

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

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No sooner had she eased her parents' suspicions than Florence was talking about giving her a company to run. Arabella felt a wave of frustration. This was the last thing she needed.

"Thank you, but really, I'm happy with the studio," she said, trying to decline gently. She hadn't pulled her investment from the Macdonald venture yet, her own design queue was full, and her studio needed her attention. She was genuinely busy.

"You've only just started interning, sweetheart," Florence said patiently. "The world outside a small firm is different. Even if your boss sees your potential, it's not the same as getting real corporate experience. A proper company would offer much better training."

Seeing the hopeful, encouraging look on her mother's face, Arabella found it hard to refuse outright. Feeling somewhat cornered, she offered a small smile. "Alright. Well, I suppose I'm decent at design."

Of course, she was proficient in far more—IT, finance, even medicine—but she chose the simplest answer to avoid raising more questions.

This way, she could casually pass off working on her own brand's designs as part of the job. The last thing she wanted was a structured, daily corporate grind like Naomi's.

Hearing her mention design, Jonathan thought for a moment. "In that case, I'll have the driver take you to visit a few of our design and branding firms this afternoon. You can look around and see which environment you prefer."

"Okay," Arabella agreed calmly.

Internally, she was stunned. *What kind of family is this? I can just 'pick' a company to work for? Is this how wealthy people normally operate?*

"Since that's settled, try to finish up early at the studio today and come straight home," Florence said with a warm smile.

"I will," Arabella replied.

Outside Cloudrise Manor, Ruby was seething. She looked at Naomi's composed face and finally burst out, "Naomi, tell me you weren't really about to give up your spot at the table to that... that newcomer?, If I hadn't held you back?"

“I’ve been living in her place all these years. It’s only right to step back,” Naomi said, her voice

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flat.

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Hearing that, Ruby’s temper flared. Why was Naomi so ready to roll over? Arabella had just arrived. They were the ones who’d grown up in this family. An outsider should be easy enough to handle.

“You can’t think like that!” Ruby argued heatedly. “What do you mean, ‘her place’? You were a victim in all this too! Aunt Florence and Uncle Jonathan have said it themselves—you’re still a daughter of this family. Nothing’s changed.

“Don’t act like you owe Arabella anything. Just be yourself, like you were before she showed up,” Ruby pressed, trying to reassure her. She was terrified Naomi would do something drastic, like distance herself from the family altogether.

“Can I really just go back to how things were?” Naomi asked, her gaze distant and thoughtful.

“Of course you can!” Ruby insisted. “Not only should you, but you shouldn’t hand over a single thing that’s rightfully yours. If you keep giving ground, you’ll end up giving away your whole future—maybe even your chance with Matthew.” Ruby slyly brought up the topic of marriage, knowing it would hit home. She was well aware of Naomi’s long-standing, intense crush on Matthew Stewart.

By reminding her of this, Ruby knew Naomi wouldn’t easily walk away from the Hamilton family, even if she didn’t want to compete with Arabella for their parents’ affection. Because if Naomi left, her status as a Hamilton daughter would fade.

She’d lose her natural access to social circles where she could meet Matthew, making her feel even less worthy of the man she idolized. And, of course, Ruby herself would lose her primary source of perks and advantages.

Ruby’s words struck a chord. Naomi’s eyes flickered with realization. She had almost forgotten that.

“You’re right,” Naomi said, her voice suddenly firmer. “Some things... you can’t just give away.” Her resolve solidified. She might be willing to yield on other matters, but not this.

Not her chance at a future with him. In her heart, Matthew’s importance rivaled that of Jonathan and Florence.

A faint, satisfied smile touched Ruby's lips. She knew Naomi would never relinquish her claim. on Matthew.

"That's the right attitude," Ruby praised. Seeing she had Naomi's full attention, she seized the moment to offer some advice. "You know, since you've liked him for so long, you should try to create a chance to spend some one-on-one time with him."

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+10 Free Coing

The suggestion made Naomi's heart leap, but she immediately shook her head. "I can't just ask him out! We've never been alone before. It would be incredibly awkward. I'd be a nervous wreck."

"Naomi, I'm not saying you flat-out ask him on a date," Ruby explained, exasperated. "That would be awkward. You're misunderstanding me."

Realizing Ruby meant something else, Naomi relaxed slightly. "Then what are you suggesting?"

“I’m saying,” Ruby laid out her tried-and-true tactic, “you find out his schedule—where he’s likely to be. Then you arrange to ‘run into him’ naturally. From there, you find a way to get a few minutes alone with him. That way, it doesn’t feel forced or planned.”