

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

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Seeing Naomi's disappointment, Ruby had a sudden idea. She quickly walked over and started badmouthing Arabella. "Naomi, Arabella is so rude! I just went to tell her about breakfast. Not only was she ungrateful, but she was downright arrogant and snippy with me. Just a country bumpkin with no manners."

Naomi frowned at Ruby's words. "Is that so?"

We only met briefly at dinner last night, but she didn't seem impolite.

Seeing Naomi's doubt, Ruby pressed on. "Yes! When I went in, she was fussing over all those gifts Aunt Florence gave her. Looked like she'd never seen nice things before, couldn't put them down. Probably thought I was there to ask for something. She practically shooed me out after a few words."

Ruby deliberately twisted the story, leaving out the part where she asked for the bag.

If Arabella won't give me what I want and humiliates me instead, then I'll make sure she doesn't have an easy time either.

Listening to Ruby, Naomi's brow furrowed slightly. She was starting to believe Ruby. She could only sigh, "Well, you said it yourself. She's from a small town. It's normal to be protective when you see that much luxury for the first time.

"But she seemed quite polite when she spoke yesterday. Are you sure she kicked you out just for that?" Naomi looked at Ruby, still somewhat unconvinced.

Ruby's eyes shifted. She said deliberately, "I thought it was strange, too. Maybe it's because she sees how close I am to you?"

Naomi's heart sank a little.

Is Arabella targeting Ruby because of me?

That makes sense. After all, I'm the one who took her place in this family for all these years.

I'm probably the person she hates most right now.

Naomi felt a pang of guilt. *It isn't Ruby's fault. She shouldn't take her anger out on Ruby.*

But seeing Arabella being so unreasonable and dragging others into it, Naomi's impression of Arabella soured. "It's understandable if she dislikes me. But she shouldn't take it out on you."

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After all, Ruby is our uncle's daughter. My parents are quite fond of her.

Seeing her words were working, Ruby eagerly agreed, "Why should disliking you be understandable? You're so good, Naomi-kind, gentle, well-mannered. I think she's just jealous, jealous of your natural beauty and your talents. That girl has a mean streak and a nasty heart. Naomi, you have to be careful around her. Even though Aunt Florence and Uncle Jonathan promised you could stay, I doubt Arabella will just let it go."

Ruby's words weighed heavily on Naomi's heart.

Would she? Would Arabella really try to hurt me?

Seeing Naomi fall silent, Ruby added with false seriousness, "Anyway, Naomi, you should watch your back around her. You never know what someone like that, raised wild in some backwater, might do."

Ruby was on a roll, painting Arabella as a total villain.

Naomi had never dealt with anyone like that before and only half-believed what Ruby was saying.

But Ruby wouldn't lie to me, would she? I guess I should keep a closer eye on Arabella for a while. She's new to the family. We don't know if her intentions toward Mom and Dad are genuine.

"Alright, let's not talk about this with anyone else. Especially don't let Mom and Dad know. I'll keep an eye on her," Naomi said.

"And stop calling her 'wild' or 'country bumpkin'. It sounds awful if someone hears you," Naomi admonished Ruby, not wanting Ruby to upset her parents.

"Okay... I get it. You're too kind, Naomi," Ruby said with fake admiration, though inwardly she scoffed.

Even now, she's still playing the saint?

As they were talking, the two made their way downstairs.

“There you are. Go ahead and eat,” Florence said from the living room, spotting them on the stairs.

“Okay,” they replied in unison.

Noticing Florence was still in the living room, Naomi asked, “Mom, aren’t you eating?”

Florence shook her head. “Arabella hasn’t come down yet. I’m going *to* check on her. You two

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go ahead.”

With that, Florence got up to go upstairs.

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Watching her hurry away, Ruby whispered to Naomi, “Even for a meal, she has to have Aunt Florence personally fetch her. You’ve never troubled Aunt Florence like that in all your years here, Naomi. Arabella sure has some nerve!”

Naomi didn’t want to talk about Arabella anymore. Her mood from yesterday hadn’t improved, and this morning was just adding to it. It was too much. She frowned at Ruby. “Enough. Let’s not think about her. Dad is waiting for us.”

Seeing Naomi’s irritation, Ruby felt a secret thrill. *Perfect. Now Naomi must be thoroughly annoyed with her.*

Upstairs, Arabella was just opening her door to head down when she ran into Florence coming to get her.

“Mom? What are you doing here?” Arabella asked, slightly surprised.

“I came to see if you were awake,” Florence said gently. “Did you sleep *okay* last night?”

She was worried Arabella might not have rested well because of the situation with Naomi.