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True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

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Chapter 6 How Rich Are They?

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Even *the* Deputy Commissioner *took charge personally*.

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“But I really was in too much of a rush on the way here—I forgot to change,” Alfred admitted.

Who would have thought that the cold-faced war god of the covert special forces trained by INTERPOL would be scolded like this at home? All he could do was apologize. “My mistake. I’ll go change now. Wait for me, Arabella.”

With that, Alfred made a quick exit.

Jonathan sighed helplessly and said to Arabella, “That’s just how Alfred is. Every time he comes home after a mission, he’s a mess. Don’t be frightened.”

Arabella wasn’t frightened at all—she was shocked.

It never crossed her mind that Alfred was the leader of INTERPOL’s special forces unit.

For a moment, Arabella nervously swallowed.

Over the past two years, I’ve hacked into so many systems and networks for INTERPOL...

Even their newly updated firewall was my work.

Good thing my contact wasn’t Alfred.

Otherwise, my cover would've been blown.

Better use a voice changer next time I deal with them.

As she was thinking, she lifted the coffee cup to her lips.

After taking a small sip, she realized the coffee beans tasted familiar, too.

Oh no, it can't be that much of a coincidence.

The coffee my parents drink at home came from my private estate on the Faeloria Continent...

Surprised, she took another sip.

No mistake... Beans with this flavor only come from my estate. To make money, I found a unique coffee bean variety, created an exclusive high-end image, and supplied only wealthy clients—even using limited

releases to drive demand.

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I never imagined my own parents were among my customers.

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Thinking *that I might have been earning money from my biological parents all these years* feels... *strange and complicated.*

Looks like... I should find a reason to send them more freebies someday.

“Arabella, what’s on your mind? Is the coffee not good?” Seeing her holding the cup without putting it down, Florence wondered if something was wrong.

Arabella quickly shook her head and smiled, “No, it’s delicious. I love hand-ground coffee.”

Seriously, the beans I selected myself, cultivated through my own methods—the variety and flavor are one of a kind. How could it be bad?

Florence smiled gently when she saw Arabella liked it. “Good. If you enjoy it, I can grind it for you myself from now on.”

Warmth washed over Arabella as she looked at Florence’s gentle face. She didn’t feel like refusing, and her tone even softened. “Okay... Mom’s coffee will definitely taste amazing.”

Her smile melted Florence’s heart. *Maybe this is the magic of blood ties.*

Overcome with emotion, she reached out and hugged Arabella. “Arabella... I’m so sorry. I never imagined my own child could have been switched at birth. I was too slow to realize. You’ve been through so much.”

Florence’s voice grew

choked.

Feeling her embrace, Arabella’s heartbeat gradually steadied.

She said softly, “It’s alright, Mom. I didn’t suffer much. My adoptive parents treated me well.”

Carter had been decent to her. Freya may not have been affectionate, but she never neglected her—that was enough.

“Really?” Florence slowly released Arabella, her eyes full of sorrow. “Alfred looked into it for me. He said the family that raised you wasn’t well-off—they only moved to Doranor City recently, a pretty ordinary household. You hardly ever bought bags or shoes, right?”

Arabella could only offer an awkward smile. “Compared to our family... the Macdonald family is certainly ordinary. But it was fine. I never went hungry or lacked basic things.”

As for shoes and bags... I never really cared for them.

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Arabella’d always been busy figuring out how to earn enough to support the whole family and cover Edward’s surgery and treatment costs. There was no time for dressing up.

Even though Arabella said she had everything she needed, to Florence, it sounded like she was just putting on a brave face.

Over the years, Naomi never went without clothes, shoes, bags, or jewelry—and most of it was limited edition or exclusive.

Compared to Naomi's luxurious style, Arabella's current T-shirt, jeans, and white sneakers looked heartbreakingly plain.

"You don't have to pretend around us. We will provide everything," Jonathan said, his eyes filled with tenderness.

The thought that Arabella hardly owned any of the branded bags, clothes, or shoes that were commonplace for Naomi made Florence's heart ache. She looked at Arabella with tender concern. "Your father and I may not have jobs, but we're not short on money. You won't have to live in fear or want ever again."

From now on, whatever Naomi has, my real daughter will have, too.

Seeing how Florence seemed to think she'd endured some great hardship, Arabella felt a little helpless.

Just how poor does she think Carter's family was...

Then again, if the Hamilton family counts as "not short on money" in her mind, then the Macdonald family must seem downright broke.

Before Arabella could respond, Florence turned to the butler, James Reed. “James, call Luxury Boulevard right now. Have every store—and those brand studios Naomi usually likes—send over their latest jewelry, bags, clothes, and shoes. Use Arabella’s measurements for the clothes.”

James had a sharp eye. After glancing over Arabella, he already knew her size. He nodded promptly. “Right away. I’ll make the call.”

Arabella quickly said, “Mom, that’s too much. A few outfits are enough.”

Florence insisted, “Nonsense. You’re our daughter now. These are daily essentials—you must have them.”

Daily essentials?

Arabella was taken aback. *She probably doesn’t realize that for most people, daily essentials mean toilet*

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paper and laundry detergent.

But her *idea of daily essentials probably costs millions of dollars—no way she'd understand.*