

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

“I’m not in any rush, Mom. You should eat too,” Arabella said, watching as Florence carefully prepared a plate for her.

Simple, caring gestures like this—making sure she had everything she needed for breakfast—were unfamiliar. In Macdonald Villa, no one had ever fussed over her like this.

If anything, they’d been happy when she didn’t need anything from them. The genuine warmth Florence showed was almost overwhelming.

Florence smiled softly. “It’s alright, honey. Just eat. I missed so many years of making breakfast for you. You may be grown up, but this is your first morning home. Let me do this for you now.”

As she fixed the plate, a wave of sadness washed over her. She wondered if anyone had ever looked after Arabella this way when she was little, if she’d ever been truly cared for.

She passed the plate to Arabella, her eyes tender and a little sorrowful. She wanted to ask about her daughter’s childhood—what it had been like, whether she’d been happy—but she didn’t know how to begin. She was afraid of asking the wrong thing and stirring up painful memories.

It was the first time Arabella could remember her mother preparing a meal just for her. Somehow, everything tasted better.

“Thanks, Mom. This is really good,” Arabella said, the words coming out before she could think.

Hearing that, Florence’s eyes filled with tears instantly. She understood what that simple compliment meant. It sounded like no one had ever taken the time to do something so thoughtful for her daughter before.

“If you like it, you should have more. I’ll make breakfast for you whenever you’re home,” Florence said gently, brushing a strand of hair from Arabella’s face, her heart aching with a mix of love and regret. What had her daughter’s life been like all these years?

Jonathan had put down his fork. His eyes were also glistening as he looked at Arabella, his expression mirroring Florence’s emotion.

“Arabella, after breakfast, I can go with you to sort out your school transfer,” he said. “I’ve already looked into the best private schools in the city. You won’t have to go back to that boarding school out of state.”

Arabella looked at him. “That’s okay, really. I don’t actually go to classes much anymore. I’ve already started an internship.”

Jonathan stared at her, surprised. “An internship?”

Wasn’t she the same age as Naomi? Naomi was interning *too*, but that was because she’d finished her high school requirements early through advanced placement and had started college courses ahead of time. She’d been managing the small venture Jonathan gave her for about a year now.

But for most kids her age, they’d still be in school full-time. Why was Arabella interning already?

Florence looked equally surprised. “You’re interning already, sweetheart?”

Seeing their reaction, Arabella’s eyebrows rose slightly. “Already’? Is someone else here interning early too?”

Florence and Jonathan exchanged a glance. “Well, yes,” Florence said. “Naomi’s always had private tutors. She tested out of a lot of her high school classes early and started taking college-level courses. She hasn’t formally graduated yet, but she’s been interning for a year now, running the small company your father gave her.”

A flicker of surprise passed through Arabella's eyes. She hadn't expected that.

Then again, it made sense. Kids from families like this often accelerated their education with extra resources. There was nothing strange about it. If anything, her own situation—coming from an ordinary background—was the more unusual one.

Playing it cool, Arabella nodded. “I see. Well, I finished my required credits early too. A friend of my old art teacher runs a small design studio, and she recommended me for a position there. That's how I started. It's nothing as big as what Naomi's doing, though.”

She fabricated the story on the spot, hoping it made her seem less out of the ordinary.

Hearing her explanation, Jonathan's puzzled frown eased into a proud smile. “Recommended by your teacher? That's impressive. It sounds like our Arabella has been doing very well for herself.”

Even without the tutors and advantages Naomi had, she'd managed to advance just as quickly. It seemed Arabella might be even sharper.

“I had no idea you were so accomplished!” Florence beamed. “Not only keeping up academically but making such a good impression. I'm so proud of you!” Arabella was clearly exceptional.

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Alfred, who had been listening quietly, finally spoke up, “Sounds like our sister here is pretty capable. Seems a waste for her to be at a small studio. How about we give her a project or a small division to run? See what she can do.”

“Wait, what?” Arabella looked at Alfred, caught off guard. Where had that idea come from? Did he really think he was helping?

“You know... Alfred might have a point,” Florence said, considering it. “Our family has interests in several businesses. If there’s a field you’re curious about, your father could arrange an introductory role. It would be a good way to learn the ropes.”

Arabella inwardly sighed. She had just tried to downplay everything by saying she worked at a modest studio—which, technically, her high-end design atelier was. Now they wanted to hand her a whole company to manage?