

Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

Chapter 13

Silence descended upon the Jensen residence late at night. Only a few bedrooms still had the lights on. Shannon lay on her pink princess bed and stared at the mural on the ceiling—it was of a night sky filled with twinkling stars, and there were glow-in-the-dark lights stuck to it. It was dreamlike yet cozy.

It was a small yet considerate thing her parents had done because they'd been worried that she, as a child, would be scared by the darkness if she were to wake up in the middle of the night. From the way the room was decorated, Shannon could tell how much Adam and his wife had looked forward to her birth.

It was a sense of familial love that she'd never experienced in her life because no one in the Gray family had looked forward to her arrival. The only thing they'd looked forward to was her death—it would mean that Rachel's luck had turned around and that the rest of her life would be filled with good fortune.

Shannon shut her eyes, no longer wanting to think about the Gray family. Instead, she started considering another issue—no one had mentioned her mother from the moment she'd set foot in the Jensen residence. Was it solely because she was dead, or was there a secret to hide?

As she pondered this, she heard a familiar whine. Her eyes shot open, her expression shifting as she thought of something. Then, she jumped out of bed, grabbed a jacket, and ran to the window. It was where the whine was coming from.

Shannon opened the window and glanced at the night sky before whipping a talisman out of nowhere. She threw it into the sky and muttered noiselessly, "Whispered breeze, heed my call. Swiftly carry, rise and enthrall."

Then, she jumped out of the window of her third-floor bedroom. A gust of wind caught the talisman and zipped toward her, enveloping her within and catching her as she throttled toward the ground. It brought her to the ground and allowed her to land steadily on her feet.

Scott's bedroom was on the second floor. He was seated by the window, engaged in a battle with his friends, when he saw something fall to the ground out of the corner of his eye. He subconsciously turned to see what it was, but this short distraction was enough for him to lose the game.

"God!" he exclaimed as he shot to his feet. When he recalled whose bedroom was above his, he stormed to the window to see what Shannon had thrown out of her room. He wanted to pick it up and throw it back in her face.

But when he looked out the window, all he saw was a figure running across the garden. Before he could get a closer look, she was already gone.

Scott stared in the direction the figure had disappeared with wide eyes. "What the hell?"

He was an avid gamer, but his eyesight was still a perfect 20/20. Why did the figure look so much like Shannon's? And when had she gone downstairs?

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Shannon ran out of the Jensen residence and headed in a particular direction. She saw a three-story manor from a distance, and it was brightly lit. As she approached, she could vaguely hear a commotion within.

Once again, she heard a familiar yelp. She ran up to the manor's gates and saw several bodyguards running up and down as they chased a familiar creature.

When Shannon saw one of the bodyguards pulling out a baton to hit the creature, her expression changed. She cried, "Stop! That's my pet!"

She subconsciously reached for a talisman. But before she could do anything, the bodyguards' walkie-talkies crackled as someone said something. One of the bodyguards signaled something, and the bodyguard who'd been about to attack the creature retracted his baton.

In the next second, the gates swung open before Shannon. She hurried inside, and the creature surrounded by the bodyguards darted toward her, revealing its appearance.

It was a white fox with a rotund body and a bushy tail. It even had a pet knapsack on its back—there seemed to be things inside. The knapsack bounced on its back as it ran toward her.

The fox quickly bounded toward Shannon and climbed up her body, starting from her feet. As it climbed, it whined and whimpered, looking nothing like how it had snarled at the bodyguards earlier.

Shannon helplessly caught it and held it up by putting her hands underneath its butt. She couldn't help wondering why it had gone in the wrong direction with its sense of smell. As she pondered this, a gold light sparkled out of the corner of her eye.

She looked up to see a familiar ball of gold light standing at the manor's entrance. She focused on it and saw a familiar figure—Benjamin "The Golden Devil's Incarnate" Cooper.

Wait, so this was Benjamin's home?

His gold fortune was even more obvious in the night. It took Shannon a while to get used to it. She stepped forward with the fox in her arms, feeling a little embarrassed. "Sorry about this, Mr. Cooper. This is my pet fox, Marshmallow. It came to look for me, but I suppose it went in the wrong direction."

Benjamin saw how she'd only thrown a jacket over her pajamas—she'd obviously left the house in a hurry. Marshmallow crinkled her clothes and left a few pawprints while snuggling in her arms. He frowned slightly at that, but his expression remained aloof. "It doesn't look like it went in the wrong direction."

His tone seemed particularly cold in the night as he glanced at Marshmallow. Shannon looked down at it and saw that it was stretching out its neck, wanting to get closer to Benjamin despite whining and whimpering in her arms just seconds ago.

Marshmallow stared at Benjamin, its eyes bright and sparkly. Shannon had no doubt that it would've already tried to cling to Benjamin if not for her holding it. In that instant, she understood why Marshmallow had "gone in the wrong direction". It had been attracted by Benjamin's gold fortune!

"Marshmallow!" she snarled, the warning in her tone obvious. She tightened her grip on it. If she'd yet to get close to Benjamin's gold fortune, there was no way she would allow Marshmallow to get close. It was dreaming!

Marshmallow shrunk back after being warned. It no longer tried to get close to Benjamin, but its eyes were still fixed on Benjamin. Shannon found it to be pitiful and stepped forward. "It just likes good-looking people..."

To her surprise, Benjamin stepped back as she stepped forward. She stiffened, and her lips twitched. Had she... been scorned?

She looked down at Marshmallow, which was a little dirty from scampering around the whole night. Shannon was sure that Benjamin was disdainful of it, not her.

Yes, that had to be the case.