

Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

Chapter 10

As the Jensen family's oldest grandchild, no one dared to go against Hector when he spoke despite him always having a smile on. Sometimes, his words worked better than his uncles' and aunts'.

For instance, Scott immediately shut up when he saw the warning in Hector's eyes. Cecily glanced at Hector and lowered her head silently so no one could see the look on her face.

Carla was soon taken away by the security guards to be watched over. However, this matter wasn't so easily resolved. On the surface, Carla hadn't stolen anything from the Jensen family, so they couldn't call the cops on her. At the most, they could only claim she was superstitious.

After all, they didn't have concrete proof that she'd stolen the Jensen family's nancial fortune. It was clear that they couldn't keep her around anymore, though.

"How should we deal with this, Ms. Shannon?" Thomas asked. He didn't know how she knew something had been buried by the ower bush, but it was evident that she knew her stuff.

"Just burn it." Shannon pulled out her phone and tapped on it. Out of the corner of his eye, Hector saw her transferring half the money he'd transferred to her earlier to another account.

He raised an eyebrow at that but didn't question her. The money was hers now that he'd transferred it to her; she could do whatever she wanted with it.

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In the study, Thomas reported to George what had happened in the garden. "I found something buried by one of the ower bushes. It should be the thing that Ms. Shannon claimed was stealing the Jensen family's nancial fortune."

George was surprised. "She knows about these things?"

Thomas thought about it. "It could've been a coincidence. From the surveillance footage, I saw that the item was buried a month ago. According to Ms. Shannon, the Jensen family should've already lost some money by now. But I asked Mr. Adam about this—neither the company nor anyone in the family has suffered any losses lately."

That meant that the talisman Carla had buried hadn't taken effect, which left room for doubt over Shannon's claims.

George listened thoughtfully, then smiled. "I suppose it's just an interest or hobby of hers. Well, if it doesn't affect anything major, let's just leave her to it."

Ultimately, even though Carla's plan hadn't worked, she could not remain at the Jensen residence since she'd already tried to do something to harm the Jensen family.

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When Shannon heard that neither Jensen Corporation nor the Jensen family had suffered any losses, she refused to believe it. "That's impossible."

Even if it was just a little bit, Carla had most de nitely stolen the Jensen family's fortune. The slightest bit was enough for Carla and her family to earn a huge sum—Shannon was sure of that.

Scott had wondered whether he'd been too quick to jump to conclusions when he saw that Shannon was right about Carla. When he heard that nothing had happened, he snorted and said, "I said someone was just making herself sound scary, didn't I? I've never heard about anyone stealing a family's nancial fortune!"

Shannon shot him a look. It was obvious she was telling him to buzz off. She turned to Hector. "You'll see I'm right if you ask someone to check Carla's and her son's accounts. Check out their transactions for the past month."

Hector was curious to see what she was capable of, so he didn't mind going to the trouble. He made a phone call and was soon given the results. When he saw the transaction records, his expression became rather odd.

Scott and Cecily were curious to know what had happened, so they couldn't help leaning closer. Before they could see anything, Hector put his phone away and looked at Shannon. "Carla's family has run into a windfall lately. They won ve million dollars in the lottery."

Shannon looked like she wanted to say "I told you so". She knew she couldn't have been wrong. She said, "Financial fortune balances itself out. If they've earned ve million dollars, the Jensen family should've also lost a few million dollars somewhere."

Shannon sounded serious, but Hector felt a little lost for words. He said, "Something minor went wrong with one of the projects at a branch company, and we did lose a few million dollars from it."

He hadn't taken it to heart because it was such a minor loss. If he couldn't care less about it, why would Adam be bothered? He continued, "I thought you meant we had to lose a few billion dollars for it to be considered a loss. Turns out you were only talking about a few million dollars."

Hector sounded like he was saying Shannon had misled him with the wrong terminology. It wasn't his fault for overlooking such a minor loss.

Shannon was speechless. So, it wasn't that Carla hadn't stolen the Jensen family's nancial fortune. It was just that the amount was insigni cant enough that they hadn't even realized it was gone.

Tsk. These rich people and their boundless assets. Even if she was now a member of the Jensen family, she couldn't help feeling jealous.

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After being caught, Carla admitted everything she'd done and spilled the truth. Since she was willing to talk, Hector took less than an hour to investigate the matter.

He said, "Carla's son, Jet Black, has a gambling problem. A few months ago, their family lost all its money because of his gambling debt. Last month, he ended up in jail after killing someone in an accident because of his drunk driving.

"The victim's family demanded a two-million-dollar compensation. That's probably why Carla thought about stealing our family's nancial fortune."

When Shannon mentioned the accident, she automatically linked it to the sinister energy around Carla. But in the next second, she realized something was amiss.

If Jet had killed someone, Carla would only be indirectly involved in the matter. But the sinister energy around her looked more like it was linked to something she herself had done...

After some thought, Shannon asked, "Can I see a photo of Jet?"

Hector was pleased to see that she'd already gotten used to being his sister and asking him for help. He texted someone and quickly got a photo of Jet.

Shannon zoomed in on the photo and frowned at it. "No, something's wrong. This guy's physiognomy shouldn't be like this."

She asked for Jet's birthday and astrological house. Then, she pulled out three divination coins from the small purse slung around her waist.

Scott snorted scornfully when he saw this. "There's no end to your stupid magic tricks, is there?"

She ignored him and quickly did some divination. When she was done, her expression turned grave.

Scott asked sarcastically, "So, how'd it go? Did you ask the gods and nd out there's some impending disaster?"

He'd seen fortune-tellers doing this on the streets before. They loved talking about disasters. Up until now, he still refused to believe Shannon was actually capable of anything.

She continued ignoring him and told Hector, "Based on his astrological house, he should've been born intellectually disabled. There's an ancient belief that each individual has eight wisdoms.

"If one has committed atrocious crimes in a past life and still wants to be reincarnated as a human in this life, one wisdom will be taken from them, turning them into intellectually disabled people in this life."

She paused, then continued, "But now, Jet is obviously ne. I'm guessing Carla pulled some other tricks to make him normal."

However, she was sure Carla wasn't aware of one thing—if someone who'd committed crimes in a past life had become intellectually disabled in this life, it was the heavens' way of balancing things out.

Forcibly changing this and restoring the person's wisdoms would be equivalent to defying the heavens. Aside from shortening the person's lifespan, there was also a high chance of the person becoming a bad person in this lifetime.

Jet was a chronic gambler and had even killed someone due to drunk driving. These were evidently the consequences of having his wisdoms restored.

Shannon was seated in the living room and speaking openly about this. One of the maids had been eavesdropping the whole time and looked like she had something to say as Shannon talked about Jet. Still, the maid knew her place and didn't dare to speak without permission.