

True Heiress Return to Her Unemployed Rich Family

“Coming,” she said, then got up and walked to the door.

She opened it to find Alfred standing there in casual clothes,

Before Arabella could speak, Alfred asked first, “So? Is the room to your liking?”

“It’s fine,” Arabella replied offhandedly.

The Alfred standing before her now seemed like a completely different person from the one who had picked her up.

Gone was the previous scruffy, weary look. He appeared clean, sharp, and much more handsome.

“Good. Since you just moved back, you probably need to buy a lot of things. Just tell me what you want,” Alfred instructed, his gaze affectionate.

“Alright, I’ll trouble you then, Alfred.” Since he offered, Arabella saw no point in false modesty.

“Don’t use the word ‘trouble’ from now on,” Alfred said seriously.

“Okay,” Arabella replied, feeling a warm glow inside.

Alfred stepped in and glanced around her room. “This is the sunniest room in the house. Naomi once said she wanted to move in here, but she kept wanting to decorate it herself, so it stayed empty for a long time. With you coming home, Mom and Dad specially hired a famous designer. They put a lot of thought into it.”

Hearing this, Arabella realized how much effort her parents had put into the room. *Good thing I didn’t turn it down. They would’ve been so disappointed.*

But then she caught on, looking at him suspiciously. “Naomi? That’s a girl’s name, right?”

I thought I only had five brothers. Do I have a sister, too?

Alfred raised an eyebrow, studying her. “Didn’t Mom and Dad tell you just now?”

He had assumed they would have mentioned Naomi.

“No,” Arabella said. Noticing Alfred’s serious expression, she grew curious about this person. Seeing she knew nothing, Alfred figured their parents were too excited and hadn’t gotten

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around to it yet.

But *she* should know in *advance*. It’ll *make things less awkward when they meet*.

He then slowly walked over and sat on the sofa.

“Naomi... well, she’s your older sister,” he said.

“I have an older sister?” Arabella looked at Alfred incredulously.

From the moment *they picked me up* until *now*, *I thought I was the only girl in the family*.

What kind of investigation did Carter do, missing a whole person?

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Though when I found out about the five brothers, I did wish for a sister. To actually have one is a nice surprise.

“What’s my sister like?” Arabella asked casually.

“You mean what her temper is like?” Alfred understood her real question, even if she phrased it vaguely.

Arabella smiled slightly and nodded.

“Don’t worry. Naomi is a very gentle person. But I’m rarely home, and even when I am, I don’t see her much. You’ll understand once you meet her,” Alfred answered truthfully. Among the brothers, he had the least contact with Naomi. They were somewhat distant.

Hearing this, Arabella felt relieved. *If she’s gentle, she should be easy to get along with.*

Just then, a knock sounded at the door.

She said, “Come in.”

A servant opened the door. “Mr. Jonathan Hamilton and Mrs. Florence Hamilton have asked me to invite you downstairs for dinner.”

“Let’s go, time to eat,” Alfred said to Arabella.

“Okay.” Arabella followed Alfred downstairs to the dining room.

The table was overflowing with dishes, and more were still being brought out.

Jonathan and Florence were already seated at the head of the table, waiting for them.

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Seeing them approach, Florence smiled and walked over to Arabella. She took her hand and led her to her seat.

“Arabella, sit next to me,” Florence said, guiding Arabella to the place beside her.

“I didn’t know what you liked, so I had the kitchen make a bit of everything. Don’t be shy at home—just help yourself to whatever you want,” she said gently, already serving some food onto Arabella’s plate.

Looking at the food Florence had given her, a wave of warmth spread through Arabella’s heart. *All those years at the Macdonald villa, I was never treated with such care by family. Someone being so good to me now... I’m genuinely touched.*

“Thanks, Mom. Preparing all this must have been a lot of work. Don’t just serve me. You should eat, too,” Arabella said, serving a dish for Florence in return.

Seeing Arabella so receptive to Florence’s affection filled Jonathan with contentment.

He then looked at Alfred. “Alfred, go open a good bottle of wine. Let’s have a few drinks today.”

Jonathan’s face was full of smiles.

“Sure.” Alfred, noticing Jonathan—who hadn’t drunk in ages—suddenly wanted wine, knew it was because he was overjoyed about Arabella’s return.

Hearing Jonathan suggest a drink made Florence’s smile even brighter.

“See how happy your return has made your father? I haven’t seen him this delighted in a long time. In the past, he only ever wanted to open a bottle when he was exceptionally happy,” Florence said, holding Arabella’s hand with a gentle smile.

As they were talking, a servant led a group of delivery people into the hall.

He said, “Mrs. Florence Hamilton, the clothes, shoes, and bags ordered for Ms. Hamilton have arrived.”

“Good. Have them taken to Arabella’s room,” Florence instructed, sounding unconcerned.

She turned back to Arabella. “I’ll have them sent up first. After dinner, you can look through everything. Keep what you like and return what you don’t.”

“Okay, thank you, Mom,” Arabella replied graciously.

Good. *Returns are possible. I'll just keep a few items later.*

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But then she watched as servants carried load after load upstairs. *There's so much **stuff**. Just* moving it will take a *while*. *Choosing is going to take forever.*

Meanwhile, outside Cloudrise Manor, a black Maybach came to a stop.

The driver hurried out and opened the passenger door. A stylish figure stepped out gracefully.

Naomi looked at the several delivery trucks parked at the entrance. Servants were carrying in clothes, shoes, bags, and even jewelry boxes.

Seeing the familiar packaging from her favorite brands—all in limited-edition wrappings—a happy smile touched Naomi's lips.

She said, "I was only abroad for a competition for a few days. I didn't expect Mom and Dad to miss me so much and prepare all these gifts."

Her cousin, Ruby Peterson, got out of the other side of the car. Seeing so much limited-edition jewelry, she couldn't hide her jealousy. She quickly flattered Naomi, "Aunt Florence and Uncle Jonathan really dote on you. You were only gone a few days, and they prepared all these gifts for your return. Did they guess you'd win first place?"

"It was just a minor competition. I didn't expect them to make a fuss, but it seems they did," Naomi said, though she was secretly very pleased.