

## Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

### Chapter 4

The Jensen residence was located at Silver Bay Estate, which was in the city center of Seastone City. It was the most prestigious neighborhood in the city.

It was in an area where every inch of space cost a fortune, yet 80% of the neighborhood consisted of greenery. Aside from a manmade lake, there was also a spacious park and fountain.

The security guards there were retired special troops, and one had to verify one's assets before being able to purchase property there. It was a necessity because only the cream of the upper crust's crop could reside there.

Shannon had heard of it—it was Francis' dream to own a place there because it would mean becoming neighbors with the people at the top of Seastone City's social pyramid. It would also mean he'd joined their ranks.

The Maybach entourage entered the neighborhood without any difficulty and stopped before a four-story manor after driving past an expanse of grass. Hector and Shannon got out, but Benjamin remained seated.

It wouldn't be appropriate for him to disturb the Jensens when they were having a family reunion, no matter how well he and Hector got along. It was basic manners.

Hector waved. Shannon watched as the Maybach entourage headed toward a villa that was located deeper within the neighborhood.

"The Cooper residence is up ahead. I'll bring you over there one day to formally introduce you," Hector said. Then, he led Shannon into the manor.

It was designed in a classic style and had a sense of lavishness to it. After walking past the garden and the foyer, they arrived at the living room. There, Shannon saw the Jensens seated there. On their way there, Hector had already given her a simple introduction of the family.

As she'd guessed, the Jensen family was indeed one of Seastone City's four most prestigious families. The patriarch, George Jensen, had given birth to four children—three sons and a daughter. They each had their own families.

George had already stepped down from the front lines due to health reasons, so Jensen Corporation had been passed down to Adam Jensen, the oldest son.

The second son, Alex Jensen, had been a popular singer back in the day. Later, he'd established his own entertainment company and was now one of the bigwigs in the industry.

The third son, Adrian Jensen, was Jensen Corporation's vice president. He was in charge of several of the company's essential industries.

The only daughter, Annalise Jensen, was a career woman. She'd established her very own globally renowned fashion brand and was influential in the fashion industry.

The grandchildren were mostly males, except for Alex's youngest daughter. There was also Cecily Snowden, who was a relative from George's wife, Marie Snowden's side of the family.

Shannon looked at them and realized that almost everyone in the family was present. Upon her entrance, everyone looked up at her. Their gazes were a mixture of speculation, curiosity, scorn... There were even some that were somewhat displeased.

"Grandpa," Hector said, looking perfectly at ease. He stepped forward as he greeted an old man seated on the center of a couch. At the same time, he said, "This is Shannon."

He then turned to Shannon and said, "Shannon, greet Grandpa."

She looked at George, who was smiling at her. She wasn't too good at physiognomy, but she could tell from his strong features that he was the assertive type despite his smile. In other words, he was someone who was used to issuing commands.

"Grandpa." She greeted him.

He nodded and said warmly, "It's good that you're finally back. From now on, you'll be a daughter of the Jensen family. No one will be able to push you around."

Hector turned to Adam, who sat beside George. "This is our dad."

Shannon followed his line of sight. Compared to the warmth George had displayed, Adam gave off an icy, stoic vibe. His features looked particularly frosty from the side, but it was easy to tell that he'd been a looker when he was younger.

Time had left some marks on his face, but they didn't make him seem aged. Instead, they gave him the charm of a mature man. He wasn't the same as Francis.

Shannon said, "Dad."

Adam clenched his jaw slightly at how she'd addressed him but didn't show much of a reaction upon looking at her. After a while, he grunted in acknowledgment.

Hector introduced Shannon to the rest of the Jensen family. After the introductions, she realized that everyone except Marie, who was at a sanatorium, and a cousin were present. Her mother wasn't around, though.

According to Hector, after Shannon had been taken away, their mother had gone after the kidnapper in person. In the process, she'd accidentally fallen into the ocean. To this day, they couldn't find her corpse.

Linda Young, Alex's wife, stepped forward and enthusiastically linked arms with Shannon—perhaps it was because Shannon was too silent. Linda's gaze was filled with heartache and fondness as she said, "You must be tired after your trip here, Shannon."

"I've already asked someone to clean out a room for you. Why don't you go see whether you like it? Just let me know if there's anything about the room that you're not happy with."

George was a stickler for tradition and believed that the extended family had to stay together for as long as the patriarch and matriarch were still alive. Aside from Annalise, who'd already gotten married, the three sons stayed with George at the manor.

Linda looked to be about 40, but she'd taken good care of herself, whether in terms of her looks or figure. One look at her was enough to tell that she was a rich man's wife. But in Shannon's eyes, Linda's heartache didn't go well with her vain and somewhat obsessive face.

She surreptitiously pulled her arm out of Linda's grasp. She was about to thank Linda politely when a boy who looked to be about 13 or 14 jumped out. He said, "Prepare another room for her, Aunt Linda."

"The room you've picked used to store Cecily's dolls. If you give her the room, there won't be any space for Cecily's dolls and stuffed toys."

The boy's name was Scott Jensen, and he was Adrian's youngest son. He was also one of the most rash members of the family.

Sure enough, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, the expressions of several people in the living room became twisted. Adrian glared at him and snapped, "What nonsense are you spouting? This has nothing to do with you!"

"What are you scolding me for? I'm not wrong!" Scott held his head high. "There are plenty of rooms at home, yet she just has to take Cecily's doll room as soon as she's back. What right does she have to do that?"

A young woman stood up, looking a little reproachful. "That's enough, Scottie."

She was Cecily Snowden, the daughter of one of Marie's relatives. Back then, Marie had brought her to the Jensen family to make Adam feel better about losing Shannon. At the same time, she would help balance out the family's lack of females.

Cecily had been raised by the Jensen family since she was three years old and had grown up with the rest of the grandchildren.

She turned to Shannon and said gently, "Don't be mad at him, Shannon. He doesn't mean anything by it; he just doesn't want to see me suffer any grievances. The room's yours now that it's been given to you. I'm done with anything."

Her attitude was magnanimous and welcoming, yet every word she uttered emphasized the grievance she'd suffered. It was something Shannon was incredibly familiar with—it was exactly how Rachel acted.

Shannon couldn't help reflecting on herself. Was there something wrong with her to constantly attract scheming bitches like Rachel and Cecily?

Cecily turned to Scott and feigned anger as she said, "Apologize to Shannon, Scottie. She's your cousin."

"Hmph." He snorted, looking disdainful. "She's no cousin of mine."

Suddenly, someone slammed a glass on the marble table. Silence descended upon the room.