

Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

Chapter 3

"Our family sent me over to pick you up and reminded me that I had to leave you with a good first impression. That's why I arranged for an entourage. It's on the small side, so I hope you don't mind," Hector said.

Shannon silently appraised the entourage that was blocking the road. This was... a small one?

She watched as Hector waved a hand at the drivers and said, "Pay your respects."

"Ms. Gray!" the drivers said, so in sync that it was as if they were crying out a battle cry. "Welcome home!"

Shannon was abbergasted. This felt oddly humiliating. Perhaps it was because the Gray family had never shown her any warmth, but she found herself having trouble dealing with such an enthusiastic greeting. She said to Hector, "L-Let's go."

She wanted to leave right that instant. Couldn't they see the neighborhood's security guards staring?

Hector smiled at her reaction. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes as he thought of something. He appraised her, then asked, "What were you doing here alone, though?"

Why was she alone at the gates at this hour? She couldn't be going on a grocery run, could she?

Shannon pursed her lips, not wanting to mention that the Gray family had kicked her out prematurely. She was about to give him a vague answer to brush him off when another voice rang out.

It was a little cold yet deep and pleasant to the ears. There was a hint of impatience in his tone as he said, "Aren't we leaving yet?"

She looked in the direction of the voice and found there was another person in the backseat of the car Hector had gotten out of earlier. A single glance was all it took to blind her.

The man's long legs were bent as he sat in the car. From her angle, she could only vaguely see half his body. His wrist rested casually on the armrest in the middle of the seat, and there was a sense of level-headedness to his elegant pose. It made even the crinkles on his suit look charming.

But compared to all of that, the thing that blinded Shannon was the gold light around him. Since childhood, she could see things that regular individuals couldn't. There were many colors representing a person's fortune, and gold was one she'd only seen on people who'd contributed to the nation.

Still, even their fortunes had only been a pale gold. The man before her was a striking, almost blinding, gold—that was something she'd never seen before. He couldn't have stolen the nation's fortune, could he?

As soon as the man spoke, Hector didn't bother with any questions. He smiled and said, "Alright, alright. We're leaving."

He wrapped an arm around Shannon's shoulders and led her to the car. As he did so, he lowered his voice and said, "Tsk. The devil's incarnate has no patience at all."

She was brought to the car the devil's incarnate was in. Hector stuffed her into the backseat, making her sit beside the devil's incarnate. Now that she was closer to him, his gold fortune was even more striking. She risked going blind to see what he looked like.

His face matched his voice. His features were chiseled and somewhat beautiful amidst the iciness. His tightly pursed lips added to his frosty demeanor, and his eyes were as deep as whirlpools.

Seemingly noticing her gaze on him, he turned slightly to look at her, taking in her curiosity. Shannon was curious about his gold fortune, but she also worried he would think she was a fool. After some thought, she asked, "Are you my brother, too?"

This made Hector, who'd gotten into the front passenger seat, snort. The man in the backseat merely shot him a cold look before glancing at Shannon again. "No."

That was all he said. Not another word more or less. Fortunately, Hector was there to save the day. He said, "This is Benjamin Cooper; he's not your brother. I'm your only brother."

Shannon couldn't help finding Benjamin's name familiar. She couldn't remember where she'd heard it from, though. But she did remember that among Seastone City's four most prestigious families, two were the Cooper and Jensen families. Was it all just a coincidence?

Hector continued, "He hitched a ride with me when I came to pick you up."

That explained it. Shannon was about to nod when Benjamin looked at Hector and said stoically, "You're using my entourage."

He was the head of the Cooper family—he didn't need to hitch a ride with anyone. Hector was unfazed by his iciness and spread his hands nonchalantly. "Well, what was I to do? The company's entourage was being used, and you're the only person I know who would set up an entourage for his own cars."

After all, Benjamin was an OCD patient who insisted his subordinates wear the same brand and color of socks as he, let alone his car entourage. Even the upholstery of all his cars had to be identical.

As they chatted, the Maybach entourage started moving. The other cars surrounded the Maybach in the middle for protection and left the neighborhood as grandly as they had arrived.

Once the cars were gone, the security guards who had been gaping the whole time exchanged looks and started whispering among themselves.

"The woman they took with her is the eldest daughter of the Gray family, right?"

"Yeah, that was her. A few days ago, I heard that she wasn't actually related to them. Lo and behold—they've kicked her out already! I heard her biological parents live deep in the mountains."

"The mountains? You saw that entourage, right? Which part of them looks like they're from the mountains? For all we know, her biological parents could be some big shots."

"Ha! If that's the case, Mr. Gray and his family should be filled with regret now!"

The security guards were subject to strict rules, but in private, they loved gossiping about the rich people who lived in the neighborhood. They were chatting when one of the security guards shut up and turned to salute at a car that was leaving the neighborhood.

Speaking of the devil—the car belonged to the Gray family. Sheila and Rachel were inside, and they didn't spare the security guards any glances. As the elite residents of the neighborhood, these lowly security guards were beneath them.

"The final list for the city image ambassadors might already be finalized, but it has yet to be submitted. I've already asked around—someone at Jensen Corporation is in charge of submitting the final list," Sheila said.

She smiled and continued, "Coincidentally, your father secured a deal with Jensen Corporation a few days back. We can go to them and ask them to pull some strings."

Rachel was pleasantly surprised to hear that. "Jensen Corporation? That belongs to one of the four most prestigious families! Dad's amazing for being able to work with them!"

Sheila felt smug about the whole thing but still feigned nonchalance as she said, "Yes, I'm talking about the Jensen family that owns Jensen Corporation. Countless people would've killed to get to work with them, but they're the ones who approached your father for a cooperation."

"That's enough to show how important we are in Seastone City. There'll only be more people dying to work with us in the future!"

Rachel was evidently excited to hear that. If Francis could work with Jensen Corporation, didn't that mean their family would soon be among the city's upper crust? That would mean she'd have better eligible bachelors to pick from in the future. As expected, the Gray family was already starting to do better now that Shannon was gone!

"That's great," she said. Then, she put on a proprietary look and asked, "But will they agree to help us if we go straight to them?"

Sheila said confidently, "Of course! They're the ones who came knocking on our door to ask for a cooperation. Since we're working together, isn't it a given for them to help us with something so simple?"

She held Rachel's hand. "Don't you worry about a thing. I'll make sure to help you get that ambassador slot! This has to do with Seastone City's image—that ingrate should've stopped to see whether she was worthy of taking that away from you!"

Rachel was delighted by this. She felt that the slot for the city image ambassador was already hers, yet she still put on an obedient, demure look. After a while, she asked, "Are we heading to Jensen Corporation's headquarters now?"

"No," Sheila said. "We're heading to the Jensen residence."