

Chapter 29

How could they say that keeping Emily alive was pointless? Did Emily deserve to die just because she was mentally disabled?

How could they say that 50 years wasn't much? Only an incredibly blessed person got to live up to 100 years. Was Emily supposed to give away 50 years of her life just because Howard played with her from time to time?

Helen couldn't believe the nerve of Lisa and Rita to say such things. She sorely wanted to slap Rita in the face 50 times, but both her hands were occupied. She had swiftly covered Emily's ears the moment Rita started speaking earlier.

However, Emilio's hands were free. Disregarding his belief that men shouldn't lay hands on a woman, he stepped forward to drag Rita out of Emily's sight. He was afraid Emily would get nightmares if she had to continue looking at Rita.

Thankfully, the lifespan transfer agreement had been destroyed. The Shaws weren't keen on sticking around to take in any more of the Johnsons' disgusting attitude. Thus, protected by their bodyguards, they swiftly took their leave.

Shannon purposely trailed behind the Shaws. Just before leaving, she turned around and looked at the Johnsons, who were all sporting baleful expressions, eyes filled with resentment.

Smiling faintly, she reported, "When the dark arts are used to hurt someone, the caster of the technique won't be able to avoid facing the repercussions . As the masterminds , you guys won't be able to escape them either.

"For the next three years, the Johnsons will lose all their luck and be beset by misfortunes instead."

Ignoring the dark looks on their faces, she added, "This is a free reading from me. I won't charge you for it."

Hector, who was standing on the side, wanted to laugh when he heard Shannon say that last sentence with a look of seriousness.

Not only did it seem like she was genuinely a master of the mystic arts, but she even... seemed to be rather fond of earning money.

Hector was relieved by that. The Jensens had plenty of money to spare.

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Everyone returned to the Shaw residence. As soon as Emily got home, she leaned limply against Helen, looking like she no longer had any strength left in her.

"I'm hungry, Mommy," Emily said softly.

After seeing how weak and listless Emily seemed, the Shaws immediately grew anxious. "Ms. Jensen, is something wrong with Emmie?"

"Don't worry," Shannon assured. "It's just a symptom of having her lifespan stolen from her. It'll be fine. You just need to keep her well-nourished. Let her spend more time in the sun, too."

The Shaws exhaled in relief. After everything that happened, they now had full trust in everything Shannon said. Since Shannon said Emily was fine, they believed her.

Just as they started smiling, Shannon said, "She needs to take two days to recover her spirits. After two days, I'll help her retrieve the wisdom she has lost."

She spoke nonchalantly, but the Shaws stiffened in disbelief.

"M-Ms. Jensen, what do you mean by retrieving her lost wisdom? Are you saying that Emmie..." Donald trailed off.

Despite being the assertive businessman that he was, he was so nervous that he stammered and stumbled through his words.

Shannon glanced at the similarly thunderstruck Helen and said, "If I recall correctly, I once told Mrs. Shaw that Emily was fated to have long-lasting good luck.

"She only turned out this way because someone conducted wisdom-swapping on her, stealing one of her eight wisdoms. That altered her fate."