

Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

Chapter 1

The June sun blistered in the sky. Shannon Gray had just stepped into the Gray residence when a suitcase was flung at her feet.

A middle-aged woman in expensive clothing stood in the foyer, looking at her condescendingly. A trace of jealousy flashed in her eyes as she took in Shannon's delicate features and smooth skin. Then, disgust colored her eyes. "I've already had someone pack your luggage. Get your ass out of here and return to your biological parents!"

Shannon didn't even look at the suitcase. Instead, she fixed a cold gaze on Sheila White, the woman she'd called her mother for the past 18 years.

The commotion at the entrance attracted the attention of the people in the house. Soon, Francis Gray approached with his son, Connor Gray, and daughter, Rachel Gray, in tow. Francis looked at the suitcase at Shannon's feet, then turned to Sheila.

He sounded reproachful as he said, "Why are you doing this, Sheila? We've raised Shannon like she's our own for the past 18 years."

"She's nothing but an ingrate!" Sheila glared at Shannon. "I told her to give the slot for the city image ambassador to Rachel, but she acted like she didn't hear me at all. If I hadn't managed to find out about the final list, we would still be in the dark! She wouldn't have taken what's supposed to be Rachel's if she had a smidgeon of a conscience!"

A trace of hatred and jealousy flashed in Rachel's eyes at that, but she quickly concealed it and put on a sad, aggrieved look.

Then, she said, "Don't be like this, Mom. It's not easy to be selected as a city image ambassador, so I can understand why Shannon doesn't wanna give it up. Maybe I'm just not good enough. That's why I didn't get selected in the first place..."

"That's nonsense. How can you be worse than her? Our family's given her everything she's got," Sheila said, trying to comfort Rachel.

Shannon watched their act. She'd witnessed countless situations like this since she was a child, so she was completely unfazed. In fact, she sort of wanted to laugh.

Three days ago, a car had crashed into her when she'd saved Rachel. It had sent her flying over 20 yards away, so everyone thought she wouldn't have made it out alive.

When Sheila and the rest of the Grays had arrived at the scene, their first reaction had been to soothe Rachel, who'd burst into tears after being frightened by the accident. They hadn't bothered checking on Shannon's injuries at all.

At the time, she'd laid on the ground, feeling dazed and cold all over. But what truly made her blood run cold was the conversation between Francis and Sheila.

"Look at how trashed the car is. She's probably going to die."

"That's good, actually. Once she dies, that means she's shielded Rachel from her destined calamity. At least we haven't kept her around for nothing..."

Shannon had always known that she was nothing but a tool the Gray family had brought back to shield Rachel from calamity and disaster. When she was younger, she hadn't understood why Sheila would force her to care for Rachel around the clock whenever Rachel fell sick.

Rachel would quickly recover from whatever illness she had under Shannon's care, but Shannon would fall gravely ill afterward. Later, Shannon met her mentor, Thalia Wynthorpe. Only then did she find out that her and Rachel's astrological houses were the result of an alignment of the cosmic forces, a phenomenon in the art of divination.

Their astrological houses were on opposite sides of the good and bad spectrum—hers was the good one. The Gray family had kept her by Rachel's side so they could use her good fortune to make up for Rachel's bad fortune.

Every time Shannon shielded Rachel from a calamity, Rachel's fortune would improve. Over time, Shannon's good fortune would deteriorate and become bad. If not for her already being prepared for the worst, it was likely she would've already run out of good fortune and died in the accident three days ago.

Yet it was due to this accident that her biological father had found her.

"Are you done? Can I go now?" The remaining traces of Shannon's hope for the Gray family had dissipated after hearing Francis and Sheila discuss her death so stoically. She wasn't reluctant to leave the Gray family at all.

"Don't blame your mother, Shannon. You're the one at fault here." Francis stepped forward, looking as stern as he always did. "Since your biological parents have found you, you should return to them."

Rachel spoke up, sounding gentle and timid. "Don't be mad at Mom, Shannon. She's only doing this for my sake."

As she spoke, she grabbed an envelope and held it out to Shannon. She said kindly, "Here's a thousand dollars. I heard from Dad that your biological parents live deep in the mountains and are really poor. Places like that don't have good signals, so you should have some cash on you in case you can't use your phone."

Sheila snorted. "Don't say we're heartless enough to disregard the past. A thousand dollars should be enough to keep you going for a whole year in the mountains. We're already being too nice to you."

She sneered and continued, "When you're back there, I doubt there'll be any chance for us to meet anymore. I heard that many men who can't find themselves wives live in those mountains, so you can marry one of them once you get home. Your results aren't good enough to get you into university, anyway."

Shannon looked at Sheila, noticing her condescending and nasty look. She said calmly, "The wrinkles on your forehead are quite deep—they're a sign of scheming too much and a build-up of karmic debt. Instead of worrying about me, you should use this money to buy yourself a moisturizing mask or something."

She paused, then added almost pointedly, "I doubt it'll do anything, though."

She sounded matter-of-fact, but it made Sheila's expression turn acrimonious. Sheila snapped, "How dare you talk to me like that, you little bitch!"

As she spoke, she raised a hand to slap Shannon. The latter merely glanced at her and easily dodged the slap. Sheila's hand swatted at thin air. She looked at Shannon in disbelief. "How dare you dodge!"

Rachel hurried forward to hold Shannon. "Stop making Mom mad, Shannon. I'm sure she'll forgive you as long as you apologize and say something nice."

She sounded like she meant well, but she was actually just keeping Shannon in place so the latter couldn't dodge Sheila's slap anymore.

Shannon was about to push Rachel away when she saw something out of the corner of her eye—the emerald bangle Rachel wore. She abruptly grabbed Rachel's wrist and asked icily, "What's this bangle doing with you?"

Rachel had deliberately worn this bangle to lord it over Shannon. Now that Shannon had finally noticed it and had even grabbed her wrist, she feigned astonishment and yelped in pain. "Ouch!"

Sheila's expression shifted at that. She shoved Shannon away and screeched, "What are you trying to do, Shannon?"

Shannon didn't take her eyes off Rachel. She said coldly, "Grandma left that bangle for me."

"What do you mean it's yours? Rose left that bangle for the Gray family's daughter. You're no longer a member of our family, so it should naturally belong to Rachel!"

Shannon gnashed her teeth. She flung the suitcase aside and turned to Francis. "I can forgo everything that you guys have given me. All I want is Grandma's bangle."

If there was anything about the Gray family that she would miss, it would have to be her late grandmother, Rose Carlson. Rose had been the only person in the family who truly cared about her. Even on her deathbed, she'd worried about Shannon being mistreated once she was gone.

The emerald bangle was the only thing Rose had left for her as a keepsake.

Francis didn't even bat an eye at her words. "You might be adopted, but I've always thought of you as my own. Everyone in our family has been raised right, so we're incapable of doing something like making you leave without even taking a suitcase of your things."

"Your biological parents can't provide you the best environment, so you should still take whatever you need." He didn't mention a word about the bangle, though.

Just then, Rachel said in an aggrieved tone, "I know you want this bangle, Shannon, but it used to belong to Grandma... How about I give you some more money? Would ten thousand dollars be enough? If it's not, how about 20 thousand dollars?"

She was insinuating that Shannon wanted the bangle so she could sell it for money. The latter immediately glared daggers at her, making her shudder and shrink back.

Sheila stepped forward to shield Rachel. She snapped, "What's with that look? Rachel didn't say anything wrong! The bangle belongs to the Gray family, so you have no right to demand it!"

"Don't forget that we raised you—we didn't ask you to compensate us for the money we've spent on you, did we? We even gave you an additional thousand dollars! The way you're acting now makes you the perfect example of an ingrate!"

Connor, who'd been silent this whole time, finally spoke up. He looked almost identical to Francis but was a younger version. His expression was displeased and pained. "That bangle belongs to Rachel, Shannon. When did you become so greedy?"

Shannon clenched her fists at his words. Then, he continued, "If you do as we say and give the ambassador slot to Rachel, I can persuade Mom and Dad to let you stay."