

# Ready to Rule: The Real Heiress Strikes Back

## Chapter 10

"Lydia, you're way too skinny. You really need to eat something good for you." Lydia didn't want any of it. She felt fine. She didn't need all these soups.

Kylie saw the look on her face and her eyes turned red, voice trembling a little. "You've been out there for eighteen years. You're so thin, a breeze could knock you over. If you don't take care of yourself, I... I..."

Kylie's eyes filled with tears, and Lydia sighed, picking up one of the bowls. "Alright. Alright."

With Kylie watching her closely, Lydia obediently finished both bowls of soup. Only then did Kylie finally leave the room with the maids. Right before the door closed, Kylie shot her a secretive smile. "Lydia, get some sleep. I have a surprise for you in the morning."

Lydia blinked in confusion.

Once the door shut, Lydia couldn't help but smile a little. So this was what it felt like to actually be cared for by your parents.

She was exhausted after such a long day. She headed into the closet, picked out some pajamas, and as she changed, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She froze.

Where was her pendant?

Her hand flew to her neck. It was empty. She started searching the room, checking everywhere, but she couldn't find it. Lydia stopped and tried to remember. Back on the mountain, that man had grabbed her, and she thought he might have snagged her necklace.

Did it fall off up there?

Seriously?

She frowned and raked her fingers through her hair, feeling more annoyed by the second. The pendant wasn't worth much, just a regular piece of emerald. But it meant everything to her.

Her grandmother had told her that when she was little, she was always getting sick. When Lydia turned three, her grandma had gone to a mysterious person to get her a protective pendant, even had Lydia's name carved on the back. She'd worn it every day since she was a kid.

And now she had lost it.

It was all that guy's fault. Lydia couldn't decide if he was the unlucky one, or if she was. She just hoped she never ran into him again. He was nothing but trouble.

Speaking of trouble, Connor was currently lying in a VIP room at the city's top military hospital.

"I told you to go spend time with Lucinda, but no, you had to run off to that remote project. And look at you now! Bitten by a snake! Serves you right! If you ever listened to me, would you be stuck in this hospital bed right now?"

An old man stood at the side of the bed, cane in hand, going off on Connor. He was so worked up that spit flew everywhere as he yelled.

Connor looked pale, but his dark eyes were full of indifference. "I'm not the only guy in the Jefferson family. Ask someone else to see her. Besides, I'm not interested in Lucinda."

A good-looking young man on the other side of the bed widened his eyes and started waving his hands frantically. "Not me, Grandpa! I'm only twenty-two. I just graduated college. I'm way too young for marriage. If you want great-grandkids so badly, Connor's your best bet!"

The minute Chris finished, Connor shot him a glare that could kill. Chris flinched, scratched his head, and grumbled, "Or Mikey could do it. It really doesn't have to be me."

On the other side of the bed stood a refined-looking man in a suit and clear glasses. He just smiled. "I'm drowning in work and don't have time for romance. But Connor is retired from the military and has plenty of spare time now."

Mikey didn't bother saying anything else. It was obvious. If there was going to be a arranged marriage with the Norwood family, Connor was the one who had to do it.