

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family c 2

Harper quickly put on an act. “Mom, isn’t that a bit much? Arabella’s family is so poor. Even **if** she took a few things, it would just help her get by. Let it go.”

Freya sucered, “Everything in her room was bought by your father and me. What right does she have to use our things to ‘get by’? Her parents are unemployed. A few trinkets won’t fix

that.”

With that, Freya moved to check Arabella’s backpack.

But Arabella, as if expecting this pettiness, simply opened the bag herself. “There’s nothing from the Macdonald family in here. My ID is mine. This laptop, and the clothes I’m wearing, were bought with my scholarship money.”

If she hadn’t been the one supporting the entire household all these years—and didn’t want to leave them a cent—she would have thrown money in their faces.

But they weren’t worth it.

Seeing Arabella truly had taken nothing, Harper and Dylan looked disappointed.

She actually has some pride.

With the Macdonald family speechless, Arabella shouldered her backpack to leave.

But then a weak voice called from the stairs. “Arabella... Wait...”

The family turned, stunned.

It was Edward Macdonald, who had just had major surgery, hurrying downstairs.

Seeing her precious son, Freya rushed to support him. “Edward! It’s nothing important. You should be resting. Why did you come down?”

Edward had severe aplastic anemia. He’d recently had a bone marrow transplant performed by a reclusive specialist. The surgery was successful, but he was in recovery—a time when stress and exertion were dangerous. They’d deliberately kept him from seeing Arabella off.

Yet here he was.

Seeing her frail older brother, who had always protected her, a ripple of emotion stirred in Arabella's cold heart. She paused.

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Edward shot Freya an annoyed look. "If you hadn't had Albie babysit me, I wouldn't have had

to rush."

The butler, Albic Allan, had refused to let him come down. He'd only managed by sending Albic away.

He was just glad Arabella was still there.

Without ceremony, Edward pulled out a bank card and pressed it into Arabella's hand.

He said, "Arabella, Dad told me. Your birth parents don't work. Your brothers... don't seem to have proper jobs either. Some are still in school. I'm worried you'd have no money over there. This is my savings. Take it, for emergencies."

Holding the card, Arabella felt a genuine warmth.

So, in *this whole family, only Edward truly cares about me.*

It made all her efforts to research his illness and ensure his surgery was successful worth it. Leaving him was her only real regret.

Seeing Edward give money away, Freya panicked. "You foolish boy! What are you doing? That's your only card! There's at least a hundred thousand dollars in there. Why give it to her? She's not your real sister!"

Hearing this, Harper grew anxious but played the victim. "Edward is so kind... so generous to Arabella. He's barely spoken to me since I came home."

Seeing her upset, Dylan jumped in. "Edward, you're way too biased. You're cold to your own sister but fawning over that impostor?"

“You!” Edward, insulted, was immediately furious.

Seeing Edward’s anger, Arabella’s eyes darkened. She picked up a glass of water and threw it in Dylan’s face.

Dylan, the Johnston family heir, had never been treated like this. He roared in outrage, “Arabella! How dare you!”

But Arabella’s gaze was icy and terrifying. “Dylan, this is the Macdonald Villa. Who do you think you are, yelling at the master of the house? Edward just had major surgery. He can’t get agitated. Watch your mouth!”

Dylan, relying on the two families’ long friendship, had always overstayed his welcome at the villa. First, it was to pester her. Now, with Harper by his side, he’d become even more brazen.

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But daring to speak to Edward like that? He was overstepping.

Knowing he'd offended Edward, and seeing the dark looks on Carter and Freya's faces, Dylan backed down.

Harper seized the chance to stir the pot. "Mom, Dad, even if she was defending Edward, Arabella went too far. Throwing water? So rude."

Harper really knows how to twist the knife.

Arabella had had enough. She pressed the card back into Edward's hand. "Edward, you need to focus on recovery. Buy yourself some proper supplements. Keep the money for yourself."

"Arabella..." Edward tried to protest, but Arabella firmly gripped his hand.

For a girl, her grip was surprisingly strong. He couldn't pull free.

Arabella gave him a sincere smile, saying, "I appreciate the thought. But Edward, don't worry. I'm not short on money. Take good care of yourself after I'm gone."

With that, she released his hand.

Edward, flustered, tried to give her the card again.

But Arabella was already walking away, her departure as cool and decisive as her demeanor.

Dylan muttered bitterly, “Not short on money‘? Still playing the big shot even now? Arabella, you’re such a phony!”

The words had festered for seven or eight years. Finally saying them didn’t make him feel better, though.

That wretched woman, splashing me even on her way out. Damn it!

Seeing his embarrassed state, Harper quickly fetched a handkerchief to dab his face.

Freya, seeing Edward had the card back, snatched it. “Thank goodness she has some shame. Could you imagine the loss?”

Outside, seeing no driver of the Macdonald family was going to offer her a ride, Arabella pulled out her phone to call a car.

But just then, a sleek, black, unmarked sports car pulled up.

She couldn't identify the make, but the engine's purr told her it was no ordinary vehicle.

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In the sunlight, the black paint had a deep, luminous sheen.

The color and finish whispered of hidden luxury.

The tires and rims were high-end, too.

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This was clearly a custom, modified car for the ultra-wealthy, easily worth as much as a Bugatti or Lamborghini.

Did some big shot just arrive?

To Arabella's surprise, the man who got out looked anything but a big shot. He was dressed shabbily, with dark circles under his eyes.

He wasn't much older than her, maybe four or five years, but he was unshaven and seemed generally worn out. Despite his disheveled appearance, his eyes were sharp and alert.

They landed on Arabella, and a flicker of surprise passed through them. "You must be Arabella, right?" he asked.