

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

Realizing this, she knew she couldn't carry on as carelessly as before. Swallowing her tears, **she** looked at Arabella. "Arabella, I'm so sorry. Today was supposed to be about celebrating your homecoming, and I ruined it. I'm really sorry."

Though feeling weighed down herself, Arabella responded politely to the apology. "Please, don't say that. I understand how you must be feeling."

I feel like an outsider right now, but I'll find my place in this family, little by little.

*Naomi, on the other hand, currently feels like part of the family, but she will gradually drift apart from **it**.*

In essence, our feelings are similar.

So, Arabella held no hostility toward her.

Naomi was somewhat surprised. Arabella, who seemed to come from an ordinary background, carried herself with a grace and composure that matched her own.

If anything, her own emotions were the ones that seemed unsteady.

Taking a deep breath, Naomi turned to Jonathan and Florence. “Mom, Dad, I’m sorry for worrying you.”

“Don’t apologize,” Jonathan said, his heart aching for her. “We’re the ones responsible for putting you through such a huge change. Let’s not dwell on this for now. Try to eat something.”

Florence then said to Ruby, “Ruby, have some more food. Since you’re here, why don’t you let your parents know you’ll stay the night to keep Naomi company?”

She figured Naomi would need a friend tonight, and Ruby, having grown up with her, was the perfect person to talk *to*.

“Of course, Aunt Florence. Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of Naomi,” Ruby replied, quickly hiding her surprise.

With something this big happening in Naomi’s family, she naturally wanted to stay and see how things unfolded.

And so, everyone sat down to finish the meal.

But the earlier cheerful atmosphere was gone. An awkward silence hung over the Hamilton family for the rest of dinner.

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Naomi had a feeling her presence was making everyone uncomfortable. After just a few bites, she set down her fork. "Mom, Dad, I'm finished."

Seeing Naomi was upset, Ruby quickly stood up, too. "I'm done as well. Naomi, let me go upstairs with you."

"Okay." Naomi nodded, forcing a smile as they left the dining room together..

Watching Naomi's sad retreating figure, Florence felt a pang *of* guilt.

But glancing at Arabella, who had been quiet the whole time, she knew her mood couldn't be great either. She mustered a gentle smile. "Arabella, I'm sorry today turned out like this. We meant to properly celebrate you coming home. We'll have another celebration once Naomi feels better, alright?"

“It’s really okay,” Arabella said, understanding their intentions. She didn’t want to make a fuss, especially not now.

Besides, she wasn’t one for big gatherings and had plenty to keep herself busy lately.

Florence frowned at her response. “Of course it’s a big deal. Arabella coming home is the most important thing. I won’t forget about this dinner, and we will make it up to you double another day.”

Seeing that they were adamant, Arabella didn’t argue further. *If it makes them feel better, so be it.*

“Alright. I’m finished, too. I’ll head to my room now,” she said.

“Yes, go ahead, dear,” Florence said softly.

Alfred, seeing Arabella rise, set down his coffee cup. “Mom, Dad, I’ll head upstairs, too. Enjoy the rest of your meal.”

Jonathan, aware of his thoughtful nature, gave a nod of approval.

Alfred met Jonathan's gaze with a slight nod of his own and followed Arabella out.

As they walked, he offered an explanation. "Upstairs, I was about to tell you about Naomi when the servant called us for dinner. I wasn't trying to hide it from you. I just didn't expect her back today either."

Arabella knew Alfred had no reason to lie. She offered a smile. "It's fine, really. I don't mind. She seems to need the comfort more than I do right now."

Alfred looked ahead. "Naomi wears her heart on her sleeve. Honestly, I'm more concerned

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about you. She has Ruby to talk to. But you're new here, without anyone to confide in. **If you're** feeling troubled, you can talk to me."

A rare gentleness softened his usually soldierly demeanor.

Arabella sensed he wasn't the type who usually comforted people, which made his effort **feel** all the more genuine and touching. "Okay. If I'm upset, I'll tell you, Alfred."

Alfred's eyes brightened almost imperceptibly at her words. "Good."

Without needing to say more, the two shared a silent understanding and went to their respective rooms.

Arabella finally thought she would have some time to herself.

But she was wrong. The moment she pushed her bedroom door open, she was met with a sea of shopping bags.

Dozens of limited-edition jewelry pieces were displayed on the desk.

Every available space where one could stand was lined with clothes hanging from seven or eight garment racks on either side, all waiting for her selection.

The only clear spot in the middle of the room was filled with shoes and handbags.