

## True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

“Pretty well, thanks. Just a little adjustment period, getting used to a new place,” Arabella replied naturally about how she felt.

Even though her tone was perfectly normal, Florence couldn’t help but think the situation with Naomi had affected her rest.

Florence felt a twinge of guilt. *Maybe I shouldn’t have brought all that up in front of her last night. Her first night home, she didn’t get proper rest.*

She looked at Arabella with concern. “Why don’t you go back to sleep for a bit? I’ll have them keep your breakfast warm. You can come down whenever you’re ready. It’s not good to be tired.”

Seeing Florence’s worry, Arabella smiled, “It’s really okay, Mom. I feel fine. Please don’t worry.”

“Arabella, I know you’re new here and still getting used to things, but I want you to know this is your home. You can relax. Do what you want. Sleep in. I just want you to be happy every day.” Florence felt Arabella was still holding back and wanted her to feel at ease.

“Okay, I understand. I’ll settle in soon. Please don’t worry about me,” Arabella said, appreciating her kindness and also wanting to put her at ease. “Is Dad downstairs? We should go down so he’s not waiting.”

“Alright, let’s go,” Florence agreed, and they headed downstairs together.

“Did you get a chance to look at all the gifts we sent up last night?” Florence asked as they walked.

Arabella had been wondering how to bring this up. Since Florence asked first, she went with it. “I did. They’re lovely gifts. It’s just that...”

“Just what? Is there something you don’t like?” Florence asked, noticing her hesitation.

“It’s not that I don’t like them. It’s just... I don’t need that many things. I’ve kept a few, but I’d like to return the rest.” It was easier talking about this just with Florence.

If she agreed, dealing with Jonathan would be simpler.

Hearing Arabella wanted to return the gifts, Florence looked at her, puzzled.

“How could you not need them? You came back without any luggage. You must have had a very hard time all those years at the Macdonald Villa. It’s awful that they didn’t even provide you

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with proper

clothes!” Florence grew more indignant as she spoke.

“Now that you’re home, I won’t let you short-change yourself anymore. You need all these things. Look at Naomi—her closet is much more complete than yours. Honestly, I don’t think what we got yesterday is enough. I need to get you more, at least as much as Naomi has.” Florence looked at Arabella with dotting eyes. *My daughter must have suffered so much that she feels she doesn’t deserve nice things even now.*

*I will help her adjust to her new identity. My daughter should have the best and most complete wardrobe!*

Seeing her attempt had backfired, and Florence now wanted to buy her more things, Arabella instantly regretted bringing it up. *How do I convince her to let me return them now?*

By then, they had reached the dining room.

Seeing Florence and Arabella approach, Jonathan smiled warmly, “Arabella, is this a good time for breakfast for you?”

He wasn’t familiar with her old routines and worried she might not be used to their schedule.

“It’s fine. I’m just a bit late coming down,” Arabella said, feeling slightly embarrassed.

“That’s alright. Your timing is perfect. We just sat down ourselves,” Jonathan said gently, sensing her discomfort.

“Uncle Jonathan wasn’t just sitting down. He was here when we came down. He’s just saying that to make Arabella feel better,” Ruby muttered under her breath to Naomi, calling out Jonathan’s white lie.

Naomi listened to Ruby’s muttering without changing her expression, but a pang of jealousy stirred inside.

*I grew up here, but in all these years, Dad has never spoiled me like that. The Hamilton family is a proper family with set meal times. I've never been late.*

*Arabella's been back one day, and even Dad, who's usually so stern, is bending the rules for her. It's just different.*

Seeing this, Naomi also smiled and stood up graciously, offering her seat to Arabella. "Arabella, why don't you sit here? It's easier to reach the dishes."

*If everyone in the family is going to dote on her, I can't afford to look petty.*

*After all, this isn't the home where I can do whatever I want anymore.*

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Ruby couldn't understand Naomi's action and stared at her in surprise. "Naomi, you always sit there. Why are you switching seats now?"

"This seat should have been Arabella's all along. I've been sitting here for years. Now that she's back, it's time I gave it back to her," Naomi said quietly, the words tasting bitter in her mouth.