

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

Are Your Birth Parents Rich?

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“Arabella, just let your mother handle it,” Jonathan said.

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Arabella nodded. She understood they wanted to make up for lost time, thinking she’d had a rough life outside.

“Arabella, your father and I didn’t know what kind of room you’d like, so we prepared something in advance. Should I show you now? We can change anything you don’t like right away,” Florence asked, looking at Arabella with adoring eyes.

“Okay,” Arabella replied with a slight nod.

Florence and Jonathan then led Arabella upstairs.

“Arabella, look. This is your room. Do you like it?” Florence asked, holding Arabella’s hand as they walked in.

A room decorated in a full storybook fantasy theme met Arabella’s eyes.

Dolls, stuffed animals, and collectible figures—things young girls typically loved—were everywhere.

For a moment, Arabella didn’t know what to say. *I’m a bit too old for this stuff...*

“Arabella, your mother put her heart into decorating this whole room. She said this is the most popular style with kids these days,” Jonathan told her, his eyes full of joy.

Hearing Jonathan’s words, Arabella didn’t show the delight they were hoping for.

Sensing something, Florence immediately asked, “Arabella, is the style too different from what you’re used to? Does it feel strange?”

“It’s alright. If you’re not comfortable, I can have it redecorated right now to suit your taste. How about it?” Florence thoughtfully asked for Arabella’s opinion.

Even though this wasn’t really her style, Arabella could tell Florence and Jonathan had put a lot of effort into preparing the room.

“It’s fine. I’ll keep it for now and change it later if I get tired of it,” Arabella said. She had just returned and didn’t want to make them work more for her, nor did she want their loving effort to go to waste.

Hearing this, both Florence and Jonathan looked pleased.

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“Alright then, get settled in. We’ll head downstairs now,” Florence said, giving Arabella’s **hand** a gentle squeeze.

“And...” Arabella looked at them, slightly puzzled.

Florence and Jonathan didn’t explain further. They just smiled and closed the door behind them as they left.

Arabella looked around the room. *These dolls and toys are way too childish.*

But I don’t want to trouble them with redecorating. Guess I’ll deal with it myself slowly.

The saving grace was the amazing view. The room had a huge balcony with fantastic sightlines. *Having coffee here while looking at the ocean... Now that would be pure bliss. So relaxing!*

Arabella sat leisurely on the balcony swing, pulled out her phone, and texted a friend, “Prepare to withdraw investment from the Macdonald family factory.”

Her phone rang shortly after.

Arabella answered, “Hello?”

“What made you come to your senses today? You’re finally willing to pull your money out of that rundown Macdonald factory?” Colton Nelson asked, his tone full of surprise.

“It’s nothing. Since I’ve left, there’s no need to bother with the Macdonald family’s affairs anymore,” Arabella stated calmly.

“You left?” Colton was shocked.

“How? I did hear lately that the Macdonald family got their daughter back. Don’t tell me that Carter kicked you out because of that!” he guessed, sounding angry.

Arabella couldn’t help but roll her eyes. *Colton and his big mouth. He nailed it right away.*

She hadn’t planned on telling him, but since he guessed, there was no point hiding it.

“Listen up. He didn’t kick me out. I found my own family,” Arabella replied impatiently.

Hearing that, Colton perked up immediately. “Holy moly, what a coincidence! The Macdonald family just got their daughter back, and you find your own family?”

Then it dawned on him, and he made a bold guess. “Don’t tell me the Macdonald family just pawned you off on some random family after getting their real daughter back, worried you’d steal their affection!”

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Arabella frowned, “Stop talking nonsense. This is my birth parents’ home. I’ve already verified it.”

Only then did Colton relax. “Oh, good. I was really worried you’d jumped from one bad situation into another.

“So how’s this new family? They don’t need financial help, too, do they?”

Colton knew better than anyone how much Arabella had supported the Macdonald family over the years. Without her investments, their factory would have gone under ages ago.

Her rushing to withdraw funds now really made him worry she was supporting another needy family.

Knowing what Colton was worried about, Arabella sighed before saying, “No, they don’t. You can rest easy this time. My new family doesn’t need any help.”

Doesn’t need *help*? *That’s an understatement. Everything here smells like money.*

Colton instantly grew curious. “Oh? Sounding pretty confident! Are your birth parents rich or something?”

Arabella was done with small talk. Coolly, she said, “Just handle the withdrawal quickly. I don’t want any more complications.”

Those two ingrates in the Macdonald family have always had their eyes on that factory. I’m not letting them leech off me anymore.

“Alright, alright. Now that you’re settled, I’m relieved. All my nagging finally paid off—you’ve finally seen the light!” Colton said with feeling. *My persistence wasn’t for nothing.*

“So it was hard work for you, huh? Should I buy you a meal?” Arabella said flatly into the phone.

“The work was okay. But a free meal? I’ll take it,” Colton replied, unable to hide his glee at scoring a dinner.

“When will you ever drop your foodie habits? Handle the withdrawal first,” Arabella reminded him.

“So stingy. I just landed you a huge order, by the way. An ultra-wealthy client placed a massive order for your designed jewelry, clothes, shoes, and bags. I even managed to clear out your old inventory. A deal this big deserves at least a hundred thank-you meals,” Colton told her

proudly.

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Arabella was slightly taken aback. *That old stock was limited edition, too, but just stuff I designed casually ages ago. Colton actually sold all that? He’s a genius.*

“Fine, consider the meal approved. Find me after it’s done,” Arabella agreed.

“Deal,” Colton said, satisfied, before hanging up.

Setting the phone down, Arabella gazed at the distant view, lost in thought.

Is this really my home? After all those years at the Macdonald villa, this feels unreal... like a dream. Is my family actually this wealthy?

As she looked over the luxurious estate, it seemed her new family wasn't just rich—there was probably more to it than that.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Hearing the sound, Arabella looked toward the door and murmured, “Who’s there?”