

## True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

### 5 What if We Scared Her?

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Seeing Arabella's surprised expression, Alfred gave an indulgent smile. "Yes, this is your home. Come on in. Mom and Dad are waiting."

Arabella took a steadying breath and got out of the car. Looking at the extravagant red carpet at her feet, she stepped onto it a bit awkwardly. "This is... quite a welcome."

Alfred smiled, "It's only right."

*After all the hardship she has endured for so many years, her first homecoming deserves to be special.*

As they spoke, two figures rushed out from behind the tall doors at the end of the carpet.

“Is that Arabella?” Came an excited, melodic female voice.

Arabella looked up to see a middle-aged woman in a simple but elegant dress approaching. She was beautiful and graceful.

Though past forty, she was impeccably maintained, radiating a star-like, gentle charm.

Beside her was a distinguished-looking middle-aged man, tall and handsome, bearing a strong resemblance to Alfred.

Arabella knew instantly—these were her parents.

Seeing them, the perfect image of an aristocratic couple, her image of “unemployed drifters” completely vanished.

*Carter, could you be any more incompetent?*

*Is this what ‘unemployed drifter’ looks like?*

By now, Florence Hamilton had reached Arabella. She took Arabella's hands in hers, her eyes instantly welling up. "It's true. This is my daughter. Jonathan, look how much she resembles me."

Jonathan Hamilton studied Arabella's face, so similar to Florence's, and nodded in wonder. "Yes. The likeness is remarkable."

Florence had been an internationally renowned star in her day, known for her extraordinary beauty.

At first, they'd never doubted Naomi Hamilton was their biological child.

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But after puberty, as Naomi grew to look less and less like either Florence or Jonathan, whispers began. They, too, started to sense something was off.

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They had just begun looking into it when the Macdonald family discovered the mix-up. The police compared their DNA with Arabella's, confirming she was their biological daughter.

They'd planned to run another test after she arrived. But now, seeing her, it seemed unnecessary.

Arabella was the spitting image of a young Florence.

Without a trace of makeup, she was stunningly beautiful in a pure, natural way.

Arabella was equally surprised by how much she looked like her mother.

*No wonder Freya and I were never close. I was cute as a child and grew up looking nothing like her. She probably suspected I wasn't hers all along.*

Once that suspicion took root, Arabella investigated and found out the truth.

It seemed this time, she had truly found her birth parents.

"Dad, Mom, it's windy out here. Let's go inside," Alfred suggested gently.

Being a seaside estate, the ocean breeze was strong. He didn't want Florence catching a chill.

Florence nodded eagerly. "You're right! I was so excited I forgot. Come inside, dear."

Still holding Arabella's hand, she led her through the doors.

Feeling Florence's soft, warm hand, Arabella felt an unexpected wave of warmth.

Growing up despised by Freya, she'd rarely experienced a mother's care and affection.

Now she realized a mother's touch could feel so comforting.

The group moved inside.

They passed through an entrance hall that felt more like an art gallery. The walls were lined with paintings, each flanked by ceramic or sculptural pieces.

Passing one particular ceramic artwork, Arabella paused.

*This piece... looks familiar.*

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Noticing Arabella's gaze, Florence said, "Arabella, do you like it?"

Arabella hesitated, then nodded awkwardly.

*Like it? Well, I liked it enough when I made it. Or I wouldn't make it.*

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But she made so many pieces each month, bundling them off to her studio assistant to sell. This one had taken her, at most, three hours.

*To think it ended up in my own parents' home... What a coincidence.*

“If you like it, we can move it to your room later,” Florence offered. “It’s a top work by a mysterious new artist. I bought it at a charity auction last month for eight million dollars. Not terribly expensive, but wonderfully creative.”

Arabella’s mouth twitched.

*Eight million dollars... ‘Not terribly expensive’?*

*Even as one of Meridian District’s top three merchants, the Macdonald family won’t casually spend eight million dollars on such a small piece.*

*And it is just something I threw together.*

*Just how wealthy is my family?*

They arrived in the grand living room.

A dozen servants stood in two lines.

One group held trays with various beverages—different types of coffee and juices. The other held trays of assorted pastries.

Florence guided Arabella past them, her voice soft. “It’s your first day home, sweetheart. I didn’t know what you’d like to drink, so I had them prepare every type of coffee and juice. And these pastries are from the best patisserie in Doranor City. I got one of each flavor for you to try.”

Under Florence’s expectant gaze, Arabella felt obliged to choose. She picked a hand-ground coffee and two pastries.

She said, “I don’t like things too sweet. The matcha and osmanthus flavors look just right.”

Florence was delighted. “I can’t believe it! Even your tastes are like mine.”

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It really is family. *How did I not notice how different Naomi’s preferences were?*

The chosen servants presented the items, and the others dispersed.

Alfred said, “Mom, Dad, I’m going to go change.”

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Jonathan looked at his disheveled state and sighed, “You’re the leader of INTERPOL’s Special Unit A now. What sort of case is this that has you personally leading the team to look like this? Had I known you were in this state, I wouldn’t have let you pick up Arabella. What if we scared her?”

At his words, Alfred looked awkward. “This was an international drug lord bust. It wasn’t just me, even the...”