

Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

Chapter 5

Adam sat on the couch with a poker face. Before him was a glass with water trickling down the sides and pooling on the table. After a brief silence, he looked at Scott and said calmly, "Shannon is my daughter. Are you saying my daughter isn't worthy of being your cousin?"

Scott's earlier stubbornness had disappeared. He looked scared as he shrunk back. "I-I didn't mean it like that, Uncle Adam..."

Hector smiled as he watched Adam subdue Scott with a single look. He turned to Cecily. "Do you think you've suffered many grievances while staying at the Jensen residence, Cecily?"

She paled and hurriedly said, "No, of course not. You've gotten me wrong, Hector."

"If that's the case, you should stop saying things that will give people the wrong idea." Hector's smile remained in place, and his tone was as gentle as could be. Still, there was something in his voice that made one afraid to go against him.

Cecily parted her lips but ultimately lowered her head without saying anything. As soon as her head was bowed, she bit her lip.

Linda took this opportunity to ease the tension. "It's my fault for not making the proper arrangements. There's really no need to argue over a bedroom."

"It's true that you didn't arrange things properly, Aunt Linda." As the oldest grandchild, Hector had never shied away from telling his elders off. "Shannon is my sister and the daughter of the Jensen family. Other people will laugh at us when they hear we've allowed her to stay in a spare room that someone used to keep dolls in."

As he spoke, he wrapped an arm around Shannon's shoulders, looking protective of her. "My sister hasn't returned home to be bullied like this."

It was hard to tell whether he'd said those things on purpose, but they made Cecily's face turn red. She'd hinted to everyone that she'd suffered a grievance, yet here Hector was, bluntly pointing out that Shannon was the one suffering the grievance by sleeping in a room Cecily had used. He was shaming her!

Meanwhile, Shannon stiffened when Hector placed his arm around her shoulders. She didn't know whether it was because of his actions or his words. She wouldn't say she'd suffered any grievances, really. Compared to the things she'd experienced while living with the Gray family, Cecily's words were nothing.

Still, this was the first time someone had cared whether she'd felt wronged. It warmed her heart—this was probably her first time experiencing what it was like to have a real family.

Linda looked a little awkward. In her heart, she cursed Hector for humiliating her as he always did. She glanced at Adam and George. When she saw them sitting there silently, she had no choice but to suppress her humiliation and try to remain poised.

"You're right, Hector. It's my fault for not thinking ahead. I'll have someone prepare another room, then," she said.

Hector smiled and nodded at her. "Thanks, Aunt Linda."

Then, he turned to everyone else and said, "I'll show Shannon around the garden."

With that, he led Shannon to the garden without a care for what everyone else thought. Once they were gone, the atmosphere turned a little awkward. Linda, feeling aggrieved, wanted to explain herself.

Just then, the butler, Thomas Holt, entered the living room. He said to George, "Mr. Jensen Senior, the security guards called to say that a certain Mrs. Gray has come to visit."

Mrs. Gray? Everyone immediately thought of Shannon. Hadn't she just left the Gray family? Why were they coming over to visit her so soon?

"They must be here to see Shannon, right? Looks like they're reluctant to part with her," Janice Clarkson, Adrian's wife, said. It helped to ease the tension.

Earlier, she'd noticed that Shannon hadn't brought any luggage or suitcases with her. She didn't know what was the reason for it, but she supposed the Gray family had come over to bring Shannon's things over. After all, they couldn't be stupid enough not to give her anything after finding out that she was the Jensen family's daughter.

Thomas hesitated, then said, "Mrs. Gray said that she's here to see you, Madam Janice."

Janice's smile froze. She looked lost as she asked, "Me?"

Why had Sheila come to see her and not Shannon?

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Meanwhile, Hector and Shannon strolled around the garden. There were roses all over one of the manor's walls, and the grass seemed to stretch on forever. It looked particularly lively under the hot sun.

Shannon followed Hector and listened as he introduced some of the things in the garden. As she walked, she couldn't stop her mind from wandering to the scene of Hector standing up for her in the living room.

It felt... odd, to say the least. After a while, she couldn't help saying, "Thanks."

Hector stopped and looked at her. Then, he smiled and rubbed her head. "I'm your brother. You don't need to thank me."

She looked at him dazedly. That, coupled with her mussed-up hair, made her seem particularly adorable. Hector's smile widened. He was about to say something when his phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID and signaled for Shannon to walk around herself before he stepped aside to take the call.

Shannon continued onward. After about a dozen steps, her gaze landed on a maid who was wiping the table and chairs in a pavilion. The maid looked to be about 50. Her appearance wasn't eye-catching, but Shannon could easily see the sinister energy around her—it would only appear around someone with evil karma.

As a general rule, she didn't like sticking her nose into other people's business because it would easily lead to karma, whether good or bad. But if she were to let the maid be, the sinister energy around her could affect the rest of the Jensen family.

Shannon approached her. The maid, Carla Stone, held a rag and wiped the table and chairs rather robotically. Her expression was somewhat dazed, and she would occasionally shoot a glance in a particular direction. She only snapped to her senses and greeted Shannon as the latter approached. "M-Ms. Shannon."

"You know who I am?" Shannon was surprised. It had only been a little over half an hour since her arrival at the Jensen residence. She'd yet to commit the Jensen family's members to memory.

"Mr. Holt, the butler, showed all the maids a photo of you so we could recognize you. That way, we wouldn't accidentally offend you," Carla explained with an ingratiating smile.

Shannon hadn't expected the Jensen family to make such arrangements beforehand. It had been a small gesture, yet it was a nice one. She supposed it was only to be expected of a large and prestigious family.

"Did you need anything, Ms. Shannon?" Carla asked when Shannon didn't say anything.

Shannon was about to answer when she saw two familiar figures enter the manor's compound—they were Sheila and Rachel.

As Thomas led them in, they caught sight of Shannon, too. They were stunned to see her standing in the pavilion. They exclaimed, "What are you doing here?"