

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

“Always about the bottom line. You don’t even cut your own family a break,” Arabella said with a sigh.

“Not in this case. There are plenty of other ways to make handle what I asked. I’m hanging up now.” Arabella moved to end the call.

money. I’ll

recoup it elsewhere. Just

“Wait, hold on. There’s something else.

“We got an inquiry. A private, confidential case. A businessman with a... unique condition is seeking a specialist. What’s your call?” Colton relayed the message.

“Forward me the client’s file,” Arabella instructed, then disconnected.

A moment later, her phone buzzed with a new message from Colton containing the details.

Arabella sat down and carefully reviewed the information on her screen. No wonder they had reached out to her through these channels. It was a particularly rare and complex disorder.

Fortunately, it fell within her area of expertise; she had developed a targeted treatment protocol for a similar presentation not long ago. It looked like she would be taking this case.

She texted Colton back, “Tell them I’ll consult. Send the address.”

The reply came almost instantly with a location.

Bag in hand, Arabella headed downstairs.

In the grand living room, Jonathan saw her and asked, “Heading to the studio? The car is ready for you.”

“Yes, thank you. I’ll see you later,” Arabella said, offering a small smile before slipping into the waiting town car.

The driver followed her initial directions, pulling up in front of a sleek, modern building downtown—the address of the design studio she had mentioned. Once the car drove away, Arabella quickly walked to the curb and hailed a cab.

She showed the driver the address on her phone. “Here, please.”

The driver glanced at it, nodded, and merged into the midday traffic, heading toward an exclusive, wooded part of the city.

Chapter 20 Luxury and a New Case

Meanwhile, back at the small venture capital firm Naomi was running, she and Ruby returned to their offices after the morning stand-up meeting.

Naomi had secured Ruby a junior associate position there, which explained their constant proximity. Their offices were adjacent, and Ruby made a habit of popping in for coffee.

As they entered Naomi’s office, Ruby was about to pour herself a cup when Naomi’s phone chimed with a notification.

Naomi picked it up and glanced at the screen—a message from her assistant.

Ruby immediately leaned in, her curiosity piqued. “Well? Did your assistant manage *to* get Matthew’s calendar?”

Naomi’s expression turned concerned as she read the details. “Yes. It says his grandfather hasn’t been well. Lately, aside from going to his office, Matthew has been spending most of his time at Stewart Manor, looking after him.”

“Hey, that’s a perfect opportunity!” Ruby’s eyes lit up with an idea. “You should go pay his grandfather a visit. A get-well gesture. That way, you’ll just happen‘ to see Matthew there.”

Naomi’s heart gave a little flutter at the thought, a faint blush coloring her cheeks. The idea was tempting.

“I suppose... there’s nothing critical on my desk today, just some administrative loose ends,” she mused.

“Then let’s go now!” Ruby urged, eager to escape the monotony of spreadsheet work.

“Right now?” Naomi was taken aback by the immediacy.

“Yes, right now!” Ruby insisted. “The earlier you go, the longer the visit can be. It’s a chance to connect with Robert Stewart, too. That’s important.”

Naomi saw the logic. “Alright. But we need to pick up a suitable gift first.”

“Absolutely, let’s go!” Ruby agreed enthusiastically, following Naomi out the door. She was always ready to ditch work for a more interesting outing.

Soon, Naomi’s car was parked at the city’s most upscale gourmet market, where they selected an elegant basket of rare teas, artisan honey, and other premium wellness gifts.

Then, they set their navigation for Stewart Manor.

Chapter 20 Luxury and a New Case

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As they drove through the imposing wrought-iron gates and up the long, tree-lined drive, Ruby stared, wide-eyed, at the majestic stone manor house that came into view. “Wow... this is incredible. It looks like something from a history book. This place must be centuries old, right?”

Noticing Ruby's awe, Naomi gave a slight smile. "Is this really your first time here?"

"Yes." Ruby nodded, her voice hushed.

"I'll show you around a bit later," Naomi said, her tone softening as she shared some history. "The Stewart family goes back generations. They're one of the oldest, most established families in this city. Their ancestors were among the first major industrialists here. The main house and several outbuildings are officially designated historic landmarks, protected for their architectural significance."

"That's... impressive," Ruby murmured. She had heard plenty of gossip about the Stewarts' wealth and influence, but she'd never appreciated the depth of their legacy.

As they spoke, the security bar at the entrance lifted automatically; the license plate recognition system identified Naomi's car from previous visits and granted access.

Naomi drove slowly down the sweeping driveway. Towering, ancient oaks and elms lined the route, their sprawling branches forming a canopy overhead. Each tree was undoubtedly priceless, cared for over decades.

The air itself felt different—clean, crisp, and faintly scented with pine and earth.

“Naomi, the air smells amazing here. It’s so fresh,” Ruby remarked, inhaling deeply and looking over in surprise.

Seeing Ruby’s genuine wonder, Naomi’s smile deepened. In the presence of such enduring heritage, mere wealth and status somehow felt less significant.