

## Heiress Unmasked: Shaking the World With Geomancy

### Chapter 9

Initially, Carla didn't have any idea what Sheila and Rachel meant. It was only later that she realized they thought Shannon was her daughter. It was the perfect excuse for her to explain why Shannon was supposedly framing her.

Sure enough, Carla's explanation that something had happened beforehand made Scott's gaze become even more disgusted as he looked at Shannon. "You're so petty! Did you have to go this far when Carla didn't even do anything to you? Look at the trouble you're causing on your first day back. You're such a—"

Before he could call her a troublemaker, a cold, overbearing voice rang out. "Scott."

It was enough to make Scott shut up. He looked at Hector and shrunk back when he saw the iciness in the latter's smile. He didn't dare to say anything else, but the displeasure in his eyes didn't fade.

Carla's confidence was boosted, knowing that Scott was on her side. She stood up straight, looking angered from being framed. "If you don't believe me, Ms. Shannon, you can have someone search my room."

"I haven't done anything wrong, so I'm not afraid of being put to the test. I may only be a maid here, but that doesn't mean I can allow myself to be framed and slandered!"

The commotion attracted the other household staff, but none of them dared to get too close. After getting an idea of what had happened, they couldn't help feeling a little resentful toward Shannon.

They'd heard she'd been raised by an affluent family; it seemed she was the high and mighty type who looked down on household staff. No one would like anyone who looked down on them, so their impression of Shannon immediately became bad.

Naturally, Adam noticed these changes. He looked at Shannon stoically and was about to put a stop to this mess when Shannon asked calmly, "When did I say anything about her stealing the Jensen family's money?"

Everyone was taken aback by her words. Scott was the first to break the silence. "You said it yourself—you framed Carla for stealing from us! What, are you changing your tune now?"

Shannon glanced at him. "I said she stole the Jensen family's financial fortune."

Cecily was the one who'd talked about Carla stealing money. Shannon didn't know whether she'd done it to mislead everyone or whether it was an honest mistake, but everyone had obviously gotten the wrong idea. Shannon continued, "Stealing financial fortune and stealing money are two different things."

A search of Carla's room wouldn't lead to anything, which was why she'd been bold enough to suggest it.

Scott didn't understand what she meant and thought she was just being argumentative. "How can you steal someone's financial fortune? Also, stop with all this mystical stuff. You're obviously just using it to make yourself sound scary!"

Hector gave him a warning look. So what if Shannon was lying to make herself look good? With her status, she could lie all she wanted! Besides, he had the feeling Shannon was telling the truth. Perhaps it was because of how calm and composed she was.

Members of the upper crust believed these mystical things to be more or less true—even Jensen Corporation was on good terms with some geomancy masters. But Shannon was only 18... could she really know anything about this?

Hector was doubtful, but the others merely thought she was spouting nonsense. Shannon couldn't be bothered to waste her time and breath on Scott. She turned back to Carla and pointed in a direction. "What have you buried there?"

She pointed at a flower bush in a corner of the garden. It was the spot Carla had subconsciously glanced at while working absent-mindedly earlier.

Carla was already feeling anxious; her heart sank when she saw where Shannon was pointing. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead, threatening to trickle down her face.

No, it couldn't be. Shannon actually knew what she'd done... How could this be?

Adam was already sure something had happened when he saw Carla's reaction. He turned to Thomas and said, "You go check it out."

Thomas was curious to know what had happened. At Adam's orders, he hurried in the direction Shannon had pointed. The spectators moved with him and approached the flower bush. While everyone was curious, Scott still didn't believe Shannon's words. He just wanted to see what she was up to.

Shannon pointed at a particular spot. Thomas crouched without a word and started digging with a small spade. As he dug, Carla paled and felt her legs go weak. It was too bad no one noticed because they were focused on Thomas.

The soil around the flower bushes was frequently loosened, so it wasn't hard for Thomas to dig through it. It only took a short while for him to make a small hole and seemingly discover something. His eyes lit up. "Found it!"

He used the spade to dig up a black plastic bag tightly wrapped around something. As soon as he unwrapped it, a foul stench came from the paper bag inside the plastic bag.

Thomas' expression twisted. He suppressed the urge to hurl as he reached for the paper bag. Shannon stopped him before he could touch it. "Don't touch it."

Everyone turned to look at her. She stepped forward and pulled out a talisman, sticking it on the paper bag. The spectators didn't know whether they were imagining things, but the paper bag's color seemed to quickly fade and become aged as soon as the talisman was stuck on it.

Thomas glanced at her. At her nod, he opened the paper bag with a gloved hand. It turned out the paper bag was actually a huge piece of paper that was red on the inside. It looked like a regular piece of paper, but there were some dates and astrological houses written on it.

The words seemed to have been written in blood that had now dried and turned black. They were the source of the stench. There seemed to also be a few strands of hair wrapped in the paper along with a talisman with eerie symbols drawn on it.

It was evident such a creepy thing had been deliberately buried there. That, coupled with Shannon's earlier words, made it clear to everyone what this was supposed to do. Still, they found it hard to believe something like this could steal the Jensen family's financial fortune.

Scott's expression was one of disbelief when he saw that Thomas had actually managed to dig something up. He turned to look at Carla, whose lips trembled as she put on an aggrieved look. "I-I didn't bury that there. I've never seen that thing in my life! Mr. Scott, Ms. Cecily, you have to trust me..."

Scott parted his lips to say something, but Shannon beat him to it. She said calmly, "We can easily find out whether you're the one who buried this by checking the surveillance footage."

She'd looked around earlier and found that there were surveillance cameras in almost every corner. It wouldn't be hard to get to the bottom of this. "A fortune-stealing talisman needs to be written in the blood of the person who wants to turn their luck around—that's you."

"The hairs wrapped in there belong to members of the Jensen family, providing you a link to the Jensen blood. That way, you can steal the Jensen family's fortune. Am I right?"

Carla shuddered and fell to her knees, looking ashen. That was enough to tell everyone present that she was behind the talisman. As for the hair, it was easy enough for her to get her hands on some loose strands of hair since she'd worked at the Jensen residence for so long. There was no telling whose hair it was, though.

"E-Even if she's the one who buried the talisman, that doesn't prove she stole the Jensen family's financial fortune. It could be—" Scott refused to accept the truth.

Hector shot him a cold look. "Shut up. Don't make me repeat myself."