

Ready to Rule: The Real Heiress Strikes Back

Chapter 13

After Kylie left, Lydia wandered into the walk-in closet to pick out something to wear. It was obvious how much effort Kylie and Cameron had put into this. Every single item was handpicked, all designer, all top of the line. Most of them were from LYLX, that brand every rich girl in the Capital dreams about.

She settled on a crisp white shirt, blue jeans, and her favorite white sneakers. Her long hair just draped over her shoulders, no need for any fuss. With her glowing skin and delicate features, she didn't bother with makeup. She looked like any college student, fresh-faced and effortlessly beautiful.

Just as she was about to head downstairs, she heard Cameron's voice floating up from below.

"Is everything ready? My baby girl's about to come down!"

"We're all set, sir!"

Lydia couldn't help but feel curious. What exactly had Cameron and Kylie done for her? She moved to the window and pulled back the curtain for a peek.

She stopped in her tracks.

Out in the garden, the emerald grass was decorated with a huge, three-dimensional pink heart made entirely of Ecuadorian roses. Right in the middle, red roses spelled out, "Welcome Home, Baby Girl!" Underneath, another line read, "Mom and Dad Love You!"

Something shifted inside Lydia. So this was what it felt like to be cherished by your parents. It was unfamiliar, yet so warm.

On one side of the heart, there were rows and rows of white stands, each topped with a gift box, some big, some small, and way too many to count. On the other side, five cars were lined up: a Rolls-Royce, a Bentley, a Ferrari, a Lamborghini, and a Maybach. Every single one was a rare limited edition, each in a different color and style. Parked nearby were three souped-up Tomahawk motorcycles. Lydia's eyes widened. She hadn't expected that at all.

She was still taking it all in when Kylie appeared below, waving up at her with a big smile. "Honey, come down here!"

Lydia couldn't help but smile back. She nodded and turned to head downstairs.

Meanwhile, outside the Norwood estate, a long line of luxury cars pulled up to the gate. The lead car, a red Bentley, had its door opened by a bodyguard, and a young girl stepped out with quiet grace.

She was dressed in a pink dress that looked like it was made from flower petals, lace trimming the collar and cuffs, adding a sweet, romantic touch. Her skin was flawless, her features soft and bright, her eyes sparkling. When she smiled, her white teeth flashed and she looked almost unreal.

The guards at the gate spotted her and immediately bowed. "Welcome home, miss."

Lucinda had just heard someone call out "honey" as her car stopped, but she didn't think much of it. She did notice the guards just called her "miss" today, not their usual "Miss Norwood."

She glanced at her longtime nanny. "Grace, I thought I heard Mom's voice just now. You didn't tell her I was coming back today, did you?"

Grace, who had looked after Lucinda since she was little, smiled with her eyes crinkling. "Miss Lucinda, we wouldn't dare say a word. Maybe she found out on her own."