

C 12

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

Everything had been neatly unpacked and displayed for her by the servants.

Her original room now looked like a mini boutique!

5 Free Cours

“There’s so much. How long would it even take to go through all this?” Arabella couldn’t help but press her fingers to her temple, feeling a headache coming on.

With a sigh, she went to the only clear spot—the coffee table—picked up a glass, poured some water, and took a drink to steady herself.

Her gaze

drifted unintentionally to the jewelry boxes.

Her brow immediately furrowed.

That logo... why does it look so familiar?

A strange, uneasy feeling began to stir in her chest.

After another sip of water, Arabella quickly set the glass down and walked over to the table for a closer look at the jewelry.

One glance was all it took to confirm her suspicion.

Sure enough... this is jewelry I designed!

Arabella turned to look at the clothes. Without their packaging, each piece looked familiar,

too.

Almost all of them are my designs!

But these are older items from past seasons, so I didn't recognize them at first.

But how does all my stuff end up here?

Then Arabella remembered what Colton had said, "An ultra-wealthy client bought out your entire inventory today."

Could it be... that the Hamilton family is Colton's 'ultra-wealthy client'?

Arabella couldn't believe it. "No way. It can't be that much of a coincidence."

With that, she opened every jewelry box in front of her and inspected the shoes and bags.

Chapter 12 This Smooth-Talking Girl

Just as she thought, these jewelry, shoes, and handbags were all the designs she'd casually whipped up when she first started her private luxury brand.

Especially these handbags—they were just made from some crocodile leather she'd sourced on a whim, with designs she'd sketched out quickly.

Sure, they were marketed as limited editions to create an illusion of scarcity. But honestly, she hadn't put much heart into them.

Now, she felt a pang for her parents' wallets.

Buying all this must have cost them a fortune—easily eight figures.

Arabella murmured, "Colton is really a shrewd businessman. Selling my own stuff back to me?"

If she could, she'd send it all back without a second thought.

But since Jonathan and Florence had given them to her as gifts, keeping nothing might make them think she disliked their presents. They'd probably just go out and buy her more.

Guess I'll have to pick a few things to keep.

“I’ll just have to ask Colton for a discount later,” she muttered to herself.

After setting aside her selections, she finally went to rest.

The next morning, Arabella slowly opened her eyes.

She had to admit, the mattress at Cloudrise Manor was really comfortable.

Arabella sat up gradually and stretched.

Just then, a morning breeze swept across the balcony, lifting the light curtains and giving her a perfect view of a fiery red sun slowly rising over the sea.

No wonder it’s called the top estate in Doranor City. Cloudrise Manor must be named for views like this— the sunrise over the water.

My parents really have given me the room with the best view in the whole house.

Now I understand why Naomi wanted this room so badly.

The scenery put Arabella in a great mood. She stretched again, feeling cheerful as she got out of bed.

Chapter 12 This Smooth-Talking Girl

After washing up and changing, she was ready to head downstairs.

But just before she left, there was a knock at the door.

Hearing the polite knock, Arabella assumed it was a servant coming to get her. “Come in. I’m just about to head down,” she called out.

To her surprise, it wasn’t a servant who entered.

“You’re up early, Arabella,” Ruby said with a sweet smile, greeting her warmly.

Hearing a different voice, Arabella looked at the speaker.

It is *the* girl who came back with Naomi yesterday.

She called Mom Aunt Florence! That must make her cousin.

my

But we barely spoke yesterday. What is she doing in my room so early?

Ruby had come to say hello and get familiar with the family's true daughter.

She also wanted to check on that bag Naomi had promised her.

Ruby hadn't expected to walk into a room overflowing with luxury items—clothes, shoes, bags, jewelry, everything.

She'd only gotten a quick glimpse at the door yesterday, and she hadn't realized there was this much.

It showed just how much Jonathan and Florence valued Arabella.

Noticing Ruby's eyes scanning the room, Arabella raised an eyebrow. "Did something?"

you need

"Nothing urgent," Ruby replied, her voice dripping with concern. "I just wanted to see how you're holding up. After what happened last night, Naomi hardly slept. I figured, since you're new here, it might be hard to adjust. I wanted to say hello since we're all family now."

She spoke as if they'd grown up together, all warmth and familiarity.

Looking at this smooth-talking girl, Arabella was reminded, for some reason, of Harper.

She's just a cousin, but she's this close to Naomi. And she comes to greet me after meeting me once? Way too familiar.

Chapter 12 This Smooth Talking Girl

Having no real interest in Ruby, Arabella replied offhandedly, "Oh, I'm fine. So, Naomi's taking it hard, huh?"

Well, I was just kicked out of *the Macdonald Villa yesterday*. Suddenly finding out your parents **aren't** toho you *thought...* that's *tough*. It's *normal* for *Naomi* to be upset.