

Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

Chapter 17

As soon as she left the Shaw residence, Shannon didn't return to the Jensen residence. She took a cab and went back to the place she had previously rented instead.

It was an 861-square-foot apartment with two bedrooms and a living room, which Shannon had rented two years prior.

A screen partitioned the living room, forming a dedicated play space for Marshmallow, complete with a little tent tucked into the corner, overflowing with its toys.

As for the rest of the space, it included a master bedroom and a study. Within the study were two long tables, with one side devoted to an array of carving materials and tools, and the other side was dedicated to yellow parchment papers, cinnabars, and various antique calligraphy tools.

Both sides were starkly different, each possessing its own distinct style.

After stepping into the study, she quickly packed a few things.

She hadn't brought any belongings when she went to the Jensen residence, and her protective talismans were all used up. If she was going to help Emily restore her intelligence, she needed to start making preparations.

As she was packing, her phone, which was lying nearby, suddenly rang. When she looked at her phone, she caught a glimpse of the caller ID, "Abbot of Windsong Monastery." After a moment's hesitation, she answered the call.

An elderly man's voice was heard on the other end of the phone.

"Mr. Gray! I was wondering if you've given any thought to my offer earlier—a guest lecturer position at Jamborough School of Mystic Arts. You're interested in Jamborough University, aren't you?"

"Well, Jamborough University has a collaboration with Jamborough School of Mystic Arts. Even if your scores aren't high enough, you can still get admitted through direct recommendation.

"However, I believe getting into a university would be unnecessary for someone of your talents. With you being a guest lecturer at Jamborough School of Mystic Arts for two years, it's equivalent to being an honorary professor—which is equivalent to having a master's degree."

With Martin Lynch going on and on, Shannon didn't find it bothersome and patiently listened to him. After he was done, she responded, "I'm confident my scores will meet the requirements."

After that, she added, "I haven't made up my mind yet about whether to go to Jamborough or stay in Seastone."

She initially wanted to attend Jamborough University mainly to escape from the Gray family. However, now that she had left them, she wasn't so keen on leaving Seastone anymore.

When he heard that she wanted to stay in Seastone, Martin seemed to have forgotten his earlier recommendation to go to Jamborough School of Mystic Arts. With a chuckle, he said, "Oh, Seastone is great! It's known for producing talented individuals and has a beautiful natural setting.

"I've got some connections at Seastone University. I'll take care of turning down the offer from Jamborough School of Mystic Arts then. Oh, by the way, Ms. Gray, have you thought about coming directly to Windsong Monastery? With your abilities—"

As Martin started to ramble on, Shannon cut him off, "No thanks. I still plan on attending university."

A sigh of disappointment escaped Martin on the other end of the line, but he quickly regained his composure and said, "We've run out of protective talismans at the monastery. When can you send us another batch? We'll pay the usual rate, three thousand dollars per talisman."

As soon as she heard that, Shannon's expression perked up. She checked the contents of her drawer, and replied, "I'll send over 20 talismans first."

With 20 talismans, the price amounted to 60 thousand dollars.

After donating half of it, she would still have 30 thousand dollars left.

It was clear that selling talismans alone wouldn't be enough to pay back the Grays for raising her.

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Shannon was a talismanist.

Within the realm of mystic arts, there were two branches, physical and spiritual, medicine, astrology, physiognomy, and divination.

Within the physical and spiritual branch, there was talismanic art, which was one of the most enigmatic and challenging to master within the realm of mystic arts.

Although Shannon had delved into all two branches of mystic arts, her true talent and dedication lay in the practice of talismanic arts.

With the exception of rare talismans, most were written on yellow talisman paper. Drawing talismans was the most basic skill in talismanic arts.

Beyond that, there was also the carving of talismans, such as the emerald pendant she had crafted for Benjamin, or drawing talismans in the void. Both latter techniques required significantly more energy and concentration.

After spreading out the yellow talisman paper and cinnabar on the table, Shannon grasped the brush and gathered her energy. With a confident and flowing stroke, she began to write on the paper.

As she completed the inscription, the brush tip emitted a faint mystic light, signifying the successful creation of a protective talisman.

With one down, Shannon finished another 19 talismans in a single sitting, which took her only 15 minutes.

After finishing the protective talismans for Windsong Monastery, Shannon thought of Hector and Adam's care for her. After a brief contemplation, she retrieved a piece of top-grade raw stone and began carving talismans for them.

After spending the entire afternoon in the apartment, Shannon finally packed everything up, took Marshmallow, and took a cab back to the Jensen residence.

As Shannon entered the house and made her way upstairs, she had just opened her bedroom door, intending to put down her belongings, when a small figure suddenly sprinted toward her with tiny, pattering steps.

As she turned, she saw that her six-year-old cousin Eva had beaten her to the room and was now pushing her with an angry expression, shouting, "You're not allowed in here! It's my room!"

Shannon was momentarily bewildered. She glanced behind Eva and confirmed that it was indeed her room, not Eva's.

At that moment, Linda rushed to the scene and saw what Eva was doing. She swiftly admonished her in a low voice, "That's no way to behave, Eva. Apologize to Shannon this instant."

Despite her reprimands, Eva disregarded her mother and pointed at the room behind Shannon, shouting, "You clearly told me that this room was mine, Mommy! Why is she staying in it? You broke your promise! I don't care! It's my room!"

With Eva's outburst, Scott and the others, who were previously in their rooms, came out and overheard what Eva was saying.

As soon as Shannon heard that, she knew exactly what was going on.

It was no wonder Linda had prepared another room for her in the beginning.

It turned out that she had intended to keep this enchanting princess room for her own daughter.

At that moment, Linda's face couldn't help but flush with embarrassment. She didn't expect her daughter to blurt it out directly, and could only explain awkwardly, "It's not what it seems... Eva has taken a liking to that room, and I wasn't aware that Shannon would suddenly return, so I simply told her—"

"Whether or not Shannon returns, that room is rightfully hers."

From the other end of the hallway, Hector's voice suddenly sounded, indicating that he had heard the commotion, and had come over to see what was going on.

While his face maintained its customary gentle warmth, his eyes swept over them with a hint of chill.

As he directed his gaze at Linda, Hector asked with indifference, "Aren't you aware of that, Aunt Linda?"

Not to mention that Shannon has already been recognized as a member of the family, even if Shannon wasn't here, that room wouldn't be allowed to be occupied by anyone else.

As soon as she heard that, Linda's expression hardened, her lips trembling slightly as she appeared mortified.

At the same time, Hank was displeased with how Hector was treating his mother, so he stepped forward and said, "My mother didn't do it on purpose, Hector. What's more, it's clearly a room decorated for a child, so why not let Eva have it since she likes it?"

With that, his gaze swept over Shannon subtly with a hint of disdain, and continued, "She's a grown woman, isn't she? As an adult, shouldn't she be willing to let a child have it?"

Shannon's brow arched in amusement. It sounded as though she was the one who had snatched the room away from Eva.

She disliked confrontation, but when someone challenged her directly, she wouldn't feign ignorance.

"Are you implying that because she's younger and she likes it, I'm obligated to give it up to her? And if I don't, I'm the one in the wrong?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Hank retorted with a matter-of-fact expression.

A knowing look crossed Shannon's face. "If that's the case, I've always been drawn to the 'Whispering Peaks and Roaming Rivers' painting at the National Museum. If you're able to obtain it for me, I'll willingly surrender the room to her. What do you say?"

With a shrug and a perfectly straight face, she added, "After all, I'm still young. And all I'm asking for is a mere national treasure."