

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

“Running into him... that could work,” Naomi said, considering it. Then her frown returned. “But what would I even say? I get so nervous around him. My mind completely blanks. What if I just stand there like an idiot?”

Ruby rolled her eyes, placing a hand on her forehead in mock exasperation. It was clear Naomi had zero experience with dating. Luckily, she, Ruby, was something of an expert in these

matters.

“Okay, simple question—do you know what he’s into? His hobbies, interests?” Ruby asked.

“A little, yes.”

“Perfect. That’s your opening. Talk about those things. Make him feel like you get him, that you have common ground. It makes conversation easy and helps you... well, score some points!” Ruby explained.

“And the main goal for a first one-on-one chat is just to be relaxed and easy to talk to. Make him feel comfortable. If he enjoys the conversation, he won’t mind talking to you again. Then it won’t seem like you’re chasing him—it’ll just happen naturally. Things can develop from there.” Ruby finished with a confident lift of her eyebrow.

“Oh... I get it now. I never knew you were so good at this stuff,” Naomi said, genuinely impressed by Ruby’s smooth advice.

“There was never a need for it before Arabella showed up,” Ruby said dismissively. “But now things are different. We need a game plan. For your future happiness, we have to be proactive.”

She struck a dramatic pose. “Consider this—from today, I’m not just your cousin. I’m your... let’s call me your coach. Your dating coach! I’m going to help you win Matthew over. And we’ll make Arabella green with envy while we’re at it.”

***Just** you wait, Arabella. You were too cheap to give me one bag. You’ll regret crossing me. Your life here is going to get complicated.*

Naomi looked at Ruby’s theatrics and couldn’t help but laugh. “My ‘coach’? You’re ridiculous.”

“I don’t care about making anyone jealous,” Naomi said, a real, relaxed smile finally touching her lips. The heavy gloom that had settled over her heart began to lift. “If I could just be with Matthew, that’s all I want.”

“Speaking of bags,” Naomi added gently, “I’ll give you the one you liked. It wasn’t easy for Arabella to come by nice things. Let it go, okay?”

Chapter 19 Plotting a Chance Encounter

∴

A

She genuinely hoped the three of them could find a way to get along peacefully. “We’re all family now. We’ll be seeing a lot of each other. Let’s try to keep things civil.”

She knew Ruby was sore at her over nothing more than Arabella’s failure to gift her that coveted handbag. Deep down, she longed for the three of them—sisters, through and through -to just live in harmony.

“Alright, alright, whatever you say,” Ruby agreed easily. As long as Naomi stayed firmly planted in the Hamilton family, good things would keep coming her way. That was what mattered.

Meanwhile, after breakfast, Arabella went upstairs to get her bag. Opening the door to her new room, she was met with a sight that made her sigh. The space was nearly overflowing with boxes and shopping bags. This had to be dealt with immediately. She didn't need or want any of it.

She pulled out her phone and called Colton.

"Colton, since when do you not vet your clients before a sale?" she said by way of greeting.

On the other end, Colton was caught completely off guard. "Whoa, what's with the ambush? What's got you so fired up?" He had no clue what she was talking about. Why was she yelling at him first thing?

Arabella didn't have the patience to explain. "Just send your team to Cloudrise Manor. Now. I want every single luxury item you delivered cleared out of my room by the time I'm back. I don't want to see any of it."

"What? What are you talking about? What luxury items?" Colton was utterly lost. He'd been in a fog since answering the call.

"The luxury pieces you sold—the ones I designed—they're all in my hands now. Does that finally register?" Arabella's voice was flat, devoid of any warmth whatsoever.

What on earth is Colton thinking? Hasn't he even bothered to vet the buyer's credentials before shipping the merchandise?

How can he bungle something this straightforward? And he still has the gall to ask me to treat him to dinner. Unbelievable...

A slow, dawning realization hit Colton. "Wait... Cloudrise Manor? Is your new family... the Hamiltons? The ultra-wealthy, practically mythical Hamiltons of Doranor?"

The news hit him like a physical shock. His jaw literally went slack. He'd never imagined

Chapter 19 Plotting a Chance Encounter

Arabella's biological family was that legendary, deeply private, and extraordinarily wealthy clan. He was so stunned he could barely process her next words.

"Hello? Are you even listening?" Arabella's voice crackled through the speaker, several decibels louder.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Go on," Colton managed, still reeling.

“What else is there to say? Fix it. Now.”

“Okay, I’ll get a crew over there right away to pick everything up,” he said, his professional instincts kicking in. Then, his natural lament as a dedicated profit-seeker surfaced. “Man, if I’d known it was your family... I would have marked those pieces up way more. Now I won’t see a dime of profit...” His voice was thick with genuine regret.