can't force it. Fate decides who belongs with whom."

"I expect you won't cause any trouble for Dylan going forward. The two of them will be announcing their engagement soon."

Arabella had thought they had something important to say. She raised a mocking eyebrow. "You should be saying this to Dylan. He's the one who's been clinging to me for years. I have zero interest in him."

A snake like him? I've seen through him long ago.

Trash like that, anyone can have him.

Being looked down on by Arabella for years had filled Dylan with resentment.

Chapter 1 Kicked Out

Now that she was exposed as a fake, her haughty attitude infuriated him.

He sneered, “Listen to the impostor, talking big!

“No wonder I never felt a spark all these years. You are a fraud!

“Thank God we never finalized the wedding plans. Imagine if I’d ended up married to a counterfeit!”

He ridiculed her status with disgust, though inwardly he felt a pang of regret.

Arabella’s looks and figure are miles above Harper’s.

What a waste that she isn't the real daughter of the Macdonald family.

Hearing his shameless words, Arabella couldn't help but laugh coldly. "I should be the one saying that. Thank goodness someone stepped in to take out the trash—saved me from having to look at that pizza face of yours any longer."

"You!" Dylan's pockmarked face twisted with rage.

Seeing her boyfriend being mocked, Harper felt spiteful but put on a show of sympathy. "Dylan, don't be so harsh. You'll hurt Arabella's feelings."

"If I hadn't come back, I wouldn't have 'taken' you from her, or her place as the Macdonald daughter."

"Anything she says now comes from a place of pain. Just let it go." Harper played the understanding one perfectly.

Arabella looked at her and cut her performance short. "My feelings aren't hurt. That garbage chased me for seven or eight years, and I never gave him a second glance. But you? You latched onto him in a week. Trash meets scheming bitch. A perfect match."

This directly provoked Freya. "You ungrateful wretch! Such a vicious tongue!"

“No wonder I could never warm up to you. You’re ill-mannered at your core!

“You took Harper’s place and lived in luxury for eighteen years. She suffered in a sanitation worker’s home. And you dare speak to her like that?

“Outrageous!”

Being scolded, Arabella’s gaze only grew colder and more indifferent.

Chapter 1 Kicked Out

The “luxury” she enjoyed in the Macdonald family was entirely self-made.

s

Her adoptive father, Carter Macdonald, was a terrible businessman. He was hardworking in his youth and saved up to open a factory, but he had no real business sense.

If not for her secret assistance, that factory would have gone under at least eight times over.

The Macdonald family would never have moved to Doranor City, let alone become one of the three biggest merchants in the Meridian District.

But Arabella had never told Carter and Freya any of this. They had no idea the factory's biggest investor was her.

Carter hadn't wanted to get involved, but the arguing downstairs forced him to make an appearance.

He came down, deliberately frowning at Freya to look like the good guy. "Enough. Is that any way to talk to her?"

"Arabella is going back to her birth family today. She'll have enough hardships. We're the ones who made the mistake all those years ago. It's not her fault. Don't send her off with such coldness."

Though his kindness was an act, Carter was at least being fair.

Still, looking at Arabella, his feelings were complicated. *I have always been fond of her. She has been a lovely child.*

But if she hadn't been here, we wouldn't have gone eighteen years without looking for our real daughter. Harper wouldn't have suffered so much then.

He sighed, "Arabella, you may not be my blood, but I raised you for eighteen years. In my heart, you're still a daughter to me.

"I've made some inquiries. Your birth parents seem to be unemployed. If you ever need help in the future, don't hesitate to come to me." It was a hollow offer, pure hypocrisy.

Freya immediately elbowed him, standing up. "Why are you being so charitable? They'll latch onto you like leeches!"

Parents with no proper jobs? What kind of family is that?

Arabella looked at the hypocritical Macdonald family and Dylan, her expression detached. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Macdonald. If anything, you should be more careful managing the factory and the company from now on. Especially... watch the people closest to you."

Chapter 1 Kicked Out

Her eyes flickered toward Freya, her meaning clear.

There was a real snake in the company.

\$84

s

Freya and her older brother had been embezzling for years. If Arabella hadn't been secretly keeping watch on them, they would have drained half the company's funds by now.

If her birth family were truly poor, she wouldn't have the time to watch over the Macdonald family's interests anymore.

Hearing this, Freya exploded. "You just can't stand to see us do well, can you? Cursing the company on your way out? Talking as if you ever managed your dad's factory? Who do you think you are?"

Arabella knew arguing with Freya was pointless. She just snorted, "You'll find out exactly who I am soon enough."

Let's see how tough you are then.

Tired of the talk, Arabella stood up and slung her only backpack over her shoulder.

It held just her documents and the laptop she bought herself. She was taking nothing else.

Dylan, however, couldn't resist a final jab. "Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald, she's not taking any luggage. That bag might be stuffed with valuables. You should probably check it."

Let's see how high and mighty she is after a search.

Freya seized on the idea. "Dylan's right! Open it up. Let's see what's inside."